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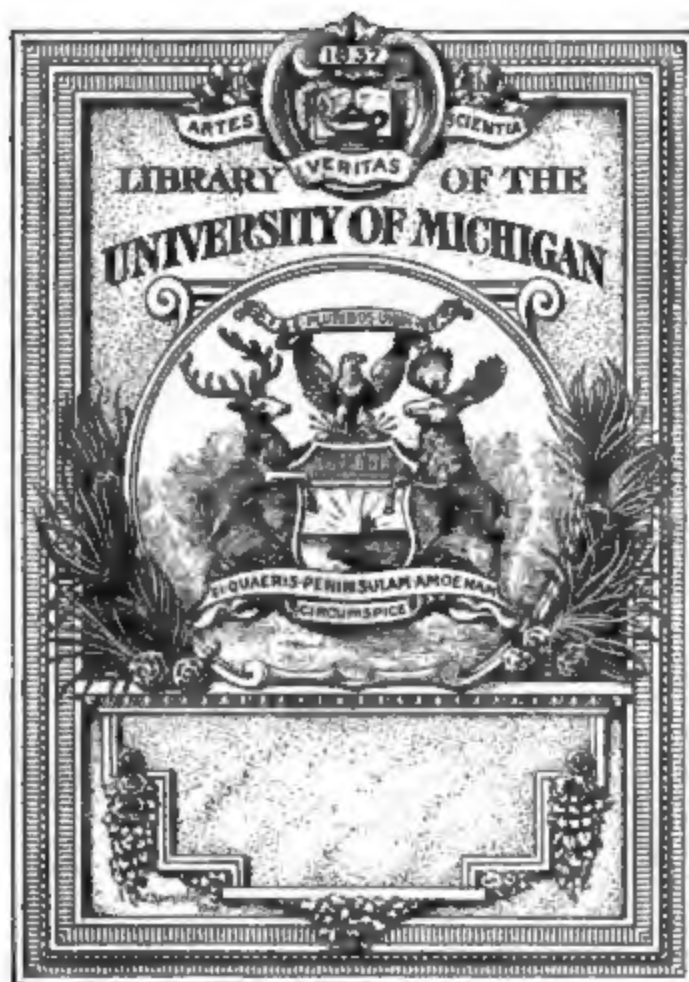
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Vol. 4.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIII. JANUARY, 1854. Vol. XLIII.

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DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

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Vol. 4

THE DUBLIN

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UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. XLIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE,

1854.

DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

WM. S. ORR AND COMPANY, LONDON.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIII.

JANUARY, 1854.

Vol. XLIII.

OUR WINTER GARDEN.

SCENE.—*Nowhere in particular.* TIME.—*Somewhere between sunset and sunrise.*
The bell (at the hall-door) rings. The curtain rises—that is to say, SLINGSBY opens the inner door, and discovers POPLAR, sitting by the fireside, with a pen in his hand, and a wrinkle on his brow. SLINGSBY gazes silently at POPLAR, but does not enter.

POPLAR. — “ ————— The whiteness in thy cheeks
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woebegone,
Drew Priam’s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burned,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue.
And I ——— ”

Well, in the name of Harpocrates, what’s the matter with you, Jonathan? Open your mouth, will you, if ’tis only to show that nobody cut out your tongue?

SLINGSBY.—“ See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other eyes
That what he feared is chanced ——— ”

Blessed be the immortal Bard of Avon! He has given me speech when I could find no words of my own. The truth is, I—I—I ———

POPLAR. — “ I see a strange confession in thine eye;
Thou shak’st thy head, and hold’st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. *If thou hast failed me! say so.*

SLINGSBY.—Faith, my dear Anthony, ’tis even so. I have done nothing; and now I come, at the eleventh hour, just to tell you as much.

POPLAR.—Well, well, come in, Jonathan, and sit down. There’s time enough yet. Visne schnaps?

(POPLAR points with his dextral index to a certain limpid elixir. SLINGSBY sits down, and medicates.)

SLINGSBY.—What remarkably cold weather!

POPLAR.—What a remarkably profound observation!

SLINGSBY (*snappishly*).—More profound than you wot of, with all your sneers. I tell you, this cold destroys a man’s intellects. I find my spirits sink just like the mercury in the barometer. I feel all my thoughts and fancy solidify and shrink, descending from my pineal gland down—down to my heels.

POPLAR.—Ha! ha! What a ludicrous fancy, Jonathan!

SLINGSBY.—Not a bit of it, sir — sober, downright reality ; and I'll prove it, too. Why, 'tis the only rational way of accounting for the death of Achilles. Paris took occasion to wound him in the heel on a very cold day, when his soul was *in extremis*, and so it spilled out. Had it been in summer, he would have been a cripple, instead of a corpse.

POPLAR.—A most convincing argument. It seems to me, according to your theory, that men would do well to walk on their heads in frosty weather.

SLINGSBY.—Pray don't be sneering. Look at the Americans. Like true philosophers, they prevent the finer essences of our nature sinking and congealing in cold weather, by sitting at the fire with their feet on the mantel-piece.

POPLAR.—Have you seen the Winter Garden ?

SLINGSBY.—Yes I have. There is one great want in it. No voice of birds to enliven the gloomy and frigid air of the place, and give it life and reality. I would place blackbirds and thrushes, finches and sparrows, in monster cages, that the sweet things might not pine for want of liberty ; and then, sir, you would have music worth a thousand bands braying out waltzes and polkas. Such a garden should imitate nature, and cheat our senses. We should be ready to exclaim, with the Roman lyrist—

“ ——— An me ludit amabilis
Insania ? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnœ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.”

POPLAR.—Do you know I have some notion of getting up a Winter Garden myself ?

SLINGSBY.—Getting up a fiddlestick ! What ! a starved holly in your back-yard, and a couple of consumptive geraniums in pots, under a cap-glass—eh ?

POPLAR.—Not at all. I will have shrubs and flowers of healthy foliage and bright colours—things that will be fair to the eye and fragrant to the smell—that will bud, and bloom, and brighten, no matter how cold winds may blow, or wintry skies darken around them. I'll have a Winter Garden for MAGA, and plant it with flowers of poesy. What say you now, Jonathan ?

SLINGSBY.—*Euge ! belle !* 'Tis an excellent idea. Come, bring us over yonder florarium, till we see what we shall transplant from it to place in the immortal pages of MAGA.

POPLAR.—Ah, ha ! Jonathan, you are getting quite lively.

SLINGSBY.—So I am. My spirit is rising rapidly. I think 'tis as high as the ganglionic nerves of my epigastrium. Do you know, I think I could read with my stomach. Have you such a thing at hand as a book of Sanscrit or Chinese to lay upon my sternum. I have an idea that I could read it off without a boggle.

POPLAR.—Confine yourself to the food I shall present to you in the way of English poetry, perhaps 'twill be quite enough for your comprehension.

SLINGSBY.—By my halidome, you are in the right, I believe. Come, what's your first flower ?

POPLAR.—Something seasonable. Listen—

THE DYING YEAR.

BY TINY.

Stretched on the Autumn's withered leaves,
Which the winds had heaped in play,
With the glittering shroud that the hoar-frost weaves
Cast o'er him as he lay,
With death within his heart,
And dimness in his gaze,
The dying Old Year saw depart
His last moon's pallid rays.

There was a dim light in the air,
A cold and ghastly gleam ;
The clashing boughs were stripped and bare,
The ice was on the stream.
Out from the frozen North
The winds rushed fiercely by ;
And the stars of heaven came looking forth
To see the Old Year die.

And the old man's thoughts are wandering back,
As his hours approach their last,
With a vain remorse on the lengthened track
He hath left in the shadowy past.
His children, fair and brave,
All to their rest have gone ;
And on the threshold of the grave
The Old Year lies—alone.

He thinks of the days when his reign was young,
And his sun of life was high,
When the early flow'rs from the green earth sprung,
And the hours flew laughing by ;
When the leaves came bursting out,
And from hill and grassy plain
The streams, released, with a joyous shout
Leaped on to the sparkling main.

Oh ! for the balmy days of Spring,
When the hawthorn boughs were white,
And the woodlark rose on his buoyant wing,
In the glowing morning light ;
When o'er the clover lea
The sun and shadows rolled,
And the meadows that waved like a heaving sea,
Were bright with the king-cap's gold.

Oh ! for the beauty and the pride,
When the Summer's bounteous hand
Scattered her treasures, far and wide,
O'er all the pleasant land.
When sweetly all day long,
At morn, and eve, and noon,
He heard the thrill of the blackbird's song
Through the bowery woods of June.

Oh ! for one single moment now
Of the glowing autumn sun !
When the rustling wheat-sheaf bound his brow,
And the reaper's task was done.
When on the laden trees
The fruits hung ripe and fair,
And the murmuring hum of the honey-bees
Came drowsily on the air.

But he saw the flush that foretold decay
In the forest's dim arcades ;
The flowers pass from the hills away,
And the sunlight from the glades.
And the moaning of the blast,
And the hissing of the rain,
Told that his days of joy were past,
Ne'er to return again.

Kneel round the dying monarch's bier—
 Let us kneel and meekly pray,
 With sigh, and moan, and sorrowing tear,
 As the evil days pass away.
 Let each lightly-wasted hour
 Of the months that have gone by
 Strike on our hearts with a fearful pow'r,
 As we see the Old Year die.

Let us weep for the ill which we have wrought,
 The good we have cast away,
 The hasty word, and the evil thought,
 Of many a by-gone day.
 Hark! with the midnight chime
 Another year is fled,
 Another step in the march of time,—
 The poor old king is dead!

HERMONY.—That has the true odour, my dear Anthony. I warrant you, it grew upon the side of Parnassus, and was nourished by the waters of Castaly. Wherefore, take it carefully, and place it in the choicest spot of your Winter-Garden, amid laurel-leaves, and chrysanthemums, and ever-blowing roses.

PORIAN.—Without metaphor, it is a good poem, and replete with the fine thoughts of a meditative spirit. The two last stanzas are admirable; and in such a frame should we stand by the grave of the Old Year—"The poor old king is dead."

HERMONY.—Ay, with the first peal of the midnight bell we sigh, "Le roi est mort;" and when the last stroke has tolled, we smile upon the new monarch, and cry, "Vive le roi!" It is ever worth one's while to sit up till the midnight chimes, so that one may not pass insensibly from one year into another.

PORIAN.—It is a solemnising moment, for a world of thought is crowded into an instant of time. One stands, as did Moses in the plague, midway between the living and the dead.

HERMONY.—Or as one who has scaled a mountain-top, and sees the prospect extended on both sides; behind him is the devious, toilsome path he has been struggling up, now shrunk and shortened in the perspective; before him lies a long, long road, through which his vision can penetrate but a short way, for the windings shut it out, and the mists conceal it. There he stands, with MEMORY at one side of him and HOPES at the other, looking back thoughtfully, and looking forward trustfully.

PORIAN.—Here is something akin to your thoughts. Let us see if it be not fit to place in our *parterre*, though it have more of the cypress or yew about it than of the laurel or the myrtle:—

THE MEMORIES OF OLD.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

How we linger by the shades
 Of the peaceful scenes of yore,
 Rambling through those pleasant glades
 Fancy fain would now restore;
 All those sunny dwelling-places
 Dreamy visions still unfold,
 While we view their verdant traces
 'Thro' the memories of old.

How they rise and pass before us,
 Scenes that make the heart sublime;
 Bearing now, as then they bore us,
 Visions of that golden time.

Forms familiar pass and pass us,
 Where in lazy mood we stroll'd ;
 View we in life's mellowing glasses
 All those memories of old.

Where we first in boyhood sported
 Thoughtless, over lawn and lea,
 We in after years resorted,
 Far more staid and thoughtfully ;
 All those pleasant dreams we planted,
 Air-built castles, fair and bold,
 From their ruins rise enchanted
 'Mid the memories of old !

Joys on which our loves have thriven,
 Binding closer heart to heart ;
 Tears with which our souls have striven,
 When we felt that we must part ;
 All the themes of by-gone years,
 All the music that we troll'd,
 Fill once more our vacant ears
 Thro' the memories of old.

Yet how sadly we pursue
 All the joys of former years ;
 Now they come in dark review,
 In deep mourning and in tears.
 See them in the darkened room,
 Where mortality lies cold,
 Wreathing with sepulchral gloom,
 Fondest memories of old.

Gentle forms that once were gay,
 And in native beauty shone,
 Like a vision pass'd away,
 Meekly faded, and—are gone !
 Yet the loves by time removed,
 Spurning still to be controll'd,
 Live again, and are beloved
 'Mongst the memories of old.

Tho' the heart be chilled with care,
 And grows old with weight of years,
 Like sunshine on far ambient air,
 Shining thro' the mist of tears ;
 Many a picture still revives
 In imaginary mould,
 And in wonted lustre lives
 'Mongst the memories of old.

SLINGSBY.—The memory of past pleasures is like the odour of dead flowers, breathing upon our senses some of its ancient sweetness, but duller and heavier, for the taint of mortality is in it. We sigh while we inhale ; yet shall you give a place to this plant amongst brighter and gayer things. Proceed with your horticultural researches, mine Anthony.

POPLAR.—Well, now you shall have a tree covered with bright, gay blossoms:—

TWILIGHT—STAR-LIGHT—FIRE-LIGHT.

When the gloaming cometh stealing
 Over misty meadow,
 Gleamy stream and tarn concealing
 In a dubious shadow ;

Out upon the darkness gazing
 From my darker chamber,
 Chequered by the fitful blazing
 Only of each ember,
 Stand I—all my passive spirit
 Dreamily receiving
 Bliss an angel might inherit
 With a soul ungrieving.
 Not the gleam of midnight slumbering,
 Not the high-noon cheerly,
 Shines within my soul, or umbering
 Broodeth o'er it drearily.
 But a misty gladness floateth,
 A grey gladness merely—
 In each chamber there, nor gloateth
 Brightly nor austerely.
 Slow the mountains dim are melting
 To a silence dimmer ;
 The dark trees yon ruin belting
 Grimmer grow and grimmer ;
 The lone lights are blurred and wasting
 To a halo-glimmer.
 Stay, O sable Night, thy hasting !
 Stay, O moon, thy shimmer !

.

In the hollow valley only
 'The low mists are sleeping ;
 Silent stand the stars and lonely,
 Voiceless vigils keeping.
 What is this that cometh thronging
 All my heart with strangest longing,
 And a rapture never mortal,
 And no earthly vision,
 Bursting through the leaden portal
 To the fields Elysian ?
 Surely, surely, aught that dwelleth
 In yon star of heaven,
 With an earthly passion swelleth,
 Hath an earthly leaven !
 Wherefore else this dumb aspiring
 Passion of beholding,
 Fervent ever, never tiring,
 Earth a heaven enfolding !
 Upward soaring, swifter, nearer,
 Like ascending fire,
 My dim vision groweth clearer ;
 Sounds of earth expire—
 Dare a soul of mortal leaven
 Limitless aspire ?
 On the crowning cope of heaven
 Stand I, gazing higher !
 Sudden comes a darkness blinding—
 A light clasp, star-hiding—
 Down my startled glances binding,
 Earth from heaven dividing ;
 And a merry laugh outringeth,
 Archly ringeth, cheerly ;
 Round my heart a home-spell flingeth,
 Earth, I love thee dearly !

Swiftly burst the fetters lightsome ;
 Round impatient flinging—
 “ 'Tis my May, my own, my brightsome ;
 'Tis her laughter ringing.
 My own arms my only fetter,
 Round thee thus I wreathe them ;
 Stars are happy homes—far better
 Home with thee beneath them !”

SLINGSBY.—Plant me that, my dear Anthony, in the openest spot of your Winter Garden, where the sun's rays may fall down upon it by day, and the moonlight look upon it by night. It is one of those plants that draw their very life from the light, turning to it ever as the girasols do to the sun. There now, that's very well placed ; and I promise you many a fair one will stop to look at it ; and many an eye will brighten, and many a lip will smile at it. What next, my prince of Paxtons ?

POPLAR.—Something sizable, Jonathan — leafy and umbrageous withal. It looks like a willow. Let us examine it :—

THE LYRIST'S DEATH.

BY H. N. LEVINGE.

'Twas the spring—a flood of glory
 Revell'd in the morning sky ;
 For the winter, tyrant hoary,
 He had fled, and from on high
 Came sweet strains of victory
 O'er the ice-clad host which bore he
 In his train, to spread the story
 “ Desolation ” far and nigh.

'Twas a Sabbath, and the pealing
 Of the old cathedral bell,
 With its mellow tone, was stealing,
 Now with deep sonorous swell,
 Now with softer, sweeter spell,
 O'er the city, and concealing
 In each chime a mystic feeling,
 Like old BRUGES' turret knell.

O'er the scene the bright sun gleaming,
 In its ever sparkling tide,
 Seem'd with milder lustre beaming,
 Down the steeple's moss-clad side ;
 While with voiceless step did glide
 Thro' the porch a crowd, not seeming
 Heedful of the glory streaming
 Over nature near and wide.

But alas ! tho' light was blushing
 Over city, vale, and moor ;
 Tho' from feathered choirs were gushing
 Strains of joyancy as pure ;
 Tho' the wail of want was hushing
 In the dwellings of the poor ;
 Yet were grief's dark streamlets rushing
 Many a heart throughout, be sure,
 While that rosy sun was flushing
 City, steeple, vale, and moor.

On a lowly couch reclining,
 In a chamber, curtain'd dim,
 There a wasted form was pining,
 In the closing grasp of *him*,
 Who now cast his shadows grim
 Slowly o'er the face, yet shining
 From the ling'ring light entwining
 Round the brow a radiant rim.

There were faces full of sorrow
 Group'd around that humble bed,
 For they knew ere came the morrow
 Would the poet's soul be fled.
 From the gushing tears they shed,
 Bitter anguish did he borrow—
They might starve alone, for oh!
 'Twas his lays that gave them bread.

He to hope and freedom timing,
 Each young effort of his lyre
 Soon had caught the rythm chiming
 Down from heaven's eternal choir;
 And to fame he dared aspire,
 The Parnassian Mount up climbing,
 Still his songs and legends rhyming,
 As he mounted higher, higher.

And the people, 'raptured drinking
 All the magic of his strain,
 Thought not of the shadows sinking
 O'er his lot of want and pain;
 Thought no canker might remain
 In that heart from whence came linking
 Gems of fancy's purest thinking
 In a talismanic chain.

Ah! they little dream'd that lying
 In that chamber's cheerless space,
 On that spring day, he was dying,
 With want's tale writ on his face.
 Round that brow's expansive base
 Soon no radiant gleams were vying,
 For the Lyrist's soul was flying
 Up unto the better place.

SLINGSBY.—Now, I pronounce that a very excellent specimen of its kind, though it would not have been the worse of a little more culture. It has a healthy, verdant look; so you had better put it where it will have ample room, that one may walk round it and admire it.

POPLAR.—Exactly so. And now what think you of our Winter Garden, so far, Jonathan?

SLINGSBY.—Very well, indeed, for a beginning just to open with; and you can fill it, at your leisure, with an abundance of things both rare and good. When do you mean to have it fit for inspection?

POPLAR.—Oh, somewhere about New-Year's Day. And now, my dear Jonathan, 'tis high time to write the *Leader*. Draw yonder writing-table to the fire, and compose your article, while I compose—myself.

SLINGSBY.—Write the *Leader*! Mr. Poplar. Havu't we been *talking* it this half-hour?

A VOYAGE TO VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.—PART I.

DOUBTLESS, my dear reader, you have before now been condemned to spend a wet day at a solitary country inn. Did you ever spend a wet week in one? Did you ever come down, either on business or pleasure, for a week's exploration of a pleasant country, and find yourself reduced to a seat at the window, watching the slanting rain beating on the puddly road, the turbid eddies of the swollen river, and the mists and clouds brushing along the wooded banks of the valley, and shrouding in a leaden pall all the higher ground about it? Trusting to the promised fine weather, you have brought no books nor any other means of in-door employment; you are the sole guest in the inn, which has itself no means of internal amusement; and you are bound to wait in listless expectation your appointed time, on the chance of each succeeding day being fine enough for the purpose you have in view. Such was my hapless condition for the last day or two, when lo! this morning I stumbled on an old note-book that by some chance had concealed itself in my portmanteau, and found it to contain the record of a voyage made, now, alas! nearly twelve long years ago, into warm seas and sunny lands. The perusal of this has brought back to my recollection glowing scenes that have served to brighten and dispel the gloom that was gathering round my imagination; and I would fain attempt, kind reader, to impart to you, at this dull, dead season of the year, something of the same pleasant feeling that is now playing upon my own fancy, and which, perhaps, like a mental aurora, may lighten the darkness of a wintry hour by a few flashes and gleams of reflected illumination.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, the 11th of April, 1842, that we sailed from Falmouth, in H. M. S. *Musca*, Captain Darkwood, bound on a long voy-

age of exploration. The shores of Cornwall were then streaked and spotted with snow; and we, who were fitted out solely for the tropics, and had accordingly no stoves on board, had been blowing our fingers and stamping our feet on deck for the last week or two, under the influence of a keen and frosty north-east wind—we were not sorry, therefore, to find ourselves at last flying before it for the more genial south. Many travellers relate, with much real or pretended sentiment, the feelings of regret and reluctance with which, as they depart, they look back at the blue shores of their native land fading from their sight. I am afraid it may seem very “matter of fact,” but I really cannot pretend either to have experienced anything of this feeling myself, or to have seen any one else apparently under its influence, nor did a whisper of the kind ever meet my ears at the time. As I had long made up my mind to go, the only feeling I seemed to experience, on this or other similar occasions, was one of satisfaction that the bustle and bother of preparation were over at last, and the start fairly made.

There comes a time indeed when, after long years of absence, the remembrance of that hour, the thought of the blue headlands that were all then visible of our native home, rises strongly, painfully in the mind, with a fond yearning to see them once again, and a joyous anticipation of the time when they shall hourly grow more and more visible on the horizon; and I believe that the feelings of the one time are, by a common self-delusion, translated to the other, and thus confounded together in the memory. However that may be, we flew eagerly and joyously before the north-east wind across the Bay of Biscay, into the wide Atlantic; and on the dawn of the following Sunday morning, April 18th, had the island of Madeira*

* A friend, who was for some time in the Indian service, once related to me that two very enthusiastic young ladies, bound for Calcutta, being in the same ship with him, were very anxious to see something of the island of Madeira; and being told in the middle of the night that they were passing it, one of them hastily dressed herself, and came out of her cabin with a lighted candle in her hand, in order to see it better.

broad on our lee-bow. We were on the north-western side of the island, and all we saw of it at first was a long dark shore, shrouded in mist and cloud; but about eight o'clock we rounded the south-western corner of the island, and sailed at once into a different clime. We appeared to pass suddenly, in the course of half an hour, from the dark, cold, gloomy north, into the warm, sunny, and genial south. Our course lay close along the southern shore of the island. This consisted for the most part of lofty and precipitous cliffs of red tufaceous volcanic rock, interstratified with large beds of black columnar basalt. They were frequently broken through by the mouths of small valleys, issuing out of the lofty interior of the island, the ground of which slopes steeply towards the sea, furrowed and indented everywhere by these deep incisions. Each of the ridges ended in a cliff, and each ravine had its little central gully, down which leapt a silver thread of water, forming often a succession of cascades, and sometimes flinging at last its bright waters over a lower cliff into the sea. In the larger of these ravines now and then arose a conical peak, or jutting brow, with a dark, precipitous face frowning over the deep, narrow valley below. All the tops of these hills and ridges were brown and bare; lower down they were clothed with pines or other trees, many of which were now leafless; below these again the ground was parcelled out into small enclosures and rows of trellis-work for the vines; while in the bottoms of the valleys, and in a lovely fringe along the shore was a rich and luxuriant vegetation of broad-leaved bananas, and groves of laurels and oranges and other southern trees and plants. On the slopes, among the vines, were sprinkled a few white houses and cottages, with many small, round, thatched huts; while at the mouths of the principal valleys were small villages gleaming from among the trees, with their modest churches and pretty-looking bridges across the larger brooks. After feasting our eyes for some time on this beautiful landscape, and being interested by the admirable sections exposed in the cliffs, where the different layers and masses of rock were often cut through by narrow intersecting dykes, we anchored at Funchal about noon, and soon afterwards landed for a walk about the town.

Our passage had been so rapid, and we had brought so much of the northern atmosphere and temperature along with us, that stepping ashore at Funchal was like walking suddenly on a wintry day into a great hot-house or conservatory, except that, along with the warmth, we felt none of the close, stifling atmosphere of those places. A rich, warm, genial air played among the leaves of the trees, the bright sunlight flashed from whitened wall and window-pane, birds sang and flowers bloomed around us, and the glowing light and deep, broad shadows revealed for the first time, to my eyes at least, that those features were not exaggerated in Italian and other pictures of a southern clime.

Of Funchal I shall not attempt to give any description. The whole island of Madeira is only one great mountain, with many valleys, radiating from the centre to the sea. At one part of the coast, where the slope of the hills is a little more accessible than usual, and where a rather longer pebble beach intervenes between two rocky headlands, lies the town of Funchal; its steep streets, and terraces of houses, running and straggling right up the hills from the beach, to an indefinite altitude; while far away above the town are still seen white houses and convents, among the wooded recesses of the mountain's side.

I cannot resist, however, giving a slight sketch of our ride to the Corral, one of the lions of Madeira.

Thirteen of us, lieutenants, middies, and all, landed one morning on the beach, were immediately assailed by a cloud of light horsemen, called burruqueros, and were each incontinently mounted on the outside of a small horse, with an attendant hanging on by his tail. The horses were good, spirited little things, marvellously sure-footed, to assist which quality their shoes are turned up at the ends, so as to form actual spikes.

The burruqueros are light, active fellows, each dressed in a white frock and trowsers, with boots of untanned leather, and a small conical cap of blue and red cloth on the head. They carried a long spiked stick, which they used, either to urge on the horse, or to assist themselves in springing up the rocks, clinging to the horse's tail by the other hand.

We galloped up the steep paved

streets of the town, and then over several ridgy rocks to the west, till we stopped at about five miles, to bait at a small "venda," or wine shop. We then turned up a little valley, and crossing a bridge at its head, rode right up the shoulder of a black precipice, along a little narrow winding ledge. I sat on my horse for a little time, in order to see what the animal really could do, and found it springing up the rocks and clutching hold of the slippery crags, more like a kitten than a horse, till a combination of fear and shame—shame at thus tasking the animal's energies, and fear at the inevitable consequences if *they should happen* to fail, impelled me to dismount.

From the summit of this ridge, we looked down into a magnificent gorge, coming right out of the interior towards the sea, in the depths of which, several hundred feet below us, ran a rapid brook, now gleaming among the dark precipices, and now hidden by dense foliage. Up this ravine our path now turned—a narrow track, coasting along the sides of the mountain, and winding gradually deeper and deeper into its recesses. After passing across the bed of a torrent, where our horses again astonished us by the way in which they stepped from stone to stone, and scrambled up smooth sheets of lava, slippery with wet, we came to a neck of land, where a bold spur struck out from the mountain's side, right across the ravine, as if intending to reach to its opposite side. From the neck of this spur, we looked down into a huge circular valley, the bottom of which was 1,500 feet below us, environed by great precipices of black lava and basalt, that led up to bare mountains, the summits of which are more than 5,000 feet above the sea.

Several brooks coming from these mountains leaped down the black sides of the precipices, and hurried their united waters through a very narrow gorge, intervening between the spur on which we stood and the opposite wall of the ravine, up which we had come. If it were not for that gorge the Corral would be a great circular lake. The bottom of the valley consisted of green fields and groves of trees, among which were visible the white walls of a small village, and a little chapel or church.

After standing for a few minutes in wondering admiration of this very

striking scene, our attendants became anxious for us to proceed. "Go on—where? and how?" we all exclaimed; whereupon one or two of them rushing forward, disappeared over the face of the precipice at our feet, and the rest urged us to follow them on horseback. "Look before you leap," is an old and a safe adage; so, dismounting, I gave my horse to the burruquero, and peeped over; and finding a mere winding broken ledge, partly of rocky steps, and covered with loose stones, and requiring careful walking for even a man to keep his footing, I declined to trust my neck even to the sure foot of a Madeirese pony, where one false step might send one flying through a thousand feet of clear air, before again alighting on *terra firma*.

I accordingly led the way on foot, and my example was followed by my shipmates. In going down I often paused to look back overhead, and admire the wonderfully picturesque sight of our party, consisting of a dozen naval officers, thirteen horses, and about twenty guides, all one above another, winding in short turns down the face of the precipice.

Arrived at more level ground, we again galloped forward, frequently stopping to look at the beautiful scenery by which we were surrounded, where the utmost grandeur of outline and feature, and sternness of character in the rocks, were clothed, and concealed, and adorned by all that was lovely and luxuriant in foliage. One huge precipice of black rock I especially remember, that was draped all over by a thick matting of ferns and creepers, behind which a cascade seemed to be trickling down the cliff, and distilling from every leaf of the plants.

Threatening clouds which we had before seen gathering round the heights of the mountains now began to settle down into the valley, and shortly saluted us with a pelting shower; so we set spurs to our little steeds, and galloped up to the chapel, and threw ourselves bodily on the hospitality of the padre, or priest of the valley. He, good man, though a little overwhelmed by the numbers and the noisiness of his guests, did all he could for us—supplied us with a table and benches, and some awfully sour red wine, that seemed as if made from grapes that had been brought up in a fog. Luckily we had brought some bread and meat, and

a flask or two of brandy with us; and the latter article found most especial favour, not only in the padre's eyes, but in his mouth also; so that he seemed quite ready to undertake to keep us for a month, provided only we kept up a proper supply of that article; and was most unwilling to part with us, so long as there seemed the slightest probability of a drop being left in the stores of any of the party.

There was a marriage, or a festival, or some other religious ceremony going on in the church which we visited, and we found a party of peasantry in holiday costume, who brought us a crown bedecked with flowers, which, as a great favour, we were expected to kiss, and to pay for the favour by depositing a pistareen or two in a box underneath.

The rain having ceased, although the mist remained, we mounted our horses to return, galloped across the valley, and then up a spur of the precipice by a different and easier path than the one we had come down by. Here I was again charmed by the wildness of the scene, and lagged behind to enjoy the sight of my companions winding up the heights above my head, each one in succession dimly appearing on some jutting crag, shrouded in mist; while the wild cries of the burruqueros sounded along the line, till their voices were muffled in the clouds. As the fog whirled around us, small openings were formed in it here and there, giving us lovely pictures of different parts of the valley—all the more lovely for the framing in which they were set. As I stopped upon one jutting crag, one of these openings just disclosed the church and the ground around it, with a group of the villagers, headed by the padre, watching our ascent. He took off his hat, and made a low bow; but I by no means appropriated the salutation to myself, rightly deeming that it was in truth but a reluctant adieu to the departing brandy-flasks.

Arrived at the comparatively level mountain-path above, we found a cold wind driving the mist into our faces; and in galloping along my horse very shortly cast a shoe. I dismounted, not over-pleased with the prospect of a long and solitary walk into Funchal; but the burruquero quickly pulled out hammer and nails, seeming quite prepared for the accident, and in a short

time overtook me with the animal reshod, and in a condition to enable me to rejoin the cavalcade.

As we descended the brow of the mountain, we came suddenly to the base of the cloud in which we had been enveloped, and saw it stretching out like a ceiling a little above our heads for about a mile, throwing its shadow on a corresponding portion of the ground below, while beyond, the blue sea, with its shipping, the rocky shore, and the white buildings of Funchal, lay gleaming in the sun.

As we approached the town, we marshalled our forces into regular order, sent out videttes, and entered Funchal in military array, two and two, as much to the amusement of the Funchalese as our own diversion at their astonishment.

Those were happy days, my dear reader. We were young, healthy, and active; we had a comfortable home in our good ship, always holding out a refuge to us from danger, sickness, or *want of money* on shore. We, who had none of the responsibility of her guidance, had no care to harass, no ceremony to distract us. We cared little how wagged the rest of the world—peace or war, storm or calm, were alike indifferent to us; and when our quarter's mess-bill was defrayed, we had no further anxiety even about money. Who can say as much in this perplexed and troubled life ashore?

That our ship was not only a refuge to us, but was ready to become one to any others, even in the most delicate distresses, was proved by an incident that occurred on board of her the day we left Madeira. A certain Dr. L., an Englishman, had become enamoured of, and engaged to, a fair Portuguese. The priestly authorities of the island, however, would not hear of a marriage between a Catholic and a heretic; and the English chaplain declined, from politic reasons, to celebrate it in their defiance. As soon, therefore, as our anchor had loosed its hold of Portuguese ground, and we were fairly under weigh, and thus fully within the marine territories of our own sovereign, and amenable to none but English laws, the bridal party came on board in boats, accompanied by an English clergyman, who happened to be staying on the island, and the ceremony was performed in the captain's poop-cabin. I fear it was not a very merry

party, for old ocean did not even spare the bride, and both she and the bridesmaids were miserably sick before they got into the boat to go ashore again; and even the bridegroom exhibited a countenance which was anything but "glowing with happiness," or "radiant with joy," upon the occasion. We can only hope that they soon recovered themselves when they got ashore, and if *sick*, that they never were *sorry* afterwards.

April 28th. — On coming on deck this morning, we saw the eastern end of the island of Teneriffe on our star-board bow; and farther west, high up in the air in a clear space among the clouds, we caught sight of the famous peak. It was still eighty miles distant, and was scarcely to be distinguished from a cloud, except by its steadiness of outline, having the same light-grey colour, and shadowy, unsubstantial aspect, while a patch of snow on its northern side increased the resemblance.

In hauling up the towing net this morning, I got, among other things, a specimen of a porpita, a most delicately beautiful little animal. Its form is flat and circular, little more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, rather rounded above, and protuberant below. Its substance was a glassy gelatine, like that of a medusa, but rather more opaque and fleshy. The upper surface showed a white, semi-transparent centre, passing gradually into a rich but delicate cornelian at the circumference. It was divided into eight parts by radiating furrows that proceeded from a central pit, each part being partially subdivided by another slighter furrow, that increased towards the circumference. Small vessels proceeded from the centre to the circumference, exhibiting a darker shade than the rest, both in the white and the blue. Round the edge was a thin fringe of the same lovely blue, but rather darker, marked with little, straight vesicles that ended in a black tip, with a similar black tip between each, as if from a vesicle beneath. The under surface of the body was slightly conical, of a brownish white in the centre, but blue at the circumference, as on the upper side; and from the blue part proceeded a great number of tentaculæ, like those of a star-fish, but not apparently contractile to any great extent. These tentaculæ ended in three or four

granular knobs. One of them, under the microscope, seemed like a blue vessel, ending towards the base, enclosed in a white, gelatinous cover, which became blue towards the knobbed extremity; it had no apparent external orifice. Neither could I be certain that the animal itself had any orifice, either above or below, though, doubtless, there must have been one at least.

I took also two small janthina. The bubbles, by means of which they floated, adhered pretty firmly to the animal, so that I had to take a pair of forceps to pinch them off. When removed, the animal fell to the bottom of the tumbler of sea water, in which I had placed it, and for several hours, at all events, showed no sign of renewing its bubble.

April 29th. — Anchored in the roads of Santa Cruz. This is a clear and pleasant-looking town of white houses, stretching along shore from some rugged and barren hills on the north, to a small, bare, and desert-looking plain on the south, at the back of which the rugged hills receded for a mile or two till they again struck out upon the coast. On consulting the English Consul he declared positively that it was utterly impossible to ascend the peak at that early season of the year, whereupon we made preparations for starting the next morning to attempt it. In the meantime we strolled through and about the town, saw Nelson's flags, of course, and sundry bright black eyes, which flashed suddenly upon us through little portholes in the windows as we passed along the streets. These take an unfortunate stranger at a most unfair advantage. The windows have glass only above, in the lower part the *panes* are of *wood*; and one of them, if not more, hangs upon hinges, opening outwards, like a ship's port. As the stranger strides along the paved streets, which in the daytime are pretty solitary, at every window up goes the port and out gleam the dark eyes full upon him as he passes, while, if he stop to return the salute, down goes the little door, and all is blank.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 30th, eight of us, headed by the captain, set out on horseback to cross the island to Orotava. We rode up paved causeways and rocky roads, in one part a mere track across a rough, cindery surface of lava, to the old and de-

serted-looking town of Laguna. Grass grew in its silent streets, and in the great square, ornamented by huge gateways, decorated with armorial bearings carved in stone, leading to the houses of the old nobility; and we passed through the town without seeing more than half-a-dozen living beings, and one of these was a camel. Laguna is 1,200 or 1,400 feet above the sea, and stands on the edge of an undulating plain, surrounded by rocky hills. This plain, after heavy rain, is said to be sometimes converted into a shallow lake, whence the name of the town. It was now, however, well covered with fine crops of potatoes, wheat, maize, barley, rye, flax, and lupins. Having crossed it, we arrived at the ridges, which slope down on the north-western side of the island, and these we had to traverse obliquely on our road to Orotava. From the summit of one of these ridges we had a most magnificent view of the peak. From the centre of a great mass of rugged mountain rose the majestic cone, slightly truncated or indented at top, and crowned with another little cone, called the Piton. About the middle of the mountain was a beautiful cincture of white cloud, stretching out in level sheets, from which occasional fragments detached themselves, and sailed over our heads. Except these, the whole heavens were of the deepest and most unstained blue, as was the ocean on our right, towards which the ridges gradually descended, ending in an indented coast of black rocks, circled by a creaming belt of snow-white foam. Two or three dark pines stood statue-like on the crest of one of the ridges before us, while in the valleys were groves of date palms, fig trees, and orange trees, and the road was ornamented with rows of agave, and cactus, and trellises, on which the young vine leaves were just bursting into life. The whole scene was new and peculiar to me. There was none of the rich, luscious, green carpet, or leafy woods of our own islands here at home; on the contrary, the ground generally had a bare and almost barren aspect; but what a contrast and harmony of colour in its brown and yellow hues, shaded by green and black, the intense blue of

the sea and the sky, and the brilliant white of the foam, the cloud and the snow-capped summit of the peak; and what a stately majesty in the wide sweep of indented coast and broken mountain-side, with the noble cone culminating over all. Nothing, however, still struck me more forcibly than the clearness and transparency of the air, and the depth and intensity of the light and shade. To know what a blue sky and a glaring sunshine really are, it is absolutely necessary to quit these northern latitudes and to get some twenty degrees at least more directly under the sun.

After riding up to the picturesque Villa Orotava, on the mountain-side, peeping at the famous dragon-tree, and admiring the beauties of the lovely valley in which we found ourselves, we rode down, and took up our quarters at a rather indifferent posada at the lower Porto Orotava. The Vice-Consul here, of course, confirmed his chief in Santa Cruz as to the utter impossibility of our ascending the peak, but agreed at last to send for a guide. His name was Manuel Aguida, a fine, manly-looking Spaniard, with quiet, courteous manner, who threw no obstacles in our way, nor attempted to enhance his services on account of the season, but simply stated what were the usual terms,* and the amount of men, horses, and provisions that would be requisite. We accordingly begged him to provide these, and to be with us early in the morning.

May 1st.—In spite of every exertion it was half-past seven before we could get the horses packed, and make a fair start of it. The Vice-Consul was kind enough to add to our stores a gallon or two of wine of a superior description to any we could have purchased, and to come and see us off; but his last salutation was, "I wish you luck, but it is impossible you should succeed." Our cavalcade consisted of thirteen horses (five of which carried the provisions and water), and a man to each horse, which made our party twenty-one.

We passed between two small recent volcanic cones, called "Las montes des Frayles," the lava streams from which were as fresh as if they had just

* These terms were, four dollars for each horse and its attendant, and four dollars for himself as guide-in-chief.

cooled; and we then rode through a village called Hija, where, as it was Sunday morning, we found all the peasantry in holiday costume, saluting us, and wishing us a good journey. We then began to ascend by a narrow and rocky path, having on our left hand a precipitous ravine or dry torrent channel, one of those called a "barranco" by the Spaniards. In an hour and a-half we had left the region of vines, and come on that of the firs and ferns, and broom and heath. We had hitherto seen a level and dense stratum of clouds above our heads, cutting off all view of the mountains above a certain definite height, and about ten o'clock we rode up into this cloud.

For about an hour we continued thus shrouded in mist, gradually ascending along a narrow winding path among rocks covered with small trees and bushes, when suddenly all vegetation began to disappear, and immediately afterwards we emerged into the clear upper sky with a blazing sunshine, and the peak towering before us over piles of brown rocks and yellow pumice and ashes. Streams and great masses of black lava wound among these hills of pumice and ashes, and we had a little steep climbing till we arrived at a place called the Canada, at the edge of the pumice plains, where we halted under the shade of some rocks to lunch. We here looked down on the surface of the clouds which encircled the hills below us, and stretched away in level, solid-looking, snowy plains into the distant horizon.

We then rode for about three miles across the pumice plains, a gently undulating stretch of ground which sloped very gradually up towards the foot of the cone that rises at their south-west corner. The plain is bounded by a line of craggy hills, which in places assumed the character of a perfect wall of rock, with a precipitous face towards the plain and a more gentle slope outside. I could see in some places that the beds composing this broken wall inclined (or "dipped") steeply from the plain towards the sea. It struck me, not that these beds had been once horizontal, and had been subsequently elevated into their present inclined position, but that they were the remnants of the wall of a former cone, of immense magnitude, of which the present pumice plains formed the centre, and that the beds were only the layers

of ashes, pumice, and lava which had been originally deposited in that inclined position on the slope of the cone. The pumice plains themselves were covered with a light yellow pumice, in pieces of the size of a walnut down to the very finest powder, with here and there a crag of jutting rock, a brown or reddish lava appearing from underneath it. Clouds of dust rose under our horses' feet; no green thing was visible in any direction but a few bushes of a stunted kind of broom, and the whole scene so brown and arid, with the hot sun overhead and our long line of horse and foot painfully toiling over the undulations of the ground, seemed to me the very epitome of an African desert. As we approached the foot of the cone, we rose slowly on to some great buttresses of yellow pumice, that now began to be dotted with large blocks of black rock, a pitchstone porphyry passing into obsidian. These were of rudely spheroidal shape, cindery outside, but compact or crystalline within. They were from six to ten feet in diameter, and were generally split across by one or two great cracks, and lay sometimes a mere heap of broken fragments. I thought at the time that they were huge volcanic bombs that had been shot from the crater during some great eruption, and this is the expressed opinion of Humboldt; but Von Bach, with more probability, calls them great "tears" of lava that had become detached from one of the streams above, and rolled down the sides of the cone into the plains below. Just at this side of the cone a stream of black lava does descend from the summit of the cone, and ends suddenly among the light yellow pumice and ashes about half way down, as if it had become cooled and consolidated before it could quite complete its descent.

Passing beyond this, and still slowly climbing round the foot of the cone, our horses apparently almost spent by fatigue and want of water, we drew near to another great stream of lava, which had not only rushed down the sides of the cone, but had spread far and wide across that portion of the ground below, and formed, indeed, the termination of the pumice plains. Just before reaching this we turned to the right, and began at last slowly and painfully to climb the actual cone itself, by means of a little track that

wound sharply up the piles of loose cinders and ashes.

At about half-past three, we at length arrived at our halting place, the "*Estancia de los Ingleses*." This is merely a group of huge masses of black rock, with a few loose stone walls, built here and there against them to keep off the wind. Under the shade of one of these great rocks was a hole, which in the summer was said to contain a spring of water, but which now held merely a cake of white ice, which we immediately proceeded to break up, in order to cool the parched mouths of the horses, and our own. The sun still felt hot even at this altitude of 10,000 feet, but in the shade the temperature was 45°. The air preserved this temperature even on the ground close to the ice, the surface of which was yet not at all moist. I conclude a thin stratum of dry cold air remained undisturbed in the hollow, just above the ice, which, even when broken, did not become damp till it was handled.

From the "*Estancia*" we could see the hills of the Gran Canaria, and the southern coast of that island, the sea line of the horizon stretching greatly beyond it; but the upper surface of the clouds occupied the greater space within the scope of our vision, and to me at least was one of the most interesting sights.

At sunset we were treated to a grand effect in watching the March of the Shadow of the Peak. We were on the eastern slope of the cone, and just as the sun set behind it, the sharply-defined shadow of the little summit-piton was projected first on the pumice hills below us, then stole rapidly across the plains, clomb more slowly up their encircling walls of rock, over which it disappeared, while the swelling outline of the lower cone, darkening all it covered, grew rapidly upwards in ever-increasing dimension.

In a few minutes more we observed the shadow of the little Piton traversing the surface of the clouds below, hastening forwards to the east, and followed by the great pyramidal shadow of the whole Mountain of the Peak, stretching many a league over land, and sea, and cloud, till it gradually became lost in the distant and now darkening horizon. In the north the clouds were very magnificent, as there their level plains were broken into

huge foaming billows of a snowy whiteness.

It now suddenly became quite dark, and the stars shone out more brilliantly than on a frosty night at home; but dinner being declared ready by Aguida (who acted as *maitre d'hotel*), we turned our attention to something more substantial than the atmosphere; and then, getting two fires lighted—one for ourselves, and the other for the guides—and having previously collected all the old bushes of broom we could find to keep them going, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and each party began a round of songs.

The song of the guides appeared to be extemporaneous, as each took it up alternately, and sang a verse, to which all united in the same chorus, the words of which were supposed by some of us who had a smattering of Spanish to be something about "to-morrow morning." This was often accompanied by shouts of laughter; and, like the man in the play, we thought "they must be speaking of us, for they laughed consumedly." It was a wild scene—the huge black rocks, from among the crevices of which peeped out here and there a spectral horse's head—the two fires, with their blanket-clad groups of revellers—the shouts, the laughter, and the songs—while around, above, and below us was the steep slope of the mountain-side with its rocks and lava-torrents, its foot enveloped in the clouds, and its lone head high among the stars.

About two in the morning, Aguida roused us, and we found a bright moon shining, by whose light we were to continue our climb; so, after swallowing a piece of bread and a cup of coffee, we set off. We each had a stout iron-shod pole in our hand, which we found very useful; and for about an hour and a-quarter we toiled up the steep slope of pumice; and even then, as we looked back, seemed but little above the fires of the *Estancia*, where we could hear the voices of the "*machuchos*" we had left behind. We here found ourselves at the edge of a great lava-stream, and now had to climb over this. This was not one solid mass, as I had expected to find a stream of lava, but a heap of loose, disconnected, rudely-spheroidal blocks of cindery lava, of all sizes, from that of a man's head up to six or eight feet in diameter. These blocks often tottered

under our feet as we stept, leapt, or crawled from one to the other, while the prospect of a tumble down in among their cavities seemed anything but inviting.

After about half-an-hour of this kind of climbing, the day began to dawn, and the whole east rapidly assumed a crimson and golden hue, before the light of which "the stars 'gan pale their ineffectual fires." By the aid of this light, we soon caught a sight of the Piton shining over the black rocks above us, and shortly afterwards we reached its foot. Just as we arrived here, the sun rose, and threw a golden glare over the surface of the clouds, from the horizon to our very feet, producing a glorious effulgence such as I never saw equalled. As it rose above the level horizon of the clouds, it appeared as if it were greatly spread out horizontally, and divided into three or four short columns or squares of light, occupying apparently a space equal to three or four times the real diameter of the sun.

Many patches of snow lay about us here, but did not impede our progress, while from some hollows and crevices steam and vapour were issuing. In one of these the thermometer showed 130° F., just at the mouth of a small hole, although a large patch of snow lay within arm's-reach of it. In the open air, and shaded from the sun, the thermometer showed 31° F.

We now addressed ourselves to the little summit Piton, which looked a mere hillock, to be run up in a quarter of an hour. Aguida, however, told us it would take an hour and a half; and it is, I believe, nearly six hundred feet high. It was as steep as it was possible to stand on—indeed it would not have been possible had we not been able to dig the feet into the loose ashes, or rest them on little projecting ledges of harder rock.

Partly from the steepness of the ascent, partly from the exhaustion and shortness of breath caused by the rarity of the atmosphere, this last hour's climb was the most laborious of all, as we could only proceed a few steps at a time without stopping. At half-past six, however, we were all assembled at the summit, glorying in the magnificent prospect. The wide-spread surface of a vast plain of cloud was about six thousand feet below us, through which rose part of the ridges and crests

of Teneriffe, and the summits of Palma, Gomera, and Canaria. Here and there, too, we looked down through rents and gulfs in the clouds, on spaces of sea, or on part of the coasts beneath. This vast stratum of cloud seemed to have a perfectly regular, level, and well-defined base, and had a singularly unvarying and solid-looking aspect. Its upper surface was gently undulating, with rounded knobs and hummocks here and there. I could have fancied I was again looking down on some vast frozen sea, with its icebergs rounded and smoothed by snow. The dark lake-like chasms in the clouds increased the resemblance, as they showed like spaces of open water. On looking more attentively at them, however, we could perceive the void, cavernous space beneath the clouds filled with a dark shadow, and could detect the ripple on the surface of the sea below. The thickness of the stratum of cloud did not seem to be any where great, which made their solid and immovable aspect more remarkable. The wind with us was very light from N. by E.; we afterwards heard they had a strong breeze below from the N. E.

The rocks around were smoking in several directions, both on the sides and in the bottom of the little summit crater, which may be a hundred yards in diameter, and a hundred feet in depth.

After making some meteorological observations, and experiencing much trouble in endeavouring to get my Wollaston's thermometer to boil, I was proceeding to examine the crater more narrowly; but by this time several of the party beginning to be sick and faint, rushed down the side of the Piton; and Aguida became so anxious to join them, lest they should lose themselves, while he at the same time would not leave me for the same reason, that I was compelled, most reluctantly, to descend long before I had completed my observations.

In going down the lava stream, we turned out of our way to visit a large cavern in the lava, caused by the upper crust hardening over, while the lava was still flowing below. This, in the winter, becomes full of ice and snow, and is the great natural ice-house of the island, whence, during the summer, ice is being constantly carried down to the towns of Orotava and Santa Cruz. It took us two hours and a-half

to descend to the Estancia, where we mounted our horses, and we reached Orotava about two in the afternoon of Monday. It was a "fiesta," and we found all the crosses festooned with flowers; while at the entrance of the town were arches of green boughs wreathed with flowers, an oratory on one side adorned with trinkets, and on the other a mountebank's stage in full operation. Fireworks were exhibited in the evening. We slept at Orotava, and the next day rode back to Santa Cruz, got on board our ship, and, at six in the evening, were rolling along before the trade-wind still farther south.

The total cost of our expedition from Santa Cruz and back again was sixteen and a-half dollars a-piece, or somewhere about £3 10s.

I should have hesitated, oh, indulgent reader! in going over this old ground with you, which, among others, has been so well described by Mr. Wilde, in his *Travels*, had I not thought that scenes so worthy of attention can hardly be described too often, since every fresh observer sees them in a somewhat different light, and thus helps to place them more vividly before your imagination.

We calculated the height of the Peak from barometrical observations, and from trigonometrical ones, depending on a base measured at sea with a patent log, and the mean of the whole was 12,080 feet above the sea.

May 9th.—At 8, A.M., we came in sight of Mayo, one of the Cape de Verd islands—a bare, brown, desolate-looking place, with a low, arid shore, rising into conical volcanic hills in the interior. A few cocoanut trees in some of the little valleys, and a few huts on one of the sandy plains, off which a brig was lying at anchor, were the only signs of life visible. At noon we anchored at Porto Praya, in St. Jago. Here, too, all seemed burned up, brown, and desolate; but the cliffs were loftier, and the mountains in the interior exhibited some very curiously jagged and serrated outlines. We landed on a small rock at the head of the bay, the only place where it is possible to get ashore without being wet through, and walked into a little valley behind the table-land on which the town stands. The whole country seemed to be made of lava and dust, with not a green thing on the dry and

brown expanse of sand, but a few acacias and one grove of cocoanuts. The town consisted of one square, surrounded by low one-storied huts, and a few lanes of ditto. It was inhabited almost entirely by negroes, who looked sleek, well fed, and happy.

The consul was absent; but we were entertained at his house by a young Englishman who was acting for him. He gave us some tolerable wine and water, and cheated us afterwards most confoundedly in the matter of some fowls and turkeys with which he undertook to supply us, taking care to bring them off only just as we were under weigh.

For the next ten days we sailed luxuriously along before the trade wind, till, as we approached the line, we gradually exchanged our bright skies and pleasant breeze, for heavy, lowering clouds, and sultry calms, varied by showers of rain, not formed of drops, but of continuous streams of water, poured down upon us as if a river had been suddenly emptied out overhead.

I was never tired of watching the small squadrons of physalus, or Portuguese men-of-war, that we often passed through, and the flights of the flying-fish that we every now and then flushed in regular covies from under our bows. When fresh they are beautiful things, with their delicate flexible bodies, about eight inches in length, large silver scales, great brilliant eyes, five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and the filmy fins or wings of transparent tissue, five inches long, and veined by cross lines as if jointed. They rose from the water by a leap, and for the first few yards seemed to labour hard, fluttering their fins in rapid vibrations, something like a dragon-fly, while the tail was forcibly bent down. They then skimmed off with a smooth and rapid flight, like that of a swift, but appeared to me to rise and fall occasionally in gentle curves, in order to avoid the crests of the waves. They seemed usually to prefer starting "on a wind," as a sailor would say; but gradually "fell off" before it, shortly before they dropped into the water. Their longest flight I should estimate as about one hundred yards.

May 18th.—Last night we had been hailed by Neptune, who asked leave to come on board, and this morning preparations were made for receiving him,

and for initiating us novices into his mysteries.

It so happened that at least one-half of the ship's company, including some of the "best men" among it, had never crossed the line. Accordingly when we were ordered below, and found we mustered about seventy good men and true, we immediately determined to have some fun of our own, and not let his Marine Majesty on deck have things quite so much his own way as he was used to. The senior mate and the carpenter were among us, and acting under their directions, we immediately triced up gratings under the fore hatchway, so as to prevent our being attacked in the rear, barricaded the gun-room door to protect our flank, and removed the ladder from the main hatchway, round which we marshalled our forces. There was a force pump on deck supplied with a hose, that if well directed would have annoyed us much; but we cut off the supply of water from this by turning the cock on the lower deck.

When Neptune and his satellites, including a band of constables, hideously bedaubed with paint and bedizened with oakum, had completed their preparations for our reception on deck, and, opening the main hatchway, called the first on the list to come on deck and appear before him, we coolly told him to "come and fetch him." Seeing our preparations for resistance, Neptune's forces at first tried a rapid *fire* of buckets of *water*, and that not succeeding, endeavoured to stifle us out by tarpaulins over the hatchways. These were poked off with handspikes, while every leg or foot that ventured to show itself down the hatchway got a lash from a rope's end that caused it quickly to be drawn up again.

At length a combined assault was made, and, under cover of a deluge of water-buckets, a dozen or two of constables at once fell, one over the other, down the hatchway, and having gained a footing on the lower deck, attacked us with staves, and endeavoured to capture some of our number. A pretty sharp fight now ensued, while those on deck stood ready with nooses to throw over any of us that came near, and haul us up upon deck as if we were bags of bread.

As I headed one of the charges on the constables I suddenly found myself embraced by a noose; but before

my legs had well left the deck I was seized by two or three big fellows of our side, who, by dint of hauling on the rope, succeeded in extricating me before I was quite torn asunder. After a pretty sharp tussel victory decided in our favour, and we shortly had thirteen constables prisoners, whom, by way of humane treatment, we lashed to the tables and stanchions nearest the galley-fire, where, considering we were under the line, we determined they should not have any chance of suffering from cold, at all events. An honest master's-assistant was suddenly discovered very busy at the force-pump, proceeding to work so coolly that he was taken for one of us, till some one remarked that he belonged to our opponents.

"Hallo, old fellow, what are you doing there?" said some one.

"Rigging the force-pump," said he; "the second-lieutenant ordered me to go and do it."

"No; you don't say so?" was the cry, as he was seized and carried forward, to his intense astonishment, as he vehemently pleaded the orders of his superior officer, and found them utterly disregarded. On consideration of his being an officer, he was offered the freedom of the lower deck, "on his parole;" but as he declared he would "die rather than surrender," and seemed to look upon us all as real mutineers, and the whole proceeding as "flat rebellion," he was lashed near the fire like the rest, and given the hottest place as an honourable distinction for his courage and fidelity.

We were now masters of the field, or rather the deck; and the fight having lasted an hour, and Neptune having neither time enough nor men enough to continue it much longer, his Majesty for once condescended to a parley, and offered easy terms on condition of our surrender, promising clean soap and a smooth razor provided we submitted to the ancient ceremonies. Against such an appeal from so august a dignitary, and one of whom there is no other defeat recorded in history, we had not the heart to contend longer. One by one, therefore, did we submit to be shaved, to be soused, and to be drenched; and one by one, as we emerged from the bath prepared for us, did we incontinently turn to and souse, drench, and swab our late comrades in opposition. The initiatory ce-

remonies being over, the usual procession took place round the quarter-deck : Neptune in full costume, with Amphitrite by his side, well stuffed and padded into charms of the most exuberant proportions, nursing and caressing their youngest son (a most mischievous young innp of a powder-monkey), his carriage of state (a gun carriage, be-decked with flags) drawn by obedient but most outrageously-dressed satellites, and followed by the dripping band of his newly-received subjects, presented us and himself before the captain, on the poop, to whom he reported his proceedings, and these being declared satisfactory, and double allowance of grog ordered for all hands, three cheers were given, the procession moved forward to the fore-castle ; and as eight bells at noon were struck, the boatswain's whistle came shrill and clear, and the usual hoarse tone of command to "clear the decks and beat to quarters."

Then was seen a good instance of the effect of discipline. For three or four hours our good ship had been one scene of confusion and uproar, for the most part good-humoured, but not unmingled with contention, which, under other circumstances, might have passed as tolerably earnest, for some men had afterwards to apply to the doctor for

hurts received in our "'tween-deck" *mêlée*. Every man, too, was dripping with wet, and many painted and disguised in all manner of disfigurements. There was a temporary platform near the fore-castle, and a huge canvas-bath before it, and the decks were strewn with litter of all descriptions, and streaming everywhere with water. In twenty minutes from the time the boatswain's pipe was heard, the whole deck was clean, neat, and orderly, as usual ; every man was in clean and dry clothes, without a trace of paint, dirt, or water ; the guns were pointing through the ports, the men standing, silent and steady, at their quarters, the officers in full uniform at their stations : not a thing but was in its proper place, ready for instant use ; and the ship at once transformed from an apparent bedlam to a still, orderly, perfect man-of-war, ready for instant action. A few common manœuvres were gone through ; a few brief, stern commands issued by the first-lieutenant ; the reins of command, which one might just previously have supposed to have been thrown away for ever, were quietly picked up, and adjusted to their use ; and the "crossing of the Line" remained merely as a subject for conversation, and for laughing over its various chances.

DEFECTS IN THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF CAVALRY TACTICS.

WHILE of the three component arms which form a military host, the infantry and artillery have arrived at great perfection, the cavalry, it appears, has retrograded, and is no longer so effective as it once was, and ought to be again if properly organised. The feats of the hussars of Ziethen and Seidlitz in the Seven Years' War, are marvels of history to which we can furnish no recent parallels. The boldest charges of Murat and Anglesca are pronounced to be mere child's play compared to the sweeping whirlwind with which the irresistible Prussian troopers and their squadrons bore down and scattered the firmest battalions that ever stood up against them in serried phalanx. Seidlitz brought his men to this by hard drill, and lost many through casualties,

at mere rehearsals. The king, Frederick the Great, considered the practice objectionable ; but Seidlitz observed drily, "If you make such a fuss about a few broken necks, your Majesty will never have the bold horsemen you require for the field." The book we are about to notice mentions this anecdote, and adds, that it was one of the amusements of this daring cavalier to ride in at speed between the arms of a wind-mill while working — a feat he often performed after he had attained to the rank of a general officer. An empty, Quixotic bravado, the success of which is almost as extraordinary as the escape of Sterne, who, when a child, fell through a water-wheel in rapid motion, at Annamoe, in the county of Wicklow, and was taken out of the stream with-

out damage. Try either experiment with a stuffed figure for a thousand successive times, and each time it will be crushed or hurled into a shapeless mass.

The modern system of cavalry tactics is found to be defective everywhere, as well on the Continent as in our own service; and calls loudly for reform, in order that battles, when they unfortunately occur (which they will to the end of the chapter), may be rendered more decisive, consequences more important, and the operations and effect of horse restored to their due ascendancy.

Captain Nolan, of the 15th Hussars, an officer of sound experience, who has deeply studied the topics of which he treats, has lately published a very valuable little work, without ostentation or pretence, but at the same time clear and consecutive, in which he expounds many mistakes, and points out the remedies—a mode of practice as salutary as it is rare.* We do not exactly agree with all he advances, but everything he has said is well worthy of consideration. He observes that military authors have not given much exclusive attention to this particular branch, and refers frequently to the ancient treatise of “Xenophon on Horsemanship,” composed more than two thousand years ago, but in many respects, and in leading essential points, as applicable to modern practice as if written yesterday. An elaborate work on the subject is a grand desideratum in military literature. Until this appears, either under the authority of high genius, or official patronage, Captain Nolan has supplied many valuable hints and suggestions, with a good synopsis of general information. He says modestly in his preface, “The author having served in the Continental cavalry, and with our own in India, and having thought much on the subject during a tolerably extended acquaintance with the cavalry of various nations, hopes that he may not be deemed forward in contributing his mite towards an improvement in the literature of cavalry, and in offering such suggestions as he hopes may assist in bringing forward this important arm to the level of the intelligence of the age, and to

the improved condition to which all branches of the service must be brought, if they are to compete successfully with their rivals in the next struggle that may take place. The sudden transition from peace to war is a critical moment for all armies, but more particularly to those whose officers are deficient in the theory of their profession.”

That many of our officers are thus at fault, will, we presume, be set down as a fact; and that they ought not to be so may be appended as a corollary. Assuredly a great struggle will take place sooner or later, in spite of all that peace congresses and universal philanthropists may preach and predict to the contrary. This is as certain as that when the mighty conflict begins, no human wisdom can foresee the conclusion. Let us, at all events, be prepared, and “keep our powder dry,” doing our best to deserve the success which, perhaps (under Providence), we have the means and resources to command, if we use them wisely. Let us also hope that, in addition to the foreign enemy, whoever he may be, and from whatever quarter he may spring, we may not have the usual domestic opponents at the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, who have generally done their worst for a year or two at the beginning, until better instructed by dear-bought experience.

A great authority, Sir William Napier, has said, in a work of universal reputation,† that our infantry is incontestibly the best in Europe, but that our cavalry, as a disciplined body, is inferior to that of our late continental opponents. These are his words:—“The result of a hundred battles, and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations, have given the first place amongst the European infantry to the British; but in a comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit that the cavalry of the former stands higher in the estimation of the world.”

The opinion has been discussed in volumes of sharp controversy, in which, as usual, neither party has convinced the other; but if it be correct (which we fear it is), the deficiency is as

* “Cavalry; its History and Tactics.” By Captain I. E. Nolan, 15th Hussars. Bosworth, London. 1853.

† “History of the Peninsular War.”

lamentable as it is gratuitous. The British nation possesses the strongest men, the best riders, and the finest breed of horses; why, then, should we not exhibit the most irresistible cavalry? Again, the fault lies in the system, which demands immediate investigation and improvement. Of what use is a swift, noble-blooded horse, if his spirit and speed are tamed by more weight than he can carry? Of what avail is a muscular arm, if it is not master of the weapon it bears, and the weapon itself is too blunt to inflict a disabling wound? Our author quotes from Oliver Cromwell (who knew a little how to handle cavalry) a short, pithy epistle, which comprises in a few words a whole manual of instruction—"Let the saddler see to the horse-gear. I learn from one, many are ill served. If a man has not *good weapons, horse, and harness*, he is as nought." The fable of the centaur in all probability took its rise from the astonishment excited amongst the ignorant and unprepared by the first appearance of a cavalier, who managed his charger with such rapidity and skill, that the two appeared one blended animal. The simple Mexicans thought this of the mounted Spaniards in the small band of Cortez. It seems obvious that where the strength and activity of the horse are added to the intelligence of the man, the power of the latter ought to be more than doubled; and yet it has been often asserted, and as we believe demonstrated by experiment, that a single infantry soldier, with his usual arms, is more than a match for an individual dragoon. Once more, this ought not to be, unless the cavalry system is grievously in error. As well might it be said, that a volley of musketry from a battalion in line poured into an advancing column, should produce the deadly effect of a salvo of heavy artillery. When we remember what cavalry has done in former times, and how little it effects in actual modern warfare; looking also at the clatter, the expense, and the imposing exterior, we cannot deny that this important branch is entangled in helpless leading-strings, from which we pray heartily for its speedy emancipation, and are prepared to hail every improving hand that asserts to undo and cast aside the impediments.

In the meantime, let us reason a

little on the point as to why or whether the infantry soldier should have the advantage when, from being broken or pursued, he is thrown single-handed against a mounted adversary. With his firelock loaded, and in difficult ground, if he can get either on a wall or across a ditch, or secure any protection for his flanks, the chances are at least three to one in his favour; but even in open ground, without cover or support, and each trusting to his steel alone, the infantry man, if he retains his cool, self-possession, may not only hold his own, but ought to come out conqueror in the duel. The drill-book in use in the Prussian service provides distinctly for this very probable contingency. And here, by the way, it may be remarked, that it would be well if our own ponderous volume of military manœuvres could be exchanged for that in use in Prussia, which scarcely exceeds the size of our Monthly Army List; and yet it will be allowed by all who have seen the Prussian army, that in its working it is neither tardy nor complex.

Without entering into the detail of the drill alluded to, it is quite sufficient for our practical purpose to state, that the infantry-man is carefully instructed to keep on the *bridle hand* of the dragoon, let the latter be armed either with lance or sabre. This he can always do, as he wheels on a central, inner pivot; while the dragoon, if he dodges to get round him, must take the sweep of an extensive outward circle. As thus, all the offensive work of the horseman would be across his horse's neck, and over his own left, the infantry-man, armed with the queen of weapons, could bayonet either horse or man, according to his fancy. If the dragoon has the misfortune to be what is called a "hussar" (a word of very doubtful origin and meaning), labouring under the additional disadvantage of a pelisse hanging over and still further embarrassing his bridle and defenceless arm, he would be a lost trooper in a few minutes; for the despised *pousse cailloux*, as the French idiom calls him, would "fix his flint" before he could get the sleeve of his studding-sail jacket out of his eyes.

Etymologists are divided in opinion as to the original root, or *unde derivatur*, of this word "hussar." Some trace it from "huzza," the shout raised by an attacking party,—but this

is far-fetched and improbable; others deduce it from the Tartar word *us-war*, which means a mounted soldier equipped after a particular fashion. The latter seems the more analogous derivation. It is curious to observe how, in the course of time, that which began in a practical use has been permitted to subside into a positive inconvenience. The defensive armour of ancient days, contrived to cover the whole body, dwindled down to the silver ornament which Sir Walter Scott so well describes as encumbering rather than protecting the breasts of the stalworth Varangian Guard; and thence becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," was found suspended to the collar-button of the infantry officer, under the misnomer of a gorget, until it died out altogether, with the powder, pig-tails, and long gaiters, each with one hundred and ten buttons, expressly invented to render it impossible to be in time if you were called up suddenly in the middle of the night. The hussar pelisse, in all probability, will be the next sacrifice, as most assuredly it ought to be, to common sense and common utility. Dangerous ground to tread on, perhaps; for that same gaudy pelisse, like the ribbons in the cap of the recruiting sergeant, has tempted many an idle "swell about town" to take the shilling.

The history of the hussar pelisse, as received in Germany, is this: The original hussar, Hungarian by birth and demi-savage by nature; fond, too, as all savages are, of ornament, used, like the beef-eater in the *Critic*, to array himself in a richly-embroidered waistcoat, or under jacket, above which he carried his ordinary garb—a rough sheep-skin over-coat, or *pelz*. In hot weather he would wear his furry covering hanging on both his shoulders, as the Hungarian hussar now wears his pelisse—in fact, like a short cloak. When in action, the left arm always remained in the sleeve, while the jacket itself, being drawn round the shoulder, acted as a shield on the defenceless side. Out of this serviceable integument grew the description of pelisse that kept warm the veteran Ziethen, as may be seen in the portraits of that emperor of hussars; a comfortable garment, too, worn over the richly-laced *dolman*, lined as well as trimmed with fur, and reaching below the hips, thus superseding the necessity of the

lightest of horsemen being encumbered, as well as extra-weighted, by a cloak.

Gradually, modern times, with becoming hereditary contempt for the old-fashioned wisdom of our ancestors, has shrunk the original *pelz* into an ornamental narrow superfluity, which no power on earth could get over the *dolman*, and rendering the further protection of a cloak in cold or wet weather indispensable. The evil consequence falls to the lot of the horse, already weighed down and half back-broken by a long-legged dragoon, his kit, and other equipments. May we live to see the pelisse interred with the gorget!

A long-legged dragoon—here, again, is one of those unaccountable military mistakes, in which common sense is totally lost sight of by us British, who give the law to the world in all that concerns equestrianism. We are a nation of Nimrods, mighty in the chase. We mount ourselves on horses up to our weight; we take especial care that our grooms, exercising boys, and all that has to get on to the pig-skin, is *light*. All our cavalry officers, as part and parcel of their profession, are, or affect to be, hunting men; and are guided by the above general laws, in regulating the internal economy of their hunting studs. But the moment there is a question of the horse-soldier, your cavalry officer throws aside all his stable lore, all his practical knowledge acquired in many desperate fields, and hard runs, in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire; and because the said horseman is intended for use rather than ornament—because he ought to do the state some service, while he costs that same suffering state a good round sum of money; because, in fine, his aptitude for his vocation is a question of life and death—he, the cavalry officer, selects as his dragoon a long-legged, heavy-bodied fellow, that for civil purposes he would not have let into his stable except as a mere strap-per. "And why is this?" the unsophisticated inquirer will naturally ask. Simply, because it is considered a fine thing for a commanding colonel to say that his regiment, when dismounted (and comparatively useless), averages five feet eleven—a standard that no infantry battalion ever reached in the world, always excepting the parade

giants of Frederick William the First of Prussia. It is an acknowledged fact in equitation, that long, dangling legs are fatal objections. It is an acknowledged fact in anatomy, that disproportion in height is always attended by length of limb. Hence, then, to obtain the very thing *not wanted* for a dragoon—a tall man—you are compelled to take the identical disqualification most obnoxious in a rider—a long leg. Observe what becomes of these lanky cavaliers when they arrive at the dignity of the chevron. See how they swell, not so much with importance as with rotundity;—note them

“In fair round belly, with good porter lined,”

and thank your stars that you are not the luckless quadruped condemned to groan under such a mass. We recollect, in our time, to have seen a troop-serjeant-major of a distinguished regiment of heavies, of whom it was said there was only one horse in the corps that could carry him. “*Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère lui?*” He would have been much more comfortable as a beef-eater, with a halberd, and in the costume of Henry the Eighth.

Many of our readers may recollect that portly commandant, Colonel Teasdale, who rode, heaven knows how many stone more than thirty, and went hunting, too, with a loose rein. Cavalry horses should learn to imitate the sagacity of the baggage elephants in India, who know exactly what they have a right to carry, and deliberately remove every parcel above the regulation weight. The animals have the power of reform in their own hands, but, unluckily for themselves, they lack unity of purpose, and know not how to use their strength.

It may consist with the dignity of household troops, who are not made for the working-day drudgery of the world, to o’ertop the crowd, as the steeple of the village church peers over the surrounding cottages; it may cohere well with such a special service to have every man, as Dickens says, “so short in the body, and so long in the leg, as to look like the afternoon shadow of somebody else;” but we maintain, that the dragoon for use, and not for show, should be short-legged, long-armed, active, spare-built, and light in weight—riding, but not en-

cumbering his horse, and divested of the marching equipments, which should proceed with him by another conveyance. It ought never to be lost sight of that the horse is number one, when work must be done. We hope yet to see such a trooper as we have described, carried, like a flash of lightning, wherever four legs can push him in; armed, too, with a long, light, well-tempered, thrusting sword, edged like a razor, with which, as Joe Kelly used to say, it would be a positive pleasure to a man to be run through.

The sword—here is another curious anomaly. We export hardware to every country in the world; no foreigner likes to carve his meat, or mend his pen, except with a Sheffield blade. We make the only razors that can shave, and yet we supply our cavalry with swords warranted not to cut. Captain Nolan says, the edges are all blunted by the steel scabbards; and it would be as difficult to gainsay this assertion, as it is easy to provide the remedy. These steel scabbards, also, make a perpetual jingling on a march, giving timely notice of the approach of the wearers, and would alone render the night surprise of an out-picket impossible, if such an attempt was in contemplation. Neither are our men sufficiently drilled in the use of the weapon they have to trust to, such as it is. In this laborious exercise, the French and Germans are more practised than we are, although we have made some rapid advances since the war. Formerly, not one in one hundred, either officer or soldier, could fence. In the infantry, the old regulation sword, or spit, as it was familiarly called, was equally impotent to cut or thrust. Angelo himself could have done nothing with it. The Woolwich, Marlow, and Sandhurst cadets had some little inkling of the “immortal passado, the punto reverso,” &c., and could give point and parry with tolerable dexterity; but the old hands were as innocent of these little tricks as they were of Hebrew or Algebra. Every man whose trade it is to meddle with cold iron, should know how to handle his tools, or he may chance to get into an awkward dilemma, of which we once saw a remarkable instance in our early days. Captain T——, a somewhat corpulent gentleman, on the shady side of forty-five, in 1809 commanded the grenadier company of the

58th regiment, then quartered at Milazzo, in Sicily. He had on his establishment a fair native damsel, who passed as the incumbent Mrs. T. A young Sicilian officer, a lieutenant of cavalry, also in the garrison, paid more attention to the lady than T——, who was irascible, as well as stout and amorous, chose to permit. Having first warned the poacher off his preserve without success, he called him out. Those were the good old fighting days, when apologies were never thought of. The challenge was accepted, and seconds duly installed to arrange time and place at their leisure. There were no meddling police, and commanding officers then never wished to know of these little matters, until they were over. The T—— plenipotentiary proposed hair triggers, at twelve paces, one shot to suffice, as the quarrel was not deadly, and both to fire together. The Sicilian diplomat repudiated the pistols altogether. As the challenged party, the choice of weapons rested with their side; and their selection was the small sword. T—— had never handled one in his life, and would have been spitted like a lark on the first exchange of thrusts. It was impossible to consent to this; neither would the other give up his right. All Italians fancy that the English are unerring with the pistol. The question became serious, and was finally referred to a select mutual committee, who decided that the parties should fight with the weapons they wore in uniform, and which each was supposed to be familiar with. These happened to be sabres. At that date, flank company officers of infantry carried the sabre of the dragoon, but without being taught how to use it. This was a sort of half-way house on the road to compromise, which met with unanimous approbation. T—— was full of fight to overflowing, and cared not a fig for particulars. His friends were much more solicitous about these trifles than he was. The time was fixed for noon the next day; the place, the racket-court, which, as soon as the doors were opened, became crowded with spectators. The Sicilian — a tall, slender specimen of the legitimate trooper—entered first, and was posted in the centre, sabre in hand, attended by his friend at a respectable distance. On a given signal, T—— (who with the utmost difficulty had been held in)

was let loose, and rushed on his adversary, foaming with rage, and striking right and left, with a force that would have made Goliath himself give way. The Sicilian retreated rapidly to the corner, where his flanks were covered. T—— made a furious cut at his head; but, ere the intended *coup-de-grace* took effect, not measuring his distance correctly, and blind with passion, he struck his sword against the angle of the wall, and broke it short off at the hilt. The Sicilian made a desperate lunge at T——'s abdomen, who adroitly caught the weapon in his left hand. The Sicilian drew it back; and, on seeing the blood flow copiously from the fingers of his opponent, threw down his sabre, and declared the combat at an end. The hall rang with acclamations, as every body felt he had behaved with great generosity and temper, and complimented him accordingly. T—— shook hands with him cordially, and told him he was a brave fellow, though he was a Sicilian. All the different English regiments invited him to dinner in succession. The writer of this notice sitting next to him one day at his own mess, the conversation turned upon the duel. "Why," said he, "did you not hold your ground when T——, attacked?" "What would you have had me do," replied the dragoon, "against a man who tore in on me like a mad bull?"

In a nation that justly prides itself on being "*arbiter elegantiarum*" to all the world, in matters of horseflesh and the equipments of horses, it is almost incredible to observe the tenacity with which we cling to bad practices, that ought long since to have been abandoned. We had some difficulty, during our last visit to Paris, in persuading an officer of French artillery, whose brigade we happened to see exercising in the Champ de Mars, that we still blinded our gun-horses with winkers. "What!" said he, "am I to understand that you English, who are horsemen from the cradle, persist in blinding the eyes of the horse, whose business, above that of every other, requires all the eyes he has?" We were compelled to admit the fact, but added, that the subject had been brought under the notice of the authorities, time after time, by officers of the staff and artillery, but hitherto without success. The winkers are retained; and the only reason we ever heard given is, that

they are supposed to ornament the cranium of the gun-horse, who is occasionally disposed to be what is technically called "bellows-headed."

We are too old to expect to witness the fulfilment of certain great events so confidently predicted in certain popular pamphlets, some of which, we are assured, have reached a circulation of one hundred thousand copies; but we do hope to witness a few minor revolutions in less momentous affairs, but which are still worth attending to while the world lasts. We hope to be present at the repeal of the *shabrach*, formed exclusively to make the horse sweat, and prevent him from getting dry. We hope to see ten stone and a-half the maximum weight for a service dragoon; and we shall rejoice exceedingly in assisting to bury, with all the honours of war, the steel scabbard, the hussar pelisse, and the artillery winker.

Next come two most important considerations—the saddle and bridle. Do these, too, want improvement? Undoubtedly; and Captain Nolan tells how both may be amended. Look at the engravings in his book, and judge for yourself. As regards the first, we cannot do better than adopt a reading of the old proverb, which embraces a slight variation. Instead of "put the saddle on the right horse," let our care be to put the *right* saddle on the horse. We shall thus, among other advantages, escape sore backs—that perpetual nightmare which haunts the dreams of colonels of cavalry, and disturbs their rest as effectually as visions of glandered stables. The present saddle and housings are twice too heavy. If you doubt this, carry them on your head for half-an-hour on a hot day, as you would have to do if you were a veritable trooper, and your horse dropped under you—for you must never leave your accoutrements behind to the enemy, if you have time to bear them off. For full conviction, you would not desire to repeat the experiment. A thing very like the ancient demi-pique saddle (a huge turret of wood, leather, and cumbersome drapery) is still in use with some slow, old-fashioned nations. Into this the rider has to be lifted; and, when perched on his dangerous elevation, is so ludicrously helpless, that impudent urchins jeer at him, and run away long before he can get a cut at them. The efficacy of the bridle is governed by the bit, and both are controlled by the

hand. A delicate hand is the grand climax of equestrian perfection. There is no occasion to trust a hard-mouthed, impatient bolter, to a snaffle without curb; or to force between the teeth of a gentle barb, a mass of iron that would break the jaw of a mammoth with a sudden jerk. Look at Lord Anglesea, as he ambles along the Park, in his eighty-fourth year. He is always mounted on an animal of blood and spirit, but he has him perfectly under control; and sits as firmly as he did thirty-two years ago, when he bore away the palm of horsemanship, as he backed out of Westminster-hall at the coronation-banquet of George the Fourth. His whole secret lies in his hand. He could pull up the Flying Dutchman at full speed with a pack-thread. A horse is as cunning as he is docile, and always knows when he is bestriden by his conqueror and master. Beware of him, if he once suspects that you suspect yourself. The fee-simple of your seat will not be worth a minute's purchase. Bucephalus would suffer no one to mount him but Alexander. Cæsar's favourite battle-charger knelt to take him up; and many modern war-steeds have been equally exclusive in their practice.

The frontispiece to Captain Nolan's volume shows the "military seat as it ought to be." Another drawing, opposite to page 142, gives us the "military seat as it is," depicted in the person of a foreign hussar. A comparative glance demonstrates at once the vast superiority of the former, as regards the equipment and position of the man, his command over his horse, and the increased power of both. But the latter is exaggerated. We never recollect to have seen any horseman so uncomfortably placed, either at home or abroad. He looks uneasy and uncertain, as if conscious that he held his saddle on a very frail tenure, and could be tilted out of it by the slightest possible momentum. Such a seat is not only ridiculous, but impossible. A trot of a minute would dislodge him.

The antiquated *spahi*, half hidden under a cloud of caparison, and with his knees on a level with his hips, as drawn in some of the old battle pieces, is graceful and unrestrained, compared to this specimen. A whole field of similar cavaliers would very soon, as the riding-master at Gottingen used to say, "be lying near the ground."

In our judgment, the most insecure seat we have ever noticed is that of the French dragoon. The fault lies in having the stirrup too long. The ancients, it must be remembered, rode entirely without stirrups, which were not invented until the fifth century, nor adopted into general use until the twelfth, when it was still thought a mark of dexterity to dispense with them. In all cases the heel should be sunk, and the toe well up. This position gets the muscles of the leg in good holding condition. A dependent toe entails a loose, relaxed seat, and such we consider to be the vice of the French school of military equitation. In the simplicity of their horse equipments, they go beyond us with advantage. As a general rule, they have no unnecessary ornament, and thus the men are spared superfluous manual labour. Nothing is kept bright that can be as serviceable when bronzed; nothing polished that mere wiping will keep clean. One extra appointment they carry, which struck us as very judicious. This is an additional curb-chain, fastened over the poll-piece of the bridle, thereby serving as a defensive armour, until required for its legitimate purpose. A very practical and useful supercession of the brazen paraphernalia that encumber some of our dragoon bridles.

The dress of the modern hussar, as we have previously observed, is perhaps the most useless and cumbersome monstrosity which has ever grown by degrees out of a very simple original. Look at it in the picture (page 142), or in any living exemplar, as he rides through the streets, carrying unimportant orders, or invitations to dinners and balls, the principal peace duties he has to perform. There he is, squeezed into a tight, braided jacket, with another of exactly the same size and shape dangling over his left shoulder. He could not put it on over the first, if his life depended on it. What is it intended for? He has not the most remote idea, and would give something to any one who would rid him of the oppressive incumbrance, provided he could only connive at the abduction, without being brought in as "*particeps criminis*."

Captain Nolan opens his book with an interesting historical sketch of the most remarkable cavalry actions of ancient and modern times. The selection is well made; but he might have included Zama, which was decided by the timely return of Scipio's horse from the pursuit of the enemy; and Borodino, where Caulaincourt the younger (brother of the Duke of Vicenza), with his heavy cuirassiers, stormed the great Russian redoubt, and afforded Napoleon the opportunity of converting that profitless victory into a second Austerlitz, had he followed up success with his early vigour. The most extraordinary cavalry feat ever recorded in history, either ancient or modern, is the capture of the Dutch fleet at the Texel, in the severe winter of 1795, by the French hussars of Pichegru, who galloped across the plains of ice, charged boldly on to the very decks of the vessels as they lay frozen up at anchor, and took possession of them without resistance.* Our author does not consider that the best cavalry officers of the French empire, even including Murat, would have been called good by Frederick the Great. This opinion sounds rather startling, as we have been so long accustomed to look on the brilliant King of Naples as ranking in the very first class. Napoleon said, at St. Helena, that had Murat been in the field at Waterloo, he would have broken the English squares. The Duke of Wellington thought differently. Captain Nolan is of opinion that masses of cavalry, skilfully handled, may frequently prevail against infantry, and cites many well-known instances. Colonel Mitchell, and other military authorities, have gone further, and affirmed that they will also do so. Why, then, did they not succeed at Waterloo? We must refer our readers to the elaborate reasoning on all sides for a scientific answer. For ourselves, we are satisfied that there are such steady elements in the composition of British infantry, that they are in no danger from the attacks of cavalry, unless unskilfully disposed and taken by surprise. We do not think any other foot soldiers in the world have the same enduring qualities, with a corresponding confi-

* See Jomini, "Histoire Critique et Militaire des Guerres de la Revolution."—Vol. vi. p. 268.

dence in their own superiority ; which latter feeling goes far to ensure their success.

A very important doctrine is strongly urged by Captain Nolan — namely, that speed, not weight, is the grand desideratum in a cavalry onset. In evidence of this, he appeals to the prodigies performed by the gallant horsemen of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth, who were light men, mounted upon Swedish, Friesland, or Livonian nags or ponies ; and to the formidable charges of Cossacks, who have frequently driven steel-clad cuirassiers before them, and scattered masses of infantry, which heavy troopers were unable to shake. He also thinks little of the lance, and regards it rather as a clumsy and ineffective weapon. In the thirty years' war, the King of Sweden took away the lances from his cavalry. He had practically ascertained their inefficiency. Many of our Indian officers are great advocates for this cumbrous appendage. The late General Cureton, himself a lancer, may be cited as a strong authority on the other side. He used to say that he could make six good swordsmen for one efficient lancer. The lance acts somewhat as the pilum or javelin did in the hands of the Roman soldier. He commenced offensive operations with it, but soon gave it up, and trusted to his sword. We won all our battles without lancers or cuirassiers, opposed to an enemy who had both. Nevertheless, no sooner was the war concluded, than we adopted the appointments which had proved so ineffective when employed against us. Truly, the game of war is too serious and expensive to permit that outward show should supersede utility. We cannot afford to play at soldiers, or to convert such stern realities into a theatrical pageant. When we take the field again with a large army, it would be a good beginning to leave the lances and cuirasses at home *en dépôt*, packed up, and to wait till called for.

Captain Nolan introduces an anecdote of a single combat which took place at Waterloo between a German hussar of our army and a French cuirassier, his object being to show the superiority of the former over the latter. The incident is originally related by Serjeant-Major Cotton* :—

“ A hussar and a cuirassier had got entangled in the *melee*, and met in the plain in full view of our line. The hussar was without a cap, and bleeding from a wound in the head ; but that did not hinder him from attacking his steel-clad adversary. He soon proved that the strength of cavalry consists in good horsemanship, and the skilful use of the sword, and not in being covered with heavy defensive armour. The superiority of the hussar was visible the moment the swords crossed. After a few wheels, a tremendous facer made the Frenchman reel in the saddle, and all his attempts to escape his more active foe became unavailing. A second blow stretched him on the ground, amidst the cheers of the light horseman's comrades, the 3rd German Hussars, who were ardent spectators of the combat.”

The popular opinion on the Continent is in favour of light cavalry, and many eminent authorities have published their opinions on the subject. Various extracts from these are scattered through Captain Nolan's volume, to which we must refer our readers, who will then be enabled to weigh the respective value of the arguments. His own view is very clearly expressed as follows :—

“ Heavy cavalry should have the largest and most powerful horses ; but the men and their accoutrements should be light. If you weight the powerful horses with heavy men and accoutrements, you bring them to a level with smaller and weaker horses. Thus a great heavy man in armour, on a fine strong horse, could not catch or ride down a Cossack on a good pony ; but the same horse, with a light, active man on his back, would ride down a dozen of such Cossacks, one after the other.”

This reasoning appears to us as conclusive as a theorem in mathematics, or a syllogism in logic. He then proceeds thus :—

“ In a charge, the same horses with light weights will, by their speed and impulsive power, ride down or over obstacles which would certainly stop them if heavily weighted. The heavier the man, the less available the high qualities of the horse, and the less formidable the man on his back. What (except, perhaps, the want of opportunity) is to prevent our armour-clad household cavalry from meeting with the same fate, at the hands of some active and determined light horsemen, as befell the brave French cuirassiers when they were shot and speared off their horses by the Cossacks ?”

* “ A Voice from Waterloo.”

These are important considerations. It is bad to be beaten at all, but far worse to be beaten by an inferior and contemptible enemy, who dares only to attack because he knows you have neutralised your own superior power. We remember the combat between Saladin and the Prince of Scotland in "The Talisman." The strength and weight of knightly panoply were of no avail against the lightning-like rapidity of the horseman of the desert, who galloped round and round, and exhausted his heavy opponent without winding himself or courser.

It is manifest that the efficacy of the dragoon depends equally on a judicious selection and aptitude of man and horse. Again, Captain Nolan remarks with sound truth, every man may be taught to ride, but it is not every man who will make a good rider. In this, as in other peculiarities, each individual has his gifts, and without them you cannot force nature. It is so with almost every accomplishment—from painting and sculpture, to fencing, shooting at a mark, and dancing, inclusive. The character and attributes of the horse require to be studied with as much attention as those of the man. He is called upon to perform duties beyond those of mere habit and instinct, and, from the moment that he is enlisted, should be treated as a rational being. There was something beyond mere folly passing in the mind of Caligula when he made his favourite charger a consul. "Write up in golden letters," says our author, "or in letters distinguishable

and easy to read, in every riding-school and in every stable — 'HORSES ARE TAUGHT, NOT BY HARSHNESS, BUT BY GENTLENESS.'" The precept comes from Xenophon, and is not the less to be followed because ancient and classical. If you want to govern your horse's temper, you must never lose your own.

All cavalry officers will undoubtedly read Captain Nolan's volume, and none will consider they have wasted their time. There are many details we have not space to touch upon, and numerous strictures on other points fully as essential as those we have selected for special notice. With such glaring defects as exist at present, it seems almost miraculous that our mounted troops have maintained their high position; but when improvement is so easy, and leading impediments so clearly pointed out, we trust the authorities will allow this praiseworthy effort to find favour in their eyes, and not cast it aside without a fair examination. The avowed object of the author is to advance that branch of the service of which he appears to be a very enthusiastic member, and to assist young beginners in gaining a knowledge of their profession. Unless some one leads the way to amelioration, and meets with encouragement, old errors will continue to perpetuate themselves by prescriptive right. There is not much wisdom in being content with the second place when we have the power of filling the first; neither can we laud the qualified ambition which pauses at mediocrity when excellence is within reach.

CASTILE AND ANDALUCIA.*

For a tourist to write a clever, amusing book on Spain, and at the same time a *true* one, is no easy matter. So many influences tend to give a mistaken colouring to the opinions of a foreigner; so many contradictions and incongruities he witnesses; so many social and political paradoxes, and, in nine cases out of ten, so totally a different state of things from what he anticipated, that it requires not only a residence of some duration in the country, but an observant eye and a judicious mind to see things as they are, freed from prejudice and misconception. Of the numerous works which have been published upon Spain, we know of none in which this task has been more successfully and more gracefully accomplished, than in the splendid volume whose title we have given above. Not only is it a charming contribution to the literature of the day, brought out in the most striking and attractive manner, but one well entitled, from the thorough knowledge of the country which it evinces, and the spirit of truth and candour in which it is written, to be ranked among works of real and intrinsic value. To none will its perusal afford more pleasure, or at whose hands will it receive more warm commendation than those who, from their personal knowledge of the subject, are best capable of judging and appreciating its merits. There may, doubtless, be many readers whom the style of the book may not exactly suit, who, in taking up a tour in Spain, expect and care only to find a succession of exciting and diverting incidents. To them we would suggest their devoting their literary leisure to some other and more imaginative book; but to that other class, who read for information as well as amusement—who wish to see things as they are, and know the country as it is—who can appreciate the beauties of nature in the wild *Sierra*, and those of art in glorious temples and mouldering ruins—who can dwell with pleasure among the monuments of the past, and who seek

to learn what the stranger may and may *not* expect to find in visiting Spain, we unhesitatingly recommend the perusal of “Castile and Andalusia.” That it should be illustrated, as it is, in a style of unusual excellence, might well be expected from the same gifted pencil, which has already given to the public its “Sketches in the East;” but what impressed us as the peculiar characteristic of this volume is, its careful avoidance of all exaggeration—its spirit of truthfulness; and, while entering into questions of great difficulty on the religious, social, and political condition of the country, its entire freedom from prejudice.

In style it is unaffected—at times even to carelessness; but always rising, when the subject invites it, into elegance and high descriptive power. Of the opportunity which a residence of some two years afforded, of studying the history, language, and literature of Spain, the authoress seems to have diligently availed herself; and thus we have also the advantage of inferring that her opinions are not the result of crude, hasty impressions, but of personal experience, and an intimate acquaintance with her subject—advantages of which, we are bound to acknowledge, she has availed herself with good taste, good feeling, and very great ability.

The authoress lands at Malaga, whither she proceeded with her family, to spend the winter of 1850. She, too, seems to have shared in all those notions about Spain and Spaniards, so common in the world:—

“No one,” she says, “can approach Spain without feelings of the deepest interest, different, indeed from those which animate the traveller, on first seeing the more classic shores of Greece or Italy; but still of a character which awakens many a stirring thought and cherished recollection. . . . Spain has been ever the favoured land of romance; and some of her greatest heroes live but in the wild verses of her ballads. There is still a charm in this land of bygone chivalry, which lingers about it, even after

* “Castile and Andalusia.” By Lady Louisa Tenison. London: Bentley. 1853.

a long residence in the country, and an acquaintance with the sad realities of its present state have gone far to dispel the dreams in which imagination had so long indulged."

Not long, however, are we denizens of the soil, and settled in our quarters at the *Fonda de la Alameda* (then a very tolerable, but now certainly one of the best hotels in Spain), and admired on the promenade the charming effect of the gay *mantilla*, when one of the most popular of those "dreams" is thus "dispelled":—

"I know that I shall be accused of insensibility and want of taste, when I confess that my first disappointment on landing in Spain was the almost total absence of beauty amongst the Spanish women. Poets have sung of Spain's 'dark-glancing daughters,' and travellers have wandered through the country, with minds so deeply impressed with the preconceived idea of the beauty of the women, that they have found them all their imaginations so fondly pictured, and their works have fostered, what I cannot help maintaining, is a mere delusion; one of the many in which people still indulge when they think and dream of Spain. The women of Spain have magnificent eyes, beautiful hair, and generally fine teeth; but more than that cannot be said by those who are content to give an honest and candid opinion. I have rarely seen one whose features could be called strictly beautiful, and that bewitching grace and fascination about their figures and their walk which they formerly possessed, have disappeared with the high comb which supported the *mantilla*, and the narrow *basquina*, which gave a peculiar character to their walk. With the change in their costume, those distinctive charms have vanished. The gaudy colours which now prevail have destroyed the elegance that always accompanies black, in which alone, some years since, a lady could appear in public. No further proof of this is required than to see the same people at church, where black is still considered indispensable, and on the *Alameda* with red dresses and yellow shawls, or some colours equally gaudy, and combined with as little regard to taste. The men have likewise abandoned the cloak, and now appear in *paletots* and every variety of foreign invention: nor have they either gained by their sacrifices at the altar of French fashion. By no means distinguished in figure, none needed more the rich folds of the *capa* to lend them that air of grace and dignity which it peculiarly possesses."—p. 7.

Malaga has become of late years rather a favourite place with the faculty, to which to send those patients

for whom a genial climate is supposed to be the best restorative; and in many cases, doubtless, there could not be a better selection. Dry it is, to an extraordinary degree; and to any one accustomed to a northern winter, a Christmas spent on that sheltered shore of the Mediterranean is as warm and sunny as our "balmy month of May." To some, that alone would be all-sufficient—to look out upon the calm blue waves, to inhale the gentle south wind, as it breathes pure and fresh across those inland waters; and when the setting sun sinks behind the distant mountains of Tarifa, to retire for the night, content with the tranquil enjoyment of the day, and with the consoling prospect that each successive one will be a repetition of that which preceded it. But to many, such a monotonous existence would more than neutralise the benefit of climate; and it might be a question well deserving the serious attention of medical men, in sending people about the world in search of health, to ascertain not only the respective physical, but the *ethnological* condition of the patient and the place, in order that both may harmonise as much as possible in producing the result desired. Of the claims of Malaga in this respect, we may judge from the following:—

"The last few years Malaga has become a very favourite residence for invalids. Its climate certainly is exceedingly mild and genial; and the invalid who can obtain rooms facing the sun will seldom suffer from cold during the winter. There is but little rain: in fact, its excessive dryness might be hurtful to some constitutions, to which the moister air of Madeira might prove more beneficial. It is, however, occasionally visited by bitter winds, called the *Terral*, which are the warmest in summer, and coldest in winter. They blow across the plain to the westward of the town; and while they prevail, the want of rain makes the dust quite insupportable, particularly in the *Alameda*. A cloudless sky and glowing sun may offer great and deserved attractions to the invalid, whose hopes are all centred upon climate; but let no one be tempted to fix on Malaga as a residence, for any other reason.

"Society there is none; and, with the exception of the theatre, there are no amusements whatever which could contribute to make time pass agreeably, and no objects of interest to attract the attention of the traveller. With the exception of Madrid, there is

no society in Spanish towns, in our acceptance of the word.

"People go to the theatre every evening, and sometimes visit each other in their boxes; but never receive at home, except their intimate friends or relations. Even the carnival does not rouse them. At Malaga no notice of it seemed to be taken, beyond one or two masked balls at the Lyceo and at the theatre. The former was more select; and, doubtless, amusing enough, in the by-play of the masquerade, to all those conversant with the 'ins and outs' of the assembly. Many of the ladies went unmasked, in ball-dresses. Though a southern race, they do not appear to have any genius for the peculiar spirit of the masque, as seen in Italy. The ball at the theatre was deadly-lively; no one danced, not even the masks; and it seemed as though the people were sitting in their boxes merely to be looked at.

"The tourist, in visiting Andalusia, may spare himself the unnecessary trouble of taking with him letters of introduction; except such as relate to matters of business. It is true, when he does present them, nothing can be more polite and engaging than his reception. He is met with a profuse generosity, or rather prodigality, which, to the uninitiated, is positively distressing. Everything is his, '*a su disposicion*;' but, in most cases, they are mere words of course, and there it ends. Not that the Spaniard is really inhospitable; but it is not the custom to entertain. Formerly, I am told, it was otherwise: but continued civil wars, and the unsettled state of society which resulted from them, have broken up social intercourse."—p. 24.

What Malaga possesses of interest for the visitant—in the cathedral, the Moorish fortress, the festivals, the rides in its vicinity, or its mountain scenery—we shall not stay to consider; but passing on to the ensuing spring, that glorious season of the south when earth bursts forth in flowers and teeming verdure, accompany our fair guide to the far-famed region of Granada. Here the tourist approaches a field where no disappointment need await him. If he lay aside his absurd propensity of confounding the *present* with the *past*, and expecting a romance which no longer exists, and be content to fill his heart with the contemplation of Nature in her loveliest aspect, and to admire the rarest monuments of an extinct civilisation, he can have nothing left to desire. The first view of Granada is finely told:—

"We rode up in haste to the brow of the hill before us, each anxious to obtain the first view of Granada; and glorious indeed

it was, for the setting sun was just gilding the distant towers of the Alhambra, and the queenly city rose before us, with her girdle of mountains, while the Vega was spread out as a verdant carpet at her feet. There can be few prospects more enchanting than this; the fertile plain, extending for about thirty miles in length, seemed a very paradise, after the dreary country we had been traversing. It looked like the bed of a lake, from which the waters had receded, leaving a vast plain of the richest verdure, encircled by lofty mountains. The eye wandered over every variety of undulating ground. From the low mounds on which we were standing, it swept round to the left—over hills, gradually rising in height, until they broke into the precipitous cliffs of Alfacar, which, from this distance, appeared close behind the town; while to our right rose the long chain of the Sierra Nevada, its alpine heights at this season one mass of snow.

"The natural beauty of its situation, combined with all the thousand historic recollections which crowd round the very name of Granada, render this one of the most striking scenes which can be presented to the traveller.

"The Arabs, whose thoughts were constantly recurring to the land from which they sprang, awarded the palm of beauty to Granada over their favourite cities of Damascus, Cairo, and Bagdad; and as they loved to trace in the land of their adoption every possible similarity to the country they had left, they settled themselves in those scenes which recalled their own homes most vividly to their recollection. The wild hordes from the deserts of Palmyra were satisfied with the arid coasts of Almeria and the plains of Murcia. The legions from the hilly country of Palestine and Syria found a resemblance to their native mountains in the fastnesses of the Serrania of Ronda. The fields of Archidona were peopled by those who had pastured their flocks in the valley of the Jordan; but the inhabitants of Damascus could find nothing to remind them of the paradise they had quitted until they beheld Granada.

"Here their willing fancies soon traced a resemblance to the home of their childhood; the Sierra Nevada recalled the snowy summits of the Lebanon; the city stood like their own on the edge of a fertile plain, while the Darro, Xenil, and other streams, rivalled the rivers of Damascus in the abundance of their waters; countless gardens and orchards covered the Vega as in their own rich and smiling valley; the sky was as bright, and the air as pure; and they settled themselves with rapture in a land they loved to call the Damascus of the west. And it was not difficult for their warm imaginations to discover this resemblance. From some of the slopes of the Sierra Nevada it has often struck me very forcibly; with this difference, however, that while the Vega of Granada is enclosed on every side by mountains, the cultivated

lands around Damascus lose themselves in the sand of the desert, one arid boundless plain stretching far away to the horizon.

"The sun had set; and our guides reminded us we had yet some distance to go before we reached the city, on which we were gazing with so much admiration. We accordingly descended the hill, and reached Gambia la Grande, a large village on the margin of the Vega. We now entered upon a wide road, with fields of corn and hemp on each side, interspersed with orchards, intersected by streams of water in every direction. Two hours' ride across the Vega brought us to Granada. It was night long before we reached it: but there was a certain charm in the darkness; for, as we approached, the precipitous hills before us seemed illuminated with countless stars, and as we entered by the Alameda of the Xenil, the noise of rushing waters, the deep shadows of the trees, with the lights scattered amongst them, gave it an undefined fairy-like appearance which left upon the mind the most agreeable impressions."—p. 40.

The description of the Alhambra, as seen from the opposite hill of the Albaycin (p. 49), is excellent for its graphic vigour, and, combined with the splendid lithograph which forms the frontispiece, must leave upon the mind, even of the least imaginative, an accurate impression of "the palace-fortress of the Moor." Often as the interior has been delineated by the tourist, we cannot deny our readers the pleasure of giving here an extract or two, which will afford at once a vivid idea of the fairy scene and of the powers of the writer to limn as vividly with the pen as with the pencil. Five hundred years ago the greatest monarchs in Europe lived on rush-strewed floors, within gloomy walls barely covered with a rude tapestry. At that day the Moorish princes of Granada held their brilliant court in halls which, even in their ruin, are such as this:—

"From the *tocador*, a suite of modernised rooms, with heavy wooden ceilings, covered with the 'Plus ultra' of Charles V. — that eternal motto which meets the eye everywhere — leads into the beautiful apartment called the *Mirador de Lindaraja*. The profusion of ornament bestowed here is perfectly astonishing, and it is equally surprising how the beauty of the general design is increased, not marred, by the elaborate minuteness of the details. From an alcove, the walls of which shine with *azulejos*, and attract and delight the eye with the most delicate traceries, the double arches of a Moorish window look out upon a marble fountain,

sparkling amidst orange trees and myrtles; whilst within, the view embraces a vista to which the pencil alone could do justice. Before you, the *Sala de las Dos Hermanas*, with its lofty dome-shaped roof, suspending in studied and most skilful confusion pendulous fret-work, as graceful as stalactites, and reflecting the same prismatic hues — its polished marble floor, its walls of arabesques, its lofty arches, opening out upon the Court of the Lions, through whose graceful columns is visible beyond the corresponding and equally splendid Hall of the *Abencerrages*. The long perspective of the receding arches, the infinite variety of lines and colours, all flowing and blending into each other, and the character of luxurious elegance that pervades the entire, impress the beholder with feelings of the liveliest pleasure and unbounded admiration of the taste and skill, that with such simple materials could produce effects so beautiful."—p. 62.

Who that have lingered there after the shades of night had gathered round the scene, and will not recognise in the following the magic effect it produced upon their mind and feelings?—

"Beautiful at all hours of the day, it is still more lovely when seen by moonlight. When all is still and silent, when no sound disturbs the almost overpowering tranquillity of the scene, the imagination may indulge its fancies unrestrained, and people these courts once more with their former inmates. When the bright moonlight glances on the fairy columns, the ravages of time, the barbarous alterations of the Christian sovereigns, the modern changes which impair what still survives, all merge in the deep dark shadows which conceal the sad realities that dispel the visions of the past. Nothing is seen but the beautiful outline of the whole, appearing rather the work of genii than of men, and looking as if the slightest breath would make it vanish. This is the time when memory unbidden recalls the old ballads, and conjures up visions of the actors and the scenes of Moorish story.

"Then, too, is the moment to enjoy the view, looking down from the windows of the Tower of Comares upon the tranquil city, with its countless lights glittering in the darkness; a lower sky shining, as it were, in rivalry of the one above—the '*cielo bajo*,' as the Spaniards call it. We may gaze upon it in its mysterious shadows until, forgetful of the present, we expect to hear the gentle murmur sounding from minaret to minaret, 'There is but one God, and Mahommed is his prophet.' But our dream is soon dispelled, the bells from numerous churches break on the stillness of the night, and the loud watch-cry of 'Ave Maria Purissima,' recalls the struggles of the Catholic against the enemy of his faith; and although the imagination

is deprived of so rich a source of poetry and romance, still in our hearts we rejoice in the triumph of the Christian arms, and sympathise with those who endured so much to plant the standard of the Cross on the towers of the unbeliever."—p. 65.

We have seen the Granada of the past in its magnificent remains; now we have a picture of the Granada of the present day, in its finest holiday costume:—

"The Bibarambla is still the scene of all public ceremonies, and appears decked out in peculiar style on the feast of Corpus Christi, when it becomes the fashionable promenade. On this day the raised platform, which then fills up the centre, is ornamented with a temple of some unknown order, and flowers and fountains, which are all exhibited for this occasion only. Round the Plaza a covered colonnade is erected of painted canvas, which serves to protect the procession from the heat of the sun, and is adorned with paintings and rhymes of the most grotesque description. How painfully at variance these latter are with the sanctity of the ceremony which they are placed there to honour, no one who has not seen them can imagine. Caricatures of the broadest description, doggrel verses on the common topics of the day, coarse lampoons, odes and rhymes to the Holy Sacrament, all in most unseemly juxtaposition, cover the pillars, and convey to the stranger a melancholy, but, alas! too true, an impression of the state of the religion of the country. It is an animated scene. Crowds of peasantry flock into the town from the neighbourhood around: all appear in their gayest dress; the balconies are bright with snowy mantillas and sparkling fans; music and the report of fireworks fill the air, when at noon on Corpus eve the festivities commence in the square, by the civil authorities delivering it up to the clergy. From this hour to the following morning the square is crowded—all through the day and night the people parade round and round. In the evening it is brilliantly lighted, and bands of music keep incessantly playing; the sides of the Plaza are lined with chairs and couches, where the ladies come down, in full dress, and see and are seen to equal advantage. The immense concourse of people, however, makes it rather disagreeable, although a Spanish crowd is the most amiable and accommodating on the face of the earth—the *Puerta de las Orejas* notwithstanding. The *Pescaderia*, or Fish-market, leading out of the Plaza, picturesque at all times, from the long projecting wooden gallery which runs its entire length, is on this eve an immense 'curiosity shop' of the most singular description. The stalls are no longer covered with the finny tribe, but with toys,

trinkets, pictures, &c.; and each stall is fitted up as a shrine, brilliantly lighted, with its altar, and crucifix, and pious pictures, where the people may pray or purchase as they feel inclined."—p. 92.

We must not linger in Granada, all-charming though it be; yet, one more extract before we leave, as it refers to a practice which, from the gross and absurd excess to which it is carried, even far beyond what one sees in other Roman Catholic countries, seems to be (and always to have been) the result of an inherent characteristic in the Spanish people: we allude to the extraordinary mode in which they paint and deck out the images in their churches. All lovers of art—and the authoress is clearly one—are ever indulgent to religious practices which tend to foster and develop their favourite passion. With them, whatever be their creed, architecture, and sculpture, and painting are ever the fit handmaidens to religion. In this, as in other passages in the book, we may trace this feeling; but whatever difference of opinion there may be upon this head, in her warm condemnation of those abuses we all must heartily concur. After describing the cathedral, and the many works of Alonzo Cano which ornament it, she proceeds:—

"He executed many paintings and other works to adorn the cathedral; and a beautiful little image of the Virgin, which he carved and painted, stands on the lectern in the choir. This style of carving in wood, and painting the figures so as to complete the illusion to the eye, is an art which was carried to great perfection in Spain, and had among its followers some of the greatest of her artists. In no country has the veneration for images been carried to such an excess as in the Peninsula. It would seem to have been so from the earliest times; for the Council of Illiberis, held in the beginning of the fourth century, within two leagues of Granada, condemned and strictly prohibited the excessive use of images in the churches. Every province, nay almost every city, has its miraculous shrine; and images of our Lady and of the saints have been multiplied to satisfy the enthusiasm of devotees. The more they resembled life in minute detail, the more they satisfied the desires of a crowd of ignorant worshippers, who, without any soul for the loftier conceptions of art, only sought a life-like and startling reality. To gratify this taste, figure after figure was fashioned, and all the dresses and accessories painted with the greatest care and minutiae; and in many instances the artist executed

nothing but the head and arms, the figure itself being clothed in sumptuous dresses, and adorned with jewels, with which the generosity of pious devotees loved to deck the image of their favourite saint. But such representations, far from elevating the thoughts, or aiding the soul in religious contemplation, only tended to vulgarise the worship they were meant to assist; and the painted dolls which now disfigure the Spanish churches, and the low grade of religious faith which they indicate, clearly show how dangerous it is to familiarise too much to the mind objects which should ever be treated with a mysterious awe. That sculpture, in its truest sense, may be an art available for the furtherance of religion, I do not question. A marble figure of the Saviour on the Cross may bring more vividly to the imagination of the Christian the sufferings of his Redeemer, if the eye be not pained by too close a resemblance to familiar objects; but when the same event is represented coloured with all the painful realities of life, or rather of death, the ghastly colour of dying agony—the blood streaming from the wounds—it creates in the mind nothing but feelings of horror. There is no doubt but that the master minds of Montanes and Torrigiano have given an ideal beauty to the creations of their chisel; but it is dangerous ground, and treads too closely upon the commonplace. The generality have no more art or poetry about them than wax-work figures badly executed, and whose defects are exaggerated by the most tawdry and grotesque costume. Cano's own dying words are no inapt illustration of these remarks. His love of art was strong to the last; and when the priest, who watched his final moments, extended to him a coarsely-carved crucifix to kiss, he repelled it from him with disgust, exclaiming—'Provoke me not with that wretched thing; let me have a simple cross, for with that I can reverence Christ in faith—I can worship him as he is in himself, and as I contemplate him in my own mind.'—p. 88.

We are in Seville—the pride, the *maravilla* of Spain; and a rare old city it is, with its walls of *tapia*, its quaint little streets and squares, its *patios* and fountains, its Moorish tower and Christian temple, its wooden sculpture and glorious paintings, its processions and its bull-fights, its orange groves and classic river—alas! that we must confess it, the muddiest stream that ever rolled its yellow waters to the sea. Yes, Seville is a charming place to spend the spring—say from the beginning of March till the end of May—always taking for granted that the visitor can sufficiently enjoy himself during that period with the resources

above enumerated; for here, as elsewhere, there is no society:—

“In Seville there is even less society than in other Andalusian towns. There were not any balls or parties whatever, and people seldom meet except at the theatre or on the promenades. Each family has its own little circle, consisting of two or three relatives or friends, who come and sit together of an evening; or else they have a box at the theatre, and go there night after night. This is all very well for the inhabitants themselves, who have their own relatives and friends; but for foreigners it is anything but lively: and the more to be regretted at Seville, where there are all the elements necessary for agreeable society. There are a great many families of the nobility residing here; they have charming houses, admirably calculated for receiving; and there is not by any means a deficiency of wealth. But they do not care about it; they are unused to it; it requires too much exertion, and they prefer going on with the same routine.”—p. 187.

Three chapters are devoted to Seville, and three most delightful chapters they are. Everything deserving of attention is touched off with a freshness and point almost peculiar to a female pen, when that pen is directed by ability and taste. We wish that we had space for more than the two or three passages which we give. The cathedral, the grandest Gothic church in the world, with which the noblest structures of Northern Europe can bear no comparison for sublimity and effect, is thus described:—

“On first entering, from the bright light outside, it seems hardly possible to pierce the darkness which pervades this wondrous pile; but a few moments suffice to render it more distinct, and then it gradually discloses itself in all its vast sublimity. The eye, attuned to the scene, begins to pierce the dimly-lighted aisles; the massive pillars that support its vaulted roof come forth from the gloom which shrouded them; the gilded *rejas* of the altar and the choir, the chequered marble pavement, the side chapels beneath the lofty arches, stand revealed; and the mind, disturbed by no meretricious ornaments or frivolous details, seizes on the whole. Awed and wonderstruck by the solemn grandeur of this unmatched cathedral, you stand and watch the lights which play across the aisles, as the rays of the sun pour through the rich windows of painted glass, illuminating with rainbow hues the portions on which they fall. Cold, indeed, must be the heart which does not feel that here it may worship God in a temple worthy of its faith. The massive proportions of the edi-

fice, the dark colour of the stone, the absence of all ornament or detail, the mysterious light which pervades the whole, all combine to produce an impression which must for ever be stamped in indelible characters on the memory. The forms of Gothic architecture, which bear the mind soaring heavenwards, always appear more in harmony with the Christian faith than any other; and a temple like this impresses the mind with feelings which are never experienced even beneath the stately dome of St. Peter's. The towering piers, the pointed arches losing themselves in the groined vaults above, are doubly felt amid the gloom which reigns in Seville Cathedral, rendering every object so undefined, and leaving full scope to the imagination to dwell on all the fancied signification of its design; spiritualising each aspiring line, and discovering a thousand meanings of which the architect himself but little dreamed. . . . There is something unutterably grand in this temple; no tawdry images, no tinsel ornaments detract from its simplicity. At all times, and at all hours of the day, it discloses some fresh beauty—at early morning, when the rising sun casts his beams through the painted glass, gilding here and there some giant pillar, and a few early worshippers are scattered through its aisles, attending to the mass celebrated in the different chapels; at midday when the doors are closed, and it rises in all its grand proportions, without a living being to disturb the tranquil grandeur of the scene; and at eve, when the varied tints of the setting sun, shining upon the windows, make them glow with the jewelled light of emeralds and rubies, and the building itself becomes obscured in the growing darkness."—p. 148.

For the contrast, we shall here insert a sketch of Leon Cathedral, another of the four triumphs of Spanish ecclesiastical architecture:—

"The interior is lovely; it grows upon you each successive time that you enter it, and in elegance and lightness it stands unrivalled. It is narrow and lofty; and before the lower tier of windows were blocked up, it must have appeared as though it had been built of glass. It is a miracle of architecture; and on a first visit, you are not sufficiently impressed with the slightness of the walls, making one wonder how the building could have stood so long in this stormy climate. This is the type of the light and elegant in architecture, as Seville is of the massive and imposing. It would be impossible to compare the two, except as they form a contrast to each other. Both are beautiful; and in Seville you may feel overwhelmed by the sombre majesty which clothes religious worship in its grandest form. In Leon the heart looks upward with joyousness, and the fairy columns and variegated

windows make one think of the worship of a God of peace and love."—p. 406.

Here is a glimpse of the famous *Feria* of Seville, done to the life:—

"All around is a chaos of sounds of the most discordant nature—the chattering of the gipsies, the loud talking of the men who are buying and selling, disputing and bargaining, mingling with the multifarious noises proceeding from so many animals all congregated together. The choicest steeds from the renowned plains of Cordova, fierce bulls from the flat grounds that border the Guadalquivir, troops of mules and of donkeys, of sheep and goats, are scattered about the fair in every direction. The din and whirl is beyond description. It is not with the voice alone that men converse; their hands are as eloquent as their tongues, and their flashing eyes and vehement gesticulations form altogether a scene of confusion, such as in our cool northern lands can hardly be imagined.

"Now and then the scene is varied by the arrival of a *Majo*, or dandy, very gaily dressed, with his lady-love on the horse behind him; the steed brightly caparisoned, with its striped red and yellow mantas and hanging fringe. The *Majo* himself, in his embroidered jacket, covered with gold and silver buttons, his two pocket-handkerchiefs, which are quite indispensable, peeping out of his pocket on either side, and his embroidered gaiters most curiously worked in leather. The crowd make way for a calesa, which resembles the antiquated vehicles still in use at Naples, painted in all the most gaudy colours imaginable; the man sitting on the shafts to drive, with difficulty forcing his carriage through the throng, who are warned of his arrival by the jingling of the horses' bells. Amid all this congregated mass of human beings, talking, laughing, quarrelling, and singing, gipsies try to allure people into buying horses which have been made up and arranged for the occasion; while in other places they endeavour quietly to appropriate some stray goat or tempting pig, which disappears, as if by magic, from among its comrades, while its owner looks in vain for the active, cunning culprit.

"Numbers of foreigners may be seen forcing their way through the crowd, endeavouring to see everything that is going on: specimens of every nation; the grave and steady German; the light-hearted Frenchman, determined to be amused, entering into everything, utterly regardless what amusement he affords to others so long as he is amused himself; and, last of all, abound our own countrymen, their independent style of dress rendering them visible at any distance, and the cry of '*Inglés, Inglés!*' always greets them as they pass along, as surely as though they bore the word imprinted on their wide-awakes and shooting coats, their identity

being rendered even more unmistakable when they seek to shelter it under the guise of the '*sombrero calanés*' and the '*calesera Andalus.*' And what different shades of character! — with what varied feelings are they gazing on the animated scene around! Here are a party of officers from Gibraltar, who have rushed over to 'do' Seville, and the fair, and the Holy Week, and the bull-fights, all in the same breath. There stands another individual, cold and wrapt in his own English formality, looking on solemnly, and wondering how people can be amused with such nonsense; while another putting aside all this grandeur, mixes himself in everything, thinks it all capital fun, and sits down to help the Gitanas in making their *bunuelos*. Then come some Americans, pitying people for finding so much novelty in a Spanish fair, assuring them if they would only come to the States they would find something worth seeing.

"English ladies, too, were there in abundance, walking up and down amongst their dark rivals, some studying every feature of the scene, and trying to stamp its varied episodes on the pages of their drawing-books. Laughing urchins, their eyes sparkling with mischief, were disputing for the honour of sitting as models; some one appointing himself as guard of honour, and preventing others inconveniencing the sketcher, quite forgetting he was himself the most intrusive of them all. One Englishwoman, more sentimental than the rest, scarcely heeded the busy scene, so occupied was she in bringing to her mind the dreadful fires of the Inquisition, and vainly striving to ascertain the identical spot where the victims were sacrificed. A young enthusiast, too, was there, one who was drinking deep of the Castalian spring; but he was out of his element in this bewikling crowd; he sought seclusion and retirement in the poetic realms of Granada, and when we met him again, he was dwelling in the courts of the Alhambra, seeking for what he himself called, 'the ungraspable.'—p. 208.

One of the striking defects to the stranger in travelling through Spain, is the almost total absence of trees—at least, of anything deserving the name of timber. The orange is a splendid shrub—an overgrown laurel, and the olive a rival of the hawthorn. Even these are only to be found in particular provinces; and, as a general rule, it may be said, that he will see from Irun to Cadiz nothing in the shape of a tree much higher than the top of his diligence. But if he will go where the wheel of diligence or chariot never yet has traversed, and mounting his stout nag, duly caparisoned with *manta*, *bota*, and *alforjas*, take "a

good scramble through the wild *sieras*," between Jerez and Ronda; or, if he likes it better, between Ronda and Jerez, he will have little to complain of in that respect, and see besides such scenery as will repay him for the slight drawback occasioned by having no beds to sleep on, and little to live on but what the aforesaid *bota* and *alforjas* may contain. To be sure, the authoress and her party appear to have had letters to certain agents and *alcaldes*, which wonderfully increased the usual supply of creature-comforts on the route; but again, we repeat, there is nothing in the drawbacks which the charms of that mountain ride will not amply compensate. Perhaps, too, in starting from Cadiz, he may have the luck to cross the bay in the steamer, which—

"Carries its passengers backwards and forwards three or four times a day, under the guidance of an Irish engineer, who doctored the machinery whenever it fell sick, and who declared that it went 'as well, if not better,' than when it was new. Myles Cogan was the name of the guardian angel who had presided over the safety valves of this crazy old thing for upwards of six years; and a very characteristic specimen he was of his race, with his shrewd, laughing, grey eye, his mouth stretching from ear to ear, and his whole countenance beaming with good nature. He has taken to himself a Spanish wife, and the youthful offspring claim a common descent from the O'Cogan and the Cid, 'the shamrock of Erin and the olive of Spain.' He was charmed at finding some of his countrymen on board, and offered his services in the fashion of his adopted land; at the same time wisely retiring to perform for us the most effectual service in his power, that of guiding us safely into the harbour of Port St. Mary."—p. 226.

The first day's ride from Jerez is to the little town of Arcos; and here we have the first experiences of the slight drawbacks we mentioned:—

"We arrived late, and stopped at a small *posada* just at the entrance of the town. It looked clean, and the rooms were all scrupulously whitewashed; but as to accommodation, there was nothing, save the bare walls. The travellers who flocked there, it seems, were not in the habit of requiring beds, for our hostess did not possess such luxuries. We had, however, fortunately come provided with letters of introduction to the various places on our road; and one was immediately despatched to the *Alcalde*, with one of those loving, beseeching, flattering notes,

such as Spaniards love to receive, and only those who have been long in Spain know how to write. An appeal to a Spaniard's kindness and good-nature is rarely made in vain; and the worthy Alcalde soon made his appearance, offering us everything which belonged to him, and earnestly requesting us to take shelter under his roof. This we declined, for our baggage was all unpacked, and great would have been the trouble of changing our quarters; but we accepted, with many thanks, his offers of sending all that we required. In a short time we had beds and bedding, and every requisite for all our party; and, by a proper division of labour, we soon arranged everything for our evening's accommodation. We were easily satisfied. Our rooms opened on a small terrace, where, in the bright starlight, we discussed, over our coffee, the pleasures of the day, and the arrangements for the morrow."—p. 241.

If we have been candid as to the deficiency of accommodation, it will be admitted that we have not exaggerated the recompense:—

"On leaving Arcos, a precipitous and stony path leads down to the river, which is forded at some little distance above the town. From here it is seen to great advantage; rising on its conical hill, it appears a perfect pyramid of snow against a sky of ultramarine. The banks of the river, far as the eye could reach, were covered with the greenest verdure; while groves of olives, relieved here and there by dense tufts of the rose-coloured cistus in its brightest bloom, presented a picture of sylvan beauty rarely to be surpassed. We soon reached a rocky hill, across which our path conducted us; and as we climbed up its parched and worn sides, we regretted the lovely valley we were leaving behind. On gaining its summit, however, what a scene lay before us! different, indeed, but far more splendid. Grand views of the distant mountains bound the prospect, while the country all around, in hill and dale, is covered with gigantic forest-trees—a sight so unusual in barren, treeless Spain, whose arid aspect seems rather to belong to the African than to the European world. But here we have, indeed, forest timber. Glorious trees, whose branches, untouched by the hand of man, now rest upon the ground, now interlace each other, and, again opening out, offer vistas of surpassing beauty. And then such dazzling sunlight in the open glades—such deep dark shadows beneath the trees; the path at one moment crossing a sandy soil, at another the luxuriant herbage forming a carpet beneath the horses' feet. And amid the forest glades wandered herds of gigantic goats, browsing on the trees, and recklessly pulling at the branches which came within their reach.

"Such a mixture, too, of foliage; the bright green of some of the oaks contrasting with the dull, unchanging hue of the ilex and the cork, whose leaves, not presenting the brilliancy and colour of the deciduous trees, make up for the defect by retaining their verdant garb the whole year round. The strange fantastic shapes of the twisted, gnarled trunks of the cork-trees; such varieties of underwood filling up the scene, the bright blossoms of the cistus, the white branches of the sweet-smelling hawthorn, the common dog-roses, and hundreds of little flowers peeping among the grass, added to the beauty of the scene. For hours we thus rode on; the ground became more hilly, and we caught a distant view of Zahara, the town so famed in Moorish story from being the first taken by Mulahacen; this attack forming in reality the commencement of the war, which ended in the surrender of Granada.

"A romantic glen, with a stream flowing along as clear as crystal, tempted us to a mid-day halt. Our *mantas* were thrown upon the ground, under the shade of a huge ilex; and, while our horses browsed around, our gipsy party were soon engaged in the discussion of cold fowls—a matter-of-fact employment in so sweet a spot. The purling stream, which had tempted us to rest on its banks, was most deceitful, for the strong chalybeate taste of its waters rendered them unfit for drinking. We rested long, luxuriating in the refreshing shade, and listening to the songs of the muleteers as they wound through the glen, returning from that busiest scene of all in Andalucia—the fair of Ronda. On they go, sometimes walking by the side of their horses, at others resting on the packs, or perched on the top of their load; now sitting sideways, now riding along with their muskets hanging at their side, in their gay dress, with their cloaks thrown over them, always singing that same monotonous air—the 'Rondena,' the words of which are generally improvised to suit the occasion, or consist of some well-known couplets which seem almost devoid of meaning; and so they pass on with the usual greeting—the 'Vaya Vd. con Dios,' which bids you speed upon your journey in peace and safety."—p. 242.

Those *coplas* and *seguidillas*, though difficult to catch the meaning of them when thus sung, or rather chanted aloud by the guides and muleteers, are frequently not deficient in wit and sweet poetic fancy. They differ from the *romanceros*, as the epigram does from the ballad or song, by their brevity and point. Consisting generally of a single stanza, they turn upon some one idea, happily expressed, and conveying a sentiment or a satire, as the case may be. They are snatches of

song, or the impromptus of the moment, expressive of some passing thought or humour—love, of course, as it ought, forming the principal subject of this outpouring of the heart. The lines seldom rhyme with each other, being arranged solely with regard to their “assonance,” like the great bulk of the ballad-poetry of Spain. It is to be regretted that there has never yet been

a good collection of them published. Doubtless, many an oyster must be gathered before a pearl be found; but the pearls are there, nevertheless; and well deserving they are of the search, and, when found, of being strung together. Would the reader wish to see a few specimens? Then here they are, gathered fresh from their native waters:—

Arrojé una mirada,
sembré un deseo,
floreció una esperanza,
cogí un desprecio.

I cast a look,
I sowed a wish,
A hope sprung up—
I reaped but scorn.

Amor es una senda
tan sin camino,
que el que mas bien la sabe
va mas perdido.

Love is a path
So trackless—
That he who knows it best
Loses himself most.

El amor que te tengo
parece sombra,
quanto mas aportado
mas cuerpo toma :
la ausencia es ayre
que apaga el fuego chico,
y enciende el grande.

The love I bear you
Appears a shadow,
The more it is distant
The more body it takes :
Absence is the air
Which puts out the little fire,
And inflames the large.

La grande passion seems to affect the human heart in Spain much the same as in other countries. If the last

were an unexceptional specimen of devoted constancy, here is quite another view of the subject:—

De puerta en puerta un pobre
coge mas cuartos,
que quedandose en una
siempre parado :
Por esa cuenta
ando yo en mis amores
de puerta en puerta.

From door to door a poor man
Collects more coppers,
Than lingering in one
Always unoccupied :
For this reason
I go in my loves
From door to door.

The clergy, of course, come in for their share; for though the Spaniard never jested with the doctrine, he never

spared the doctor. Here is one, perfect for its sly humour—it says so little, yet implies so much:—

Un fraile me dió un beso,
el Lunes por la mañana ;
yo le dije, Padre,
buen principio de la semana !

A friar gave me a kiss
Early on Monday morning ;
I said to him, “ Father,
A good beginning of the week !”

There are some charming ones among the following:—

En el jardin frondoso
del Dios Cupido,
no hay flor que tanto abunde
como el suspiro :
Y los amantes
con lagrimas la riegan
a cada instante.

In the shady garden
Of the God Cupid,
There is no flower so abundant
As the sigh :
And lovers
Water it with tears
Every moment.

De sepulcro en sepulcro
voy prezuntando
si hay enterrado aqui un hombre
que murió amando :

From tomb to tomb
I go asking
If there is buried here a man
Who died of love :

Respondio uno—
mugeres por millares,
pero, hombres ninguno.

Por Dios, si no me quieres,
que no me mires ;
ya que no me rescates,
no me cautives.

No me miras, que miran,
si nos miramos,
y es menester, si miran
nos contengamos :
Nos contendremos,
y cuando no nos miren,
nos miraremos.

En el mar de Cupido
siempre hay borrascas,
y en ninguno zozobran
tantas escuadras :
Pero, no obstante,
siempre son infinitos
sus navegantes.

Tienen como el diamante
la dama bella
valor, brillo, hermosura,
fondo y firmeza :
Y si es constante
no hay tesoro en el mundo
que se la iguale.

Aunque andes por el mundo
dando mil vueltas,
imposible es que encuentras
quien mas te quiera :
Tambien te juro
que hasta el ultimo aliento
he de ser tuyo.

Some one answered—
Women by thousands,
But not a single man.

For heaven's sake, if you do not love me,
Do not look at me ;
If you will not ransom me,
Do not make me captive.

Do not look at me, for they look
If we look at each other ;
And it is necessary, if they look,
That we restrain ourselves :
We will do so,
And when they do not look at us,
We will look at each other.

In the sea of Cupid
There are always hurricanes,
And in none are wrecked
So many squadrons :
But, for all that,
Always innumerable
Are its navigators.

Like the diamond,
The lovely woman has
Spirit, brilliancy, beauty,
Strength, and firmness :
And if she be faithful,
There is no treasure in the world
That is her equal.

Though you go round the world
A thousand times,
It is impossible that you will find
One who will love you more :
Also I swear to you,
That to my latest breath
I will be yours.

Here is a pretty Andalusian compliment :—

Las estrellas del cielo son ciento y doce,
Y las dos de tu cara ciento y catorce.

The stars of heaven are a hundred and twelve,
And your eyes, dear one, make a hundred and fourteen.

We shall finish with one, perhaps
the most characteristic of all, for it

smacks strongly of its Moorish ori-
gin :—

Todas las cosas a ratos
tienen su remedio cierto—
para pulgas el desierto,
para ratones los gatos.

All things in due time
Have their certain remedy—
The desert for fleas,
For rats the cats.

There is no portion, however, of
this charming book which will have
for the Irish reader—at least for the
Irish scholar and antiquarian—so deep
an interest as that which makes the
world for the first time acquainted
with the existence, in the wildest part
of the great mountain range of Anda-

lucia, of a Celtic monument, identical
in size, construction, and general de-
sign with those vast tumuli so common
in Ireland, such as New Grange and
Dowth, and which were fully described
some years since in our pages by Dr.
Wilde, in his "Beauties of the Boyne."
For our knowledge of this singular re-

main we are indebted to Lady Louisa Tenison, as it had never previously been described, or even an allusion made to it, in any English work ; and she is entitled to the highest credit for the trouble with which she made it out, and the care and skill with which its dimensions are set forth :—

“Our curiosity had been excited by the description we had heard of what was called a Druidic temple—a chambered mound which existed somewhere in the neighbourhood—and which, from the account given of it, would seem to resemble in its construction the same mysterious remains of antiquity so common in our own island. But, alas ! there were not any guides in Antequera to lead the traveller at once to the object of our search ; and as we had forgotten the name by which the cave was generally known, we had a pleasant prospect of leaving the town without attaining the principal object of our visit. We made no end of inquiries ; we were told of numerous caves, but they were not fashioned by the hand of man, and did not suit our purpose. We might as well have sought the wondrous cave of the Albarizas, that subterranean gallery which, leading from the Castle to the Vega, enabled the Moslems, during the siege of Antequera, to hold communication with their brethren of Grapada, their messengers being thus enabled to emerge into the Vega beyond the Christian camp :

“‘De Antequera sale el Moro,
Por la cueva de las Albarizas.’

“But Moorish antiquities were things of yesterday, compared to what we were seeking. We wished to penetrate still further into the lapse of ages. At length, a civil note was written to the Alcalde, a true Spanish production, telling him how we had come to visit this land of Maria Santissima, how at every step we had become more and more lost in admiration of its beauties, and the charms of its inhabitants, until we had reached the culminating point of our enchantment in ‘la muy noble ciudad de Antequera ;’ and now we were anxiously seeking a monument which proved that Antequera was older than any other city of the known world ; and we told him how some of our party, who were deep in such ancient lore, had come from the shores of a distant island to study her antiquities.

“How could such a note fail to provoke an answer ? Spanish pride had been flattered ; and Spanish kindness and civility are ever ready to return thanks for the homage paid them. The Alcalde called ; the cave and everything else was at our disposal—only, he did not know anything about it, or where to find it. He knew a pamphlet had been written about it ; he would send it to us, and send us a guide who would probably

know something about it. Nothing could exceed his courtesy ; but his visit did not leave us much the wiser. Our guide arrived ; the grand mystery was solved, and after all our inquiries we were on our way to the ‘Cueva del Mengal,’ the name by which it is known among the people.

“This singular monument is, I believe, the only one of its kind as yet discovered in the Peninsula. Its striking similarity in dimensions and design to those covered mounds which exist in Ireland, and which of late years have attracted so much attention, together with the fact that no mention of it has hitherto been made in any English work—at least, as far as I am aware—induces me to give here a detailed description of its size and proportions, and which I am enabled to do from accurate measurements made on the spot by one of the gentlemen of our party.

“Although its existence would seem to have been known from time immemorial to the people in this neighbourhood, by the name of the Cave of Mengal, yet no reference or allusion to it is found in any Spanish book upon the topography or antiquities of the country, until a small pamphlet was published upon the subject, in the year 1847, by a Senor Mitjana of Malaga. . . .

“About a quarter of a mile to the eastward of the town, on the road to Archidona, are three small conical hills, from sixty to eighty feet in height, remarkable for the regularity of their outline, and covered with olive-trees. On ascending the one nearest the town, and close to its summit, you find yourself opposite to the entrance of the cave. It presents a perfect porch, symmetrical in shape, but composed of rough stones of gigantic magnitude. This porch, or chamber, which you first enter, is an oblong square, seventeen feet in depth, nine wide, and eight high. Its roof is composed of a single stone, nearly fifteen feet square, and over four feet high, and calculated by Signor Mitjana (who was an architect) to weigh four thousand six hundred and eight arrobas, or above fifty-one tons of our measurement. This roof is supported by six stones—three on each side, standing on end, sunk from three to four feet in the earth, and having an average breadth of four and a-half feet. At the end of the porch, two jutting stones approach within seven feet of each other ; and here an inner chamber lies before you, but of a different outline. It is oval, and of considerably larger dimensions, being fifty-four feet in length. Its sides, also composed of upright stones, seven upon each side, gradually expand from the entrance to a width of seventeen feet in the centre, and then gradually narrow again to a width of twelve feet, where one huge stone blocks up the extremity, and gives it the form of an oval, flattened at the ends.

“The roof of this inner chamber, which is ten feet from the floor, is composed of only

four stones, stretching from side to side, and each of larger dimensions than that which covers the porch. The one farthest from the entrance is the largest, being a square of twenty-three feet, and four feet thick, and estimated to weigh the enormous amount of one hundred and twenty tons; the five stones, forming the roof of both chambers, amounting to above three hundred and seventy-five tons in all. In addition to the sides and the single stone at the extremity, the roof of the inner chamber is supported also by three pillar-stones, standing along the centre, and which, as they are not quite perpendicular, would seem to have been subsequently introduced as additional supports to the roof. They are placed in such a manner under the points of junction of the stones above, so that each contributes support to two of them. These pillar-stones are rude and rough on their surface, of an irregular, quadrilateral shape, and not of equal dimensions—the one nearest the entrance being only eight feet in circumference, while the innermost measures fourteen feet. In the roof of the inner chamber the second stone from the entrance appears to have been cracked in two, or else, perhaps, from inability to procure all of such gigantic dimensions, the builders fitted two smaller ones to serve their purpose. The accompanying sketch represents the cave as viewed from the inner extremity. All these stones on the outside, wherever they are visible, are misshaped and irregular; but on the inside they are flat and even, without being smooth. They do not appear to have been punched or chiselled in any way, but present that rough, yet flat surface, which can frequently be seen in stones in their natural state. There are no traces upon them of chisel marks, nor any lines whatever; nor are there around the base of the hill, as is generally the case in Ireland, any remains of a stone circle. The structure is just under the surface of the summit, the conical shape of which is still preserved, except on the entrance side, where the outline is broken; and this, together with the fact that the earth is banked on each side of the entrance, and several large stones are strewn about the approach, would seem to indicate that the outer chamber was considerably larger than it is at present. In length, the cave measures seventy-one feet, and lies due east and west; the entrance faces eastward, and looks towards the other two similar hills; and beyond them again, at almost the distance of a league, rises abruptly from the plain the Pena de los Enamorados, which from here, presents its most picturesque appearance. Signor Mitjana, in searching for bones, weapons, or other remains, and, perhaps, for other chambers deeper in the hill, caused a shaft to be sunk in the interior, between the third pillar and the extremity, but discovered nothing; and to give light to his workmen, broke out at the end a large hole, four or five feet square, which considerably

impairs the effect and uniformity of the place. Fortunately, however, it does admit the light, or else a visit to the cave might be attended with dangerous results; for as the shaft is still open, five feet wide, and forty-three feet deep, and the earth loose and sloping at the mouth, an unwary visitor could hardly escape being precipitated into it.

“It is generally believed that the adjoining mounds contain monuments of a similar description, and it is highly probable that such is the case; but as yet no one has had enterprise enough to undertake such a research. These hills are not entirely artificial, like those on the banks of the Boyne; but for the most part consist of dark sandstone in its natural condition, and which, probably, was cut and pared away till it assumed the shape required. Among the many other points of resemblance, however, it is ascertained that all these enormous stones were brought from a distance, none of the kind being found in the immediate locality, and the remains of a quarry of the same kind still existing about half a-mile off, on the hill of the Calvario.”

In the selection of the previous passages we have frequently been in the dilemma of not knowing which to hit upon; and we are by no means certain that we made the best choice. We have been so often tempted, that our difficulty was not what to take, but what to leave; and, though our extracts have not been few, we find ourselves still in sunny Andalucia. We fear that our limits will not allow us to do equal justice to Castile—to take even a hurried flight from the capital and its court, through her time-honoured cities, and dwell with contemplative sadness upon the melancholy grandeur which hangs around them even in their decay. One more passage and we have done. It describes, and describes most truly, the almost universal prevalence of that public and political corruption which is the curse of Spain, and which pervades all classes, from the highest to the lowest:—

“People, however, must be actuated by higher and better principles before things can really improve in this unhappy land; they must learn to prefer public to private interests before there can be an honest or an upright government in Spain. From the highest to the lowest, all are corrupt; the government bribe alike the electors and the elected—taxes are remitted, patronage is dispensed, every engine that a ministry, backed by hundreds of employes, can command, is set in motion to return the candidate who will

be most pliant when elected. People in Spain only seek to obtain office for the advantages to be derived from it, or the benefits that may accrue to their families; in fact, they do not seem to understand there can be a possibility of people seeking office with any other view. That there are exceptions, no one can doubt; but the prevalence of the complaint is too manifest, and the state of public morality has sunk so low, that such peccadilloes are considered as a matter of course, and do not call forth either astonishment or reprehension. . . . But the sincerity of this disclaimer might well be doubted on the part of a ministry which tyrannised over the press beyond all precedent, and tampered in the most shameless manner with the election of deputies.

"One or two instances out of a thousand may show the manner in which ministerial influence is exerted. In Pinos de la Valle, in the province of Granada, the *alcalde*, whose office it is to preside over the elections, was suspended by the governor as being adverse to the government candidate, and a claim against the town of two hundred pounds was remitted on consideration of the ministerial candidate being returned. In the town of Orgiva, in the same province, a fine of like amount was imposed, and a further one threatened, should the ministerial candidate not be returned; and, as if this were insufficient, the *alcalde* was suspended, the second *alcalde* was put aside, and a friend of the candidate named to conduct the voting, although a criminal suit was actually pending against him. It may be asked, how a government can be allowed to exercise so shameless and baneful an influence? The discussion is, indeed, a wide and difficult one; but one predominating cause may be found in that insatiable rage for government employment which pervades Spain. It is essentially a nation of two classes—'*empleados*,' or persons holding office, dependent on the government for their very bread; and '*pretendientes*,' or those who are seekers after place. Had Le Sage written in the middle of the nineteenth, instead of at the commencement of the eigh-

teenth century, he could not have depicted the system more to the life. Public employment is the primary resource of every needy man who can read and write, as well as of thousands who cannot; the very doorkeepers and porters, who encumber the public offices, being Legion. It has been computed that their numbers have quadrupled within the present century; and, as a consequence, the administration of the country is some four times more complex and inefficient. Nor are the social evils of such a system less disastrous, at once draining the fields of their legitimate cultivators, and drawing off from the industrious pursuits of life those of the middle classes, whose labour and enterprize should enrich the country. There is, however, in Congress, a phalanx of enlightened and determined men bent on sweeping away these relics of a past time, and whose voices will at length be heard. Although forming but a minority within the walls, they carry weight and conviction without them; and, to this party and its principles, many look for the ultimate regeneration of their country, and for rendering its institutions a reality."

We have rarely seen a work issued from the press which, in point of appearance, letter-press, and general finish, does more credit to the publication. Its numerous and beautiful illustrations make it a fitting ornament for the drawing-room and boudoir, while its contents fully entitle it to a permanent position in every well-appointed library. If we mistake not, it is the first *literary* production of Lady Louisa Tenison. Then, we beg to congratulate her upon her success; and will only add, that for one who has shown she can use her pen and her pencil with equal skill, to allow either to lie idle now, would be doing an injustice to others as well as to herself.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE LALLY.

PART I.

Among the many gallant Irishmen, and men descended from the old Irish race, who served in the armies of France, and sought there those honours and distinctions, which political misfortune, undeserved reprobation, and studied misrule denied them at home, I know of none more brave and distinguished, and of none whose name is more worthy of being rescued from oblivion, than General the Count de Lally, the ill-requited leader of the troops of Louis XV., in his wars in the East Indies.

Arthur Lally was the son of Captain Lally, who passed over to France soon after Limerick capitulated to Goderdt de Ginckel, the Dutch Earl of Athlone, and the close of that disastrous war, in which the loyal Irish so long withstood the invading troops of King William.

Captain Lally obtained a commission under Louis XIV., in the regiment of Dillon, the same battalion in which the great Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, commenced his military career as a sub-lieutenant, in 1786. Soon after he settled in France, Captain Lally married a French lady of distinction. By her he had several children, the eldest of whom, Arthur, was soon after his birth enrolled as a private soldier in the company of his father, according to a somewhat equivocal custom, then prevailing in the old French service. His mother being allied by blood to some of the most noble families in France, and his father being an officer of distinguished merit, afforded young Lally every opportunity for the improvement of his mind and person; and thus, at the age of nineteen, he was considered one of the most handsome and accomplished chevaliers in the army of King Louis. Without having seen active service, he was (at that early age) appointed to a company in that gallant band of exiles, whose valour contributed to win many a victory for the House of Bourbon—the *Irish Brigade*.

His regiment (every member of which knew his father's worth and

merit) received him with satisfaction, and his *reception* took place early in 1718.

In the old French army, before the Revolution, this was an indispensable ceremony, when an officer first joined. His company was drawn up in front of the regiment, with the drummers beating on the flanks; young Lally, dressed in his full uniform, with his white scarf and gorget on, was led forward by the general of the district or division, who, when the drums ceased, took off his three-cocked hat and said—

“De par le Roi! Soldats, vous reconnoîtrez Monsieur de Lally, votre capitaine de la compagnie, et vous lui obéirez en tout ce qu'il, vous ordonnera pour le service du Roi, en cette qualité.”

Another ruffle on the drums—the company fell back to its place in the regiment, and Arthur Lally was formally installed its captain.

Though by his education and spirit he was known to possess all those qualities which are requisite for the perfect soldier—chiefly, a solid judgment, a great power of happy decision, with a light and joyous but intrepid heart, he was found to be equally qualified for the civil service of the state. Thus, at the age of five-and-twenty, he was sent by Louis XV. to the court of Russia, on a mission of importance. On this duty he acquitted himself ably; his fidelity, on one hand, securing the confidence and esteem of the king his master; his address and winning manner securing, on the other, the admiration and favour of the Empress Catherine I., whose husband, Peter the Great, had died about a year before.

On his return to France in 1725, he proceeded to Versailles, where Louis XV., who had now attained his majority, and taken the reins of government from the Regent Duke of Orleans, received him in the most gracious manner, and promoted him to the rank of colonel of infantry; and at the head of his regiment he had the

good fortune to acquit himself with grace and distinction wherever he was employed.

He stood high in the favour of the two ministers who succeeded the Duke of Orleans, viz., the Duke of Bourbon, and Cardinal Fleury, then in his seventy-third year, a mild and amiable prelate, under whose moderate and conciliatory councils France enjoyed many years of peace and tranquillity.

During service in France, Lally, though somewhat proud and lofty in his manner, succeeded in gaining the esteem and affection of the officers of his regiment, among whom, even in those days of incessant duelling, he was successful in maintaining the most perfect union and harmony; while by his unalterable firmness, subordination was fully maintained. Thus passed the time, until the eventful year 1745, when Prince Charles Edward Stuart projected his gallant and unfortunate "rising" among the clans in the Scottish highlands. Entering warmly into the design of restoring the hapless House of Stuart, under which his father had served so faithfully, and with whom he had shared the fate of exile, Colonel Lally came boldly over to London.

While his ostensible object was to recover certain lands in Ireland, to which he averred his father had a claim, his real errand was to serve the young Prince of Scotland—to animate his friends—to excite the malcontents (and these were numerous, for disgust at the long and useless wars of George II. in Germany, was waxing strong)—to promise money and titles, and prepare the quiescent natives of South Britain for the military tempest that was about to descend from the mountains of the North. Being bold and determined, Lally met with the greatest success in London; but being somewhat unwary, his plans and presence were discovered, and he was betrayed by an English spy to the Duke of Cumberland, who issued immediate and arbitrary orders for his arrest. Fortunately, however, the Colonel escaped the shambles to which "the butcher" of the clans had doomed him. He returned to France, about the time Culloden was fought, and resumed the command of his regiment.

A war was then raging between Britain and France; and the fleets of the former swept those of the latter

from the ocean. Admiral Hawke destroyed the French fleet at Bellisle, and in the same year upwards of six hundred prizes were taken by the British ships.

Though his armies performed some splendid achievements in the Netherlands, where Marshal the Count de Saxe beat, defeated, and covered with irreparable disgrace the inert and blood-stained Cumberland, the impression of his misfortunes by sea, together with the internal distresses of France, compelled Louis XV. to conclude a peace, a congress for which met at Aix la Chapelle in April, 1748; and the definitive treaty was signed in the following October.

During this period, and until his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, the life of Lally, who had now obtained the title of Count, does not present any circumstance or incident worthy of much attention.

In 1750 a dispute, pregnant with hostility, having occurred between Britain and France, respecting their mutual claims in North America, various circumstances which occurred in the East Indies about the same time confirmed the idea that the short peace concluded in 1748 was about to end. Each country prepared again for war; and though many unfriendly acts were committed, and recriminations exchanged between the courts, till England was threatened with invasion as a curb upon her aggressive spirit, war was not formally pronounced until the month of June, 1756. The declaration made by George II. was mild and moderate in style and language; but that promulgated by Louis XV. was full of severity and opprobrium. Prussia became the ally of the former, Sweden and Russia joined the latter. In distant regions, as well as at home, the sanguinary struggle was maintained; and in America France was stripped of all her colonies by the army of the heroic Wolfe.

Immediately after the declaration of war, in the month of August, 1756, the Count de Lally, as lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of all his most Christian Majesty's forces in India, was appointed to command an expedition for those burning shores—then so distant, and at that period a land of wonders to the European. In support of this expedition the court had destined

six millions of livres, six strong battalions of infantry, and three ships of war, which were to co-operate with such armaments as the India Company could furnish. The whole of these troops, however, did not embark.

On the 20th February, 1757, the Count de Lally, accompanied by his brother Nichel, marched to Brest at the head of two battalions; and though having only two, out of the six millions of livres voted, in the military chest, embarked on board the ships of the Count d'Aché, who immediately put to sea; but, being driven again into port by adverse winds, the squadron was detained till the 2nd May.

Meanwhile, the Chevalier des Soupirs, Lally's major-general, and second in command, had already reached the Indian Ocean, having departed from L'Orient on the 30th of the preceding December with two battalions and two millions of livres, and had reached the Isle of France, without accident.

The lieutenant-general had very ample and important instructions given him by the French East India Company. Some of these were to the following effect:—

“The Sieur de Lally is hereby authorised to destroy the fortifications of all maritime settlements which may be taken from the English; it may, however, be proper to except Vizagapatam, by reason of its being so nearly situated to Bemelipatam (a Dutch factory), which, in that case, would be enriched by the ruin of Vizagapatam: but as to that, as well as the demolishing of all other places whatsoever, the Sieur de Lally is to consult the governor and superior council of Pondicherry, and to have their opinion in writing; but, notwithstanding, he is to destroy such places as he shall think proper, unless strong and sufficient arguments are made use of to the contrary: such, for example, as the Company's being apprehensive for some of their settlements, and that it would be then thought prudent and necessary to reserve the power of exchange, in case any of them should be lost. Nevertheless, if the Sieur de Lally should think it too hazardous to keep a place, or that he thought he could not do it without dividing or weakening his army, his Majesty then leaves it in his power to act as he may think proper for the good of the service.

“The Sieur de Lally is not to allow

the ransom of any English settlement; as we may well remember that, after the taking of Madras, last war, the English Company, in their council of the 14th July, 1747, determined that all ransoms made in India should be annulled. In regard to the English troops, both officers and writers belonging to the Company, and to the inhabitants of that nation, the Sieur de Lally is to permit none of them to remain on the coast of Coromandel; he may, if he pleases, permit the inhabitants to go to England, and order them to be conducted in armed vessels to the Isle of St. Helena. But as to the officers and writers belonging to the East India Company, as well soldiers and sailors, he is to order them to be conducted as soon as possible to the Isle of Bourbon, where it will be permitted for the soldiers and sailors to work for the inhabitants of that place according to mutual agreement, though the sending them to the French islands should be avoided as much as possible, to prevent their being acquainted with the coast, as well as the interior of the island. It is by no means his Majesty's intention that the English officers, soldiers, and sailors should be *ransomed*, as none are to be delivered up but by exchange—man for man, according to their different ranks and stations.

“If the exchange of prisoners should be by chance settled at home between the two nations, of which proper notice will be given the Sieur de Lally, and that the Isles of France and Bourbon should have more prisoners than it would be convenient to provide for; in that case, it will be permitted to send a certain number to England, in a vessel armed for that purpose. No English officers, soldiers, &c., are to be permitted to remain in a place after it is taken; neither are they to be suffered to retire to any other of their settlements.

“The Sieur de Lally is not in the least to deviate from the above instructions and regulations, unless there should be a capitulation which stipulates the contrary; in which case, the Sieur de Lally is faithfully and honestly to adhere to the capitulation. The whole of what has been said before concerns only the natives of England; but as they have in their settlements merchants from all nations, such as Moors, Armenians, Jews, Pattaners, &c., the Sieur de Lally is ordered to treat them with humanity, and to endeavour by

fair means to engage them to retire to Pondicherry, or any other of the Company's acquisitions; assuring them, at the same time, that they will be protected, and that the same liberty and privileges which they before possessed among the English will be granted them.

"Among the recruits furnished to complete the regiments of Lorraine and Berri, there are 300 men from Fisher's recruits, lately raised; and as it is feared there will be many desertions among these new recruits, the Sieur de Lally may, if he pleases, leave them on the Isle of France, where they will be safe from desertion, and replace them from the troops of that island."*

Though impetuous, and, at times, apt to be somewhat overbearing, Lally was eminently fitted to command, and to fulfil the instructions given to him in that document, which is now so interesting, as it exhibits the confidence with which the merchants of the French Company expected to retain their rich possessions, and extend their empire in the East. Lally possessed secrecy, with a ready facility for quick and judicious decision. His talent was displayed by the manner in which he established magazines, extended his outposts, protected his defences, made himself acquainted with the character and features of the country, which was to be the scene of his arduous operations. His lofty demeanour, talent, tact, and bravery, inspired his troops with confidence, and assurance of victory. If Lally was fond of glory, he was also fond of flattery; and though a strict disciplinarian, he was somewhat too partial to levying heavy contributions on the conquered provinces. Thus, though his enemies averred that, on one hand, he was grasping and avaricious in the acquisition of gold and treasure, it was never denied, on the other, that he was lavish and liberal whenever the king's service required him, by spies or scouts, to obtain intelligence of the strength and designs of the enemy.

The Count d'Aché, *Chef d'Escadre*, encountered such adverse winds, that he was nearly twelve months on his voyage. Thus the Chevalier des Soupirs, wearied of waiting at the Mau-

ritius, sailed towards the coast of Hindostan, and reaching Pondicherry (or *Pudacheri*), disembarked his troops.

This town, which, since 1670, had become the capital of the French settlements in India, being restored to them by the Dutch after the treaty of Ryswick, occupies a good position in the rich, fertile, and populous Carnatic, a country studded by an incredible number of fortresses and strongholds. Their erection was an indispensable necessity in a level country, subject to the sudden attacks of hordes of native cavalry. At a period of time remote and now unknown, the sovereigns of the Carnatic must have possessed enormous wealth, and their dusky subjects must have made the most enviable progress in the useful and ornamental arts. The number, aspect, and architectural beauty of their ancient pagodas, and the durability of these remarkable structures, being coated over with oil and viscous cement, fill the mind of the European with wonder when he beholds them.

At this crisis, the funds and forces of the British in that part of India were so small, that they could scarcely bring a hundred soldiers into the field. Madras, one of their principal places, was only sixty-three miles distant; it was an open town. Fort St. David was in ruins, with a garrison of sixty invalids. Thus a fortnight would have enabled the Chevalier, with his two battalions, to have taken both these places, and reduced the whole coast of Coromandel; but Des Soupirs, being quite unskilled in the art of carrying on war in a country so new to him, remained inactive, though his countrymen had many losses to repair, having been recently driven from all their wealthy settlements in Bengal by the victorious, but assuredly aggressive British.

Eight months after his arrival, on the 25th of April, the *Chef d'Escadre* anchored in the roadstead before the sandy plain occupied by Pondicherry; and Lally, disembarking his treasure, marched into the town, the governor of which, M. de Leyrit, received him with a salute of cannon.

The residence of M. de Leyrit was a

* Translation of a paper taken at Pondicherry, 1760, and given by the English India Company to Sieur Charles Grant, Vicomte de Vaux.

palace, equal in aspect to the palaces of the French nobles; and the garrison consisted of twelve horse-battalions, and three hundred foot soldiers, and a few artillerymen. At the peace of Amiens, the French population of Pondicherry amounted only to 25,000, exclusive of the blacks, who trebled that number. The revenue was then 40,000 pagodas; and in a locality destitute of natural advantages, its vicinity producing only palm trees, millet, and a few herbs.

Tired of the long voyage, and anxious to fulfil his orders, which comprehended the total destruction of every British fortification that fell into his power, the gallant and ardent Lally lost not an hour in preparing for active operations. Next day, he returned on board, to sail for Cudalore; and in one hour after a powerful British fleet assailed that of Count d'Aché in the roadstead, where a French seventy-four gun ship was dismasted and taken; but the rest of his armament fought a passage to the seaward; and, favoured by the wind and superior sailing, escaped to anchor off Cudalore, a town situated fifteen miles from Pondicherry, on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal.

This little place, which lies on a bank of the Pennar, had been obtained by the English East India Company from the Rajah of Gingee, so early as 1681, for the site of a factory, and had been fortified. Its garrison consisted only of ten invalids; but being assisted by the inhabitants of the town, these brave old fellows made a desperate resistance, and Lally was occupied three days in effecting its reduction. From thence he marched to Fort. St. David, a settlement on the Carnatic (obtained by the English from a Mahratta rajah, in 1691), and besieging it, after being seventeen days in open trenches, exposed to the broiling sun by day, and the baleful dews by night, gained it by capitulation on the 2nd June, and levelled all its fortifications to the ground.

On the 10th he marched back to Pondicherry, and having resolved to assail Madras, dispatched an officer in a small vessel to his naval Chef d'Escadre with instructions to return and co-operate with him; but Admiral Pocock, who commanded the English fleet in those seas, had defeated Count d'Aché in two engagements, and by driving him sixty miles to the wind-

ward, had nearly cut off all communication between him and the army. Thus Lally was compelled to relinquish his project; and now the Governor of Pondicherry announced that the town and its vicinity could not maintain their four thousand French infantry for more than fifteen days. On receiving this startling intelligence, Lally resolved at once to march into the little kingdom of Tanjore, or Tanjowar, which lay a hundred and fifty miles southward, and there subsist his troops during the stormy and rainy season, while his naval squadron took refuge in a distant port. This march into Tanjowar was not made without a due pretence of wrongs to adjust, for the unfortunate rajah had refused to pay to the India Company a government debt which M. de Leyrit assured Count Lally to be justly due.

A discharge of five pieces of cannon against his little capital compelled the rajah to pay down treasure to the amount of four hundred and forty thousand livres, and afford free quarters for two months to the French, until tidings arrived that eight hundred British soldiers were marching against Pondicherry, where a small detachment had been left under the orders of the Chevalier de Soupis. Upon this, Lally at once abandoned Tanjowar, and advanced to the relief of the Chevalier, who, with his slender force, was preparing to abandon altogether the capital of French India.

On Lally approaching the latter place on the 31st August, the British forces fell back on Madras; and then our indefatigable Irishman, full of the most sanguine hopes of expelling them from the vast peninsula of Hindostan, resumed his preparations for investing Fort St. George, which was their principal settlement on the coast of Coromandel; but scarcity of money, and the improper conduct of the naval Chef d'Escadre, retarded the operations, frustrated the great intentions of Lally, and ultimately betrayed him to the enemy.

While sparing no exertions to officer and equip a body of sepoy infantry, he seized a Dutch ship, in which he found a sufficient quantity of specie to enable him to assail Madras. He then sent a message to Count d'Aché, requesting him not to leave the coast. The Count declared that he required a recruit of seamen, and must return to France.

Alarmed by such a threat, Lally offered him half of his soldiers for the marine service; but, deaf alike to threat and entreaty, the Count sailed for the Straits of Madagascar on the 1st of September, and left the Lieutenant-General to cope single-handed with the British forces.

On summoning to his presence M. de Bussy, who commanded the French troops in that extensive region named the Deccan (or country of the south), and M. Moracin, who commanded at the seaport of Masulipatam, he found these officers were considerably influenced by the same pride and disobedience which characterised the conduct of Count d'Aché; and before they would advance to Madras, they required a reinforcement of a thousand men to be embodied. Lally immediately ordered M. Moracin to return to his post, which the English were approaching. M. Moracin dared to disobey or delay; and, taken by surprise in his absence, Masulipatam was lost to France for ever.

In the month of October, Lally, with his slender force, the flower of which was the valiant Regiment de Lorraine, marched, without opposition, into the extensive district of Arcot (which Colonel Clive had overrun seven years before), and remained there at free quarters for five days; after which he returned again to Pondicherry.

The army was now totally destitute of pay, and the commissariat had no supply but plunder, while the departure of Count d'Aché cut off all succour or retreat by the ocean. Lally's troubles, though numerous, were only commencing. Discouraged and disunited by the naval disasters of d'Aché, the French officers were alternately full of ardour and full of despair. M. de Bussy offered to raise four hundred thousand livres in three hours, if he was permitted to re-enter the Deccan with a body of troops; but being loath to divide his little force, and viewing the result as incredible, Lally declined. De Bussy then informed him, that he had two hundred and forty thousand livres belonging to the India Company, which were at his service if he would be responsible for them; but Lally wisely declined to compromise his honour by having any commercial transaction with the merchants, though for their own benefit and the king's service.

He resumed the preparations for the siege of Madras while the naval squadron of Britain was temporally absent from its shore; but that project was vehemently opposed by M. Duval de Leyrit, Governor of Pondicherry, who urged the wretched state of the commissariat and the almost empty military chest. Lally's Irish spirit could ill brook such disputations and disgusts; and "pay or no pay," he was for marching at once. However, he was ultimately, by the tenor of his instructions, compelled to take the opinion of the General Council of Pondicherry—some of whom adhered to M. de Leyrit, but five, headed by the Comte de Estaigue, offered their plate, to the value of eighty thousand livres, towards the expenses of the expedition. The true and generous Lally gave from his private funds a hundred and forty thousand livres; and having thus in some measure collected the sinews of war, with his small French force (2,700 bayonets) and a body of sepoys, he advanced towards Madras early in December.

The Comte d'Estaigue was a spirited French adventurer, who began his military and naval career in 1759, when, with two small corvettes, he destroyed the fort of Bender Abassi, on the Persian Gulf, and two ships in the roads; captured Fort Natal, stormed Bencoolen and Fort Marlborough, and performed many other daring exploits, by which, however, he gained no reputation, being at that time a British prisoner of war upon parole of honour.

A march of sixty-three miles brought Lally, on the 12th December, in sight of Madras, which, in consequence of its strength, wealth, and annual revenue in calicoes and muslins, was of such great value to the growing India Company of the enemy. The diamond mines were only a week's journey distant, and the rumour of their priceless wealth and splendid wonders animated the French soldiers, as, in three divisions, they marched across the sunny plains of Choultry.

Madras, or Fort St. George, was divided into two parts—one called the *Black*, and the other the *White Town*. The former Madraspatam, had been totally destroyed by the French in 1744, when they levelled to the ground every building which stood within three hundred yards of the fort.

The walls of the latter, which rose above the centre of the English town, were (as despatches relate) all built of hard iron-coloured stone, defended by four gigantic bastions. The inner fort, or citadel, had a front of one hundred and eight yards; the outer fort consisted of half-moons, curtain-walls, and flankers, which, like the brown walls of the city, were studded by an incredible number of cannon. In short, the aspect of Madras, with its mansions covered by snow-white *chunam*, was delightful from the ocean, and magnificent from the land. On the side of the latter, its walls were washed by a river, which falls into the sea, on that flat and sandy shore, where the furious surf is ever rolling in mountains of foam and spray.

As he crossed the plains, Lally was briskly cannonaded by the field-pieces of the enemy, and thus lost many officers and men; but advancing steadily, he took possession of Ogmoo and Meliapore, or San Thomé, an old town of the Portuguese, who had built there a large church above a grave, and shrine, reputed to be those of St. Thomas, who was martyred by a tribe that dwell in the vicinity, and whose right legs (according to the erudite Dr. Fryar) have since that time been swollen to the size of those of elephants.

Colonel Lawrence, a gallant and resolute officer, who commanded the garrison of Madras, was ably seconded in his efforts by Pigot, the governor, by Colonel Draper, Major Caillaud, and other officers. Thus Lally encountered a most determined resistance. The garrison, which had been reinforced, consisted of 5,000 men; sixteen hundred of these were regular troops of the British line, three thousand were sepoys, and four hundred were servants of the East India Company.

Lawrence retired to the Island, in order to prevent the French from obtaining possession of the Island-bridge, and desired all the posts to be occupied in the Black Town, which was then triangularly shaped, and surrounded by a fortified wall.

At daybreak, on the morning of the 14th December, Lally sent forward M. De Rillon at the head of his regiment, which assailed the Black Town with great spirit, and after giving and receiving several severe discharges of musketry (during a contest of some

hours) De Rillon gained the place, driving back the British, who retired by detachments into the fort or citadel of Madras. This successful movement was followed up by the regiment De Lorraine, which rushed to the front to keep the ground De Rillon had won; but within an hour a grand sortie was made upon them by a body of British infantry, under Colonel Draper, who behaved with great personal bravery. Shrouded by the smoke, sword in hand, he led a charge of bayonets against the regiments of Rillon and De Lorraine; a furious *mêlée* ensued; and the French must have been driven back or cut off, had Lally not led on a battalion of sepoys to sustain the sortie. A great number of officers and men were shot and bayoneted on both sides; but Colonel Draper was compelled to retreat, for his English grenadiers gave way in a manner not very creditable to them. After this, the garrison of Madras contented themselves by defending their works, being too weak to engage in any more sorties beyond them.

Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Draper was that *preux chevalier*, who after years conquered Manilla, and became a paramount judge on all matters of military etiquette, and who, in his celebrated letter to JUNIUS, expressed a hope that he would never see officers pushed into the British army, who had nothing to lose but their *swords*.

Encouraged by having thus hemmed in the enemy, Lally continued to push his approaches and build batteries. Meanwhile, M. de Lequille, another chef-d'escadre, had arrived at the Isle of France, with four ships of war, and three millions of livres, destined for the service of the French India Company. When about to leave the Isle for the roads of Pondicherry, he met (most unfortunately for Lally) the discomfited fleet of the petulant Count d'Aché, who being his superior officer, prevented him from proceeding, and ventured to remove the treasure on board of his own ship. He also took upon him to send only *one* million of livres to Count Lally, in a small frigate, which reached Pondicherry on the 21st December, 1758. By this unaccountable conduct, irreparable mischief was done to the success of Lally and the honour of King Louis in the East.

This supply enabled the Lieutenant-

General, however, to press the siege with greater vigour, and pay his French soldiers and Indian levies a portion of their arrears; but the black troops were of little service to him during the operations. He erected several heavy batteries against the Black Town and Fort St. George. One of these, called the *grand battery*, stood at four hundred and fifty yards' distance from the works, on which it opened on the 6th January, 1759.

From that day until the 27th, a continual discharge of shot and shell was maintained, while the pioneers pushed on the trenches until they reached the base of the glacis, and were less than a pistol-shot from the parapets. Then Lally formed another and more lofty battery, on which he placed four pieces of heavy cannon. It opened on the 31st of January; but for five days consecutively the artilleryists were obliged, by the superior fire of the fort, to close up their embrasures with earth and fascines, and ultimately they were compelled to abandon the redoubt. The Grand Battery, however, still maintained a fire, which was so well directed, under the able eye of Lally, that its guns dismounted or broke in pieces twenty-six iron cannon and three mortars, beating down the wall, and effecting a considerable breach. During these operations Lally had somewhat needlessly bombarded the town, and, to terrify the inhabitants, demolished a number of their houses; but the precautions of Governor Pigot, united to the vigilance, valour, and experience of Colonels Lawrence and Draper, and Major Brereton, repelled every attack; and thus, after the 5th of February, the fire of Lally's cannon gradually sank from twenty-three to only six pieces. Money, powder, and shot became scarce together; he had lost many of his bravest officers and men; two months had elapsed, and still the British standard waved above the fort of Madras. The remonstrances which Lally sent frequently to France for succour, during this period, portray the deep anxiety he felt for the success of the cause in which his honour was implicated; and so keen did this feeling become, that, when aggravated at times by an illness incident to the cli-

mate, his reports and dispatches are remarkable for containing expressions full of horror and distraction.

His general chagrin at the conduct of Count d'Aché and others is strongly depicted in the following letter, which he addressed from the trenches before Madras to the Governor of Pondicherry, but which was intercepted by the spies of Colonel Lawrence:—

“Camp before Madras.

“M. DEVAL DE LEYRIT, — A good blow might be struck here: there is a ship of twenty guns in the Roads, laden with all the riches of Madras. It is said she will remain there till the 20th. The *Expedition* is just arrived; but M. Gerlin is not the man to attack her, for she has made him run away before. The *Bristol*, on the other hand, did but just make her appearance before St. Thomas; and on the vague report of thirteen ships coming from Porto Novo she took fright, and, after landing the provisions with which she was laden, would not stay long enough to take on board twelve of her own guns which she lent us for the siege. If I were judge of the point of *honour* among the Company's officers, I would break him (the captain) like glass, as well as some others of them.

“The *Fidèle* or the *Huerlem*, or even the aforesaid *Bristol*,* with her twelve guns restored to her, would be sufficient to make themselves masters of the English ship, if they could manage so as to get to windward of her in the night.

“MM. Maugendre and Tremillier are said to be good men; and were they employed only to transport two hundred wounded soldiers that we have here, their service would be of importance. We remain still in the same position; the breach has been made for fifteen days, and we are within fifteen toises of the place, yet never hold up our heads to look it. I think, on our return to Pondicherry, we must learn some other trade, for this of war requires too much patience.

“Of 1500 sepoy who attend our army, nearly 800 are employed on the road to Pondicherry, carrying sugar, pepper, and other goods; and as for the Coolies, they have all been employed at the same work from the day we

* Probably a prize taken from Britain.

first came here. I am taking measures to-day to set fire to the Black Town, and blow up the powder-mills. You will never imagine that fifty French deserters and a hundred Swiss are actually barring the progress of 2000 men of the King's and Company's troops which are still here, existing, notwithstanding the exaggerated accounts that every one (according to his own fancy) relates of the slaughter which has been made among them ; and you will be still more surprised if I tell you, that were it not for the combats and four battles we sustained, and for the batteries which failed, or, to speak more properly, which were unskillfully made, we should not have lost fifty men from the commencement of the siege to this day.

"I have written to M. de Larche, stating that if he persists in not coming here, let who may raise the money upon the Polegars for me—I will not do it. As I informed you I would (a month ago), I renounce meddling, directly or indirectly, with anything whatever, civil or military ; for I would rather go and command the Kasilirs of Madagascar than remain in this Sodom, which it is impossible but the fire of the English must sooner or later destroy, even though that from heaven should not. I have the honour to be, Monsieur, &c.,

" LALLY.

"P.S.—I think it necessary to apprise you, that as M. de Soupairs has refused to take upon him the command of this army, which I have offered him, and which he is empowered to accept, by having received from the Court a duplicate of my commission, you must of necessity, together with the Council, take it upon you. For my part I undertake only to march it back either to Arcot or Sadraste ; send therefore your orders, or come yourselves to command it, for I shall quit it upon my arrival there."

Lally's indignation became somewhat soothed after this, and he did not fling aside his baton in the hasty spirit of disgust his letter expressed.

Though his cannonade was reduced to only six pieces, he advanced his sap along the sea-shore, by cutting a trench about ten feet broad, with traverses to cover the soldiers, until he embraced the whole northern angle of the covered way, from whence the Regiment of

Lorraine, by a well-directed *mousquetade*, drove the besieged in disorder. An attempt to open a passage into the ditch by mining failed, for the mine sprung without effect.

Meanwhile, Major Caillaud and Captain Preston, a Scottish officer, with a body of Sepoys, another body of Indian cavalry, and some European soldiers, drawn from the British garrisons at Trichinopoly and Chingalaput (which Clive, when a captain, had taken from the French in 1752), hovered on the roads a few miles from Madras, blocking up the avenues, cutting off succours and provisions from Pondicherry, and compelling Lally four times to send detachments to drive them back. These measures succeeded in retarding the siege until the 16th of February, when, at the very time he was preparing for a grand assault by the breach, and at the point of the bayonet, His Majesty's ship *Queenborough*, commanded by Captain Kempenfeldt (the same officer who, when admiral, sank with the *Royal George* at Spithead, in 1782), the Company's ship *Revenge*, and four other vessels, having on board six hundred men of the 79th, or Colonel Draper's regiment, and a great supply of provisions of every kind, came to anchor in the roadstead, and the troops were immediately disembarked.

The bitterness and mortification of Lally were almost complete. He had encountered innumerable difficulties, caused by the scarcity of money and munitions ; by the wretched supplies of the government commissariat and contractors ; by the jealousy of the Company, the strange conduct of Count d'Aché and others ; by the sinking of his soldiers' courage before the obstinate defence of the besieged ; and now all hope of successes vanished on Kempenfeldt's arrival.

After maintaining a smart cannonade until the night of the 16th closed over Madras, Lally abandoned his trenches ; and by the scarcity of horses was compelled to leave *forty* pieces of cannon behind him. Blowing up the powder-mills of Ogmoro, he retreated into Arcot.

Soon after this siege had been abandoned, the British received from home another reinforcement of six hundred infantry ; and on the 16th April, the main body of their troops, which had been centered in Madras for its protection, took the field in three divisions

against Lally, under the command of Major Brereton, of the 79th Foot. The Chevalier des Soupîrs felt the first brunt of this movement, being driven by the major from Conjerveram, a large and handsome town, which is principally inhabited by Brahmîns, and lies forty-four miles from Madras, and had the chief manufacture of red handkerchiefs and turbans; while Major Forde, with another division, took by assault the town of Masulipatam, the garrison of which, under the Marquis de Conflans, had been considerably weakened, in consequence of Moracin's delay, as already related, and of Lally's having withdrawn all the best troops to the investment of Madras.

Thus, to the commerce of Britain there was secured a sea coast, of at least eight hundred miles in length, along the margin of a country teeming with wealth and commerce; while that of France was almost confined to the narrow limits of Pondicherry. The third division of British, under Colonel Clive, was meanwhile advancing from the province of Bengal to assist the Rajah of Visanapore, who had driven the French out of Vizîngapatam, and hoisted thereon the union flag of Britain with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

The first severe check sustained by the British, was given them by the gallant Lally in person.

Sensible of the importance of such a place as Conjerveram, which, with the port of Chingelpel, commanded all the adjacent country, and now secured the British conquests to the northward, Lally marched towards Major Brereton, and took up a strong position at Vandivash. There he cantoned his troops until the month of September, when Brereton, on receiving three hundred men, under Major Gordon, from Colonel Coote's Bengalee forces, resolved on beating up Lally's quarters. Accordingly, on the 14th March he advanced from the gates of Conjerveram, at the head of four hundred European infantry, seven thousand sepoy, seventy European and three hundred native horsemen, with fourteen pieces of artillery.

After capturing the fort of Trivitar, he advanced against the village of Vandivash, where Lally, though struggling with a severe illness, had formed a strongly-intrenched camp, the lines of which were protected by a redoubt,

commanded by a Rajah, and mounted with twenty pieces of cannon, which were worked by Indians under the direction of one French cannonier.

At two in the morning of the 30th September, the British attacked the village on three quarters, but with equal fury and determination. The French infantry, a thousand strong, made a most spirited resistance; and, the moment daylight broke, the guns of the Rajah poured a storm of grape-shot over their heads upon the ranks of the enemy.

Lally did all that lay in the power of an able and gallant soldier to animate his troops; but, being deserted by his black pioneers, who (like those of Brereton) fled at the moment of attack, the French were discouraged, and retired beyond a deep, dry ditch, from whence the regiments of Lally and Lorraine made a succession of desperate sallies upon the British, till, seeing that the column of Anglo-Indian horse waited only for an opportunity to fall upon their flanks, Lally, to preserve his little force from utter ruin, brought up his reserve to cover the retreat, and fell back, with the loss of many gallant chevaliers and four hundred soldiers. Brereton and Gordon remained encamped in sight of the fort for some days; but the approach of the rainy season compelled them to retire into Conjerveram.

Thus ended an affair which was known as the battle of Vandivash.

The fort was afterwards garrisoned by French and sepoy; while another column of King Louis's troops assembled in Arcot, under the command of Brigadier-General the Marquis de Bussy, who endeavoured to levy as many sepoy as possible. These native troops, whose now familiar name is derived from *sepahé*, an Indian word signifying a feudatory chief or military tenant, have ever made excellent infantry soldiers, having an inborn predilection for arms. The success at Vandivash (for giving the British even a check was now deemed almost equal to a victory), made Lally think of besieging Trichinopoly; but again the folly, or the treachery, of the naval chef-d'escadre baffled his intentions.

After having a third engagement with the British fleet on the 4th September—when, with eleven ships of the line, he was defeated as usual by Admiral Sir George Pocock, K.B., with

nine—the Count d'Aché, on the 17th, reached the roadstead of Pondicherry, from whence he wrote to Count Lally, then in position before Vandivash, offering to place at his disposal for the King's service eight hundred thousand livres in diamonds and piastres, being the plunder of one British ship which he had taken at sea, and which he begged the Lieutenant-General to receive *quietly*, as part payment of the two millions he had so improperly detained in the preceding year, at the Isle of France. He concluded his despatch by a notification that, on the following day, the 18th of September, he would sail towards Madagascar.

At this time, when the British valour was bearing all before it; when the strong fortress of Karical (which the King of Tanjowar had ceded to France in 1739) was about to fall, with all the fertile district around it; when the united fleets of Admirals Sir Samuel Cornish, Bart., and Sir George Pocock were sweeping along the shores of the Carnatic, reducing many places of minor importance, and by their cannon everywhere beating down the banner of the Fleur-de-lys; when Colonel Eyre Coote was pressing the French and their allies from the Bengal frontier; and when the Prince of Vizanapore and other native Rajahs were in open revolt against King Louis, the announcement of the French Admiral filled the colonists and their council with fear and confusion. Indignant and exasperated, again Lally would have left the camp and sought Count d'Aché in person; but, at that crisis, being reduced by a severe illness, so that he could not quit his bed or tent, he sent a deputation of field-officers, to represent the necessity of the fleet remaining near the coast and in its immediate vicinity, to co-operate with the land forces, and conjuring him by all means to suspend the execution of a movement so disastrous to the Indian interests of his most Christian Majesty. But no argument that those officers could adduce, or their united eloquence employ, averted the fatal purpose of Count d'Aché, who put to sea with all his ships, and left the disheartened soldiers of King Louis to their fate.

Immediately after his retreat from Vandivash, Lally and M. de Leyrit assembled the council, and drew up a SOLEMN PROTEST against the unaccountable conduct and sudden departure of

the chef-d'escadre and his fleet; proclaiming that he, and *he alone*, would be responsible, if Pondicherry, the capital of French India, with all its territory, fell into the hands of the British army and revolted Rajahs. This protest—which was of such vast importance to the honour of Lally—was dated 17th September, 1759, and was unanimously signed in the great hall of Fort Louis, at Pondicherry, as follows:—“Lally, Duval de Leyrit, Renaut, Barthelmy, Chevalier de Soupîrs Brigadier General, Nichel Lally, De Bussy, Du Bois, Carrière, Verdieres, Durré, Gaddeville, Du Passage, Beausset, Renaut, De la Selle, Guillard, Porcher, Père Dominique, *capucin pretre de la Paroisse de Notre Dame de Anges, r.s.*; Lavacer, *Superieur General des Jesuites Français dans les Indes*; L. Rathon, *Superieur General des Missions Etrangères*; Potier d'Orme, Du Chatel, Audouart, Trenillier, Saint Paul, J. B. Launay, D'Eschayes, Aimar, Cambant d'Authueil, Goupil, Keisses, J. C. Bon, De Wilst, Banal, Raully, Fisher, Du Laurent, Audoyer du Petit Val, D'Arcy, Medin, Dioré, Bertrand, Legris, Miran, Bourville, F. Nicolas du Plan, De Laval, Borée, De l'Arche, Boyelleau et Guellette.”

The Count, we have said, had sailed, but strong currents and adverse winds met his fleet, which was driven far to the north; thus the protest of Lally overtook him at sea. Influenced by its tenor, he returned to Pondicherry; and after remaining for one week in the roadstead, again departed for his favourite island of Madagascar, after which Count Lally and his soldiers heard no more of him for sixteen months.

The Governor and Council of the British East India Company, having heard that Lally had sent a detachment of his forces southward, to threaten Trichinopoly, determined that Colonel Eyre Coote (who had but recently arrived from Europe) should take the field, and drive all the French forces into their capital. The officers of King Louis, by the suavity of their manners, had been fortunate in acquiring the favour of many of the Indian chiefs. Thus, in 1755, the King of Travancore employed M. de Launay to discipline ten thousand Naires of Malabar after the mode adopted in the European infantry; and thus M. de

Lally, who had gained the alliance of Salubetzingue, sovereign of the whole country, daily expected the arrival of his brother, Bassuletzingue, with a column of twelve thousand Indians, principally cavalry. While these were more than a hundred miles distant, the Prince sent a Rissaldar, to request that an officer of rank, with a detachment of Europeans, should be sent to facilitate their junction. Lally immediately despatched the Marquis de Bussy on this important service, with a body of French infantry, which joined the black Prince beneath the walls of Arcot.

While Lally was totally unable to account for his protracted absence, the loitering Marquis spun out the twelve days allotted to him, to forty-two days. A dangerous ferment arose in the camp of Prince Bassuletzingue, in consequence of there being no pay for his soldiers — for the diamonds of the Count d'Aché were as yet unsold. During this delay, the British forces under Colonel Coote (fully aware that Lally could not begin the campaign without cavalry), suddenly made themselves masters of Vandivash on the 30th of November, having breached the walls. Thus was one of the most important fortresses on the coast lost by the absence of the Count d'Aché and the indolence of De Bussy; while all its garrison—nine hundred men—were taken, with fifty pieces of cannon, and a great quantity of ammunition.

On the 10th December, Coote took Cosangoli, which was bravely defended by a mixed garrison of French and sepoy, under Colonel O'Kennelly, an Irish officer; but, on all his guns being dismounted, he capitulated, and marched out with the honours of war. At the head of a hundred Frenchmen, he rejoined Count Lally; but five hundred of his sepoy were seized by Coote, and disarmed.

The double and dangerous success of this vigilant and enterprising officer, compelled Lally to attempt a decisive demonstration for the recapture of Vandivash. Coote had now completely superseded Major Brereton in the command, and was, in every respect, an able officer, who stoutly retained the conquests he had made.

Having now somewhat recovered his health and strength, on the 10th January, 1760, the Lieutenant-General marched towards the captured fortress

of Vandivash, at the head of two thousand two hundred Frenchmen, and about ten thousand three hundred blacks. Among these, were eighteen hundred sepoy, called the Regiment de Bussy; three hundred Kaffirs, and two thousand cavalry, obtained from a Mahratta chief, with whom the active Lally had concluded a treaty, as soon as he found himself disappointed by Prince Bassuletzingue. These were all clothed and armed after the picturesque and oriental fashion of their native country — a mighty tract which extends across the whole peninsula of Hindostan—and were led by a rissaldar, or commander of independent horse.

Lally had twenty pieces of cannon. He came in sight of the British on the banks of the Poliar, a broad and sandy river, the bed of which was then quite dry; though in the middle of October, when the winter usually commences, and the rain descends in torrents, this river becomes half-a-mile in breadth, and flows with the greatest fury towards the ocean. There the adverse hosts hovered opposite each other, until Lally (after succeeding in destroying some magazines which lay in Colonel Coote's rear, and the loss of which prevented his troops from taking active measures for some days), with his twelve thousand men, suddenly invested Vandivash, against which his batteries opened with such admirable effect, that a broad and practicable breach soon yawned in the outer rampart; and now it was hoped, by one bold assault, to regain the captured fort, and with it the entire disputed territory.

But at the time when Lally was about to lead on the assault, Colonel Coote, with seventeen hundred Europeans, and three thousand black troops, fourteen pieces of cannon, and one howitzer, came suddenly upon his rear to relieve the garrison.

Exposed to the cannon of the fort on one side, and the troops of Coote on the other, Lally found himself critically situated; but turning like a lion at bay, he drew off from his trenches, and rapidly formed in order of battle to receive this new enemy. This was on the 21st January. Both armies were in great spirits, and eager, to engage. About nine in the morning they were two miles apart. Coote having advanced with his cavalry and five

companies of sepoy, Lally sent forward his fleet Mahratta troopers to meet them; but these, on being galled by two pieces of cannon, retired with precipitation; and, during the interval, the Colonel had succeeded in completely reconnoitering the position of the Count, whose forces were most judiciously posted, till the British made a movement to the right, which compelled him to alter and extend his left flank.

While the lines were three-quarters of a mile apart, the cannonading began on both sides, and was continued with deadly precision and effect until noon, when Lally sent forward a small party of cavalry, principally composed of Europeans, to charge the British left; but the fire of the sepoy drove them in confusion to the rear of their own army; and as the troops still continued approaching, by one o'clock the roar of musketry became general along both lines from flank to flank; and that broad plain on which the unclouded sun was shining, became shrouded in snow-white smoke.

Undaunted by the cowardice of his cavalry, the hot-blooded Lally now threw himself into the line of his infantry, and, at the head of the Regiment de Lorraine, fell impetuously upon the British. Colonel Coote was on foot at the head of his own regiment to receive them.

After giving and receiving two destructive discharges of musketry, the Regiment of Lorraine rushed on with a fury that threatened to sweep all before it; the bayonets crossed, and the British line *was broken*. A momentary confusion ensued, but the soldiers of Coote were not driven back. A series of bloody single combats began, with the charged bayonet and clubbed musket; but it was of brief duration, for in three minutes the Regiment de Lorraine was broken in turn, routed, and driven back, in headlong confusion, over a field strewn with their own killed and wounded.

The explosion of a French tumbril in the rear of their line caused an additional confusion, of which Coote lost not a moment in taking advantage.

He ordered Major Brereton to advance with the regiment of Colonel Draper (who had recently returned to Europe for the recovery of his health), and, by wheeling to the right, opposed them to the French left, with orders

to seize a fortified point which the enemy seemed ready to abandon. This service was performed with the utmost bravery by Draper's regiment, the 79th—not the present *Cameronian Highlanders*, but a corps which bore the same number, and was disbanded in the year 1763. The French troops of the left were routed and driven pell-mell upon their centre. All now became confusion; but the gallant and accomplished Brereton fell, mortally wounded.

“Follow!—follow!” he exclaimed, waving his sword to some of his soldiers who loitered near him. “Follow and leave me to my fate!”

He soon expired; but, led on by Major Monsoon, the regiment continued to advance, and after a vain and desperate attempt made by M. de Bussy, with the Regiment de Lally, to repel them, the entire French lines, with all their Indian allies, were completely routed in every direction by two o'clock in the afternoon. The Regiment de Lally was almost cut to pieces: the horse of Brigadier-General the Marquis de Bussy was shot under him. He was taken prisoner, and Major Monsoon had the honour of receiving his sword.

Lally, who had never lost his presence of mind, by bringing up his fugitive cavalry, and forming them in front of his infantry, enabled that force to make a secure, though precipitate retreat, leaving on the field one thousand killed and wounded men, fifty prisoners, including M. de Bussy, Quarter-master General the Chevalier de Gadeville, Lieutenant-Colonel Murphy, three captains, five lieutenants, and many other officers, with twenty-two pieces of cannon.

Coote had two hundred and sixty killed and wounded—among the former was the gallant Brereton. Marshal Grant, Vicomte de Vaux, affirms that the losses were equal on both sides.

Covering the foot with the cavalry, Lally conducted his routed forces with considerable skill and good order to Pondicherry, while Coote delayed not a moment in pursuing the advantage he had acquired. Dispatching the Baron Vasserot towards that place, with a thousand horse and three hundred sepoy, with orders to ravage and lay waste the whole surrounding country, he advanced in person against Chittapett, a small town and fort in

the Carnatic, which, after a defence of two days, was surrendered on the 27th of January by the Chevalier de Tillie, whose garrison remained as prisoners of war.

On the 2nd of February he reduced the fort of Timmari on the Coromandel coast, and pushing on towards the capital of Arcot, opened his batteries on the 5th, and dug his approaches within sixty yards of the glacis. The garrison, which consisted of 250 French with 300 sepoys, defended the city until the 10th, when they surrendered as prisoners of war, delivering up twenty-two pieces of cannon, four mortars, and a large store of warlike munition.

Thus the campaign ended gloriously for Britain by the conquest of Arcot, and by hemming up the gallant and indefatigable, but now unfortunate Lally, in the fortifications of Pondicherry, the capital of the French India Company, which was soon fated to be the last scene of his valour and constancy.

Surat, a place of consequence on the

coast of Malabar, was taken by a detachment from Bombay, when the French factory was destroyed. The English had first obtained a settlement there from King Jehan Geer, in the year 1020 of the Moslem Hijerah.

By sea the operations had been carried on with equal success and vigour, and it was during these victories that the third engagement took place between the fleets of Count d'Âché and Admiral Pocock, who obliged him to bear away towards Madagascar, after sustaining severe loss. The fortress of Karical fell; and on the 17th of March, Pocock joined Admiral Cornish in the roads of Pondicherry, within the gates of which nearly all the French forces in India were now shut up, or encamped, under the command of Count Lally, four leagues in front of it, on the direct road which he knew the British must march to attack it.

In Karical 174 pieces of cannon were taken; and a French 64-gunship, the *Haerlem*, was burned, about the same time, in the roads of Pondicherry by the British cruisers.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORTCOMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A STRANGE INCIDENT TO BE A TRUE ONE.

It was on one of the coldest of a cold December days, when a dry north wind, with a blackish sky, portended the approach of a heavy snow-storm, that I was standing at my usual post, with little to occupy me, for the weather for some time previous had been dry and frosty. Habit, and the security that none could recognise me, had at length inured me to my condition; and I was beginning to feel the same indifference about my station that I felt as to my future.

Pride may, in reality, have had much to say to this, for I was proud to think that of the thousands who flowed past me each day I could claim equality with a large share, and perhaps more than equality with many. This pride,

too, was somehow fostered by a sense of hope which I could have scarcely credited; for there constantly occurred to me the thought that one day or other I should be able to say—"Yes, my Lord Duke, I have known you these twenty years. I remember having swept the crossing for you in the autumn after the Peace. Ay, ay, Right Honourable Sir, I owe you my gratitude, if only for this, that you never passed me without saying, 'Good day, Jack.'"

Was it not strange, too, how fondly I clung to—what importance I attached to these little passing recognitions; they seemed to me the last remaining ties that bound me to my fellow-men, and that to deny them to me was to declare me an outcast for ever. To this

hour I feel my thankfulness to those who thus acknowledged me; nor can I even yet conquer an unforgiving memory of some chance, mayhap unintentional, rudeness which, as it were, seemed to stamp my degradation more deeply upon me. Stranger still that I must own how my political bias was decided by these accidental causes; for while the great Tory leaders rarely or never noticed me, the Whigs—a younger and more joyous section in those times—always flung me a passing word, and would even occasionally condescend to listen to my repartee.

I must guard myself from giving way to the memories which are already crowding fast about me. Names, and characters, and events rise up before my mind in myriads, and it is with difficulty I can refrain from embarking on that flood of the past which now sweeps along through my brain. The great, the high-born, the beautiful, the gifted, all dust and ashes now!—they who once filled the whole page of each day's history, utterly ignored and forgotten! It is scarcely more than fifty years ago, and yet of all the eloquence that shook the "House," of all the fascinations that stirred the hearts of princes, of the high ambitions that made men demigods in their time, how much have reached us? Nothing, or less than nothing. A jest or a witticism that must be read with a commentary, or told with an explanation—the repartee that set the table in a roar, now heard with a cold, half-contemptuous astonishment, or a vacant inquiry, "If such were really the wits of those times?"

Amongst those with whose appearance I had become familiar were three young men of very fashionable exterior, who always were seen together. They displayed, by the dress of blue coat and buff waistcoat, the distinctive colours of the Whigs; but their buttons more emphatically declared their party in the letters P. F., by which the friends of the Prince then loved to designate themselves. The "Bucks" of that age had one enormous advantage over the Dandies of ours—they had no imitators. They stood alone and unapproachable in all the glories of tight leathers and low top-boots. No spurious copies of them got currency; and the man of fashion was unmistakable amongst a thousand. The three of whom I have made mention were good specimens of

that school, which dated its birth from the early years of the Prince, and by their habits and tone imparted a distinctive character to the party. They dressed well, they looked well, they comported themselves as though life went ever pleasantly with them; and in their joyous air and easy bearing one might read the traits of a set well adapted to be the friends and companions of a young Prince, himself passionately devoted to pleasure, and reckless in regard to its price.

I am now speaking of long ago, and have no hesitation in giving the real names of those to whom I allude. One was a captain in the navy, called Payne; the second was a young colonel in the foot guards, Conway; and the third was an Irishman named O'Kelly, whom they called the Count, or the Chevaliers about Town, from what cause or with what pretension I never ascertained.

Even in my own narrow sphere of observation it was clear to me that this last exercised a great influence over his companions. The tone of his voice, his air, his every gesture bespoke a certain degree of dictation, to which the others seemed to lend a willing obedience. It was just that amount of superiority which a greater buoyancy of character confers—a higher grade of vitality some would call it; but which never fails through life to make itself felt and acknowledged. The three kept a bachelor house at Kensington, whose fame ran a close rivalry with that of the more celebrated Carlton House. O'Kelly lived below, Conway occupied the drawing-room story, and Payne the third floor; and with one or other of these all the great characters of the Opposition were constant guests. Here, amidst brilliant sallies of wit and loud bursts of laughter, the tactics of party were planned and conned over. While songs went round, and toasts were cheered, the subtle schemes of politics were discussed and determined on; and many a sudden diversion of debate, that seemed the accident of the moment, took its origin in some suggestion that arose in these wild orgies. The Prince himself was a frequent guest, since the character of these meetings allowed of many persons being admitted to his society whose birth and position might not have warranted their being received at his own table; and here also were many pre-

sented to him whose station could not have claimed a more formal introduction.

It was rumoured that these same meetings were wild and desperate orgies, in which every outrage on morality was practised, and that the spirit of libertinism raged, without control or hindrance. I have not of myself any means of judging how far this statement might be correct, but I rather incline to believe it one of those calumnies which are so constantly levelled at any society which assumes to itself exclusiveness and secrecy. They who were admitted there assuredly were not given to divulge what they saw, and this very reserve must have provoked its interpretation.

A truce to these speculations; and now back to my story. I was standing listlessly on the edge of the flag-way, while a long funeral procession was passing. The dreary day, and drearier object, seemed to harmonise well together. The wheels of the mourning-coaches grated sorrowfully on the half-frozen ground, and the leaden canopy of sky appeared a suitable covering to the melancholy picture. My thoughts were of the very saddest, when suddenly a merry burst of laughing voices broke in upon my ear; and, without turning my head, I recognised the three young men of whom I have just spoken, as standing close behind me.

Some jocular allusion to the slow march of the procession had set them a-laughing; and O'Kelly said—

“Talk as men will about the ills of life, see how tardily they move out of it.”

“That comes of not knowing the road before them,” cried Payne.

“Egad! they might remember, though, that it is a well-worn highway by this time,” chimed in Conway; “and now that poor Dick has gone it, who's to fill his place?”

“No very hard matter,” said O'Kelly. “Take every tenth fellow you'll meet from this to Temple-bar, and you'll have about the same kind of intelligence Harvey had. You gave him credit for knowing everything, whereas his real quality was knowing everybody.”

“For that matter, so does Jack here,” cried Conway.

“And capital company he'd be, too, I've no doubt,” added Payne.

A moment of whispering conversation ensued; and O'Kelly said, half-aloud—

“I'll lay five hundred on it!”

“By Jove! I'll have no hand in it,” said Conway.

“Nor I neither,” chimed in Payne.

“Courageous allies both,” said O'Kelly, laughing. “Happily I need not such aid—I'll do it myself. I only ask you not to betray me.”

Without heeding the protestations they both poured forth, O'Kelly stepped forward, and whispered in my ear—

“Will you dine with me to-morrow, Jack?”

I stared at him in silent astonishment, and he went on—

“I have a wager on it; and if I win, you shall have five guineas for your share; and, to show you my confidence of success, I pay beforehand.”

He opened his purse as he spoke; but I stopped him suddenly, with—

“No need of that, sir. I accept your invitation. The honour alone is enough for me.”

“But you must have a coat, Jack, and ruffles, man.”

“I'll not disgrace you, sir—at least so far as appearance goes,” said I.

He stared at me for a second or two, and then said—

“By Jove! I was certain of it. Well, seven o'clock is the hour. Kensington—every one knows the Bird-Cage.”

I touched my cap, and bowed. He gravely returned my salute, and walked on between his friends, whose loud laughter continued to ring out for a long way down the street.

My first impressions were, I own, the reverse of agreeable; and I felt heart-sick with shame for having accepted the invitation. The very burst of laughter told me in what a point of view they regarded the whole incident. I was, doubtless, to be the ignoble instrument of some practical joke. At first I tortured my ingenuity to think how I could revenge myself for the indignity; but I suddenly remembered that I had made myself a willing party to the scheme, whatever it might be. I had agreed to avail myself of the invitation, and should, therefore, accept its consequences.

With what harassing doubts did I rack my suffering brain. At one time, frenzied with the idea of an insult passed upon my wretchedness and poverty; at another, casuistically arguing myself into the belief that, whatever the offence

to others, to *me* there could be none intended. But why revive the memory of a conflict which impressed me with all the ignominy of my station, and made me feel myself, as it were, selected for an affront that could not with impunity have been practised towards another?

I decided not to go, and then just as firmly determined I would present myself. My last resolve was to keep my promise — to attend the dinner-party; to accept, as it were in the fullest sense, the equality tendered to me; and, if I could detect the smallest insult, or even a liberty taken with me, to claim my right to resent it, by virtue of the act which admitted me to their society, and made me for the time their companion. I am not quite sure that such conduct was very justifiable. I half-suspect that the easier and the better course would have been to avoid a situation in which there was nothing to be anticipated but annoyance or difficulty.

My mind once made up, I hastened to prepare for the event, by immediately ordering a handsome dress-suit. Carefully avoiding what might be deemed the impertinence of assuming the colours of party, I selected a claret-coloured coat, with steel buttons; a richly-embroidered waistcoat; and for my cravat one of French cambric, with a deep fall of Mechlin lace. If I mention matters so trivial, it is because at the time to which I refer the modes of dress were made not only to represent the sections of politics, but to distinguish between those who adhered to an antiquated school of breeding and manners, and those who now avowed themselves the disciples of a new teaching. I wished, if possible, to avoid either extreme; and assumed the colours and the style usually worn by foreigners in English society. Like them, too, I wore a sword and buckles; for the latter I went to the extravagance of paying two guineas for the mere hire.

If you have ever felt in life, good reader, what it was to have awaited in anxious expectancy for the day of some great examination, whose issue was to have given the tone to all your future destiny, you may form some notion of the state of mental excitement in which I passed the ensuing twenty-four hours. It was to no purpose that I said to myself all that my reason could suggest or my ingenuity fancy; a certain in-

stinct, stronger than reason, more convincing than ingenuity, told me that this was about to be an eventful moment of my life.

The hour at length arrived; the carriage that was to convey me stood at the door; and as I took a look at myself, full dressed and powdered, in the glass, I remember that my sensations vibrated between the exulting vanity and pride of a gallant about to set out for a fete, and the terrors of a criminal on his way to the block. My head grew more and more confused as I drove along. At moments I thought that all was a dream, and I tried to arouse and awake myself; then I fancied that it was the past was fictitious — that my poverty, my want, and my hardship were all imaginary — that my real condition was one of rank and affluence. I examined the rich lace of my ruffles, the sparkling splendour of my sword-knot, and said, "Surely these are not the signs of squalid misery and want." I called to mind my impressions of the world, my memories of life and society, and asked, "Can these be the sentiments of a miserable outcast?" Assuredly, my poor brain was sorely tried to reconcile these strong contradictions; nor do I yet understand how I obtained sufficient mastery over my emotions to present myself at the house of my entertainer.

"What name, sir?" said the obsequious servant, who, with noiseless footsteps, had preceded me to the drawing-room door.

"What name shall I announce, sir?" said he a second time, as, overwhelmed with confusion, I still stood speechless before him. Till that very moment all thought on the subject had escaped me, and I utterly forgot that I was actually without a designation in the world. In all my shame and misery it had been a kind of consolation to me that the name of my father had never been degraded, and that whatever might have been *my* portion of worldly hardship, the once-honoured appellation had not shared in it. To assume it at this instant was too perilous. Another day, one short night, would again reduce me to the same ignominious station; and I should have thus, by a momentary rashness, compromised the greatest secret of my heart. A third time did he ask the same question; and as I stood uncertain and overwhelmed, a quiet foot was heard

ascending the stairs ; a handsome, bright-looking man came forward ; the door was flung open at his approach ; and the servant called out, " Mr. Sheridan." I followed quickly, and the door closed behind us. Hastily passing from Sheridan, O'Kelly came forward to me, and shook me cordially by the hand. Thanking me politely for my punctuality, he welcomed me with all the semblance of old friendship.

" Colonel Conway and Payne you are already acquainted with," said he, " but your long absence from England excuses you for not knowing my other friends. This is Mr. Sheridan " — we bowed — " Mr. Malcomb, Captain Seymour, Sir George Begley," and so on with two or three more. He made a rapid tour of the party, holding me by the arm as he went, till he approached a chair where a young and very handsome man sat, laughing immoderately at some story another at his side was whispering to him.

" What the devil am I to call you?" said O'Kelly to me, in my ear. " Tell me quickly."

Before I could stammer out my own sense of confusion, the person seated in the arm-chair called out —

" By Jove ! O'Kelly must hear that. Tell him, Wyndham." But as suddenly stopping, he said, " A friend of yours, O'Kelly ?"

" Yes, your Royal Highness ; a very old and valued friend, whom I have not seen since our school days. He has been vagabondising over the whole earth, fighting side by side with I know not how many of your Royal Highness's enemies ; and having made his fortune, has come back to lose it here amongst us, as the only suitable reparation in his power for all his past misconduct."

" With such excellent intentions he could not have fallen into better hands than yours, O'Kelly," said the Prince, laughing ; " and I wish all the fellows we have been subsidising these ten years no worse than to be your antagonists at picquet." Then addressing me, he said, " An Irishman, I presume ?"

" Yes, your Royal Highness," said I, bowing deeply.

" He started as an O something, or Mac somebody," said O'Kelly, interrupting ; " but having been Don'd in Spain, ' Strissemoe'd' in Italy, and almost guillotined in France for calling

himself Monsieur, he has come back to us without any designation that he dares to call his own."

" That is exactly what happened to a very well-known character in the reign of Charles I.," said Conway, " who called himself by the title of his last conquest in the fair sex, saying—' when I take a reputation I accept all the reproach of the name.' "

" There was another authority," said Sheridan—" a fellow who called himself the king of the beggars, who styled himself each day after the man who gave him most ; and died inheriting the name of Bamfield Moore Carew."

" Carew will do admirably for my friend here, then," said O'Kelly, " and we'll call him so henceforth."

It may be imagined with what a strange rush of emotion I accepted this designation, and laughingly joined in the caprice of the hour. I saw enough to convince me that all around received O'Kelly's story as a mere piece of jest, and that none had any suspicion of my real condition save himself and his two friends. This conviction served to set me much at my ease, and I went down to dinner with far less of constraint than might have been supposed for one in my situation.

I will not disguise the fact, that I thought for the first half-hour that every eye was on *me* ; that whatever I did or said was the subject of general remark, and that my manner as I ate, and my tone as I spoke, were all watched and scrutinised. Gradually, however, I grew to perceive that I attracted no more notice than others about me, and that, to all purposes, I was admitted to a perfect equality with the rest.

Conversation ranged freely over a wide field. Politics of every State of Europe—the leading public characters and statesmen, their opinions and habits ; the modes of life abroad, literature, and the drama, were all discussed, if not always with great knowledge, still with the ready smartness of practised talkers. Anecdotes and incidents of various kinds were narrated—quips and sharp replies abounded, and amidst much cleverness and agreeability, a truly good-humoured, convivial spirit leavened the whole mass, and made up a most pleasant party.

So interested had I become in the conversation about me, that I did not perceive how, by degrees, I had been

drawn on to talk on a variety of subjects, which travel had made me familiar with, and to speak of persons of mark and station whom I had met and known. Still less did I remark that I was submitted to a species of examination as to my veracity, and that I was asked for dates, and times, and place, in a manner that might have startled one more susceptible. Warmed with what I may dare to call my success, and heated with wine, I grew bolder; I stigmatised as gross ignorance and folly the policy of the English Government in maintaining a war for what no success could ever bring back again—the prestige of loyalty, and the respect once tendered to nobility.

I know not into what excesses my enthusiasm may have carried me. Enough when I say that I encountered the most brilliant talkers without fear, and entered the list with all that the day possessed of conversational power, without any sense of faint-heartedness. On such questions as the military system of France, the division of parties in that country, the probable issue to which the struggle pointed, I was, indeed, better informed than my neighbours; but when they came to discuss the financial condition of the French, and what it had been in the late reigns, I at once recalled all my conversations with Law, with every detail of whose system I was perfectly familiar.

Of the anecdotes of that time—a most amusing illustration of society as it then existed—I remembered many; and I had the good fortune to see that the Prince listened with evident pleasure to my recitals; and, at last, it was in the very transport of success I found myself ascending the stairs to the drawing-room, while O'Kelly whispered in my ear—

“Splendidly done, by Jove! The Prince is going to invite you to Carlton House.”

After coffee was served, the party sat down to play, of various kinds—dice, cards, and backgammon. At the Prince's whist table there was a vacant place, and I was invited to take it. I had twenty guineas in gold in my pocket. They were my all in the world; but had they been as many millions, I would not have scrupled to risk them at such a moment. There was a strange, almost insane spirit, that seemed to whisper to me that nothing

could be too bold to adventure—no flight too high—no contrast with my real condition too striking to attempt! They who have braved danger and death to ascend some great glacier, the whole object the one triumphant moment on which they behold the blaze of sunrise, may form some conception of the maddening ecstasy of my sensations.

“Do you play at whist? If so, come and join us,” said the Prince.

“Take my purse,” whispered O'Kelly, endeavouring to slip it into my hand as he spoke.

I accepted the invitation; and, without taking any notice of O'Kelly's offer, took my place at the table.

“We play low stakes—too low, perhaps for *you*,” said his Royal Highness. “Mere guinea points; but there's Canthorpe, and Sedley, and two or three more, will indulge you in any wager you fancy.”

“Fifty on the rubber, if you like, sir,” said Colonel Canthorpe, a tall, soldier-like man, who stood with his back to the fire.

“If my friend, O'Kelly, will be my banker for to-night, I shall take your offer.”

Without the slightest hesitation, O'Kelly replied—“To be sure, my boy!”—and the game began.

My mastery at the game was soon apparent; and the Prince complimented me by saying—

“I wish we could discover in what you are deficient; for up to this we have certainly not hit upon it.”

It needed not all this flattery to make me feel almost mad with excitement. I remember little of that scene; but still there is one trait of it fast graven on my memory, to hold its place there for ever. It was this, that while I betted largely, and lost freely considerable sums, O'Kelly, who had become the security for my debts, never winced for a moment, nor showed the slightest mark of discomfiture or uneasiness. My demand, in the first instance, was suggested by the not over-generous motive of making him pay the penalty he had incurred by having invited me. He has called me his friend before the world, thought I, and if he mean this for a cruel jest, it shall at least cost him dearly. In a sort of savage ferocity, I fed myself with thinking of the tortures with which I should afflict him, in return for all the

agony and suffering I had myself gone through. He also shall know what it is to act a lie, said I to myself; and with this hateful resolve I sat down to play. His ready acceptance of my proposition, his gentleman-like ease and calm, his actual indifference as I lost, and lost heavily, soon staggered all my reasonings, and routed all my theory. And when, at last, the Prince, complimenting me on my skill, deplored the ill-luck that more than balanced it, O'Kelly said, gaily—

“Depend on't, you'll have better fortune after supper. Come and have a glass of champagne.”

I was now impatient until we were again at the card table. All my former intentions were reversed, and I would have given my right hand to have been able to repay my debt to him ere I said “Good night.” Perhaps he read what was passing within me; I almost suspect that he construed aright the restless anxiety that now beset me; for he whispered, as we went back to the drawing-room—

“You are evidently out of luck. Wait for your revenge on another evening.”

“Now or never,” said I. And so was it in reality. I had secretly determined within myself to try and win back O'Kelly's losses, and if I failed, at once to stand forward and declare myself in my real character. No false shame, no real dread of the ignominy to which I should expose myself should prevent me; and with an oath to my own heart I ratified this compact.

Again we took our places; the stakes were now doubled; and all the excitement of mind was added to the gambler's infatuation. Colonel Canthorpe, who had been for some minutes occupied with his note-book, at last tore out the leaf he had been writing on, and handed it to me, saying—

“Is that correct?”

The figures were six hundred and fifty—the amount of my loss.

I simply nodded an assent, and said—

“We go on, I suppose?”

“We'll double, if you prefer it,” said he.

“What says my banker?” said I.

“He says, ‘Credit unlimited,’” cried O'Kelly, gaily.

“Egad, I wish mine would say as much,” said the Prince, laughing, as he cut the cards for me to deal.

Although I had drank freely, and

talked excitingly, my head became suddenly calm and collected, just as if some great emergency had sufficed to dispel all illusions, and enabled my faculties to assume their full exercise. Of O'Kelly I saw nothing more; he was occupied in an adjoining room; and even this element of anxiety was spared me.

I will not ask my reader to follow me through the vicissitudes of play, nor expect from him any share of interest in a passion which of all others is the most bereft of good, and allied with the very lowest of all motives, and the meanest of all ambitions. Enough that I tell the result. After a long course of defeats and disasters, I arose, not only clear of all my debts, but a winner of two hundred pounds.

The Prince heartily congratulated me on my good fortune, saying that none could better deserve it. He complimented me much on my play, but still more on my admirable temper as a loser, a quality which, he added, he never could lay claim to.

“I'm a bad beaten man, but you are the very reverse,” said he. “Dine with me on Saturday, and I hope to see how you'll comport yourself as a winner.”

I had but time to bow my humble acknowledgment of this gracious speech, when O'Kelly came up, saying—

“So, Canthorpe tells me you beat him after all; but I always knew how it would end—play must and will tell in the long run.”

“*Non numen habes si sit Prudentia*—eh, O'Kelly?” said Conway.

“*Prudentia* means the ace of trumps, then,” said Sheridan.

“Where shall I send you my debt?” said Canthorpe to me, in a whisper.

“What's your club?”

“He's only just arrived in town,” interrupted O'Kelly; “but I intend to put him up for Brooke's on Wednesday, and will ask you to second him. You're on the committee, I think?”

“Yes; and I'll do it with great pleasure,” said Canthorpe.

“I'll settle your score for you,” said O'Kelly to Canthorpe; and now, with much handshaking and cordiality, the party broke up.

“Don't go for a moment,” said O'Kelly to me, as he passed to accompany the Prince down stairs. I sat down before the fire in the now de-

sorted room, and burying my head between my hands, I endeavoured to bring my thoughts to something like order and discipline. It was to no use; the whirlwind of emotions I had endured still raged within me, and I could not satisfy myself which of all my characters was the real one. Was I the outcast, destitute and miserable? — or was I the friend of the high-born, and the associate of a Prince? Where was this to end? — should I awake to misery on the morrow, or was madness itself to be the issue to this strange dream? Heaven forgive me, if I almost wished it might be so; and if, in my abject terror, I would have chosen the half-unconscious existence of insanity to the sense of shame and self-upbraiding my future seemed to menace.

While I sat thus O'Kelly entered, and, having locked the door after him, took his place beside me. I was not aware of his presence till he said—

“Well, Jack, I intended to mystify others, but, by Jove! it has ended in mystifying myself! Who the devil are you? What are you?”

“If I don't mistake me, you are the man to answer that question yourself. You presented me not alone to your friends, but to your Prince; and it is but fair to infer that you knew what you were about.”

He stared at me steadily without speaking. I saw the state of confusion and embarrassment from which he suffered, and I actually revelled in the difficulty in which I had placed him. I perceived all the advantage of my position, and resolved to profit by it.

“One thing is quite evident,” said I, calmly and collectedly, like a man who weighed all his words, and spoke with deep deliberation—“one thing is quite evident, you could scarcely have presumed to take such a liberty with your Prince, as to present to him, and place at the same table with him, a man whom you picked up from the street — one whose very station marked him for an outcast—whose exterior showed his destitution. This, I conclude, you could not have dared to do; and yet it is in the direct conviction that such was my position yesterday, I sit here now, trying to reconcile such inconsistency, and asking myself which of us two is in the wrong?”

“My good friend,” said O'Kelly, with a deliberation fully the equal of

my own, and in a way that, I must confess, somewhat abashed me — “my good friend, do not embarrass yourself by any anxieties for *me*. I am quite able and ready to account for my actions to any who deem themselves eligible to question them.”

“From which number,” said I, interrupting, “you would, of course, infer that I am to be excluded?”

“By no means,” said he, “if you can satisfy me to the contrary. I shall hold myself as responsible to *you* as to any one of those gentlemen who have just left us, if you will merely show me sufficient cause.”

“As how, for instance?” asked I.

“Simply by declaring yourself the rightful possessor of a station and rank in life for which your habits and manners plainly show you to be fitted. Let me be convinced that you have not derogated from this by any act unworthy of a man of honour —”

“Stop, sir,” said I. “By what right do you dare to put me on my trial? Of your own free will you presumed to ask for my companionship. You extended to me an equality, which, if not sincere, was an insult.”

“Egad! if you be really a gentleman, your reasons are all good ones,” said O'Kelly. “I own, too, frankly, I intended my freak as the subject of a wager. If I be caught in my own toils, I must only pay the penalty.”

“And give me satisfaction?”

“That is what I mean,” replied he, bowing.

“Then you have done it already,” said I, rising. “I ask for no more than the frank and manly readiness with which you acknowledge that poverty is no disqualification to the assertion of an honourable pride, and that the feeling of a gentleman may still throb in the heart of a ragged man.”

“You are surely not going to leave me this way,” said he, catching my hand in both his own. “You'll tell me who you are — you'll let me know at least something of you.”

“Not now, at all events,” said I. “I'm not in a mood to encounter more at present. Good night. Before I leave you, however, I owe it, as some return for your hospitality, to say, that I shall not hazard your credit with your Prince—I do not mean to accept his invitation. You must find the fitting apology, for I shall leave England to-morrow, in all likelihood for years—

at all events, for a period long enough to make this incident forgotten. Good-bye."

"By Jove! I'll never forgive myself, if we part in this fashion," said O'Kelly. "Do, as a proof of some regard—or, at least, of some consideration for me—"do tell me your real name?"

"Carew," said I, calmly.

"No, no; that was but a jest. I ask in all earnestness and sincerity; tell me your name?"

"Jasper Carew," said I again; and, before he could collect himself to reply, I had reached the door; and, with a

last "good-night," I passed out, and left him.

I could not bring myself to return to my miserable lodging again. I felt as if a new phase of life had opened on me, and that it would be an act of meanness to revert to the scenes of my former obscurity. I entered a hotel, and ordered a room. My appearance and dress at once exacted every respect and attention. A handsome chamber was immediately prepared for me; and, just as day was breaking, I fell off into a deep sleep, which lasted till late in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XL.

AT SEA.

I CANNOT attempt to describe my feelings on awaking, nor the lamentable failure of all my efforts at recalling the events of the night before. That many real occurrences seemed to me the mere effects of wine and a heated imagination, and that some of the very wildest freaks of my fancy were assumed by me as facts, I can now readily believe. In truth, my head was in a state of the wildest credulity and the very narrowest distrust, and my only astonishment now is, how I resisted impulses plainly suggested by coming insanity.

At one time I thought of calling O'Kelly out; then my indignation was directed against some other of the company, for either a real or a fancied grievance. Perhaps they had all been in the league against me, and that I had been invited merely to make a sport of my absurd pretensions, and to afford laughter by my vanity. Then it occurred to me that it was the Prince himself who was insulted by my companionship, and that they who had dared to make me the means of such an outrage should be held accountable.

Lastly came the thought, is the whole a dream? Have I been drugged to play some absurd and ridiculous part, and shall I be exposed to ridicule when I appear abroad again? This impression was strengthened by the appearance of my dress, so unlike anything I had ever worn before. Of the incidents of the card-table I could remember next to nothing. A few trivial facts of the game—an accidental event in the play itself, remained in my memory, but that was all. I fancied I

had been a heavy loser; but how, when, or to whom, I knew not. I opened my pocket-book, and found four notes for fifty pounds each, but how they came there I could not conceive! And yet, said I, all this took place yesterday! and what was I before that?—where did I live, and with whom associate? My head began to turn—the strangest thoughts chased each other through my brain. Incidents of the street, collisions and accidents of all kinds, were mingled with events of the previous evening: want and squalor stood side by side with splendour, and the bland accents of royalty blended themselves with the brutal exclamations of my former fellows. Then there flashed across me the thought, that the drama in which I had been made to perform was not yet played out. They mean me to figure further on the boards, said I to myself; the money has been supplied to me to tempt me into extravagance, which shall make me even more ridiculous still. My every action watched, my words listened to, my gestures noted down, I am to be the butt of their sarcastic pleasure, and all my pretensions to the habits, the feelings, and the manners of a gentleman, be held up as a subject for mockery and derision.

I half dreaded to ring the bell and summon the waiter, lest I should be exposing myself to a spy on my actions. When I approached the window to look out, I fancied that every accidental glance of a passer-by was the prying gaze of insolent curiosity. It was in a state of fever that I dressed myself, and even then my costume of full dinner dress made me feel ashamed to

venture abroad. At last I took courage to order breakfast. The respectful demeanour of the waiter gave me further confidence, and I ventured to ask him a few questions on passing events. I learned that the hotel was one usually frequented by foreigners, for whose accommodation two or three Continental newspapers were taken. At my request he fetched me one of these—*La Gazette de Paris*; and with this for my companion, I sat myself down at my fire, resolved to remain a close prisoner for at least a day or two.

Towards evening I sent for a tailor, and ordered two suits of clothes, with linen, and, in fact, all that I stood in need of; and when night set in, I issued forth to make several small purchases of articles I wanted. It was late when I entered the hotel, and not having eaten any dinner, I felt hungry. The waiter showed me into the coffee-room, which was arrayed in foreign fashion, and where they supped "*a la carte*."

The general appearance of the company at once proclaimed their origin; and a less practised eye than mine even might have seen that they were all natives of some continental country. They talked loudly, and gesticulated wildly, careless to all seeming of being overheard by strangers, and little regarding in whose presence they might be standing. Their bearing was, in fact, such as speedily set me at ease amongst them, and made me feel myself unnoticed and unremarked.

Seated at a small table by myself, I ordered my supper, and half carelessly watched the others while it was being prepared. Whatever they might have been by birth or station, they seemed now all in the very narrowest circumstances. Threadbare coats and broken boots, worn hats and gloveless hands, bespoke their condition; nor could all the swagger of manner, or pretentious display of a ribbon or a cross, cover over the evidences of real poverty that oppressed them.

Had I noticed these signs earlier, I should certainly have restricted myself to a meal more befitting the place and its occupants. The humble suppers I saw around me of bread and cheese now shocked me, at what might well appear display on my part; and had there been time to correct my error, I should gladly have done so. It was, however, too late. Already had the

landlord carried in a silver tureen of soup, and set it before me; and the tall neck of a champagne bottle rose amidst the mimic icebergs at my side.

The others took no pains to hide their astonishment at all this; they stood in knots and groups about, with eyes directed full upon me, and as evidently made me the subject of their remarks. I could perceive that the landlord was far from being at his ease, and that all his endeavours were employed either to conceal from me these demonstrations, or to give them some harmless interpretation.

"You have travelled, sir, and know well what foreigners are," said he, in a whisper; "and although all these are gentlemen by birth, from one misfortune or other, they are a bit down in the world now, and they look with jealousy at any one better off than themselves."

"Foreigners are usually better bred than to exhibit such feelings," said I.

"Nor would they, perhaps, sir, if at home and in prosperity; but so many are ruined now by wars and revolutions—so many banished and exiled—that one ought to make large allowances for their tempers. That old man yonder, for instance, was a Duke somewhere in Brittany; and the thin, tall one, that is gesticulating with his stick, served as Colonel in the bodyguard of the King of France. And there, next the fire—you see he has taken off a kind of smock frock and is drying it at the blaze—that is a Pomeranian Count, who owned a principality once, they tell me."

"He looks very poor now; what means of support has he?"

"None, I believe, sir; he was bred to nothing, and can neither teach drawing, nor music, nor the sword exercise, like Frenchmen or Italians; and the consequence is, that he actually—you'll not believe it, but it is true, notwithstanding—he actually sweeps a crossing at Cheapside for his living."

I started as he said this as if I had been stung by a reptile. For a moment I was convinced that the speech was a designed insult. I thought that the very expression of his eyes as he turned them on me was malignant. It was all I could do not to resent the insolence; but I restrained myself, and was silent.

"Heaven knows," continued he, "if he have eaten once to-day,"

"Do you think," said I, "it would be possible to induce him to join me at

supper—I mean, could it be managed without offence?"

"Egad, I should say so, sir, and easily enough, too. These poor fellows have gone through too much to carry any excess of pride about with them."

"Would you undertake the office, then?" asked I.

"With pleasure, sir;" and, as he spoke, he crossed the room, and standing over the old man's chair, whispered in his ear. I soon perceived, by the manner of each, that the negotiation was not as simple as he had fancied it. Remark, reply, and rejoinder seemed to follow each other quickly; and I could almost detect something like an insolent rejection of the landlord's suit in the old man's manner. Indeed I had not long to remain in doubt on the subject; for rising from his seat, the Count addressed some hurried words to those about him, to which they replied by expressions of anger and astonishment. In vain the landlord interposed, and tried to calm down their impatience; they grew more and more excited, and I could detect expressions of insulting meaning through what they uttered.

"What is the matter?" asked I of the landlord; but, ere he could reply, a tall, dark man, with the marked physiognomy of a Pole, came up to me and said—

"The Graf von Bildstein has received a grave provocation at your hands; are you prepared to justify it?"

"I must first of all learn how I may have offended him," said I, calmly.

"We all of us heard it," said he impatiently; "you insulted every man in this room through *him*. Either, then, you leave it at once (and he pointed insolently to the door), or you give him satisfaction."

The only reply I made to this speech was a haughty laugh, as I filled my glass with champagne. I had but done so, when, with a blow of his cane, he swept my bottle and the glasses from the table; and then, stepping back, and drawing a sword from the stick, threw himself into an attitude of defence. I drew my sword, and rushed in on him. Either that he was not a skilful fencer, or unprepared for the suddenness of my attack, he defended himself badly; his guards were all wide, and his eyes unsteady. I felt my advantage in a moment, and after a couple of passes, ran my point through his side, just close to the ribs. A loud cry from the bystanders, as the blood gushed forth,

now stopped the encounter, and they speedily dashed forward to catch him, as he reeled and fell.

"Away with you, for heaven's sake, or you are a murdered man," cried the landlord to me, while he pushed me violently from the room, and out into the street, barring and bolting the door within, at the same instant. The terrible clamour inside, and the efforts to force a passage, now warned me of my danger, and I fled at the very top of my speed, not knowing nor caring whither. I had gone considerably above a mile ere I ventured to halt and draw breath. I was in a part of the city, with narrow streets and tall warehouses, dark, gloomy, and solitary; a small, mean-looking alley led me down to the river's side, from which I could perceive the Tower quite close, and a crowd of shipping in the stream. A small schooner, with a foresail alone set, was just getting under weigh, and as she slowly moved along, boats came and went from the shore to her.

"Want to go aboard, sir?" asked a waterman, who observed me, as I stood watching the movement of the craft. I nodded, and the next moment we were alongside. I asked for the skipper, and heard that he was to join us at Gravesend. The mate politely said I might go below, and accepting the permission, I descended to the cabin, and lay down on a bench. A boy was cleaning plates and glasses in a little nook at one side, and from him I learned that the schooner was the *Martha*, of Hull, bound for Cherbourg—her captain was her owner, and usually traded between the English coast and the Channel Islands. At all events, thought I, I am safe out of England; and with that reflection I turned on my side, and went off to sleep.

Just as day broke the skipper came on board, and I could perceive by the gushing noise beside my ear, that we were going fast through the water. The craft lay over too, and seemed as if under a press of canvas. It was not for full an hour afterwards that the skipper descended to the cabin, and shaking me roughly by the shoulder, asked how I came there.

I had gone asleep concocting a story to account for my presence; and so I told him in a few words, that I had just been engaged in a duel, wherein I had wounded my antagonist; that as the event had occurred suddenly, I had no time for any preparation, but

just threw myself on board the first craft about to sail, ready and willing to pay liberally for the succour it afforded me.

Either he disbelieved my narrative, or fancied that it might involve himself in some trouble, for he doggedly said I had no right to come a-board of her without his leave, and that he should certainly put in at Ramsgate, and hand me over to the authorities.

"Be it so," said I, with an affected indifference. "The greater fool you, not to earn fifty guineas for a kind office, than go out of your way to do a churlish one."

He left me at this to go up on deck, and came down again about half-an-hour later. I heard enough to convince me that the wind was freshening, and that a heavy sea, too, was getting up, so that in all likelihood he would hesitate ere he'd try to put in at Ramsgate. He did not speak to me this time, but sat with folded arms watching me, as I lay pretending to be asleep. At length he said—

"I say, friend, you've got no passport, I suppose. How do you mean to land in France? or, if there, how do you purpose to travel?"

"These are matters I don't mean to trouble you about, Captain," said I haughtily; and though I said the words boldly enough, it was exactly the very puzzle that was then working in my brain.

"Ay, sir; but they are exactly matters that concern *me*; for you are not on the schooner's manifest—you are not one of her crew—and I don't mean to get into trouble on your behalf."

"Put me ashore at night, or leave me to reach it in any way," said I, half angrily, for I was well nigh out of patience at these everlasting difficulties.

He made no reply to this speech, but starting suddenly up, like a man who had hastily made up his mind on some particular course, he went up on deck. I overheard orders given, and immediately after a stir and bustle among the sailors, and in my anxiety at once connected myself with these movements. What project had they regarding me?—in what way did they mean to treat me? were the questions that rose to my mind. The heavy working of the craft showed me that her course had been altered, and I began to dread lest we should be turning again towards England.

From these thoughts my mind wandered back and back, reviewing the chief events of my life, and wondering whether I were ever destined to reach one spot that I could rest in, and where my weary spirit might find peace. To be the sport of fortune in her most wilful of moods, seemed, indeed, my lot; and to go on through life unattached to my fellows, appeared my fate. I remember once to have read in some French author that the attachment we feel to home, the sacred names of son and brother, are not more than the instincts of habit; that natural affection, as it is called, has no real existence; and that it is the mere force of repetition that forms the tie by which we love those whom we call father or mother. It is a cold and a cheerless theory, and yet now it struck me with a certain melancholy satisfaction to think that, save in the name of parentage, I was not worse off than others.

The hours glided on unnoticed, as I lay thus dreaming, and night at last fell, dark and starless. I had almost attained to a kind of careless indifference as to my future, when the mate coming up to me said—

"Wake up, master; we're going to put you ashore here."

I made no answer—half in recklessness, half in pride, I was silent.

"You'd better throw my boat-cloak over you. It's blowing fresh, and a heavy sea running," said he, in a kindly voice.

"Thanks," said I, declining; "but I'm little used to care for my comforts. Can I see the skipper?"

"He told me that he preferred not to see you," said the mate, hesitatingly, "and bade me arrange for putting you ashore myself."

"It is a question of money—not of politeness—with me," said I, producing my purse. "Tell me what I owe him?"

"Not a farthing, sir. He'd not touch a piece of money that belonged to you. He only wants you to go your way, and part company with him."

"Why—what does he take me for? What means this dread of me?"

The man looked confusedly up and down, to either hand, and was silent. At last he said—

"Come; all this is lost time. We're close in now. Are you ready, sir?"

"Quite ready," said I, rising and following him.

The boat's crew was already mus-

tered, and, springing into the boat, she was lowered at once; and before I well knew of it, we were plunging through a heavy sea, by the force of four strong oars.

Through the darkness and the showering spray we went — now rising on the crest of some swelling wave — now

diving down between the foaming cataracts. I never asked whither we were bound. I scarcely wished for land. There was something so exciting in the sense of peril about, that I only desired it might continue. Such a relief is physical danger to the slow and cankering disease of a despairing heart!

CHAPTER XLI.

"LYS."

A LONG, low line of coast loomed through the darkness, and towards this we now rowed through a heavy, breaking surf. More than once did they lie on their oars to consult as to the best landing-place, and again resume their labour as before. At last, seeing that neither creek nor inlet presented itself they made straight for the shore, and when within about thirty paces of the strand, they dropped anchor and suffered the boat to drift into shallow water.

"There now, master," said the steersman to me, "you'll have to wet your feet, for we can't venture further in. Jump over, and you'll soon touch land again."

I obeyed without a word, and ere I reached the shore the boat was already on her way back to the schooner. As I stood gazing on the dark expanse of sea before me, and then turned to the gloomy outline of the land, I felt a sense of desolation no words can render. I had not the very vaguest notion where I was. So far as I could see, there were no traces of habitation near; and as I wandered inland, the same unbroken succession of sand hummocks surrounded me. How strange is it that in this old Europe of ours, so time-worn by civilisation, so crossed and recrossed by man's labours, how many spots there are which, in this wild solitude, might well be supposed to form parts of Africa or distant America! The day broke to find me still wandering along these dreary sand-hills, but to my great delight two church towers, about a league off, showed me that a village was near; and thither I now proceeded to bend my steps.

After walking about a mile I reached a high road, which evidently led to the village; and now it became necessary to bethink me what account I

should give of myself, and how explain my appearance when questioned, as I inevitably should be, by the authorities.

My drenched and shrunk-up clothes and my way-worn look might well have warranted the story of a shipwreck, and for some minutes I had almost resolved to give that version of my calamity; but I was so weary of the vicissitudes a false representation involved, so actually tired out by the labour of sustaining a part that was not my own, that I determined to take no heed of what was to follow, and leave myself to the chances of destiny, without a struggle against them.

Fortune, thought I, has never been over kind to me when I did my best to woo her; let me see if a little indifference on my part may not render her more graciously disposed. From some peasants on their way to market I learned that the village was called *Lys*, and was on the high road to *Montreuil*. At all events, then, I was in France, which was almost as much my country as England, and with even so much did I rally my spirits and encourage my hopes. The country-people, with their pack mules, stared at my strange appearance, and evidently wondered what manner of man I might be, for I still wore my full-dress suit; and my lace ruffles and sabot, however discoloured, showed undeniable signs of condition. Many, however, saluted me respectfully, and touched their hats as to one of rank above their own, and not one displayed anything approaching levity or a jest at my singular exterior. It might possibly have been the secluded character of the spot itself, or that the recent peace with England had brought about the change; but whatever the cause, neither police nor gendarmerie

questioned me as to my passport, and I strolled into the first café that presented itself, to take my breakfast without hindrance or impediment.

While I enjoyed my meal, I amused myself with the newspapers, at that time filled with descriptions of festivities and court receptions, at which the English were the honoured guests. Instead of the accustomed allusions to insular eccentricity, awkwardness, and boorish unsociality, there were nothing but praises of English frankness and cordial simplicity. I saw that the Government, for doubtless good reasons of its own, had given the initiative to this new estimation of my countrymen, and resolved, if possible, to reap the benefit of it, I repaired to the Mairie, and asked to see the "Maire." In a few words, I told him that I had laid a heavy wager to travel up to Paris and back to England without a passport; that I had made this foolish bet at a dinner party, which I quitted to accomplish my undertaking. My intention had been to have landed at Havre; but, by ill luck, we were driven on shore to the north'ard, and narrowly escaped shipwreck; from which having saved myself, I reached Lys, destitute of everything, save a small sum of money I carried about me. I told this story with the air of one who really felt that any impediment to so harmless a project must be impossible, and with such success, that the Maire invited me into his drawing-room to repeat my tale to his family, as an excellent illustration of the length to which English eccentricity could go.

My manners, the facility with which I spoke French, my calm assurance of not requiring any other aid or assistance than the friendly offices of the authorities, so gained his favour, that he promised to think over the matter, and give me his opinion in the morning. I asked for no more. I was not impatient to get forward; and at that moment the little grass-grown streets and alleys of Lys were as pleasing to me as the most fashionable thoroughfares of a great city.

He did not send for me, as he promised, on the following morning. A second day and a third passed over with the same results; and still I remained loitering about the village, and making acquaintance with every notable monument, from its quaint old church to

the little obelisk in the marketplace, commemorating the birthplace of its great citizen, the architect Mansard.

I had by this time formed two or three slight acquaintanceships with the townsfolk, who, although living on a high road much traversed by travellers, were a simple-minded and maritime set of people. The little routine of this quaint old spot also pleased me; and I persuaded myself that I should ask nothing better from fortune than to be able to pass my life and end my days in Lys. Vast numbers of English poured daily into France at this time; and it was one of my chief amusements to sit at the little café in front of the "poste," and watch them as they changed horses. I do not suppose that even yet our countrymen escape from what would appear to be the almost inevitable blunders of foreign travel; but at the time I speak of, these mistakes and misapprehensions were far greater. The Continent and its languages were alike new to them. National peculiarities were all more marked, and John Bull himself less compliant and more exacting than he now is.

As the temper and tone of the day were, however, favourable to England, and as Englishmen were remarkable for the liberality of their payments for all services rendered them, the nation was popular, and whatever errors or awkwardnesses they committed were speedily forgotten or forgiven. I was seated, as was my custom, one morning, watching the tide of travellers that rolled by unceasingly, when a large travelling carriage, with eight horses and a mounted courier in front, drew up at the "poste." While the horses were being harnessed, two gentlemen descended, and crossing the "Place," entered the café. One was a large, full, and somewhat handsome man, with that florid look and air so characteristic of an English country squire; the other I had not time to remark ere he came up to me and said—

"Happy to meet you again, Mr. Carew; I trust you don't forget me."

It was Colonel Canthorpe, whom I had met at O'Kelly's dinner-table.

"This chance meeting is a piece of good fortune," continued he, "since it enables me to pay a debt I owe you. On looking over my memorandum-book, I discovered I had lost

three hundred, and not two, to you. Am I correct?"

I professed, with truth, that I had no recollection of the matter, nor had anything to guide me to its memory.

"I am quite positive that I'm right, however," said he, "and you must allow me to acquit myself of the obligation. Who is your banker at Paris?"

I had to say that so many years had passed over since I was there, I really had not thought of selecting one.

"But you are going on thither?" asked he.

"Yes, in a day or two; that is, as soon as I should have arranged a difficulty about my passport."

"If that's the only thing that detains you," said he, "pray accept of mine. In travelling with my friend, Mr. Fox, I need none."

I turned at the sound of the name, and at once recognised, by the resemblance to the prints, the bluff and manly features of the great leader of the Opposition.

"This is our famous whist player, Fox, Mr. Carew," said Canthorpe, presenting me, and the other rose and received me most courteously, adding some little compliments on my reputed skill at the game.

While we were yet talking, their breakfast made its appearance, and I was invited to partake of the meal, a politeness which I accepted of readily, while I congratulated myself by thinking that up to this time at least O'Kelly had not divulged the secret of my former station.

The conversation turned principally on France and its relations with England; and I was surprised to find the great parliamentary leader so little acquainted with either the character of the people or of those who ruled them. He seemed willing to accept all the present civil overtures as guarantees of lasting and cordial friendship, and to regard, as antiquated and unworthy prejudices, those expressions of distrust to which, in my more intimate knowledge of France, I occasionally gave utterance.

"Mr. Carew's whist experiences, I perceive," said he, "are not his guides in politics. He will not trust his partner."

"There is this difference," said I, "that in whist you sit opposite to your ally: in politics, as in war, your *vis-à-vis* is your enemy."

"For my part," said he, good-humouredly, "I think having fought against each other, bravely fought—as France and England have—is one of the very best elements towards a lasting peace. Each must by this time have attained to a proper estimate of the other; and from that source alone a degree of respect springs up, fit to become the foundation of true friendship. Your theory excludes all notion of a rivalry, sir."

"Rivalry can exist only between small states or individuals. Great countries have great ambitions, and these are usually above mere rivalries."

I have quoted, word for word, the expressions he made use of, less for any importance of their own than for the sake of the man who spoke them. They were, as I afterwards came to know, specimens of that careless habit of talking in which he constantly indulged, and in which an indolent good-nature rather swayed him than the use of those fine faculties of judgment he so eminently possessed. My more intimate acquaintance with France and its language gave me, certain advantages in our discussion, which he soon perceived, and he questioned me closely about the people and their national tendencies.

Colonel Canthorpe came twice to announce that the horses were ready, and yet still Mr. Fox stood, inquiring eagerly into points of which he confessed himself quite uninformed.

"How glad I should be," said he, "to have an opportunity of continuing this conversation. Is there any chance of our meeting at Paris?"

I owned that the expression of his wish on the subject quite decided me to go there.

"On what day, then, may I expect you?—shall we say Saturday, and at dinner?"

"Most willingly," said I, "if I can accomplish it."

"As to the passport, nothing easier," said Canthorpe. "This is mine—it is perfectly regular—requires no *visa*; and once in Paris, my friend here will obtain one for you in your own name."

"Just so," said Fox, shaking my hand cordially; and repeating "Saturday—Quillac's Hotel," away he went, leaving me almost incredulous of all I had seen and been saying.

CHILDREN'S PLEASURE-BOOKS.

SOLOMON has recorded the literary activity of his own time in the Book of Ecclesiastes—"Of making many books there is no end;" and surely, if the wise King of Israel were a denizen of our days, and a student of the multifarious lore published in the nineteenth century, he might, with additional emphasis, have pronounced his disparaging verdict, "much study is a weariness of the flesh."

An author himself, the monarch had little sympathy for the *amour propre* of his brother-authors. If he thus chafes at a period of the world's history, when that fearful engine in the multiplication of books—the printing-press—was unknown, what would have been his exclamation, could he have surveyed the herculean labours which now devolve on writers, printers, and publishers, and which often press so very heavily on the jaded readers of new works? The duration of human life has not been extended since the time of Solomon; and yet a well-informed person has, at the present time, to make himself master of a multitude of books, ever teeming from the press, to which the three thousand proverbs, and one thousand and five songs of the literary monarch, must be regarded as a mere *bagatelle*.

In no department of literature has the press been of late more prolific than in the issue of innumerable books of instruction and amusement for the young. Our children are no longer dependent for entertainment on the accurate memories or story-telling talents of their parents and nurses. Nursery rhymes, household stories, tales of wonder, fairy lore, narratives of adventure, and simple stories, abound on all sides; designed to amuse and impress their craving imaginations, even before the age when regular book-studies should fairly commence. And then, what an endless provision for teaching all and every branch of education with the least possible expenditure of labour and trouble! But on this almost inexhaustible subject we

shall not now enter, attractive though it be to all who have at heart the welfare of the rising generation. On the present occasion, our pleasant task is with the lighter, but surely not less important class, of pleasure-books for children.

Children's books! What a world of cheerful associations the very name conjures up! Long years of care vanish from the memory; early impressions are vividly recalled. Through the magic might of associations thus awakened, we re-enter the paradise that "lies about us in our infancy," and become oblivious of the wilderness through which we have since wandered. We are not, to this day, "unused to the melting mood," when we re-peruse stories which touched our heart in childhood—

"Our eyes are dim with childish tears,
Our hearts are idly stirred;
For the same sound is in our ears
Which in those days we heard."

And we rejoice to record, that our mirthful mood is scarcely less readily rekindled than it was in that halcyon time when our years were few, unclouded by those shadows which obscure the glorious light of childhood, until the splendid vision of our early imagination fades, with advancing years, "into the light of common day." And yet, how ample are the compensations accorded to us! How gratefully should we remember, that if the tender verdure of the spring be over, its hopeful buds may expand into the richer foliage of summer, and again into the golden fruitage and full perfection of the riper autumn. Even frosty winter has its peculiar charms—

"Though less lovely in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her
now."

But the children's books on our table recall us again to the early spring; and, with something of the trustfulness of youth, we take up the first that meets our extended hand.

"A Children's Summer;"* a series of exquisite etchings, illustrated in

* "A Children's Summer." Eleven Etchings on Steel, by E. V. B. Illustrated in prose and rhyme, by M. L. B. and W. M. C. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

prose and verse—in every sense a most poetic book. Five little cousins spend a summer together in the country. They angle in the brook. They tempt its waters in a tiny bark; and the chubby forms of the dear, dimpled little ones, emerge from the top of the hayrick; and are again, in another most graceful drawing, pictured in a wood, crossing, on the stepping-stones, a shallow streamlet. In the dim vistas of the wood, the outlined forms of ministering spirits—beings who “walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep”—are imaged by the artist. Here are two of the ten stanzas which accompany and illustrate the engraving:—

“Step boldly 'mid the foxglove and the fern,
And kiss the vermeil lips of sylvan rose;
And hear the warble of the tripping burn,
That sings amid the foxglove and the fern,
And sobs among the pebbles as it flows.

“Wade where the reeds and yellow flags
are seen,
And mossy stones, a fairy bridge, are laid;
But cease! for gilding the tall flowers between,
The playmates of the angels, glad, serene,
Chase the long sunbeams flying down the glade.”

Is not all this very gracefully imagined? With one other poem, a sonnet—on the children reading—we must close this charming book. We select it as bearing not remotely on our present subject:—

“Few books our children have, and need but few,
For they are pupils of the birds and bees;
They read old stories in the stars and trees,
And watch the clouds when April skies are blue;
Or sing and dance upon the daisied leas,
Or gather diamonds in the morning dew.
Few books are theirs; but lo! the playful breeze
Still hides and flutters in the leaves of two;
Slaves of the lamp and ring! more wonders please

Their fancy than the young Aladdin knew;
While far, far off, across those slumbering seas,

They glide with Crusoe in his frail canoe.
Such simple lore with childhood best agrees;
Once wisest men believed the fairies true.”

Our next book, “The Village Queen,”* is not, properly speaking, a child's book. It is a love story, adorned with coloured drawings, tastefully executed.

We pass over with equal brevity the illustrated “Adventures of a Bear,”† and its companion work, just issued from the press, the “Adventures of a Dog,”‡ to dwell at greater length on “The Story of Reynard the Fox,”§ which we find copiously illustrated by a German artist. The drawings are full of character. The book itself, though its satire is too delicate for very young readers, is one in which children of an older growth may well find pastime. Its humour is genuine, and its satire pointed and caustic. Carlyle, speaking of its world-wide celebrity, says, that the story of “Reynard the Fox” “has been lectured on in universities, quoted in imperial council-halls; has lain on the toilets of princes, and been thumbed to pieces on the benches of artisans.” Nor can we wonder at its popularity, when we peruse the mirthful history of the wily fox.

The lion, monarch of all beasts, holds his court, designing an inquiry into the administration of justice throughout his wide dominions. His great feudatories, Bruin the Bear, Isgrim the Wolf, Pard the Leopard, Grevincas the Badger, and Springer the Hound, attend the summons of their royal master. But one of the “most sagacious barons of the kingdom,” from obvious reasons of a prudential nature, remains in his fortalice on pretence of illness. Reynard the Fox is not without his prototypes among mankind. “While he pretended to live only for the good of the common weal,

* “The Village Queen; or, a Summer in the Country.” By Thomas Miller. With water-colour drawings, by Edward Wehnert, John Absolon, William Lee, and Harrison Weir. London: Addey and Co. 1852.

† “The Adventures of a Bear.” By Alfred Elwes. With nine illustrations, by Harrison Weir. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

‡ “The Adventures of a Dog, and a good Dog too.” By Alfred Elwes. With eight illustrations by Harrison Weir. London: Addey and Co. 1854.

§ “The Story of Reynard the Fox.” A new version, by David Vedder. Illustrated by Gustav Cadot. London: W. S. Orr and Co. Dublin: James McGlashan.

and the honour of his master, self-interest was his ruling passion."

The malversations of the treacherous Fox are reported to the ears of majesty. An inquiry is instituted, which fully establishes the truth of the charges brought against the favourite. Reynard is condemned to death, but by his ingenious pleading escapes the dire penalty, and in his turn, triumphs over his foes. He is victor in a judicial combat with Sir Isegrim the Wolf, of which the court have been spectators; and, on his triumph, "a thousand friends, whose names he had never heard of before, thronged round him with fulsome congratulations." The king entrusts to him the great seal, but the lord high chancellor, forgetful of his past experience, cannot refrain from the peculating sins of his youth. He is detected, and drops from the zenith of power and influence into exile and ignominy. His recorded character might bear application *verbatim* to one who held a similar position among men to that assigned to the fox among beasts; whose genius was transcendent, but whose moral sense was quite as oblique as that of Reynard.

The date of this mirthful composition has been much controverted: the name of the real author is yet a *rexata questio*. One copy of the edition of Lübeck, 1498, is still in existence. It purports to be rendered into German from the Walloon and French languages, by Hinrek van Alkmer, tutor to the Duke of Lorraine. Earlier editions than that of 1498 are, however, extant: one in English, printed by Caxton, in 1481, may be seen in the British Museum. "I have not added ne mynnshed, but have followed as nyghe as I can my cotype whych was in Dutche, and by me, Willm Caxton, translated into this rude and symple Englyssh in the Abbey of Westminster, and fynnyshed the vi. daye of Juyn, the yere of our Lord 1481, the 21 yere of the regne of Kynge Edward the iiijth," adds the great typographer.

This copy of "Reynard the Fox" in the British Museum is curious as a specimen of printing, then in its infancy. Now this very book affords a splendid sample of the perfection to which the art has been brought by moderns. The engravings which illustrate the volume, have been submitted for inspection in the Fine Arts Court of the Dublin Industrial Exhibition,

where they appeared as samples of lithographic effect. We were amused at observing the "Impeachment," the "Stratagem," and the "Triumphs" of Reynard, side by side with the paintings of Rembrandt, and other *chefs-d'œuvre* of art which so lately adorned this department of the Darganeum.

Many conscientious parents hesitate to place in the hands of their children works of mere fiction, calculated only to amuse the imagination; and object alike to fairy lore, fable, and fictitious narrative. We concur with such, so far as to hold that stimulating mental diet is as injurious to the intellect, as stimulating food alone would be to the bodily health of a young person. Yet, because we may properly object to fruits and confections as a sole dietary, we do not rigidly doom our children to repasts of bread and water. To the simple food, best suited to their years, we wisely add a limited supply of a more nourishing and of a more palatable kind. To the strong meat of knowledge and information, we would never object to add a varied dessert of fully ripe and carefully selected fruits from the garden of the imagination. Children do not believe in the existence of fairies, or of genii, nor in the conversational powers of the ox or the ass, beyond the period of life when these enchanting delusions are innocent and harmless. Isaac Taylor, in his admirable work on "Home Education," observes that—

"The direct, or proper use of the fable, or apologue, has reference to the sense of analogy, when it involves some moral or political sentiment or principle of conduct," and would seek in this department of literature for "a mild stimulus to the mind, arising from the whimsical alliance of human sentiments and modes of action, with the habits and physical peculiarities of the inferior orders. To listen to the fox and the crow in parley; or the wolf and the crane, or the lion and the ass; and each adhering with dramatic propriety to its actual propensities, while it personates an analogous human character, excites a pleasurable surprise, and quickens that sense of analogy which leads on, insensibly, towards abstraction and reasoning. . . . The first stirring of intellectuality in a people, as they emerge from barbarism, shows itself by catching at these same analogies; and what is true of a nation in its infancy, is true of childhood itself; for the mind no sooner opens than it seizes upon those very resemblances, and nourishes itself with them."

This most admirable and philosophic writer, whose work should be in the hands of every parent, while treating of the culture of the conceptive faculty, particularly eulogises "*Robinson Crusoe*," as "a work the most proper imaginable for supplying a mild, salubrious, and yet vivid excitement to the conceptive faculty;" and adds, that it has so quickened it "in hundreds and thousands of instances as to have greatly vivified the European mind, and to have animated the literature of our own, and other countries, since its universal diffusion."

Thus strengthened in our own views, by the approval of so sound a writer, we shall introduce to the favourable notice of our juvenile readers the delightful *Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen*,* which have been rendered from the original Danish, for the delectation of British youth. These are pure, beautiful, and full of the most tender sympathy for nature and for humanity. The little one who knows and loves these fairy tales, is likely to be made, by their perusal, a wiser and benigner man or woman, as well as a happier child for the time being. Here is a short but pleasing one, for boys and girls:—

"Listen to my story!

"In the country, close by the road-side, there stands a summer-house—you must certainly have seen it. In front is a little garden full of flowers, enclosed by white palings; and on a bank outside the palings there grew, amidst the freshest green grass, a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon the daisy as upon the splendid large flowers within the garden, and therefore it grew hourly, so that one morning it stood fully open with its delicate white gleaming leaves, which like rays surrounded the little yellow sun in their centre.

"It never occurred to the little flower that no one saw her, hidden as she was among the grass; she was quite contented; she turned towards the warm sun, looked at it, and listened to the lark who was singing in the air.

"The daisy was as happy as if it were the day of some high festival, and yet it was only Monday. The children were at school; and whilst they sat upon their forms, and learned their lessons, the little flower upon her green stalk learned from the warm sun, and everything around her, how good God is. Meanwhile the little lark expressed

clearly and beautifully all she felt in silence! — And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird who could fly and sing; it did not distress her that she could not do the same. 'I can see and listen,' thought she; 'the sun shines on me, and the wind kisses me. Oh! how richly am I blessed.'

"There stood within the palings several grand, stiff-looking flowers; the less fragrance they had, the more airs they gave themselves. The peonies puffed themselves out in order to make themselves larger than the roses. The tulips had the gayest colours of all; they were perfectly aware of it, and held themselves as straight as a candle that they might be the better seen. They took no notice at all of the little flower outside the palings; but she looked all the more upon them, thinking, 'how rich and beautiful they are! Yes, that noble bird will surely fly down and visit them. How happy am I, who live so near them and can see their beauty!' Just at that moment, 'quirrevit!' the lark did fly down, but he came not to the peonies or the tulips: no, he flew down to the poor little daisy in the grass, who was almost frightened from pure joy, and knew not what to think, she was so surprised.

"The little bird hopped about, and sang, 'Oh, how soft is this grass! and what a sweet little flower blooms here, with its golden heart, and silver garment!' for the yellow centre of the daisy looked just like gold, and the little petals around gleamed silver white.

"How happy the little daisy was! no one can imagine how happy. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up again into the blue sky. It was a full quarter of an hour ere the flower recovered herself. Half ashamed, and yet completely happy, she looked at the flowers in the garden; they must certainly be aware of the honour and happiness that had been conferred upon her, they must know how delighted she was. But the tulips held themselves twice as stiff as before, and their faces grew quite red with anger; as to the thick-headed peonies, it was indeed well that they could not speak, or the little daisy would have heard something not very pleasant. The poor little flower could see well that they were in an ill-humour, and she was much grieved at it. Soon after, a girl came into the garden with a knife sharp and bright; she went up to the tulips and cut off one after another. 'Ugh! that is horrible,' sighed the daisy; 'it is now all over with them.' The girl then went away with the tulips. How glad was the daisy that she grew in the grass outside the palings, and was a despised little flower! She felt really thankful; and when the sun set, she

* "*Tales and Fairy Stories*." By H. C. Andersen. Translated by Madame de Chatelain. Illustrated by Henry Warren. London: G. Routledge, and Co. 1852.

folded her leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed all night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

"The next morning, when our little flower, fresh and cheerful, again spread out all her white leaves in the bright sunshine and clear blue air, she heard the voice of the bird; but he sung so mournfully. Alas! the poor lark had good reason for sorrow; he had been caught, and put into a cage close by the open window. He sang of the joys of a free and unrestrained flight; he sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the pleasure of being borne up by his wings in the open air. The poor bird was certainly very unhappy, he sat a prisoner in his narrow cage!

"The little daisy would so willingly have helped him, but how could she? Ah, that she knew not, she quite forgot how beautiful was all around her, how warmly the sun shone, how pretty and white were her leaves. Alas! she could only think of the imprisoned bird—whom it was not in her power to help. All at once, two little boys came out of the garden; one of them had a knife in his hand, as large and as sharp as that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They went up straight to the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

" 'Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,' said one of the boys: and he began to cut deep all round the daisy, leaving her in the centre.

" 'Tear out the flower,' said the other boy; and the little daisy trembled all over for fear; for she knew that if she were torn out she would die, and she wished so much to live, as she was to be put into the cage with the imprisoned lark.

" 'No, leave it alone!' said the first, 'it looks so pretty;' and so it was left alone, and was put into the lark's cage.

"But the poor bird loudly lamented the loss of his freedom, and beat his wings against the iron bars of his cage; and the little flower could not speak, could not say a single word of comfort to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole morning.

" 'There is no water here!' sang the captive lark; they have all gone out and forgotten me; not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! there is fire and ice within me, and the air is so heavy! Alas! I must die, I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green trees, and all the beautiful things which God has created!' And then he pierced his beak into the cool grass, in order to refresh himself a little—and his eye fell upon the daisy, and the bird bowed to her, and said, 'Thou too wilt wither here, thou poor little flower! They have given me thee, and the piece of green around thee, instead of the whole world which I possessed before! Every little blade of grass is to be to me a green tree, thy every white petal, a fragrant flower! Alas! thou only remindest me of what I have lost.'

" 'Oh! that I could comfort him!' thought the daisy; but she could not move a single petal, yet the fragrance which came from her delicate blossom was stronger than is usual with this flower; the bird noticed it, and although panting with thirst, he tore the green blades in very anguish, he did not touch the flower.

"It was evening, and yet no one came to bring the poor bird a drop of water; he stretched out his slender wings, and shook them convulsively—his song was a mournful wail—his little head bent towards the flower, and the bird's heart broke from thirst and desire. The flower could not now as on the preceding evening fold together her leaves, and sleep; sad and sick she drooped to the ground.

"The boys did not come till the next morning; and when they saw the bird was dead they wept bitterly. They dug a pretty grave, which they adorned with flower petals; the bird's corpse was put into a pretty red box; royally was the poor bird buried!—Whilst he yet lived and sang they forgot him, left him suffering in his cage, and now he was highly honoured and bitterly bewailed.

"But the piece of turf with the daisy in it was thrown out into the street; no one thought of her who had felt most for the little bird, and who had so much wished to comfort him."—pp. 128-133.

We select another for older people. Children would scarcely comprehend the mystery couched in it; yet the "Story of a Mother" will teach, perchance, a heart's lesson, which mothers may ponder over, and be the better for its teaching:—

"A mother sat watching her little child: she was so sad, so afraid lest it should die. For the child was very pale; its eyes had closed; its breathing was faint; and every now and then it fetched a deep sigh, and the mother's face grew sadder and sadder as she watched the little tiny creature.

"There was a knock at the door, and a poor old man, wrapped up in a great horse-cloth, came in. He had need of warm clothing, for it was a cold winter's night; the ground outside the house was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew keen and cutting into the wanderer's face.

"And as the old man was shivering with cold, and the little child seemed just at that moment to have fallen asleep, the mother rose up and fetched some beer in a little pot, placing it inside the stove to warm it for her guest. And the old man sat rocking the cradle; and the mother sat down on a chair beside him, still gazing on her sick child, listening anxiously to its hard breathing, and holding its tiny hand.

" 'I shall keep him, do not you think so?'

she inquired. 'God is good, He will not take my darling away from me!'

"And the old man—it was Death himself—bowed his head so strangely, you could not tell whether he meant to say 'yes' or 'no.' And the mother cast down her eyes, and tears streamed over her cheeks. She felt her head growing so heavy, for three whole days and nights she had not closed her eyes, and now she slept—but only for a minute; presently she started up, shivering with cold. 'What is this?' she exclaimed, and she looked around her. The old man was gone, and her little child was gone; he had taken it with him. And yonder, in the corner, the old clock ticked and ticked; the heavy leaden pendulum swung lower and lower, till at last it fell on the floor, and then the clock stood still also.

"But the poor bereaved mother rushed out of the house, and cried for her child.

"Outside, amidst the snow, there sat a woman, clad in long black garments, who said, 'Death has been in thy room; I saw him hurry out of it with thy little child; he strides along more swiftly than the wind, and never brings back anything that he has taken away!'

"'Only tell me which way he has gone?' entreated the mother. 'Tell me the way, and I will find him.'

"'I know the way,' replied the woman in black robes; 'but before I show it thee, thou must first sing to me all the songs thou hast ever sung to thy child. I am Night, and I love these songs, I have heard thee sing them many a time, and have counted the tears thou hast shed whilst singing them.'

"'I will sing them all, every one!' said the mother; 'but do not keep me now, let me hasten after Death, let me recover my child!'

"But Night made no reply; there she sat, mute and unrelenting. Then the mother began to sing, weeping and wringing her hands the while. Many were the songs she sung, but many more were the tears she wept! And at last Night said, 'Turn to the right, and go through the dark fir-grove, for thither did Death wend his way with thy child.'

"But deep within the grove several roads crossed, and the poor woman knew not in which direction she should turn. Here grew a thorn-bush, without leaves or flowers, for it was winter, and icicles clung to the bare branches.

"'Oh! tell me, hast thou not seen Death pass by, bearing my little child with him?'

"'Yes, I have,' was the Thorn-tree's reply; 'but I will not tell thee which way he has gone, unless thou wilt first warm me at thy bosom. I am freezing to death in this place—I am turning into ice.'

"And she pressed the Thorn-bush to her breast so closely as to melt all the icicles. And the thorns pierced into her flesh, and the blood flowed in large drops. But the

Thorn-bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and was crowned with flowers in that same bitter-cold winter's night;—so warm is the heart of a sorrowing mother! And the Thorn-bush told her which path she must take.

"And the path brought her on to the shore of a large lake, where neither ship nor boat was to be seen. The lake was not frozen hard enough to bear her weight, not shallow enough to be waded through, and yet cross it she must, if she would recover her child. So she lay down, thinking to drink the lake dry. That was quite impossible for one human being to do, but the poor unhappy mother imagined that perchance a miracle might come to pass.

"'No, that will never do!' said the Lake. 'Rather let us see if we cannot come to some agreement. I love to collect pearls, and never have I seen any so bright as thine eyes; if thou wilt weep them into my bosom, I will bear thee over to the vast conservatory where Death dwells, and tends his trees and flowers—each one of them a human life.'

"'Oh, what would I not give to get to my child!' cried the mother. And she wept yet again, and her eyes fell down into the lake, and became two brilliant pearls. And the lake received her, and its bosom heaved and swelled, and its current bore her safely to the opposite shore, where stood a wondrous house, many miles in length. It were hard to decide whether it were really a house and built with hands, or whether it were not rather a mountain with forests and caverns in its sides. But the poor mother could not see it at all; she had wept out her eyes.

"'Where shall I find Death that I may ask him to restore to me my little child?' inquired she.

"'He has not yet returned,' replied a hoary-haired old woman, who was wandering to and fro in Death's conservatory, which she had been left to guard in his absence. 'How didst thou find thy way here? who has helped thee?'

"'Our Lord has helped me,' she answered; 'He is merciful, and thou, too, wilt be merciful. Where shall I find my little child?'

"'I do not know,' said the old woman; 'and thou, I perceive, canst not see. Many flowers and trees have withered during this night, Death will come very soon to transplant them. Thou must know that every human being has his tree or flower of life, as is appointed for each. They look like common vegetables, but their hearts beat. So be of good cheer, perchance thou may'st be able to distinguish the heart-beat of thy child; but what wilt thou give me, if I tell thee what else thou must do?'

"'I have nothing to give,' said the mourning mother. 'But I will go to the end of the world at thy bidding.'

"'I want nothing from the end of the

world,' said the old woman; 'but thou canst give me thy long black hair. Thou must know well that it is very beautiful; it pleases me exceedingly! And thou canst have my white hair in exchange, even that will be better than none.'

"Desirest thou nothing further?" returned the mother; 'I will give it thee right willingly.' And she gave away her beautiful hair, and received instead the thin snow-white locks of the old woman.

"And then they entered Death's vast conservatory, where flowers and trees grew in wonderful order and variety. There were delicate hyacinths, protected by glasses, and great healthy peonies. There grew water-plants, some looking quite fresh, some sickly; water-snakes were clinging about them, and black crabs clung fast by the stalks. Here were seen magnificent palm trees, oaks, and plantains; yonder clustered the humble parsley, and fragrant thyme. Not a tree, not a flower, but had its name, each corresponded with a human life; the persons whose names they bore, lived in all countries and nations on the earth; one in China, another in Greenland, and so forth. There were some large trees planted in little pots, so that their roots were contracted, and the trees themselves ready to break out from the pots; on the other hand, there was many a weakly tiny herb set in rich mould, with moss laid over its roots; and the utmost care and attention bestowed upon its preservation.

"And the grieving mother bent down over all the tiniest plants, in each one she heard the pulse of human life; and out of a million others she distinguished the heart-throb of her child.

"There it is!" cried she, stretching her hand over a little blue crocus-flower which was hanging down on one side, sickly and feeble.

"Touch not the flower!" said the old woman. 'But place thyself here; and when Death shall come—I expect him every minute—then suffer him not to tear up the plant; but threaten to do the same by some of the other flowers—that will terrify him! For he will have to answer for it to our Lord: no plant may be rooted up before the Almighty has given permission.'

"Suddenly an icy-cold breath swept through the hall, and the blind mother felt that Death had arrived.

"How hast thou found the way hither?" asked he. 'How could'st thou arrive here more quickly than I?'

"I am a mother," was her answer.

"And Death extended his long hand towards the tiny delicate crocus-flower; but she held her hands clasped firmly round it, so closely, so closely! and yet with such anxious care lest she should touch one of the petals. Then Death breathed upon her hands, and she felt that his breath was more chilling than the coldest, bitterest, winter wind; and

her hands sank down, numbed and powerless.

"Against me thou hast no strength!" said Death.

"But our Lord has, and He is merciful," replied she.

"I do but accomplish His will!" said Death. 'I am His gardener. I take up all His plants and trees, one by one, and transplant them into the glorious Garden of Paradise—into the Unknown Land. Where that lies, and how they thrive there, that I dare not tell thee!'

"Oh, give me back my child!" cried the mother, and she wailed and implored. All at once she seized firm hold of two pretty flowers, one with each hand, exclaiming, 'I will tear off all thy flowers, for I am in despair!'

"Touch them not!" commanded Death. 'Thou say'st that thou art very unhappy; and would'st thou therefore make another mother as unhappy as thyself?'

"Another mother!" repeated the poor woman, and she immediately loosed her hold of both the flowers.

"There are thine eyes again," said Death. 'I fished them out of the lake, they glistened so brightly; but I did not know that they were thine. Take them back; they are now even brighter than before; now look down into this deep well. I will tell thee the names of the two flowers which thou wert about to pluck, and thou shalt see pictured in the well their whole future, the entire course of their human lives. Thou shalt see all that thou hast yearned to destroy.'

"And she gazed into the well; and a lovely sight it was to see how one of these lives became a blessing to the whole world, to see what a sunshine of joy and happiness it diffused around it. And she beheld the life of the other, and there was sin and sorrow, misfortune and utter misery.

"Both are God's will!" said Death.

"Which of them is the flower of unhappiness, and which the blessed and blessing one?" inquired she.

"That I will not tell thee," returned Death; 'but this shalt thou learn from me, that one of those two flowers was the flower of thine own child. Thou hast seen the destiny, the future of thine own child!'

"Then the mother shrieked out with terror, 'Which of the two is my child? Tell me that! Save the innocent child! Release my child from all this misery! Rather bear it away—bear it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears; forget my entreaties and all that I have done!'

"I do not understand thee," said Death. 'Wilt thou have thy child back again, or shall I carry him away to that place which thou knowest not?'

"And the mother wrung her hands, fell upon her knees, and prayed to the All-wise, All-merciful Father, 'Hear me not when I pray for what is not Thy will—Thy will is

always best! Hear me not, Lord, hear me not!"

"And her head drooped down upon her breast.

"And Death departed, and bore away her child to the Unknown Land."—pp. 527–535.

How touchingly *Sleep*, and his twin-brother *Death*, are introduced in the tale of little Hjalmar, "A week with Ole-Luk-Oie." Here is no bugbear to terrify the imagination:—

"Nobody in the world knows so many stories as Ole-Luk-Oie, and nobody can tell them so prettily.

"Towards evening, when the children are sitting round the table, or upon their stools, in steals Ole-Luk-Oie. He comes up stairs very softly, for he walks about in his socks, and then opens the doors so gently; and, heigh presto! he squirts dust into the children's eyes, in very, very small quantities; yet sufficient to prevent their keeping their eyes open; and that's why they can't ever see him. He slinks behind them, and breathes softly over their necks, and then their heads begin to feel heavy; but don't think he hurts them. Oh, no; Ole-Luk-Oie means kindly towards all children. He only wants them to be quiet, and that they never are till they have been put to bed; and he merely wishes them to be quiet in order that he may tell them pretty stories.

"So when the children have fallen to sleep, Ole-Luk-Oie sits upon their bed."

So much for sleep and dreams! Now for Andersen's portraiture of the "Sleep that knows no dreaming":—

"His name is Ole-Luk-Oie, like mine; but he never comes to any body more than once; and whomsoever he comes to, he takes him away on his horse, and tells him stories. He only knows two stories, however, one of which is so wonderfully beautiful, that nobody in the world can imagine anything like it; and the other so ugly and so frightful, that it is beyond description.

"'Why Death is the prettier Ole-Luk-Oie of the two,' said Hjalmar. 'I am not at all afraid of him.'"

Having made such ample extracts from these charming tales of Andersen's, we shall only name to our readers the "Household Stories" of the brothers Grimm.* In this collection

may be traced the germ of many a romance and celebrated fiction. There is considerable humour in most of the stories; but, for our own part, we like the book less than Andersen's.

Grimm's collections have, however, this great charm — they are truly tales for young and old. The most childish among them may amuse the gravest senior, as well as the wondering little boy or girl. The charm, we apprehend, lies in their genuineness. They are the "Arabian Nights" of Europe—many of them, we dare say, as old as the commencement of Teutonic civilisation; and they retain that indescribable raciness which clings to everything emanating from half-civilised times. Like the flavour of game, it is lost by refinement and culture. One who can truly taste these drolleries enjoys them as an epicure does a Westphalia ham. It is of no consequence that there is a princess in every story, and a marriage with a king's son, as a staple constituent of every plot. The giants, dwarfs, valiant little tailors, and lucky youngest sons, who play the active parts in each series of wonders, afford abundant variety of entertainment; but, as we have said, Andersen's finished compositions, subtle and complete as they are in their simplicity, move gentler emotions, and stir us with more intelligible impulses; for we defy the cleverest analyst of the University of Gottingen to tell how it is that Grimm's drolleries affect him with laughter and wonder in the measure that they do.

We press forward to notice a series of books very different, indeed, in tone, from these marvellous tales, yet equally fresh and delightful; full of adventure, and specially calculated to enchain the attention of boys, and unconsciously instruct them in natural history — familiarising them with the habits of plants and of animals.

Two of the works we allude to are from the pen of Captain Mayne Reid. "The Boy Hunters"† relates the imminent perils and hair-breadth 'scapes of three young heroes, in search of a white buffalo, on the vast prairie lands of North America. This book is admira-

* "Household Stories." Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly translated, with 240 Illustrations, by Edward H. Wehnert. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

† "The Boy Hunters; or, Adventures in search of a White Buffalo." By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations by W. Harvey. London: David Bogue. 1853.

bly fitted to promote the object of the writer, as stated in his dedication—"To create a taste for that most refining study, the study of nature." Captain Reid assures us, that he has taken no "liberty, for the sake of effect, with the laws of nature; with its *fauna*, or its *flora*. Neither plant nor tree, bird nor mammal, has been pressed into service, beyond the limits of its geographical range."

We may fairly doubt whether three boys, from the ages of seventeen downwards, could achieve successfully such an expedition as the one described by our author; or, whether any travellers through the American desert would fall in with such a host of foes. Yet, after all, it is quite allowable in the framer of a book of fiction to group together such a series of exciting adventures, as no single wayfarer ever encountered, provided only he does not overstep the bounds of probability in any one instance. We are sure the boy-readers of these exploits of the boy-hunters, will not complain of the redundant store here collected for their entertainment.

Far better than any analysis of the book will it be, in our opinion, to let it speak for itself. We select a description of a *flower prairie*, as a fair specimen of the botanical part of Captain Reid's work:—

"Their route led them through one of those lovely landscapes which are met with only in this southern region—a *flower prairie*. They travelled in the midst of flowers. Flowers were before them, behind, and on every side. Their shining corollas covered the prairie as far as the eye could see. There were golden sunflowers (*helianthi*), and red malvas, euphorbias, and purple lupins. There were the rose-coloured blossoms of the wild althea, and the brilliant orange of Californian poppies—glancing among the green leaves like so many balls of fire—while lower upon the surface grew the humble violas, sparkling like azure gems.

"The glorious sun was shining over all, and the late rain that had washed them seemed to have added to the fragrance and brilliancy. Millions of butterflies flew over them or rested in their soft cups, not less brilliant than the flowers themselves. Some of these were of vast dimensions, their downy wings speckled and striped with varied and gorgeous tints. There were other insects of gay colours and glancing wings. The giant spider-fly flew around, now poised on whirling wing, and now darting off like a thread of lightning to some other part of the boundless garden. There were bees, too, and

bee-birds humming from flower to flower, and robbing their rich nectaries. Now and then partridges and ruffed grouse whirred up before the horses; and François succeeded in shooting a brace of the latter, and hanging them behind his saddle.

"Through these great flower-beds our travellers rode on, crushing many a beautiful corolla under their horses' hoofs. Sometimes the flowers grew upon tall stalks that stood thickly together, and reached up to the shoulders of the horses, completely hiding them from the view of one at a distance. Sometimes the travellers passed through beds of *helianthi* alone—whose large heads, brushing against their thighs, covered them with yellow pollen-dust.

"It was, altogether, a rare and beautiful landscape; and the young hunters would have enjoyed it much, had they not been suffering from weariness and want of sleep. The fragrance of the flowers seemed at first to refresh them; but after a while they became sensible of a narcotic influence which it exercised over them, as they felt more sleepy than ever. They would have encamped among them, but there was no water, and without water they could not remain. There was no grass, either, for their animals; as, strange to say, upon these flower-prairies grass is seldom met with. The flower-stalks usurp the soil, and no turf is ever found about their roots. The travellers, therefore, were compelled to ride on, until they should reach some spot having grass and water—two of the necessary requisites of a 'night-camp.'

"After proceeding about ten miles, the flowers began to appear more thinly scattered over the surface, and at length declined into the *grass prairie*. Two or three miles farther brought our adventurers to a small 'spring branch' that ran through the open plain, with no timber upon its banks, except a few willows. Here they were glad to halt for the night, and they dismounted, and staked their animals upon the tempting sward."—pp. 265–268.

The account given of the different methods pursued by the buffalo-hunters is very interesting:—

"Now, there are several methods of hunting buffaloes, practised upon the prairies, both by whites and Indians. The most common is that of which François spoke, 'running.' This is done by simply overtaking the buffalo, galloping alongside of him—the hunter, of course, being on horseback—and shooting him through the heart while he runs. Shoot him in the region of the heart you must; for you may put twenty bullets into his great body elsewhere, and he will still manage to get away from you. The hunters aim a little above the brisket, and behind the fore-shoulder. The white

hunters use the rifle, or sometimes a large pistol — which is better for the purpose, as they can load it more easily while going in a gallop. The Indians prefer the bow — as they can shoot arrow after arrow in quick succession, thus slaying many buffaloes in a single 'run.' So expert are they with this weapon, that their arrows have been known to pierce through the bodies of large buffaloes, and pass clear out on the other side! At times the Indians use spears, with which they thrust the buffaloes while galloping alongside of them.

"Another method of hunting these animals is termed 'approaching.'

"'Approaching' buffaloes is nothing else than creeping stealthily on them until within range, when the hunter fires, often loads again and fires, and so on, until many of them are killed, before their companions take the alarm and scamper off. Indeed, the hunter will sometimes crawl up to a herd, and, concealing himself behind the bodies of those he has already killed, fire away until many have fallen. In doing this he takes care to keep to leeward; for if otherwise, and these animals—who have much keener scent than sight—should happen to 'wind' him, as it is termed, they are off in a moment. So keen is their scent that they can detect an enemy to windward at the distance of a mile or more. In 'approaching' the hunter sometimes disguises himself in the skin of a wolf or deer; when the buffaloes, mistaking him for one of these animals, permit him to get within shooting distance. An Indian has been known to creep up in this manner into the midst of a buffalo herd, and with his bow and arrows silently shoot one after another, until the whole herd lay prostrate! 'Approaching' is sometimes a better method than 'running.' The hunter thus saves his horse — often a jaded one — and is likely to kill a greater number of buffaloes, and get so many more hides, if that be his object, as it sometimes is. When he is a traveller only, or a beaver-trapper, who wants to get a buffalo for his dinner, and cares for no more than one, then 'running' is the more certain mode of obtaining it. In this way, however, he can kill only one, or at most two or three; for, while he is shooting these, and loading between times, the herd scatters, and runs out of his reach; and his horse is apt to be too much 'blown' to allow him to overtake them again.

"A third method of hunting buffaloes is the 'surround.' This is practised only by the Indians — as the white hunters of the prairies are rarely ever in such numbers as would enable them to effect a 'surround.' The name almost explains the nature of this hunt, which is practised as follows:—When a band of Indian hunters discover a herd of buffaloes, they scatter and deploy into a circle around them. They soon accomplish this on their swift horses, for they are mounted, as all prairie-hunters are sure to

be, whether whites or Indians. As soon as the circle is formed, the Indians ride inward with loud yells, and drive the buffaloes into a thick clump in the centre. They then dash upon them with bows and lances — each hunter killing as many as he can. The buffaloes become confused, run to and fro, and but few of them in the end get off. A herd of hundreds, and even thousands, is sometimes slaughtered at one of these *battues*. The Indians make this wholesale destruction for two objects; first, to get the meat, which they preserve by 'jerking' — that is, by cutting into thin strips, and drying in the sun — and secondly, for the skins with which they cover their tents, make their beds and part of their clothing. Many of them they barter at the trading-houses of the whites — established in remote regions for this purpose — where they receive in exchange knives, rifles, lead, powder, beads, and vermilion.

"Another method the Indians have of hunting the buffalo, is not unlike the last, but is still more fearful to witness.

"Most of the region where the buffaloes range consist of high upland prairies, such as in Asia are called 'steppes,' and in Mexico or South America 'mesas,' or 'table-lands.' Such plains are elevated from three to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. In many places on these table-lands there are deep refts called 'canons,' or more properly, 'barrancas,' that have probably been formed by running water during rain-storms. These are often dry, and look like vast fissures opening down into the earth — often for a thousand feet or more — and extending away for scores of miles across the prairie. Sometimes two of them intersect each other, forming a triangular space or peninsula between; and the traveller on reaching this point is obliged to turn back, as he finds himself almost encircled by precipices yawning downward into the earth. Whenever the Indians get a herd of buffaloes near one of these canons, they surround them on three sides, and guide them towards the precipice; and when they are near enough, gallop forward with wild shouts, causing the buffaloes to dash madly and blindly over. A whole herd will sometimes leap a precipice in this way — those in the front being forced over by the others, and these in turn pressed either to take the leap or be thrust by the spears of the pursuing horsemen. Sometimes when the Indians are not in sufficient numbers to make a 'surround,' of buffalo, they collect buffalo chips, and build them in little piles so as to represent men. These piles are placed in two rows, gradually converging towards each other, and leading to one of the aforementioned bluffs. Between these two rows they drive the buffaloes, that, mistaking the piles of their own 'chips' for Indians, are guided onwards to the edge of the precipice, when the hunters make their noisy rush, and force them over."—pp. 154–159.

The great American desert has been described under other aspects, by Captain Reid, in a second story-book for young people. "The Desert Home"* narrates the adventures of a family isolated in this solitary region, and dwelling there for years, cultivating an oasis in the drear expanse of wilderness which surrounded them. The head of this singular household was an Englishman, who, accompanied by his wife and children, had sought to establish himself as a miner in New Mexico; but in crossing the desert became separated from the caravan he had joined, for some hours, from an accident having happened to the wheel of his wagon. On regaining the encampment where his comrades had halted, he found, to his unspeakable horror, that they had been butchered by Indians. Thus isolated, hundreds of miles from human abodes, and from civilised life, encumbered with young children, and unprovided with means of transit, he settled down on the verdant spot of ground he had providentially encountered among the mountains; tilled the ground, tamed the wild beasts to be his ministers, and, after many years, during which time his family had remained entirely isolated, was discovered in his little paradise by a party of travellers wandering across the desert; to whom, after hospitably receiving them, he narrates his singular history.

The descriptive powers of Captain Mayne Reid are no less apparent in this book than in the "Boy Hunters." We instance his picture of the great American desert:—

"There are plains—some of them more than a hundred miles wide—where you can see nothing but white sand, often drifting about on the wind, and here and there thrown into long ridges such as those made by a snow-storm. There are other plains, equally large, where no sand appears, but brown barren earth utterly destitute of vegetation. There are others, again, on which grows a stunted shrub with leaves of a pale silvery colour. In some places it grows so thickly, interlocking its twisted and knotty branches, that a horseman can hardly ride through among them. This shrub is the *artemisia*—a species of wild sage or wormwood—and the plains upon which it grows are called by the hunters who cross them the *sage prairies*.

Other plains are met with that present a black aspect to the traveller. These are covered with lava, that at some distant period of time has been vomited forth from volcanic mountains, and now lies frozen up, and broken into small fragments like the stones of a new-made road. Still other plains present themselves in the American Desert. Some are white, as if snow had fallen freshly upon them, and yet it is not snow, but salt! Yes, pure, white salt—covering the ground six inches deep, and for fifty miles in every direction! Others, again, have a similar appearance; but, instead of salt, you find the substance which covers them to be soda—a beautiful efflorescence of soda!

"There are mountains, too; indeed, one-half of this desert is very mountainous; and the great chain of the Rocky Mountains, of which you have, no doubt, heard, runs sheer through it from north to south, and divides it into two nearly equal parts. But there are other mountains besides these—mountains of every height, and sometimes in their shape and colour presenting very striking and singular appearances. Some of them run for miles in horizontal ridges like the roofs of houses, and seemingly so narrow at their tops that one might sit astride of them. Others, again, of a conical form, stand out in the plain apart from the rest, and look like teacups turned upside down in the middle of a table. Then there are sharp peaks that shoot upward like needles, and others shaped like the dome of some great cathedral—like the dome of St. Paul's. These mountains are of many colours. Some are dark, or dark green, or blue when seen from a distance. They are of this colour when covered by forests of pine or cedar, both of which trees are found in great plenty among the mountains of the desert.

"There are many mountains where no trees are seen, nor any signs of vegetation along their sides. Huge naked rocks of granite appear piled upon each other, or jutting out over dark and frowning chasms. There are peaks perfectly white, because they are covered with a thick mantle of snow. These can always be seen from the greatest distance, as the snow lying upon them all the year without melting, proves them to be of vast elevation above the level of the sea. There are other peaks almost as white, and yet it is not with snow. They are of a milky hue, and stunted cedar-trees may be seen clinging in seams and crevices along their sides: these are mountains of pure limestone, or the white quartz rock. There are mountains, again, upon which neither tree nor leaf is to be seen, but in their stead the most vivid colours of red, and green, and yellow, and white, appearing in stripes along their sides, as though they had been freshly

* "The Desert Home; or, the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness." By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations by William Harvey. London: D. Bogue. 1868.

painted. These stripes mark the strata of different coloured rocks, of which the mountains are composed. And there are still other mountains in the Great American Desert to startle the traveller with their strange appearance. They are those that glitter with the mica and selenite ; these, when seen from a distance flashing under the sun, look as though they were mountains of silver and gold !

"The rivers, too ; strange rivers are they. Some run over broad shallow beds of bright sand. Large rivers, hundreds of yards in width, with sparkling waters. Follow them down their course—what do you find ? Instead of growing larger, like the rivers of your own land, they become less and less, until at length their waters sink into the sands, and you see nothing but the dry channel for miles after miles ! Go still farther down, and again the water appears, and increases in volume until, thousands of miles from the sea, large ships can float upon their bosom. Such are the Arkansas and the Platte.

"There are other rivers that run between bleak, rocky banks — banks a thousand feet high, whose bald, naked 'bluffs' frown at each other across the deep chasm, in the bottom of which roars the troubled water. Often these banks extend for hundreds of miles, so steep at all points that one cannot go down to the bed of their stream ; and often, often, the traveller has perished with thirst while the roar of their water was sounding in his ears ! Such are the Colorado and the Snake.

"Still others go sweeping through the broad plains, tearing up the clay with their mighty floods, and year after year changing their channels, until they are sometimes an hundred miles from their ancient beds. Here they are found gurgling for many leagues under ground — under vast rafts formed by the trees which they have borne downward in their current. There you find them winding by a thousand loops like the sinuosities of a great serpent, rolling sluggishly along, with waters red and turbid as though they were rivers of blood ! Such are the Brazos and the Red River.

"Strange rivers are they that struggle through the mountains and valleys, and plateau-lands of the Great American Desert.

"Not less strange are its lakes. Some lie in the deep recesses of hills that dip down so steeply you cannot reach their shores ; while the mountains around them are so bleak and naked, that not even a bird ever wings its flight across their silent waters. Other lakes are seen in broad, barren plains ; and yet, a

few years after, the traveller finds them not — they have dried up and disappeared. Some are fresh, with waters like crystal ; others brackish and muddy, while many of them are more salt than the ocean itself.

"In this desert there are springs—springs of soda and sulphur, and salt waters ; and others so hot that they boil up as in a great cauldron, and you could not dip your finger into them without scalding it.

"There are vast caves piercing the sides of the mountains, and deep chasms opening into the plains—some of them so deep that you might fancy mountains had been scooped out to form them. They are called 'barancas.' There are precipices rising straight up from the plains, thousands of feet in height, and steep as a wall ; and through the mountains themselves you may see great clefts cut by the rivers, as though they had been tunnelled and their tops had fallen in ; they are called 'canons.' All these singular formations mark the wild region of the Great American Desert."—pp. 3–8.

This is a very vivid portraiture of nature in some of her phases. Our young readers, however, may prefer adventure to description. We would willingly extract for their gratification, did our space permit, an exciting account of the contest of the congar and the peccary. The former is the tiger of America ; the latter, a species of wild hog of great ferocity and strength. They will find the whole account for themselves, in the thirty-eighth and following chapters of the "Desert Home."

We much prefer these works of Captain Mayne Reid's to the "Children of the New Forest,"* or the "Little Savage,"† of Captain Marryat, though they also are pleasant books for children. We must, however, pronounce the "Little Savage" very inferior in spirit and in execution to an older work, somewhat similar in the construction of its plot. The "Rival Crusoes" inculcates one of the best moral lessons which can possibly be taught to children — the duty of mutual forgiveness, and the wisdom of mutual forbearance. We are all dependent for kindness, for sympathy, and for help, on one another ; nor is any station so exalted or so secure as to make its possessor indifferent to the

* "The Children of the New Forest." By Captain Marryat, R.N. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1852.

† "The Little Savage." By Captain Marryat, R.N. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1852.

good offices of his fellow-men. A young naval officer, and a young seaman, who had exchanged injuries, and words of bitter strife and hatred, find themselves the only survivors from the wreck of their ship;—sole companions on a desert island. Their deportment to one another forms the subject of the narrative, which, though an old one, we commend to the favourable notice of parents, as a most valuable book for boys, full of the inculcation of generous and manly sentiment, as well as of the best lessons of charity and forgiveness. These Crusoe stories, too, have great charms for juveniles. Robinson Crusoe himself will never cease to be popular.

"The Island Home"* purports to be a narrative of facts; and relates the painful experience of six boys, left adrift, by the mutinying sailors of their trading vessel, on the wide Pacific in an open boat, unprovided with food or water. The names and parentage of these young creatures are given. The narrative is from the pen of one of the number, Richard Archer, from Connecticut. The book is painfully interesting, and is written with considerable graphic power. Our sympathies and our imaginations are alike excited by the tale. We follow, in breathless anxiety, the fortunes of these children during the days which they passed "alone on the wide, wide sea," until, by the mercy of Providence, they were driven on the coral reefs encircling one of those lovely islets of the Pacific, sprung from the waves, which the foot of man had never pressed. It was verdant and woody, a perfect paradise, free from noxious or dangerous inmates of any kind. A coral reef broke the billows of the ocean, so that a calm lagoon encircled the islet. It is thus described:—

"The submarine scenery of the lagoon was in this spot unusually varied and beautiful, and the basin formed a bath, fit for the Nereids themselves. Numbers of different kinds of shell-fish were attached to the coral branches, or wedged into their interstices. Others were feeding, and reflected the brightest colours with every motion. Purple mullet, variegated rock fish, and small ray-fish, were darting about near the

bottom. Another species of mullet, of a splendid changeable blue and green, seemed to be feeding upon the little polypes protruding from the coral tops. Shells, sea-plants, coral, and fishes, and the slightest movement of the latter, even to the vibration of a tiny fin, or the gentle opening of the gills in respiration, could be seen with perfect distinctness in this transparent medium. But what chiefly attracted attention, was the gay tints and curious shapes of the innumerable zoophytes, or 'flower animals,' springing up from the sides and bottom of the basin, and unfolding their living leaves above their limestone trunks or stems which encased them. Blue, red, pink, orange, purple, and green, were among the colours, and the variety of patterns seemed absolutely endless: they mimicked, in their manner of growth, the foliage of trees, the spreading antlers of the stag, globes, columns, stars, feathery plumes, trailing vines, and all the wildest and most graceful forms of terrestrial vegetation. Nothing was wanting to complete this submarine shrubbery, even to the minutest details; there were mosses, and ferns, and lichens, and spreading shrubs, and branching trees; bunches of slender thread-like stems, swaying gently with the motion of the water, might (except for their pale, purplish tint) pass for rushes, or tussocks of reedy grass; and it required no effort of the imagination to see fancifully shaped wild-flowers in the numerous varieties of actinæ, or sea anemones, many of which bore the closest resemblance to wood-pinks, asters, and carnations. The imitations of these flowers were in some cases wonderfully perfect, even to their delicate petals, which were represented by the slender, fringe-like tentacles of the living polype, protruding from its cell. Besides these counterparts of land vegetation, there were waving sea-fans, solid masses of sponge-coral, clubs of Hercules, madrepores, like elegantly-formed vases filled with flowers, dome-like groups of astrææ, studded with green and purple spangles, and a thousand other shapes, so fantastic and peculiar, that they can be likened to no other objects in nature."—pp. 198, 199.

Other sights and sounds greeted the lonely watchers:—

"A strange confusion of indistinct and broken sounds, issuing from myriads of nests and perches all along the beach, showed that the various tribes of sea-fowl were beginning to be-tir themselves. A few slumbrous, half-smothered sounds from scattered nests preluded the general concert, and then the notes were taken up, and repeated by the

* "The Island Home; or, The Adventures of Six Young Crusoes." By Richard Archer. London: George Routledge and Co. 1853.

entire feathered population for miles along the shore, until the clamour seemed like that of ten thousand awakening barn-yards. And now the scene began to be enlivened by immense multitudes of birds, rising in the air, and hovering in clouds over the lagoon. Some wheeled around us in their spiral flight; others skimmed the water like swallows, dipping with marvellous promptness after any ill-starred fish that ventured near the surface; others, again, rose high into the air, from whence, by their incredible keenness of sight, they seemed readily to discern their prey, when, poising themselves an instant on expanded wings, they would pounce perpendicularly downward, and disappearing entirely in the water for an instant, emerge, clutching securely a struggling victim. But in carrying on this warfare upon the finny inhabitants of the lagoon, the feathered spoilers were not perfectly united and harmonious; and fierce domestic contentions occasionally interrupted and diversified their proceedings. A number of unprincipled man-of-war hawks, who preferred gaining their livelihood by robbing their neighbours and associates, to relying upon their own honest industry, would sail lazily around on wide-spread pinions, watching with the air of unconcerned spectators the methodical toil of the plodding gannets. But the instant that one of the latter rose from a successful plunge, with a plump captive writhing in his grasp, all appearance of indifference would vanish, and some dark-plumaged pirate of the lagoon, pouncing down like lightning upon his unwarlike neighbour, would ruthlessly despoil him of his hard-earned prize. One of these piratical gentry suffered before our eyes a fate worthy of his rapacity. A gannet had seized upon a fish much larger than his strength enabled him to manage, and was struggling in vain to lift it into the air, when a hawk darted upon them, and striking his talons into the fish, put the gannet to flight. But the greedy victor had greatly miscalculated the strength of his intended prey. A desperate conflict, sometimes under water, and sometimes just at the surface, ensued. The hawk struggled gallantly, but in vain, and was at length drawn under by his ponderous antagonist to rise no more."—pp. 274, 275.

These prose descriptions are scarcely less poetical than the exquisite pictures we find in Professor Wilson's poem of the "Isle of Palms." To this word-painting of morning in the tropics, we would suggest to our readers to append the poet's graceful portraiture of the moonlight sea, which is one of our favourite passages from the "Isle of Palms." Altogether, while suffering ourselves to be transported in fancy to the Pacific islet, there to

revel in the glorious vegetation of the tropics, the gorgeous colouring of the feathered inmates of its woods, and the lovely flowers, and soft herbage, untrodden by the foot of man, we are impelled to exclaim:—

"My spirit sleeps amid the calm,
The sleep of a new delight;
And hopes that she ne'er may wake again,
But for ever hang o'er the lovely main,
And adore the lovely night."

We revel, with more than ordinary delight, amid the scenes described in the "Island Home," for another pen has lately had for its subject another tropical island. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has issued an interesting little book on Pitcairn's Island, describing the present condition of this remote gem of ocean, as well as the tragical history of the past generation of its inhabitants—the wretched mutineers of the *Bounty*. The pious pastor of Pitcairn's Island has but lately sailed from our shores, bearing with him to his distant home useful gifts for his small colony; and we can promise those who may feel inclined to peruse this little book, that they will find in it much to interest and to charm.

But to return to our "Island Home" and its young inhabitants. The boys built a hut with much labour, wherein to shelter during the rainy season; when it arrived, they passed their seclusion in sedulous attempts at self-improvement. Their account of the amusements by which they wiled away the long twilight hours, may entertain our youthful readers. With it we must close this very delightful book:—

"Sometimes, as a variation of our evening amusements, we put out the lights, and sit and tell stories in the dark. Brown's memory is stored with an unfailing supply of marvellous tales and legends, founded upon Scottish history and tradition, or the habits and superstitions of the people: some relate to wraiths, warnings, second sight, &c.; some illustrate the prowess of Scottish heroes and worthies, from Bruce and Wallace wight, down to Johnny Armstrong and Rob Roy Macgregor; others, again, are wild and tragical tales of covenanting times, or of the sufferings endured, and the dangers encountered by his countrymen, for their religious faith, from the time of the murder of 'holy Patrick Hamilton, the first Scottish martyr,' to the forays of prelatical moss-troopers, and the butcheries of Claverhouse, in later days.

"The chief point of all Browne's narratives, however various their subjects, is to illustrate the superiority of Scotland, and every thing Scottish, from martyrs to mendicants, and from heroes to highwaymen, over all the rest of the world in general, and the sister kingdom in particular. I was greatly amused by one of his stories, which related how a Scottish border-robber outwitted and plundered an English professional brother. In his patriotic resolution to uphold the superiority of his country in all respects, Browne was not even willing to allow that the pilferers and marauders south of the Tweed, could at all compare in address and audacity, with those who enjoyed the advantage of having been bred to the north of it.

"Max, too, was (at least in Johnny's estimation) a famous story-teller, almost equal in fact to Schehezerade, of the Thousand and One Nights. His stories, however, were of an entirely different character from those of Browne. They had no savour of historic or traditionary truth—no relation to actual life—and in this consisted their great charm. Their subject matter was the wonderful exploits of bold knights-errant, sallying forth, attended by their trusty esquires, in search of high adventures; their chivalrous encounters with other knights in mortal quarrel, or for the honours of the tourney; their incredible feats of strength and valour in the rescue of captive maidens, wandering prince-esses, and distressed damsels, from all sorts of unheard-of perils, and in the redress of all manner of grievances, by whomsoever suffered. In his more romantic flights he described exploits yet more perilous than these—conflicts with giants and ogres—the storming and demolishing of enchanted castles, defended by scaly griffins, and fire-breathing dragons, backed by the potent spells and incantations of some hostile magician. To such narratives Johnny would willingly listen by the hour. Any trifling anachronisms or inconsistencies, which sometimes occurred, never troubled him in the least. If some of Max's knights, equipped with sword and shield, and sheathed in mail, were also expert at fire-arms, and handled a rifle or a revolver like a Kentuckian, Johnny respected and admired them all the more on account of these varied accomplishments, and never troubled the narrator with any vexatious demand for explanations.

"At first Max had been greatly piqued at the slight interest which Johnny seemed to feel in the fate of his heroes. The fact was, that he had become so familiar with that department of literature, and was so accustomed to see the hero come safely out of the most horrible and unheard-of dangers, that he regarded it as quite a matter of course, and there was now no such thing as alarming him for his safety. It was to no purpose that Max surrounded his heroes with

fierce and numerous foes; Johnny took it quite coolly, expecting him to cut his way out as a hero should. It was in vain to cover him with wounds—a hero's wounds are never mortal. Cast him away upon an iron-bound coast in the midst of a hurricane—Johnny knew that *one* would escape: drown a hero! who ever heard of such a thing? Max at length resented this indifference, by suddenly becoming quite tragical, and actually despatching two or three heroes with very little ceremony. The first of these unfortunate gentlemen perished, if I remember correctly, by 'a tremendous back-stroke of a two-handed, double-edged sword, that severed his head from his body.' At this sentence, which seemed pretty decisive, Johnny was somewhat staggered, but immediately recovering himself, he bade Max 'go on,' expecting, I very believe, that it would turn out that the head was not in fact quite cut off, or that if it was, it would, like that of the physician Dubin, in the Arabian Nights, be again set upon his shoulders, and life restored by the healing virtue of some potent medicament. Great was his astonishment and consternation, on being made at last to comprehend, that the hero was actually dead; which fact he did not, however, appear fully to realise, until Max, to put the matter beyond doubt, buried him with great funereal pomp and ceremony, and erected over his remains a splendid monument, with an inscription recording his exploits and his valour. This method of proceeding, Max judiciously followed up, by giving a tragical termination to his romances, often enough to keep Johnny reminded that *his* heroes at any rate were mortal.

"In addition to these resources for our evenings, we have the semi-weekly meetings of 'The South Sea Lyceum,' which was organised soon after the commencement of the rainy season, and of which Arthur is the president, having been twice unanimously elected to that dignified and responsible office. Recitations or declamations, essays and debates upon questions previously selected, constitute the regular exercises at these meetings. Brown possesses quite a talent for dramatic recitation, and he has Shakspeare almost by heart, which circumstances, early on the voyage out, earned for him the nickname of 'Shaks.' At nearly every session of the 'Lyceum,' he is either among the regular appointees for a recitation, or is called out by acclamation for a voluntary one. Max shines chiefly in debate, in which he is always ready to take either side of any question. Indeed he sometimes speaks on both sides of the same question, and displays his ingenuity by refuting his own arguments.

"These meetings have thus far been exceedingly pleasant, and on many a night when the driving rain was beating upon roof and window, and the wind was howling dismally around our solitary cabin, all has

seemed bright and cheerful within, as Max and Morton carried on a spirited debate, or Browne declaimed Wolsey's soliloquy, or 'To be, or not to be, that is the question.' "—pp. 304–308.

Now for a rapid survey of the books which yet lie unnoticed before us. "The Charm"* is a very charming annual for boys and girls. "Little Arbell,"† a pretty story, prettily told. "A Hero,"‡ pleasantly inculcates an excellent moral. "Boys at Home"§ is a well-intended and agreeable book; while, for very juvenile readers, the "Happy Days of Childhood,"|| with its gay illustrations, will have inexpressible charms. For these dear little ones, the "Apple-Dumpling, and other Stories,"¶ will furnish much that is amusing and practically suggestive. "WonderCastle"*** contains some pretty tales, though we cannot admire its frontispiece, or the story from which it is selected. "The Boy's Own Story-Book"†† recalls the enchanting hours we passed long since over the "Arabian Nights;" while the very prettily got-up book of "Round Games,"‡‡ contains subjects for the amusement of both young and old. A "Christmas Book for the Young,"§§ from the graceful pen of Mary Howitt, reminds us of her claim on the undying gratitude of children, so often and so delightfully has it been exercised on their behalf. Foremost among the very attractive series of children's books published by the Messrs. Chambers,|||| we would name Mrs. Howitt's "Steadfast Gabriel." It is a charming tale, very simple in its structure, affording delicious peeps into English

woodland scenery; while its portraits of the three Gabriels—father, son, and grandson—are delightfully characterised. We would instance the elder woodman's training of his grandson:—

"He carried him in his arms through the beautiful woodpaths, which he himself knew so well; he traced with him the course of the lovely forest streams; pointed out to him, while yet a baby perched in his arm, the silvery fish, the countless shoals of minnows, the flowers, the birds, the insects, and the wild creatures of the wood. He gathered wild blossoms for him in spring, and wild fruit in autumn; showed him the plantations of oak which he himself had set; bought for him a little pruning-knife, and before he could yet well handle it, began to instruct him in its use. For hours he would sit with him in the sunshine; he would lead him along the open ridings where the trees arched overhead and the turf was green beneath their feet, and await a troop of jolly hunters with the free-living Lord Montjoy at their head, and think their scarlet coats and their 'Hark forward!' beautiful, because the little lad, the darling grandson, clapped his hands, and shouted for joy at the sight."—pp. 43, 45.

And again—

"We need neither organs nor minster-churches to make our service acceptable to God. The green trees in this wood in summer, and the bare branches in winter, have been a temple to me for these eighty years. There have often been times when the wind and the little birds have been to me preachers and singers. A woodman, Gabriel, ought to be a pious man, for he has God's works always around him; he has room for good thoughts if he will but let them have their way. And this I tell thee, Gabriel—and I was not born yesterday—that if a man, or a

* "The Charm." A Book for Boys and Girls. Illustrated with more than 100 engravings. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

† "Arbell." A Tale for Young People. By Jane Winnard Hooper. With illustrations by James Godwin. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

‡ "A Hero." Philip's Book. By the Author of "Olive." With illustrations by James Godwin. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

§ "Boys at Home." By C. Adams. Illustrated by John Gilbert. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1853.

|| "Happy Days of Childhood." By Amy Meadows. Illustrated by Harrison Weir. London: J. Cundall. 1854.

¶ "The Apple-Dumpling, and other Stories." London: Addey and Co. 1852.

*** "Wonder Castle." A structure of Seven Stories. By A. F. Frere. London: Addey and Co. 1853.

†† "The Boy's Own Story-Book." By the best Authors. With illustrations by W. Harvey. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1852.

‡‡ "Round Games for all Parties." London: David Bogue. 1854.

§§ "The Dial of Love." A Christmas Book for the Young. By Mary Howitt. London: Darton and Co. 1853.

|||| "Chambers's Library for Young People." Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1850.

lad either—for this was my experience when I was very young — will open his soul to good thoughts in a wood, they will fill it to overflowing, and with them will come such a gladness as will make him sing for joy. I have sung many a time for joy, I have been so wondrously happy in the woods. Thou wilt be a woodman, Gabriel, and thou wilt live in the cottage that I built. I built it strong and comfortable, as a fit dwelling for a God-fearing man who wishes to do his duty; for God loves work well done. I built it in the fear of God for thy father and for thee. It will last more than thy time, Gabriel, for its timber is sound as an acorn. Love God, my lad, honour thy parents, and live creditably in the house that I built for thee! Remember my words: let the house which I built for thee be like the great woods—an acceptable and fitting temple for thy Maker's worship."—pp. 46, 47.

Our American sisters are not behind-hand in this department of literary labour. Miss Warner, better known by her assumed name of Elizabeth Wetherell, has projected a series of narratives, which purport to be the favourite story-books in Ellen Montgomery's bookcase. All readers of the "Wide, Wide World"—and what young person has not read it?—will remember its sweet little heroine. The first volume in Ellen Montgomery's bookcase has appeared. "Mr. Rutherford's Children" is a very childish story, but narrated with much of its author's happiest manner. Still we have to complain of the same excessive pettiness and tiresome detail, so apparent in "Queechy" and the "Wide, Wide World;" but, like these works also, it contains one or two poetic gems. We would especially refer to the beautiful hymn for children, at page 184, in the volume before us.

Another American lady claims our favourable notice. Mrs. Judson, a well-known contributor to the periodical literature of her country, under the assumed name of Fanny Forrester, has been introduced to us by the publication in England of her "Records of Alderbrook."† The writer of these chronicles of her native village possesses, if we may judge from the work

before us, much deep, earnest feeling. Her pictures of American manners can scarcely fail to interest; but her narratives are fitted for a more reflecting age than that of childhood.

The "Library for Young People," which the Messrs. Chambers, with their wonted enlightened liberality, have issued at so small a price as to be accessible to all classes, contains many volumes of good and pleasant reading for little folks. It is almost invidious to single out a few from among the many safe and interesting books which it includes. We shall, however, give, as our own favourites, in addition to the "Steadfast Gabriel" already mentioned, "Alfred in India," "True Heroism," "Moral Courage," "Clever Boys," and a very pleasing collection of juvenile "Poems." Little boys and girls, too, will find their modes of entertainment much extended by the suggestions given in "Fireside Amusements."

"Duty and Affection" in this series, is a translation from the German of Gustav Nieritz. The same narrative has been rendered into English by another hand; and in either garb, the adventures of the "Little Drummer"‡ are both interesting and instructive. Napoleon's army, marching across Europe, to the invasion of Russia, is quartered upon the humble citizens of the towns and villages which lay *en route*. Great hardships were inflicted on the peaceful people by the reckless soldiery so unceremoniously intruded upon their hospitality. An assault is made on a ruffianly soldier, by his entertainer, a German saddler. To save the life of his father, perilled by this infringement of martial law, the saddler's son enlists in the regiment as a drummer. The sad experiences of the young Augustus in that terrible campaign, and the subsequent retreat from Moscow, are vividly described. The reader is admitted, as it were, behind the battle scenes. To the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, succeed the fearful field of carnage, when the combat is over. The groans of the

* "Mr. Rutherford's Children." By the Author of the "Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," &c. London: James Nisbet and Co.

† "Records of Alderbrook; or, Fanny Forrester's Village Sketches." London: Sampson, Low, and Co. 1853.

‡ "The Little Drummer; or, Filial Affection: a Story of the Russian Campaign." Translated from the German, by H. W. Dulken. London: Addy and Co. 1852.

dying, the torments of the wounded, the sorrows and sufferings endured by the inoffensive population — all are powerfully depicted. We shudder as we read, and almost turn to listen for the sound of the cannon from the banks of the Danube.

Chambers's "Library for Young People" contains a Juvenile History of England, and also, a History of Scotland. These books are, like everything else that issues from the press of the Messrs. Chambers, well intended and well executed; but we could desire that they possessed a little more of that picturesqueness which none in the world can better appreciate than the author of "The History of the '45." We wish Mr. Robert Chambers himself would do for little children what he has so charmingly done for the adult readers of his own country's history. Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and Mrs. Markham's histories of England and France, have always appeared to us models of excellence in this department. In introducing to the young this most delightful study, we should expressly aim at picturesque effect. If the imagination can once be excited; and the events and actors of a remote age be vividly brought before the learner, they will never be forgotten. The mind will be stored with rich material for future use; the memory most happily exercised; while the deeper lessons of history will assume a reality, and come home to the mind and conscience of the very youngest student with a force which no bare recital of facts, with moral reflections duly subjoined thereto, could possibly effect.

We could not give a better illustration of the foolish fashion of appending dry, moral declamation to the conclusion of historical narrative, than by citing some examples from a very well intended and beautifully got up book, which is entirely spoiled by these execrable addenda. The "Scripture History for Youth" * has some very attractive engravings. But how unlike the simple, noble language of the Bible is the inflated style in which Bible narratives are here conveyed! What youthful student would pause to profit by the lesson drawn from the history of Absalom?—

"This recital ought to make a deep impression on juvenile readers. They cannot sin without not only exposing themselves to pain and punishment, but, consequent on their suffering, their parents are doomed to the bitterest anguish kindly hearts can know."

Again, in the history of Moses—

"Let the young reader deeply reflect on this." (We question whether any young reader, however reflective, will derive much intelligible instruction from the following:—) "Has he a parent? That parent is to him a Moses, to lead him from the swaddling clothes of infancy to the freedom which he may claim in maturer years; from a state of helpless weakness, towards that situation of trust which he is eventually to fill. If the kindly, anxious efforts to bring him forward meet with a thankless return, in the fullness of time the refractory youth (like the sinful Jews), when the grave has closed over his friend, will, with poignant anguish, mourn his loss with unavailing tears."

To the "Scripture Natural History for Youth," of the same writer, our remarks equally apply. The design is good; the engravings excellent; the style of the descriptive letter-press inflated and full of bombastic insignificance; yet, amid a mass of lengthy words and intricate sentences, some desirable information lies hidden.

After all, this class of books scarcely comes within the range of our present purpose. They are books rather of edification than of pleasure. Not that our pleasure-books are to be deemed uninstructional. Far otherwise. That indirect nutriment which we unconsciously imbibe, the healthful influences of free air, sunshine, and genial mirth, contribute to the perfect growth of the man, as much as do the more conscious elements of bodily sustenance. A profound observer has asserted, that the destinies of a people are more influenced by their ballads than by their laws; and, if the child be truly father to the man, we would look for a wiser, benigner, and more genial manhood, from among those whose tastes, fancies, and feelings had been exercised in childhood, and their young imaginations preoccupied by a pure, graceful, and varied literature.

We had almost passed over in silence some very small, very cheap, and

* "Tallis's Illustrated Scripture History for the Improvement of Youth." By the Editor of "Sturm's Family Devotions." John Tallis and Co., London and New York.

very charming story-books for "Summer Days and Winter Nights."* We cannot commend them too highly. But space will not permit; and with a salutary consciousness that, after all, there are other subjects of criticism and discussion demanding the attention of our readers, of at least equal importance, and certainly not of less interest, we must refrain from carrying our notices of children's books to any greater length on this occasion. Wishing our young readers much innocent

and happy pastime from some or all of the books we have indicated as desirable companions for their leisure hours, in bright summer days, or present winter nights, we turn from our library-table, reluctantly leaving many works unnoticed, which do not merit such uncourteous treatment at our hands. And, for the intellectual repast so far set forth for our young friends, we shall only add—

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

BLANCHE—A POEM.

BY THE LATE J. DE JEAN FRAZER.

FRAZER, author of the following remarkable poem, was one of the Irishmen of genius warmed into the noblest dour of song by the ignoble heats of 1848, and the previous years of agitation. When Mitchell issued the first number of his *United Irishman*, the generous spirit of Mangan kindled with the contagion. If a poet so high as he suffered himself to be rapt into the delusive visions of that vain year, what large excuses must we make for Frazer, who, with all his fine qualities, compassed only strains of a mood so much less lofty? Perhaps, however, instead of making excuses for the men who in those years dignified disaffection by their genius, we would render a better service to society by fixing attention on the fact, that if the poetry of a country express the intimate convictions of its people, the soul of Ireland at that time showed itself to be alienated from almost every tie that wise men would desire to see it most intimately allied with. If we except the author of the manly and philosophic expostulations of "Menenius," whose eloquent periods sometimes realised poetic effects in prose, there was scarce a man of the ability to clothe noble thoughts in harmonious language throughout Ireland at that time, ready to make the Muse the handmaid of established authority. That such a man as Frazer should have been left to wear out his life in the bitterness of an ultra-republican hostility to the owners of property and the constituted governors of his native land, gives reason to suspect that the then heads and guardians of society had left many things undone which they ought to have done to set themselves right in the eyes and hearts of the people. If Frazer had been a vulgar polemic, hating the gentry because they go to church, and detesting English rule because England is a Protestant country, but ready to become the *villein* of an orthodox feudal nobility, and the provincial of a converted dominant state, his angry grandeurs and passions of freedom would go for nothing, however melodiously or vigorously worded. But Frazer was a Protestant, and the descendant, as his name testifies, of Huguenots and Scots, and wrote with a sincere and direct hostility to the English interest in Ireland. It would appear as if some early recollection of violence or oppression had exasperated him into a resentful animosity against the smaller class of gentry, who in his youthful days were so much more numerous, and so much less useful in their station than they now are. They, indeed, have suffered the double penalty of popular estrangement and of imperial desertion. Guarantees, as they were taught to suppose themselves, of the stability of the empire, they were turned into money, when the

* "Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights." Little Story-books. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1858.

day of need came, as mercilessly as if they had been guarantees in the stores of the pawnbroker. Frazer is dead and gone, and the class by whose faults he and men like him were revolted from the cause of common sense and public order, has also in a great measure disappeared. But the spirit of song survives; and not only here, but in the land of the kindly Scot,—that has sent out the progenitors of Frazer, and of many a good man more, to preserve the flame of mental independence among a people too prone to the indolence of thinking by proxy,—survives also the spirit of a resolute nationality, which will again and again speak through the lips of poets, and enrich the literature, while it consolidates the power, and succours the loyalty of the empire.

The poem which we subjoin is one of those left by Frazer in manuscript. Like most of his other lengthy pieces, it wants consecutiveness, but is full of feeling and picturesque power. Frazer was from the neighbourhood of Birr. As a specimen of the Ormond-man's genius, coloured as its effusions are by the complexion of his native district, we extract from the little volume of his poems, published in his lifetime,* the characteristic ballad of

CLONDALLAGH.

"Are the orchards of Scurragh
With apples still bending?
Are the wheat-ridge and furrow
On Cappaghneale blending?
Let them bend—let them blend!—
Be they fruitful or fallow,
A far dearer old friend
Is the bog of Clondallagh!

"Fair Birr of the fountains,
Thy forest and river
And miniature mountains
Seem around me for ever;
But they cast from the past
No home memories to hallow
My heart to the last,
Like the bog of Clondallagh!

"How sweet was my dreaming
By Brosna's bright water;
While it dashed away, seeming
A mountain's young daughter!
Yet to roam with its foam,
By the deep reach, or shallow—
Made but brighter at home
The turf fires from Clondallagh!

"If whole days of a childhood
More mournful than merry,
I sought thro' the wild wood
Young bird or ripe berry;
Some odd sprite, or quaint knight,
Some Sinbad, or Abdallah,
Was my chase by the light
Of bog fir from Clondallagh!

"There the wild duck and plover
Have felt me a prowler
On their thin rushy cover,
More fatal than fowler;
And regret sways me yet,
For the crash on the callow;
When the matched hurlers met
On the plains of Clondallagh!

"Yea, simply to measure
The moss with a soundless
Quick step, was a pleasure
Strange, stirring, and boundless;
For its spring seemed to fling
Up my foot, and to hallow
My spirit with wing
O'er the sward of Clondallagh!

"But alas! in the season
Of blossoming gladness,
May be strewed over reason
Rank seeds of vain sadness!
While a wild, wayward child,
With my young heart all callow,
It was warmed and beguiled
By dear Jane of Clondallagh!

"On the form with her seated,
No urchin dare press on
My place, while she cheated
Me into my lesson!
But soon came a fond claim
From a lover to hallow
His hearth with a dame—
In my Jane of Clondallagh!

"When the altar had risen,
From Jane to divide me.
I seemed in a prison,
Tho' she still was beside me;
And I knew more the true,
From the love, false or shallow,
The farther I flew,
From that bride, and Clondallagh!

"From the toils of the city,
My fancy long bore me,
To sue her to pity
The fate she brought o'er me!
And the dream, wood and stream,
The green fields and the fallow,
Still return, like a beam
From dear Jane of Clondallagh!"

We can understand the feeling of the old Irish bard who celebrates the praises of the “swampy, streamy, and irriguous” borders of some such loved locality in one of the pieces collected, we believe, by Hardiman. Clondallagh is, on the whole, the happiest of Frazer’s efforts; and it is not surprising that a man capable of so much excellence should have enjoyed the friendship and conversation of persons of station and accomplishments, although himself occupied in handicraft. Frazer was a cabinetmaker, and a steady and unassuming workman, but suffered from chronic ill-health, which ultimately incapacitated him for profitable employment. After his death, notwithstanding many claims for testimonials to the memories of recently-deceased illustrious men, a respectable collection was formed for objects which must have been very near and dear to the poor fellow in his last days. We hear that a new edition of his poems is about to be published, the profits of which are destined for the same purpose. Wishing every success to the generous undertaking, we close this imperfect notice of one who emphatically was born with the curse of Swift upon him; but we do so with so little of literary superstition, that we trust we shall often again have to commemorate — not after death, but during prosperous and splendid lives — many others who, like Frazer, have been born “Irishmen, and men of genius.”

I.

COME forth—the dew, like seeds of light,
By angels broadcast in the night,
To universal glance and gleam,
Has budded in the morning beam;
In *green-and-silver* hawthorns gay
Their summer revels hold,
As if they came of age to-day,
The heirs of wealth untold;
And youthful meadows, tho’ they be
Even yet in their minority,
Swayed by a gallant rivalry,
Are pranked in *green-and-gold*.
Oh! would the season ne’er seal up
The hawthorn bloom and buttercup;
How wan were artborn, garden bowers,
To nature’s nursery of wild flowers!

II.

If sunny day,
As gossips say,
Foretoken wedded bliss;
No happier life
Enshrines a wife,
Than waits the gentle bride of *this*.
But time and truth will falsify
The promise of it’s glowing sky;
And, tested by life’s every hour,
The sunshine may as well be shower;
To her, whose flaunting bridal train
Is wending from our grey old fane.

III.

What triumph swells the bridegroom’s brow?—
What grief o’erwhelms the bride?
The blooming and the blasted bough
In unity, yet unallied—
Estrangement cannot help or hide!
The ring, the ritual, and the vow
Are chains no less than chaplets now;
Chaplets or chains, that will allow
No severance—yet divide,

And drive with latent power apart,
 Like chymic forces, heart from heart !
 The victor and the victim close
 The war of wooing, deeper foes—
 So visibly, intensely rife,
 With elements and threats of strife,
 The feeling o'er their features spread,
 In utter darkness might be read !
 Alas ! for both—but if the pain
 Of triumph won, yet won in vain,
 Can burn, and not consume, the brain,
 The bride 's the happier of the twain ;
 Albeit her young love-dream be gone,
 Of two fond spirits fused to one ;
 And her repelling bridal seemed
 A mockery of the dream she dreamed.

IV.

It *was* a mockery to her heart,
 A sarcasm to her eye,
 A monster form, in every part,
 Misshapen and awry.
She, who had brooded, like a dove
 O'er it's first eggs, on dreams of love ;
 Wondering what bliss, to be revealed,
 In those sweet visions lay concealed ;
 And more absorbed, as seemed the dear
 Desired revealment brought more near :
She, taking for her wedded lord
 A loathed caitiff, now abhorred—
 Whose sullying hand would freely fold
 Her form with worms, to gain her gold ;
 Tho' now her form, in waves of flame,
 Sent sensual passion thro' his frame !
 His brethren, set, like band of spies,
 To note some treason in her eyes !
 Her sire, like sentry, vexed with doubt
 If captive truth might not rush out !
 A vulgar crowd—that, like a flood,
 Inched on, and on, to where she stood ;
 Fastening a gaze, like barbéd dart,
 In the wrung vitals of her heart !
 While wealthier groups her visage took,
 And studied, as a mystic book ;
 Whereof one open page—the past—
 Were certain index to the last !
 No soothing pity for a doom,
 More dreadful than an early tomb !
 No merry glance, no grasp of hand,
 No joyous greeting, arch or bland,
 No whispered jest, no timely prank,
 But mutterings low, or faces blank,
 Or smiles, more dismal still to see,
 They were so full of mystery—
 But mystery she could well explain,
 From records on her heart and brain !
 A reverend pastor bent by age,
 With voice that faltered o'er the page ;
 And eye that trembled less with years
 Than with the stealthy gush of tears !
 No blessing of spontaneous flow !
 No prayer the ritual could not show !

No wishing to the bridal band
 Days long and happy in the land !
 No blending, as his wont to blend,
 With every bridal group—a friend !
 But hurried steps, as if to shun
 The evil work his words had done ;
 Or hide prophetic consciousness,
 His prayer might ban, and would not bless !
 All *was* a mockery, keen and cold,
 Of what her fond young heart foretold.

v.

The wealthier groups, the vulgar crowd,
 The hoary priest, infirm and bowed,
 We saw around a gloomier spot,
 Nor marvel it was unforgot,
 Now, when O'Donnel stood beside
 Poor Blanche, his sorrow-shrunk bride ;
 And her large tears, like glistening rain,
 Speckled the flags of our old fane.

vi.

'Twas Autumn—and at evening hour,
 Huge clouds on clouds involved and wild,
 Mixed with red bursts of sunny power,
 Along the western sky were piled ;
 And as, with still-ascending aim,
 Their brightening, kindling summits curled ;
 They looked the volumed smoke and flame,
 From some condemned and burning world :
 There gazed a youth at sunset then,
 Who never saw sunrise again.

vii.

At noon of night with thunder-shout,
 And lightning glance, the storm broke out ;
 But silence, in its empty breast,
 O'er and again the shout suppressed ;
 And darkness, like a dead expanse
 Of water, closed upon the glance ;
 Yet earth and air, from clod to cloud,
 Before its dangerous advent bowed :
 Still was the elemental fray
 A frontier battle far away ;
 But ere the transit of an hour,
 Gathering its vast reserves of power,
 Continuous flame, and blast, and shower—
 In rapid march, without a stage,
 It came—a conqueror's war to wage.
 Away, away, to fragments torn,
 The forest's leafy roof was borne ;
 From misty highland, haunt, and home,
 Rushed the swoll'n floods in sheeted foam ;
 As in the glorious olden years,
 Swept down our mustered mountaineers :
 And still the tempest nearer came,
 Crash heaped on crash, flame linked to flame—
 Till o'er our ancient fane it broke ;
 As if unto the dead, who lay
 Around its shuddering walls, it spoke
 The summons of the judgment day ;

Causing each corse to leave its bed,
 In that encampment of the dead :
 Then, it would seem, the buried stepped
 From grave, sarcophagus, and tomb :
 So spectrally the headstones leaped,
 In generations, from the gloom,
 To be in gulf of darkness swallowed ;
 While others to the same black doom,
 Upstarted in the flash that followed :
 At length an overpowering peal
 Swelled out, as if with armed heel,
 Whole hosts of marching angels o'er
 The arch-span of creation trod ;
 Mid vivid lightnings, shot before,
 With loud, reverberated roar,
 From the red chariot-wheels of God.

VIII.

The youth who watched the tempest cloud
 At eve, lay in the graveyard now ;
 Beneath the tempest in his shroud,
 With riven brain, and shattered brow.
 His shroud, the naked coffin shell,
 And gory garb in which he fell !
 Of mourning trappings, hearse and steed,
 Sad hearts—strong arms had met the need ;
 For under banner, flag, or plume,
 Ne'er went a worthier to the tomb :
 Yon eager crowds around were grouped ;
 While yon grey pastor, worn and stooped,
 Read, by a bogwood flambeau's light
 And memory's torch, the funeral rite :
 From hollow earth, to booming air,
 Sepulchrally went up the prayer ;
 And seemed the elements at once,
 With quick and dead to make response,
 Lengthened away, as sunk and rose
 The pealing cadence to a close :
 Deep was the grief, the feeling strong,
 And sad the struggle of the throng ;
 To do some last and kindly deed
 (The kindlier that he took no heed),
 Or catch a coffin glimpse—to be
 Last sight of him ; it shook their creed
 To think they never more would see,
 In time, or in eternity.
 Some climbed the elms—some took for stalls
 The ivy of the old church walls,
 Startling the roosted birds, to scorch
 Their wings against the bogwood torch :
 Some mounted tombs—some, urns—some leant
 From window slab and monument ;
 Some to the deep door-mouldings clung,
 And some astride the headstones sprung ;
 None deeming it or wrong or rash,
 To bide the shower or front the flash ;
 So far all self-regard had fled,
 From earnest sorrow for the dead :
 His was no pompous resting place
 Among the mouldered of his race :
 Not one of all his name or blood
 Around his nameless coffin stood ;

Yet breaths were held, and brows were bare,
 In spots where none could hear the prayer ;
 And o'er him fell the purest tears
 Which moistened that churchyard for years ;
 Nor few the eyes no grief could dim,
 For kith, or kindred, wept for him ;
 To some, in very zeal of grief,
 To dare the lightning seemed relief ;
 All tarried, till a greensward vest
 Was cut, and fashioned to his breast ;
 And the spent flambeau's flickering glare
 Passed, like its spirit, into air :
 The tones were soft, the words were few,
 And slow the steps, as they withdrew ;
 And sadness circled many a hearth,
 In full and silent tide,
 As if a son had gone from earth,
 In that loved suicide.

IX.

Alas ! for virtue, as for vice !
 Let earth be turned and tried—
 Content was not in paradise ;
 How can it be outside ?
 Save in that little, creek-like spot,
 The churchyard, where time's ocean wave
 Gathers our drifting wrecks to rot—
 The Eden of the grave.
 Content is there (albeit for whom
 Is *happy* written on the tomb ?)
 Content so tranquil, throbbless, deep,
 No lip can smile, no eye can weep—
 There weariness forgets its task—
 There falls the sceptre, scroll, and mask,
 From monarch, sage, and mummer—
 There none uplifts the head, to ask
 The news of last new-comer.
 There, tho' the elm above the bier
 Mocks the brief term of man's career,
 Disgusted at all earthly lore,
 The intellect will learn no more ;
 And passion, pleasure, pain, impress
 No dream upon his nothingness :
 Oh ! marvel not if thoughts like these,
 Which visit our calm reveries,
 Burst from the agonising breast,
 Like sparks from furnace flame ;
 When, in despair of being blest,
 The heart's roused instinct makes for rest,
 Tho' death should be its name.

X.

His lineage flowed thro' many a stock,
 Set in the land, like mossgrown rock ;
 Who won of yore, by hand on hilt,
 By courtier's craft, or plunderer's guilt—
 And held, as scarce sufficient spoil,
 The trodden serfs, and teeming soil :
 But, measured with his caste and kin,
 He walked among the goaded poor ;
 Welcome as pardon after sin—
 He was the sunbeam on the floor,

That thro' a chink its way could win,
And brighten all it reached within :
Yet of their suffrage less he won,
By aught he did, or left undone—
Than by the wish to help, or heal,
Not even his deeds could all reveal ;
Tho' unallayed he left no woe,
From heavenly bolt or human blow—
They loved him, not for lack of pride
(His haughty mien the haughty tried)—
But that, with them, he smiled or sighed,
Nor felt he laid his rank aside :
They loved him, for o'erflowing zest,
In granny's song and grey-beard's jest—
For ready wit, for playful glance,
For truthful humour in the dance—
For casting, at their Sabbath goals,
The weekly harness from their souls ;
'Till to some *present* sportive winds
Went *past* and *future* from their minds ;
Then he was serious in a trice,
If weighty question claimed advice ;
And his reproof but taught in love,
Tho' full and big as boxer's glove.
In youthful sports, the youthful said,
The wildest freaks were those he led ;
When men were tested—field, or flood,
Merged was all deference to his blood,
In independent brotherhood,
Because of his surpassing charm
Of fleetest foot and strongest arm.
Oh ! did that noble youth require
True hearts to guide him—foam or fire—
Few were the cabins that would then
From bed and board not miss the men.
Yet never did his footsteps fall
In hut more grateful than in hall ;
The field flower in the greenhouse threw
A richer scent and deeper hue :
At ball, or banquet, church, or chase,
He added lustre to his race ;
And if reverting, in his turn,
For honour to ancestral urn,
'Twas an instinctive glance to shape
His mood to onset, not escape.
True, he had friends, who sneered and blamed
(Ay, hearts he won, and never claimed) ;
True, he had foes (ay, brutes he tamed,
Or sordid churls his spirit shamed).
Our passions render life no less
Than journey thro' a wilderness ;
Where every tone, in turn, is heard,
From howl of beast to hymn of bird ;
But if his way at times be missed,
The serpent at him seldom hissed,
Tho' every heart hath cell, or cells,
In which a sleeping serpent dwells.
In sooth, he won among his peers
The warmest hands, the heartiest cheers,
Tho' conqueror in their own careers ;
And his was dearest of dear names
To constellations of fair dames.

Alas! that earth no rarer prize
 Had, in the maiden Blanche's eyes!
 Alas! in his, no bliss above
 The boon it granted—Blanche's love!

XI.

The wizard grief has wrought a change,
 On stricken Blanche, as sad, as strange,
 And more enduring, than is seen
 On snowy waste from meadow green;
 Her foot has lost its speed and spring;
 Her spirit is a lonely thing;
 A Crusoe, captive to the main,
 That cannot see across the chain.
 But once, her form, 'twere scarce too bold
 To say, was made in heavenly mould;
 The moulder mingling with the clay
 The liquid light that round him lay:
 Or that her soul's inherent love
 Was vague tradition from above.
 Dim legends of its land of birth
 A lulling angel taught her,
 As down for fosterage to earth
 In infancy he brought her.
 A queenly mien, a peerless shape;
 Long hair, as rich as clustered grape;
 An eye of sunbeam fallen asleep
 In caverned fountain, dark and deep;
 A blush and smile like sudden spray
 From wave of fondness burst away;
These, and a something more divine
 Than dwells in shape, or light, or line—
 An essence, mastery in design
 Can oft confer, but ne'er define;
These challenged back to fixed surprise
 The eye of stranger, wild or wise.
 How deep was then the charm they felt
 Who in her thrilling presence dwelt—
 Who saw the warm imaginings
 Gush from her heart in ceaseless flow,
 And, like the Arctic boiling springs,
 O'er her chaste life the semblance throw
 Of inner fire and outer snow;
 And knew her guiltiest wish to heaven
 Might soar, uncensured or forgiven,
 As a light cloud that strays on high,
 But shades not earth, nor stains the sky!
 Still, friends, familiar and most free
 With her young heart's deep melody,
 As with a lute's their master-skill
 To wondrous sweetness woke at will,
 Were oft amazed at some rich tone—
 Some modulation long unknown;
 A random touch, that roamed about
 Her heart's recesses, had brought out,
 To mingle with each after strain,
 And never be forgot again.
 But, by some weird, clairvoyant spell,
 Young Bryan learned her spirit well,
 While looking in her timid eyes
 At the mute hour of love's sunrise;

When passions all-informing ray
 Its luminous excitement stole
 Into the early thoughts that lay
 Like dew upon her soul :
 Still more, when love's o'erpowering noon
 Impelled her, as voluptuous June
 Impels the mating dove
 To bless him with the murmured boon—
 Revealment of her love.

XII.

'Tis, sooth, as strange that well we know,
 By formless but unfailing token,
 Flashed into memory, friend or foe,
 Ere arm be raised or word be spoken.
 Among a thousand hearts and hands,
 The sole attraction, there he stands ;
 For whom a passion must be nursed,
 Extreme and quenchless from the first :
 So stood O'Donnell, boding crime
 To one, or both before its time.
 When first his presence, like a blight,
 Fell black on Bryan's soul and sight,
 From eye to eye a message passed,
 Of mortal hatred to the last.
 'The strife (as such hath ever been)
 Was sad to Blanche, who moved between.

XIII.

The holy well, a woman's love,
 Has furnished many a fatal draft ;
 But none of maddening strength above
 The measure Bryan quaffed.
 He knew that Blanche not even in prayer
 Would seek a heaven he could not share ;
 He on her faith his life would pledge
 Against a berry of the hedge ;
 Yet if on earth lived none to vie,
 He would have dreaded sea and sky ;
 Come weal or woe their hearts to cross,
 Sure of her love, he feared her loss ;
 And when a suitor's startling claim
 Was uttered with O'Donnell's name,
 The fiery hatred, fully nursed,
 In open armed defiance burst ;
 And these fierce terms the gauntlet bore,
 He cursed for not demanding more :
 " By written scroll, by words aloud,
 Thy daring suit be disavowed ;
 And *Coward* stamped upon thy brow,
 Or mortal combat here—and now."
 But cool O'Donnell mocked his ire ;
 He held, in Blanche's huxtering sire,
 A surer brand than steel or fire :
 By *that* the field he fought and won.
 " Bryan," the sordid father cried,
 " Thou art a landless younger son ;
 Not thine, or Blanche's will, be done—
 Give place and stand aside.
 Her dowry may a jointure claim
 'Thou canst not settle on thy dame ;

So shall no bride or bridal dower
Be found by thee in Blanche's bower."
Oh! that the suit decided then
Had never been renewed again.

XIV.

A tempest-cloud at twilight hour
The western sky was climbing;
Thro' russet brake and molting bower
On went the mill-stream, chiming
It's one low ballad, ne'er begun
'Till sluice was shut and labour done:
The rude thatched mill to poet's dream
Might seem as ancient as the stream;
Or lightly he might question whether
'Twas God or man wed them together.
Along that stream had Bryan oft
To Blanche's heart appealed;
And there—so spiritually soft,
It seemed a message from aloft—
Was Blanche's love revealed;
(Oh! who forgets, till he lies cold,
Where first a maiden's love is told);
And there they now had met, to sever,
Or mingle life and love, for ever.

XV.

'Twere vain from minstrel to require
A passage which defies the lyre;
That passage—when their bosoms, crazed
By passions pent up and intense,
Found, for a precious moment, raised
The floodgates of love's eloquence.
The very air (that ne'er conceals
A secret upon which it steals)
A reverend veil of silence cast
O'er all the touching scene that passed,
Save that "he urged her moral right
To bless herself and him by flight;
That *thus* her love should be outspoken—
Thus the detested banns be broken—
Else he might stray so dark a track
Not even her love could light him back."
And Blanche, with less of words than tears,
Replied, "she would resist for years,
With solemn, sworn resolve, to fill
No bridal bond against her will—
But never would desert her sire:
That *he* must die, like other men,
And all her Bryan should require
Devoted Blanche would grant him then."
But Bryan's was a breast of flame,
No outer force could quench or tame;
Without a crater of escape,
Its force to spend, its course to shape.
Awhile it shook him with the throe
And heave of hidden lava-flow;
Then settled back all calm, like pool
Of molten ore, but not to cool.
And arm-in-arm their path they kept—
The man was mute, the maiden wept.

The parting moment came at last—
For him too slow, for her too fast ;
He hoped, he hoped, the conquering spell
Might yet be in the word "*Farewell*."
God of the world, he hoped in vain—
The fatal word was spoken ;
They parted—he, with blasted brain—
She, haply worse—heart-broken !

XVI.

That night a shot disturbed our town,
As if a bolt from heaven came down ;
Albeit it scarcely would have stirred
The caution of a slumbering bird ;
And yet it seemed as sharp and clear
To folks afar as neighbours near :
Ere spread its smoke or echo died
Was Bryan named a suicide.
Quick were the gatherings—to and fro
A mystery went, all seemed to know ;
But all essayed to blink the tale ;
His kindred raised no funeral wail,
Lest wretches, for some wretched gains,
Might desecrate his dear remains.
Without one token of his state,
Came forth he from his father's gate ;
By stealth, but not in secret, went
To strangers for a tenement ;
And only by a menial's eyes,
His father knoweth where he lies !
Peace to his slumbers of the grave,
If shelter be the best it gave.

XVII.

Time rolled—O'Donnel's suit prevailed,
But deem not Blanche's fealty failed.
What recked she now what bolt might burst ?—
Her morbid heart had known the worst.
Perchance she sought in wedded woe
Meet penance she should undergo ;
Or (were the riddle better read)
To sleep the sooner with the dead.
One fearful pause her footstep gave,
As passed her bridal by his grave.
What wedded bliss, let gossips say,
Bodeth her sunny wedding day.

WALLER'S POEMS.*

MR. WALLER'S poems claim more than a passing notice at our hands. Independently of the author having been so old and favourite a contributor to these pages (which ought, perhaps, rather to seal our lips), there is this remarkable about him—that his case forms one of the extremely rare exceptions to the general rule which precludes to the Irishman writing and publishing in his own country, the meed of *celebrity*. He has dared to court success without expatriating himself to win it. He *has* won it, and thus set an example which we earnestly hope to see followed by many another Irishman in the manly and persevering spirit so creditably conspicuous in this instance. By long and untiring efforts, extending throughout the entire life of this Magazine, he has contrived (in the midst of avocations connected with the honourable and arduous profession which he has never for a moment neglected) to elaborate a style so peculiarly his own, as to be recognised at once by an entire class of readers, who now demand their supply at his hands, and will not be satisfied unless they receive it. To have achieved this, we repeat, is to have done much—to have done it in the face of the discouragement to the home-production of literature everywhere staring him in the face, is a triumph, in the first instance, to the letters of Ireland and those who support them, but to himself also in no slight degree, as it affords the proof that the material existed within him which could change the course of an established current, and make what he had to stem at first, flow with him, and bear him along with it at last.

In the mixed materials of which the bulk of the "Slingsby Papers" is composed, we do not hesitate for a moment to fix upon the *poetical* element as that which has obtained for them the greatest share of public favour. No doubt, the peculiar pensive Christianity which breathed through the connecting prose, was a link which

set off the gems to the utmost. There is, we admit, a harmony between what is prose and what is verse in these pieces which reflects the lustre of the one upon the other so as manifestly to enhance the general effect. We do not attempt to deny this; but at the same time we as clearly see that if either is to stand separate, it is the poetry which will retain its brilliancy, while the dialogue will lose more or less of its charm by being deprived of the sparkle it derived mainly from reflection. And hence it is a judicious thing, as well as a boon to the public, to have collected these gems out of their setting, and thrown them together along with others which have never seen the light, thus enabling us to view them all at once, and in a heap, as it were, so that we may form on adequate grounds an opinion upon the claims of the author to that noble—might we not say, sacred?—designation of *Poet*.

A poet! How much is conveyed in the word! How vast the requirements of that simple substantive!—

"To stir the wells of feeling to their source,
To agitate and soothe, gladden and grieve—
To be to human souls what winds of heaven,
And sun, and shower, and elemental fire
Are to the soulless world of earth and sea;"

Such, in the eloquent language of Mr. Waller himself, it is to be a *POET*. It is no light matter to sit in judgment on any aspirant to the title. But here we are in a great measure relieved from the responsibility; the public has anticipated the critic, and has pronounced a sentence of which we find ourselves little more than the formal registers.

The prevailing course of sentiment at the present day, in almost every department of æsthetics, is in the direction of its earlier manifestations, before the full tide of competition and rivalry had swept all men into the same impetuous current, and hurried them along out of their simple and characteristic individuality. The effort now is, to get behind all this—to shake off the more careless

* "Poems." By John Francis Waller, LL.D. Dublin: James M^cGlashan. London: W. S. Orr and Co. 1854.

conventionalism of a later era — to restore the heart, and feelings, and affections, and style, too long mingled in one turbid torrent, back to the separate rill, wherein it flowed of its own hue, in its own channel, between its own banks, only resembling its fellow in reflecting the same heaven—to re-endue the form of artistic expression with the simple and severe garment which argued a less sophisticated state, and abandon every model but that of antiquity.

Such is the main tendency of poetic effort at this moment. It manifests itself, as our readers well know, in the various branches of the fine arts with an almost equal intensity. In painting, Mr. Ruskin is not so much the apostle of a new doctrine, as the eloquent exponent of a taste which has been taking the world back from the endless servilities of the last century, at the feet of a few despotic teachers, to those who had taught *them*, and schooling itself in the purer studios of the Huberts, the Van Eycks, and the other pre-Raphaellites. In music, again, where Mozart had so long formed a barrier beyond which it was not permitted for the timid explorer to navigate his counterpoint, this age will go and find out for itself what was the inspiration of Emanuel Bach, Kirnberger, Zerlino, and other early masters of harmony. Even in history, there seems an inclination to consign our old standards and models—Hume, Robertson, &c., to the category Charles Lamb has placed them in, along with the old calendars, backgammon-boards bound and lettered, and such other formal literature; and fall back upon the great masters of antiquity. In this Macaulay has led the way. In short, we discern the revolution everywhere,—and poetry is certainly affected by the prevailing taste.

But the self-recuperative process, as it might be called, has after all, perhaps, been carried too far. This is beginning to be felt all at once in the associated branches of music, sculpture, painting, architecture, and decorative art. The reform which was to have cast the mind free of its shackles, has been found only to have linked it to an older superstition. Instead of having obtained freedom, it has changed masters; and then the question arises—if subjugation be a necessity, why quit the great despots for lesser tyrants? It is easy to say

that anything is better than an uniformity of servitude—that something may be gained even in the interval between emancipation and the re-assumption of the yoke. But this is not enough; and the retrogressive school has something still to answer for, because it does not in point of fact assert the freedom it professes to have made the groundwork of its rebellion.

The poetic branch of the imaginative art is to a great degree exempt from this inconsistency. In it, there was nothing to fall back upon. Chaucer, Spenser, these were no exponents of the feeling now so fashionable. The Shaksperian school was utterly opposed to it. Dryden was abhorrent to it; Pope eschewed it. In short, it never existed, till called out by circumstances at the present day. Nevertheless, although there were no models which could successfully be adopted by an experimentalist, belonging to an age preceding the present, yet a great deal was to be done in lengthening the focus of thought, so as to throw near objects, modes of action and of diction, into obscurity, and bring out remoter ones with a preponderating distinctness. Accordingly, the effort was made by more than one master-hand; and that the public mind understood and appreciated it, is proved by the popularity attained by the writings of such men as Tennyson, for instance, who have done in verse what Ruskin has done in prose, as far as style and sentiment (*æsthesis*) go; though, as we have said, they could not go so far as the followers of the sister arts, being obliged to confine their *eupineia*, as Longinus would have called it, within the limits specified, no actual models existing which might reduce their reformation merely to one of imitation. And herein the poets have the advantage; with whatever century they choose to *feel*, they *must*, *in style*, belong to our own. There is no Albert Durer—no Palestrina—no George Herbert here. The gardens of the Muses have not been cut into squares and polygons by mediæval scissors. The flowers bloom as the plant grew, of its own sweet self, and the genius of to-day cannot cramp itself within the formalities of a by-gone age. Hence the objections urged (we are by no means prepared to say unreasonably) by some against this *renaissance* of dead forms, tell with least force in

the case of poetic literature. The poet has full scope for his art. He may merit the highest praise — that of originality; even though he abandon another though a minor claim to approbation, in relinquishing the vast accessions of thought, imagery, and sentiment, accumulated subsequently to those times he has had his mind cast into, and lying ready to his hand on every side. With him, the filmy gossamer of ideas as yet unwoven by human imagination, invites the hand to fashion it into beauty. And, having accomplished his task, he may be able to claim the praise of having advanced the standard of Achievement a greater or less distance into the boundless territory of the Unattempted.

A smaller school no doubt there is, opposed to that just described, which may as well be called the *progresistas* school. Mistaken as the other may occasionally and partially be, the faults of this are far more numerous and obtrusive. If the first makes much of the Past, this latter sacrifices everything that is old and venerable at the shrine of the Future, plucking its heart out, as if upon a Teocallis, to appease the spirit of The Coming Time before which it bows down. It extends from Manchester to the Mississippi, spreading laterally into the heart of Germany; and, lean and ill-favoured as it is, threatens to devour the healthier creatures it resembles. It has its use, however, with all its imperfections; for whenever we shall see a revival of Poetry in a new literary era, the heavenly emanation will unquestionably be found to have derived many of its best characteristics from the antagonistic collisions of the period which produced it.

Judging from the first poem in the collection before us, we should pronounce Mr. Waller's mind to be mainly imbued with those quiet influences that characterise the former and better of these states. His seems a disposition and temperament eminently susceptible of reverential impressions. He cannot find satisfaction in the daring novelties of the day — he refuses to abandon the objects of hereditary worship for the divinities to be found in new temples, whether natural or artificial—he turns aside from the road the world is treading, and takes a side-path towards the antique solitude of the ivied tower and haunted stream. Can we say that there

is singularity or affectation in this? We believe that the tone of his feelings would have led him in the same direction, if it had been ever so unfashionable; and that the course they have here taken, so far from being a mistaken one, was, as a medium for the development of his peculiar powers, as wisely chosen as any he could have pitched upon.

"Ravenscroft Hall" is the poem we allude to. In plot, imagery, versification, it is of a puritan simplicity. It deals with by-gone personages, employed in by-gone occupations, speaking in by-gone language, but actuated, not by by-gone feelings, but by those ever-fresh impulses of the heart, which make of all times and fashions one great Present, through which the thrill of a world-wide sympathy vibrates, as over an instrument. The romantic is sedulously avoided — the quietly picturesque is stolen in, though sparingly — everything is kept down; and the plain earnestness of simple nature is made to stand for all the usual poetic *accessoires*. We conceive that this difficult restraint has not been carried too far; and that the reader will find, even in the few extracts we are enabled to give, enough to show that the main charm of all poetry is preserved—that of elevating, pleasing, and instructing the heart.

At the opening, a summer evening is described.

"A fair girl
Sate in a casement, through whose open frame
Bright-eyed and odorous flowers wreathed
their heads,
As though they gazed and breathed in kindred love
On one as lovely and as sweet as they."

She is reading. From the green and shaven lawn—

"One stole with step
Timid and noiseless, till he stood before
The maid. Anon she raised her eyes—their
light,
Clear and unwavering, fell upon his face,
As sun-light falls on a deep-flowing stream.
His brow flushed sudden, and his dark eye
grew
Dilate and troublous; then he looked away,
And his pale lips, with ill-assumed ease,
Essayed some commonplace."

They sit down together, and he reads a song to her. It is his own composition; she praises it; and tells him she should be glad if a suitor of

hers were to woo her in the same strain ; whereat he turns pale, and she begins to meditate—alas ! of another.

In the next paragraph we have the contrast. In an overshadowing grove—

“ Alice and Ralph alone paced to and fro,
So silent both, that ye might hear the tread
Of their slow feet upon the shell-strewed walk,
Or the low chirping of the shrill cicada.
The young man gazed upon the gentle girl,
Intent and long, as though his eyes would
pry

Deep through her orbs into her heart of hearts,

And read the hived sweetness of her love.

She the while

Curtained her blue eyes with their fringed lids,

And gave not entrance to his passionate gaze—

Woman's defensive instinct ! like the flower
That closes quick its sensitive leaves if even
An infant's finger touch them.

And thus they walked, happy, yet ill at ease,

For they were lovers.

.
’Tis the old tale—old, yet still ever new—
The mode still varying, but the end the same,
In all times—in all places—in the halls
Of princes—in the peasant's lowly hut—
In crowded cities—in the lone savannas—
The same mysterious, subtle, potent instinct,
That guided Adam in primeval bowers,
And shook with troublous joy the beating heart

Of his most beauteous God-gift ; and that now,

In this old, sin-stained, and degenerate world,
Wakes in man's heart the one lone feeling left

That links him still to God, and makes him holy.”

Walter and Ralph are brothers. An estrangement, as is natural, grows up between them, and—

“ Casts its freezing shadow o'er their hearts.”

In a passage full of beauty and feeling, Walter's father details to him the death of a friend of his, who, in dying, had left his daughter Alice to his guardianship, with the expressed wish that she and his godson, Ralph, might one day be united. This is, as may be supposed, gall and wormwood to Walter, who steals away in the midst of the recital.

The wedding approaches. One evening the happy bridegroom-elect sings a serenade under his mistress's window. This is too much for the jealous and miserable youth, who rushes to

his father's apartment, and bursts into a paroxysm of passionate utterance, pouring forth his whole soul and hidden feelings without further restraint, though Ralph himself had meantime entered and joined them. The father is astonished, as may be supposed ; and both he and Ralph for a moment give way to feelings of indignation ; but the latter relents before long, and seeks to cast himself upon his brother's bosom—in vain. Walter shakes him rudely off, and breaks away.

Seven years have passed over. The pair are wed : two fair children bless their union. Walter has disappeared ; none know whither he went after that fatal interview.

“ Time, with his stealthy feet, was moving on ;

And it was winter. Deeply lay the snow
Upon the glebe, and on the branching pines,
Bending their boughs to earth, in white festoons ;

The sheep stood thronged beneath the sheltering hedge ;

The finch and redbreast left the icy eaves,
And perched upon the casement. On the lake,

The crisping film was shooting from the edge
In crystal lancets. Thro' the chill, dry air
Redly, beyond the hill, the sun sank down,
And night came on the world. It was the eve

Of the Nativity. A pale, thin man
Sat dreamily before the cheery hearth
Of the trim parlour in the hamlet inn
Near Ravenscroft. A vision of the past,
Rose up before him.”

The vision, which is marked by a light and shadowy variety of tinting eminently characteristic of the dream-state, adumbrates faintly but faithfully the history of the dreamer's own life. We regret being unable to offer specimens from this pleasing passage, in which the reader is given to understand that the disappointed suitor had wooed another mistress—the Muse ; and succeeded in winning the celebrity which he half scorned, even in achieving it. In short, the dreamer is Walter, returned to the village of Ravenscroft :—

“ And thus it was,
That very boy—that man of the dim vision—

Now sate a-musing by the lone fireside,
On Christmas eve, within the hamlet inn.”

He is lulled to sleep by the chimes ringing in Christmas morn. Some

hours later he is awakened by music of a different kind:—a Christmas carol, sung by children, is heard under his window. The wanderer's heart is touched; he had been once a caroller at his father's chamber door, himself.

In a passage, not without merit, though perhaps too artistically, or rather, technically minute, the church is brought before our view. Within it the wanderer stands, and sees the form of his aged father, bowed with years and grief. He waits till everybody has gone, then reads the tombstones; and after a brief period, passes through a postern into the grounds of the Hall.

"Alone, within the library, there sate
The same old man. 'Twas Henry Ravens-
croft—

His eyes turned sadly to the mantelpiece,
Where hung against the wall a rod and flute.
In happier days, when Walter was a boy,
These had been his; and now, save a few
books,
They were the only memories of his child
The old man had to look on."

The sight of these things unnerved
him. He sighed, and shook his head,
and groaned, "Where art thou, Wal-
ter?"

"A sharp cry
Rang through the chamber, and a trembling
man
Sank down before him, clinging to his knees,
And sobbed forth humbly, 'At thy feet, my
father!'

"Hours passed away — or it might be but
minutes —

Sensations, not the sands, measure out time
Unto our spirits—and the sire and son
Lay each on other's bosom. Who shall tell
What words were spoke, or, harder still,
what things,
Too great for words, were left unspoken—
thoughts,
Long pent up in their souls — yearnings of
love,
Sorrow, and joy, and penitence, and pardon?
Who shall profane the sanctuary of their
hearts?

Not I. This only know I, when at length
Walter looked up, before his eyes there stood
A matron fair who leaned upon a man,
And held a young girl's hand."

Walter shudders when he sees the
reality of his bereavement thus brought
palpably before him, and cannot speak.
Whereupon Alice sets forward the
child, who addresses him, reciting,
in infantine simplicity not devoid of

touching power, the story of the Gos-
pel message to man, of which *love*
is the burden and purport. Walter
breaks down at this; and then the child,
thinking she has offended him, suppli-
cates for forgiveness and love.

"The man bent down
And caught the child into his bosom; all
The ice was melted round his heart; he
kissed
The little one, then lifted up his voice
And wept!—
After a moment's pause, Alice and Ralph
Stept softly up. He grasped his brother's
hand,
While she, disparting his thin hair, as erst
When they were boy and girl, pressed her
pure lips
Upon his brow, and blessed him as her
brother."

Walter's whole character is reformed
and purified. He remains at home;
and now his writings, elevated and
chastened, go forth to the world breath-
ing of the change in his heart. That
change, the poet says, was marvellous,
and adds, beautifully—

"The Angel of Affliction had gone down
Into the dark Bethesda of his soul,
And troubled it.

In time the old man died, and Ralph and
Alice

Dwelt at the Hall; but Walter left it not,
Nor ever mated; he would not enshrine
Within the niche where once a saint had
stood,

Another image. But his heart now clung
To her and hers with a most perfect love,
Tender and steadfast. And it came to pass
That Ralph and Alice died, and Moreton's
lands

Descended to their daughters, but the Hall
was Walter's by inheritance. Then he
Suffered the children not to go from him,
For they were all now left for him to love;
So, with a father's care he cherished them,
And reared them up to opening womanhood.
Next he, too, passed away, and in his will
He left his nieces all—his name, his fame,
His books, and the old mansion. One re-
quest

Annexed he — that upon each Christmas
morn

A choir of children should at dawn of day
Proclaim the Saviour's birth in Carol sweet,
Before the Oriel window at the Hall."

We felt it due to Mr. Waller's de-
serts to put the reader in full posses-
sion of the main features of this pathet-
ic poem, so as to be able to under-

stand more clearly the inferences we drew as to his peculiar turn of mind, judging from this, his longest piece, and some other specimens in the volume before us. It will be conceded that if he has exhibited a leaning towards a prevalent style, it is so slight, and so chastened by pure and natural feeling, as to be anything but objectionable; nor indeed do we see how a subject of this domestic and familiar kind could with propriety be treated otherwise than it has been.

If a proof were wanting that the requirements of the subject have had their effect in calling forth the peculiar tone we have adverted to, it is afforded in the very next poem in the collection—a piece which claims notice at far greater length than we can afford to it. Here there is no room for conventional treatment—no scope for indulgence in prevalent fancies—no place for artifice of any kind. The subject, solemn and sublime, demands to be handled with corresponding breadth and simplicity—and Mr. Waller has proved himself equal to the task.

The idea that incorporeal intelligences pervade the system of humanity, and exercise unseen their functions for good or ill, has survived the exploded superstitions of a darker age. When reason has done its utmost, there is something still left in the nature of man which refuses to assent to arguments it cannot refute, and unconsciously reverts to the impressions left upon the imagination, as if their vividness ought to stand as a proof of their reality. Everywhere, in every rank, at every age, will be found this lurking credulity on the subject of spiritual influences, which, although it scandalises the rigid philosopher, is not so utterly renounced by the religionist, who may find, if he pleases, ample warrant for a modified faith in the agency of invisible beings in human affairs.

The secret of the matter lies in universal human nature. Man will ever lean to what jumps with his fancy. The marvellous in every form will be sure to keep hold of the popular mind, for there is a faculty within us expressly fitted for its reception, which would only act the part of a rudimentary quality were it not exercised upon something external to itself. We *believe* that we are surrounded by disembodied influences, because we *feel*

that we must be, in order to complete the circle of those environments our faculties reflect. And the same argument which proves a God from the universal belief in such, would make for spirits, as a correlative to the general consent of mankind on this point.

The poet knows how to take hold of these popular leanings—let us rather term them physical influences—and turn them to account; but he refines upon the idea he finds in the rough. He takes, for instance, abstract ideas—things, or the qualities of things—such as serve some high end he has in view, and clothesthem in the garments of an existing belief, especially if it be a prejudice or a weakness of the nature alluded to just now, so that the public interest shall be enlisted for his main purpose through an intelligible medium. In the present instance, the original idea which entered the poet's mind was, the comparison and contrast of *sleep* and *death*—a noble subject, but one which needed colouring. He accordingly personified the two great subjugators of the human race, and made of them “spiritual bodies,” walking the earth, and discoursing of what they did there. Here is machinery most appropriate, for while it serves a paramount purpose in the poet's mind, it effects an object no less essential for the reader, and makes an interesting poem.

The author is out in the fields, lies down, and dreams. A soft light overspreads the landscape—

“Two glorious forms
Grow on my gaze distinct—
The one a full, fair youth, whose round blue
eye
Is tranquil, soft, and downcast. On his
cheek
The flush of health is mantling, and his
breast
Heaves low, yet visibly, with gentle breath,
Constant and equable: in his hand he bears
An argent vase, and round his lovely brows,
Binding the flow of his ambrosial hair,
Rippling like gold, a wreath of poppy twines.
Erect and tall the other angel stands,
Like to the former in his mien and face,
Though hard to tell wherein the likeness
dwells—
Like, yet, still differing wide, even as ye see
Two brothers each resemble, yet diverse,
Solemn, and sad, and thoughtful, on his
brow—
His pale, marble brow—no chaplet bloomed,
But unconfined his night-black tresses fell

Adown his shroud-like vesture. His dark eye
 Was lustreless and cold, as though its light
 Turned inwards on itself, and gazed upon
 Things that have been and shall be yet
 again,
 When Past and Future, o'er the grave of
 Time
 Shall blend to make an everlasting Now.
 High from his forehead sprang a mystic
 gem—
 A cross of glowing sapphire — and at times
 Its light, self-living, flushed upon his face;
 And then how wondrously that cold eye
 burned,
 And those impassive features sudden beamed
 In most serene and solemn loveliness,
 While his emaciate hands raised reverently
 A crystal chalice, till that light divine
 Fell on its sides translucent, and within
 Some subtle essence, until now unken-
 ned
 By my gross senses, kindled up and heaved
 A liquid fire; or like the waves by night,
 That lick with phosphorescent tongue the
 oar
 That smites them unto light."

These are the Angel of Sleep and the
 Angel of Death. In the following
 noble words the darker brother opens
 the colloquy:—

"I am come
 Not from the reeking battle-field, for Peace
 Broods o'er the earth. Not from the raven-
 ous sea,
 For its grim jaws are closed. There's not a
 plague,
 Nor rending earthquake, nor devouring fire
 For great Jehovah's ministrant to reap
 The ghostly harvest of eternity."

His visitations bring him—

"Into a chamber, where the softened light
 Of a close-shaded lamp revealed a couch,
 Whereon a fair young mother lay reclined,
 And on her heart her late-born babe was
 hushed.
 On her wan cheek a tear had left its trace,
 And round her lips a lingering smile still
 played,
 The pangs and bliss of first maternity.
 Brother, I felt that thou had'st late been
 there,
 For the still air was heavy with the breath
 Of all thy balms.

ANGEL OF SLEEP.

"In sooth, 'twas even so.
 Just when the evening darkened into night
 I saw that mother give her babe to life.
 The dew of pain was on her ashy brow,
 Her eye drooped dull and languid: she was
 faint,
 And her pale lips scarce opened as she asked
 Somewhat to moisten them. Then, as the
 leech

Mixed her a potion, I drew near unseen,
 And in the cup I poured from out my vase
 The deep narcotic. Then she drank and
 smiled,
 And clasped her babe, and soon was all my
 own.—
 I passed to other work.

ANGEL OF DEATH.

"'Twas so I found her.
 Brother, I knew how that true heart would
 yet
 Be pierced with many sorrows, ev'n by him
 Who, innocent and pure, then felt its throbs,
 Should both fulfil the allotted years of life.
 Thus was I ruth to leave them; and I thought
 That thou wouldst not deny me things so
 fair.
 So, then, I laid my hands upon their heads,
 And pressed awhile together their sweet lips;
 And thus I took them from thee — scarce
 from thee—
 For mine they seemed, even while they
 slumbered first,
 And scarce less thine when they had ceased
 to sleep."

If the reader could have had a doubt
 raised in his mind for a moment, un-
 der the spell of the first and principal
 poem in this collection and our re-
 marks upon it, as to Mr. Waller's sym-
 pathy with the *Now*, it must yield to
 the following description, by the An-
 gel of Sleep, of his passage through a
 great city by night:—

"Ent'ring its suburbs, where the sweet green
 fields
 Strayed in upon the town, and the fresh air
 Struggled with heavy fumes of o'er-thronged
 life,
 Onward I passed, and opened wide my vase,
 And waved it o'er me to the gentle wind,
 Which bore the viewless seeds of slumber
 round
 To pleasant lodges and to lowly sheds,
 Till they weighed down obliviously the lids
 Of simple, happy folks, and men who toiled
 Hard through the hours of day. But soon
 my path
 Grew close and darker. 'Twas a mean, foul
 street,
 Where poor mechanics toil and toil and toil
 By day, and through the night. Tall chim-
 neys rose
 Into the air, and puffed their sooty breath
 Into the face of heaven. Lights flared
 abroad
 Through many a window, and the ringing
 sound
 Of hammers broke the silence; the dull beat
 Of loom and shuttle and the thousand tongues
 That Giant Labour clamoureth withal.
 Then did I close my vase. Its perfumed
 balms

Were not for such as dwell in dens like these—
 Lank, sallow, lean-jawed men; women whose cheeks
 Were white and drawn, whose eyes were sunk and dull;
 Children whose tiny faces, sharp and shrunk,
 Put years upon them; the precocious growth
 Of those that knew no sport save toil that ate
 Into their little hearts, and drained away
 One-half their youthful blood."

We unwillingly pass over the visit of the Angel of Death to the female convict on the eve of execution, followed as it is by a sweet hymn—the village vesper prayer; and still more reluctantly hurry past the death-bed of the young man, over whose latter moments the minister of God watches—confining ourselves to the closing scene of all, so strikingly, solemnly, and beautifully uniting the two dis-severed spirits over the couch of the departed saint.

The words of Job, forming part of the service for the burial of the dead, have been just read (in a fine poetical paraphrase) by the minister.

"With these last words triumphantly exhaled

The young man's spirit: the pale angel stood
 Above him, and received his ransomed soul.
 When all was over, slowly then arose
 His wife—Ah! wife no more—his widow lone—

And dried her tears;—then gazed upon the face

Of him she loved. Alas! these poor, meek eyes

Are weary with long watchfulness and tears;
 That loving gaze grows dim, and dull, and feeble,

Flutters, and fails. Her head falls heavily
 Upon the dead man's bosom.—Over her then
 The fairer angel bends—and lo! she sleeps!
 Sleeps, as one dead! There was the twin repose

Of those who rest from labour—DEATH was SLEEP."

We would not give much for the man's sensibility who could read this fine passage unmoved. The whole piece would do credit to our best poets, and makes us proud that the man who has written it is a countryman of our own.

Of Mr. Waller's earlier performances the greater number seem to have been composed during an extended Continental tour, and one and all bear the impress of those influences which stamp

themselves upon the mind of youth under the excitement of travel in lands to which beauty may be considered indigenous. We recognise the purple flush of a younger spirit, receiving additional tinting from the glowing lights it reflects. The verse goes forward more boundingly, — though the philosophic strength as well as the artistic skill belonging to a later period are less conspicuous. A few lines, taken almost at random from the poem entitled "An Evening in the Bay of Naples," will illustrate what we mean:—

"Softly o'er the silent sea

Falls the plash of some lone oar,
 Wafted in faint melody

To the gently-curving shore,
 Whose peopled edge is flaring bright
 With many a moving, flashing light
 Streaming through the sombre air,
 As if the baffled daylight there

Were struggling still with night—
 And all along the world on high

The fadeless stars are hung,
 From zenith to the boundary
 Where azure sea meets azure sky,

In thronging myriads flung;
 You scarce can tell if yon faint light,
 That burns with trembling beam
 Upon the distant verge of night,
 Floats on the sky or stream."

Yet into the lightest and brightest of these earlier poems a shadow of melancholy steals, as if the voice of destiny was already detected by the ear of the young minstrel, murmuring, "All must change!"—A true sign this of the poetic temperament. Your happy, jocund, full-fed youth, whose ears are open for laughter and closed against the sigh—who takes life as he finds it, and passes by the whole mystery of existence, as he does the Sphinx in the desert—this personage may be happy—but he will never be a poet. He will never utter

"The voice of love and sadness, calling forth
 Tears from their silent fountain"—

never weave

"That sweet and breathing bond,
 Linking him to his kind."

He will heap up pleasure as children pile up stones, which, the moment they climb upon them, roll from under their feet.

But although into almost all Mr. Waller's earlier poems a touch of melancholy enters, versatility is nevertheless one of his most striking attributes. For

instance, we find a half-humorous, half-pathetic paraphrase—ought we not rather to call it an antidote?—to Edgar Poe's "Raven"—in almost immediate proximity to that noble Ode, which called forth such commendations on the occasion of the opening of the National Exhibition at Cork. Both are, in their way, equally successful, though unquestionably the latter was an achievement of vastly superior importance. The Ode which inspired the genius of Dr. Stewart with one of his most triumphant efforts in musical composition, can scarcely be taken to pieces. The threefold division of that national forerunner of our Great Exhibition of 1853, suggested a triple arrangement; and Mr. Waller, having adopted the old severe Greek form as his model, with strophe, antistrophe, and epode, brought these separate elements into union in his last epode, in which a grand choral burst to the praise of the

"Great primal Mind! great primal Hand!"

carries us up, as with a whirlwind, to the great Artificer, whose are the works not only of creation, but, in an ultimate sense, of art too.

We cannot conclude this brief review without a word concerning the *Songs* with which, by a large class,

Jonathan Freke Slingsby's name is more intimately and favourably associated than with anything else. We half regret that those of a humorous cast were thought unsuitable for publication in this volume.* We see no reason that humour should be thought to disgrace either pathos or sublimity. It is a peculiarity which we have ever found to characterise genius, that it manifests itself almost invariably in both these opposite directions in the same individual. There is scarcely a mind of high imaginative power, which is not as keenly sensitive to the ludicrous as to the pathetic. Take Shakspeare, take Byron, Scott, Cowper—take Dickens, take Burns, take our Carleton. All of these have excelled almost as much in one extreme as in the other. It were easy to point out the philosophy of the thing. There is surely warrant for the introduction into a volume of miscellanies, of such racy whimsicalities as "A Lock of your Hair!" This, however, if it be an omission, may be remedied in a future edition. What we have here are most of them already wedded to beautiful music, and thus live a double life, echoing equally upon the ear and heart.

The following song is entitled (according to the Irish spelling) "*Cuile-mo-chroidhe*":—

"By the green banks of Shannon I wooed thee, dear Mary,
When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay pride,
From those green banks I turn now, heart-broken and dreary,
As the sun sets, to weep o'er the grave of my bride.
Idly the sweet birds around me are singing;
Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me;
I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,
For my heart's light is darkened—my *Cuile-mo-chree*!"

"Oh! bright shone the morning when first as my bride, love,
Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold crossed o'er,
And blest on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,
When first on my bosom thy heart lay, *asthore*!
Restlessly now, on my lone pillow turning,
Wear the night-watches, still thinking on thee;
And darker than night breaks the light of the morning,
For my aching eyes find thee not, *Cuile-mo-chree*!"

"O my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou leave me
To linger on earth with my heart in thy grave!
Oh! would thy cold arms, love, might open to receive me
To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave.
Still from our once-happy dwelling I roam, love,
Evermore seeking, my own bride, for thee;
Ah, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,
And I'll soon lie beside thee, my *Cuile-mo-chree*!"

* Those who agree with us will find some of these in a little volume, lately published by Mr. Waller, entitled, "*The Slingsby Papers*." Dublin: James McGlashan. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

A pleasing specimen of a sprightlier style is the *chanson* entitled "Summer":—

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry in greenwood and glen,
For the sunny-eyed Summer is come back again ;
The sunlight falls down from the blue sky in showers,
And the earth is arrayed in her mantle of flowers.
There's a song o'er the ocean mysterious and low ;
There's a song through the forest where fragrant winds blow ;
There's a song 'mongst the birds in the groves where they throng,
And the heart fills with joy till it flows o'er in song.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry in green wood and glen,
For the sunny-eyed Summer is come back again.

" Hie away to the vale through whose bosom the wave
Of the cool water flows, where the heated kine lave ;
Where the linden and rowan sprays stoop down to drink,
And the snowy-belled lotus reclines on the brink !
O, Iris-robed Summer ! the queen of the year !
All Nature is jocund when thou dost appear ;
The lark hymns thy praise through the long hours of light,
And the nightingale sings by thy couch all the night.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry in green wood and glen,
For the sunny-eyed Summer is come back again."

There are other lyrics interspersed throughout the volume which we must not pass without notice. "The Song of the Lark" and "The Song of the Earth" present a fine contrast the one to the other — the airy aspirations of

the former soliciting the soul to mount upwards — the calm gentle entreaties of the latter wooing, by pictures of tranquil loveliness, the listener to linger still upon earth. Thus sings the lark:—

" Thou shalt see the boreal lightning,
Flashing pale and fleet ;
Thou shalt hear its rushing motion,
Like the winds that creep o'er ocean,
With their crisping feet ;
Thou shalt watch the sun-rays pour
Down thro' heaven a golden shower,
As thwart the clouds they glint and quiver,
Like summer rain upon a river.

" Up with me, and leave beneath thee,
Earth and earth-born thought ;
Upward still, and as we wander,
Shall thy spirit rise, and ponder
Mysteries thou kenest not.
Harmonies thy soul shall hear,
Never heard by fleshly ear ;
Climbing up the path that's given
Unto souls from earth to heaven.

" Up with me, and thou shalt mingle
With the cherubs bright,
Where the thunder-trump is ringing,
Where the viewless winds are singing,
In the Empyrean's height ;
On the steeps of heaven we'll linger,
Till we hear an angel's finger
Harping some celestial strain
That skylarks bring from heaven to men."

But the Earth replies:—

" Why wouldst thou rise ? Has not a mother's love
Cared for thy every want—thy every wish ?
Fruit in the fields, and in the rivers fish ?
Jewels, and ores, and vestments ? Thou mayst rove
O'er flower-painted plains at dewy morn,
Where wave ripe meadows and the yellow corn,
And 'mid the shades of dreamy eventide,
By the still waters of some wood-girt lake
Thy sweet, contemplative repose may take,
Watching the cygnets on its bosom glide.
In the hot noontide thou canst seek the shade
Of the cold grotto or the sylvan glade,

Where, through the interlacing forest trees,
 With not ungentle hand, some wandering breeze
 A moment puts aside their leafy hair,
 So that the fresh and flower-scented air
 Creeps in, and through the rich umbrageous roof
 The gorgeous sun-rays fall upon the grass,
 Shattered by leaf and branches as they pass,
 Verdure and light inweaved like warp and woof.
 At moonlight by the Ocean thou mayst sit,
 Where amorous waves steal on the sleeping strand,
 And hear the surf along the golden sand
 Break sobbingly, as grieving to retreat
 From the fair earth back to its own sea-home,
 Leaving behind a line of silvery foam
 Where the waves' rippling lips last kissed the land."

Taken as a whole, we hail these poems of our favourite author as an accession to our country's literature. It is no small thing, in these days of unhealthy thinking and affected diction, to find the beautified echo of our own best sentiments and expressions thus placed before us, and rendered permanent and for ever accessible for our own good and that of those we wish to benefit and instruct. The more we see of the baneful tendency of modern literature, with its poisonous stimulants and deadly narcotics, the more refreshed we feel when we come upon what our hearts tell us is genuine in its tone and tenor—the spontaneous efflux of a temperament untainted by existing influences, and fresh with the warmth of an ardent and upright nature. And in proportion as our heart goes out towards those who thus supply a great public want, do we feel justified in claiming for him who has here thus catered for it, the tribute of public favour and support, to which in any case he would be entitled, but which is pre-eminently his due under the circumstances adverted to at the outset. He

deserves it, we repeat, as one who has had the courage and manliness to stick to his country throughout his whole literary career, and undergo all those disadvantages supposed to be inseparable from such a course, with the determination of testing the truth or falsehood of the imputation impliedly urged against the Irish reading public, that they cannot, or will not, support talent that is not imported to them from across the Channel.

To this experiment he has lent that which to him is of course dearer than any other possession — *his fame*; he has risked his final chances of success; and if he has hitherto found himself not to have miscalculated the taste and spirit of his fellow-countrymen, it now remains for him to prove them by a still more searching test — this book. A simple, unpretending volume — a volume of that unfashionable commodity, poetry — has gone forth among them: will they appreciate it as it deserves? Our firm conviction is that they *will* — we have, we trust, said enough to prove that they *ought*.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

“ His rising heart betrayed
Remorse for all the wreck it made.
Her tale untold—her truth too deeply proved.”—BYRON.

“ You here, *mon ami* ! Who would expect to find you in such a place as this ? ”

The scene was the cemetery of Père la Chaise ; the exclamation occasioned by the presence of a young man whom I encountered suddenly in a shady spot, closely bordering on the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, where I had been standing in sentimental mood for at least half-an-hour. Now, there was no doubt he had as much right in the pretty burying-ground as I. The pleasant May-breeze was as free for him as for me ; the sunshine was common property ; the soft willow-leaves had not opened themselves exclusively for my enjoyment ; nor had the scented violets bloomed for me alone. Nor should I have exclaimed thus, had I met him anywhere else, in possession of these sweet spring privileges ; but here—in Père la Chaise—that was the wonder ! and therefore I exclaimed—

“ Who would expect to find you in such a place as this ? ”

He smiled—not the smile that electrified the audience every evening in the theatre, but a melancholy smile, tinged with satire, that I should share the common prejudice—that comic actors must be comic fellows.

“ Pardon me,” I said, answering this look. “ I am aware I have no right to inquire ; but confess a god of mirth is not often seen wandering among the tombs ! ”

“ Not often sought there, at any rate,” said D——. “ But do you think this place sad ? ”

“ On the contrary, to me it is cheerful as the gayest promenade in Paris. The dead are so cared for, their tastes so minutely consulted, their tombs so prettily decked, that one’s thoughts are pleasantly sobered down, but by no means oppressed, as in our English burying-grounds.”

“ Ah ! everything is sad in your country,” said the Frenchman, raising his eyebrows piteously.

“ While here,” I said, laughing, “ only the comic actors are so.”

D—— passed his arm through mine.

“ You shall see why,” he said, briefly ; and led me back along the narrow path by which he had come.

Presently we stood beside a tomb, hung with wreaths of everlastings, and planted with choice flowers.

On the simple cross, of purest marble, was written :—

“ Estelle de B——,
Aged eighteen years.”

The words, “ To my daughter,” were also inscribed below ; and among the garlands were many in which the words, “ A ma Fille,” had been interwoven. One, evidently freshly placed among the rest, bore this motto, “ Regrets éternels,” in black and white immortelles.

I stood looking at this last resting-place of some cherished child, who had just budded into womanhood, to be culled by death, and wondering how many there were in the circle that once idolised her, who still brought flowers to her grave, when D——, laying his hand lightly on my arm, pointed to a seat near us. He was in one of those moods when the soul, too weak to bear alone the sorrow that weighs it down, turns to the first comer, and finds relief by the mere utterance of its woe.

“ Sit down,” he said ; “ I will tell you her tale.”

“ You knew her ? ” I asked.

“ Or she would not be there,” he replied. His voice was broken. I did not look at him, but waited till his emotion had passed away. Presently he continued — “ A year ago she was pure and beautiful as an angel. We met, we loved, and she is there ! ”

“ You were faithless ? ” I asked, reproachfully.

“ Faithless ! ” he repeated. “ No ; men are not faithless to women like Estelle, especially when they stoop from a high-born sphere to love one infinitely below them. Unworthy as I was of her innocent love, I returned it with as sincere a passion as my soul is capable of. How often have these quiet spots witnessed our glad meet-

ings; how often has the solemn shade of cathedral pillars, or the glitter of a masked ball, concealed our love from those who watched over her. Enough! she was mine—mine for ever, as I fondly thought; but love had mingled poison with his sweets. Can angels fall, and forget the heaven they have lost? Estelle's remorse was stronger than her love; the one would have given her immortality—the other planted death in her bosom.

"Suddenly I lost sight of my beloved. In vain I sought her in our former haunts; she no longer visited them; in vain placed letters in the hands of our *confidante*: she never came to receive them.

"Fool that I was to doubt her! to fancy anything could shake her faith, or make her false to her vows of constancy. Had she not sacrificed all for me?—forgotten family and parents, nay heaven itself? and yet I mistrusted her!

"I ceased my inquiries—I sought to forget her.

"One evening I was disturbed while at dinner, by the announcement of a stranger. It was the medical adviser of Estelle's family. He came to tell me that Madlle. De B—— was dangerously ill; and in consequence of mental aberration, as her friends supposed, had for many days been calling on my name, and entreating that she might see me once more before she died. By the doctor's advice, and as a last resource, her parents had consented to this strange request, and now sent to invite my presence in their house, hoping the sight of me would be sufficient to dispel the dying girl's delusion. There was an intelligent look in Dr. L.'s face as he told me this, which gave me intuitive confidence in him, and convinced me, when I afterwards recalled it, that he had a strong suspicion of the real state of the case, which was doubtless confirmed by my overwhelming grief.

"I flew to the dwelling of my beloved; and the doctor insisting that only he and I should enter the sick room, scarcely a moment elapsed ere I stood in her presence.

"Her open arms received me, her eyes flashed with the same pleasure as of yore; but oh! how changed—Estelle, Estelle."

—The unhappy man bent his head and sobbed aloud.

I did not attempt to comfort him; I knew remorse was mingled with his grief, and that it was better so.

He went on after a while—

"At seven o'clock I was compelled to be at the theatre, to perform in the first and last pieces. It was within half-an-hour of the time.

"She suffered me to go with difficulty.

"‘You will come back—will you not?’ she asked, as I held her once more in my arms. ‘I shall not sleep till I have seen you again.’

"I promised, and tore myself away from that clinging embrace. I reached the theatre, I dressed, and played my part. Yes, played it, laughed, jested, mocked at love, and was cheered, doubly cheered! The applause delayed me. Impatient to have done, I hurried on with my part; the piece seemed the livelier for it—the applause became greater. In the interval between the pieces I rushed out of the house, and fled along the streets, towards Estelle's home. I knew I could not reach it—it mattered not. It seemed to me some miracle must be worked in my favour; that some one would meet me with news of her; that time itself would stand still in my behalf. The night air, the exercise, recalled me to my senses; I stopped, and conscious of my madness, retraced my steps.

"Enough; it was over at last! both pieces; and at midnight I reached her house. I had rushed from the stage without changing my dress; I knew she would not reproach me for such haste.

"The entrance door stood open; the concierge was absent. I remember even then noting, as I flew by, how her candle was dying fitfully away in the socket. There was no one on the stairs as I bounded up them—no one watching in the ante-room beside her bed-room door. The silence that reigned in the house was frightful. I entered, gasping and horror struck; I knew not why. Long tapers were burning beside her couch; two priests kneeling in prayer—but she had not kept her promise; she slept before I came—never to wake again.

"I was one of those who followed her here. The white garland lay upon her coffin; I alone knew that she who slept beneath it had no right to bear that snowy wreath."

THE EARLY CONTINENTAL CAMPAIGNS OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN 1793-4, AND
THE TRUE CAUSES OF FAILURE.

WE have been so much accustomed to associate the idea of success as a necessary consequence of British enterprise, whether by sea or land, that enthusiastic spirits turn with little satisfaction to the records of occasional failure, by which our usual tide of good fortune was sometimes checked, and rolled back again. But there is small wisdom in closing the pages of a book, because they happen to contain matter which administers no flattery to national prejudices. Far better is it boldly to face and investigate the truth, with the view of deriving salutary instruction from dearly-purchased experience. The lessons taught by defeat, if properly studied, are often more useful to states and statesmen than those derived from the most imposing victories. We cannot set aside important events, or expunge them from the annals of history, however we may dislike to examine their details, and to whatever extent an honest conviction forces us to admit, that unnecessary misfortunes were brought about by our own mistakes and incapacity. The blind fury of Blucher would have vented itself in the destruction of the bridge, by which the French commemorated their victory at Jena; but the blowing up of the monument could never have altered the fact, or effaced the consequences of the battle.

Historical justice is often tardy, and not always certain. Preconceived notions, when sanctioned by time, take such deep root that it becomes difficult, almost to impossibility, to eradicate them. This has been signally illustrated in the opinions formed of the Continental expeditions undertaken by Britain, at the commencement of the great war, which terminated on the plains of Waterloo, in 1815. It was known to all the world that our attempt to stop the progress of the French in their projected conquest of Holland and the Low Countries, ended in signal failure. The causes were generally believed to arise from the inefficiency of the troops, and the want of

talent in their commander. The reputation of both were lowered, and the national glory suffered a long and gloomy eclipse, rendered still darker by a repetition of similar disaster in 1799, when we once more endeavoured to liberate Holland, in conjunction with the Russians. From that inauspicious period the clouds began to brighten, until they were slowly and gradually dissipated by a succession of victories, unchecquered by reverse, and each more brilliant than its predecessor. In the meantime, the Duke of York was pronounced an incompetent general; and while the maritime ascendancy of England was freely conceded, her power of bringing formidable armies into the great battle-fields of Europe, as she had done in days of yore, was laughed at as chimerical, or remembered only as a remote tradition. It now appears, from unanswerable evidence, that our troops had declined nothing from their ancient valour; that they invariably did their duty as brave and trusty soldiers; that the Duke of York was in no particular answerable for the ill success of measures he had not the authority to direct; that his remonstrances were overruled or neglected; and that the evil results must in truth be attributed to the lukewarm co-operation, almost amounting to treachery, of our so-called allies — to the want of ability in *their* generals, who held the supreme command; and, though last, far from least in the disparaging estimate, to the ill-digested half-measures of our own cabinet, who, as usual, hit short, instead of thrusting home, and were generally found wanting at the critical moment. These fatal errors, too, were persisted in, despite of repeated warnings, which, unfortunately are seldom listened to until events have proved their value, and when the opportunity of profiting by them has escaped.

The British contingent formed but a small portion of the large armies that crossed the French frontier in 1793, and was always under the control of

the Austrian generallissimo for the time being. The Duke of York was not suffered to originate any plan of campaign, and exercised no independent command, except in the single instance when he was ordered by the home Government to detach his division, and undertake the siege of Dunkirk ; but without sufficient means to carry on siege operations effectually, and unsupported by the co-operation of a naval force, to protect his right flank from the small fry of gun-boats with which the enemy were permitted to molest and frustrate his approaches. Again, towards the conclusion of the tragic drama, the English general was thrown upon his own resources, and compelled to retire into Holland before overwhelming numbers ; while the Austrians marched off, and left him to extricate himself as best he might. The Duke of Brunswick, the Prince of Cobourg, the Emperor Francis, the Generals Mack and Clairfayt, successively directed (or misdirected) the combined operations ; but they were mere pigmies in the hands of Dumouriez and Pichegru, who wielded the fiery valour of republican France with the energy of giants.

The victories of Marlborough and Eugene, in the reign of Queen Anne, placed the military character of England on a lofty pedestal. The throne of Louis XIV. tottered to its foundation, and the cannon of Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, boomed in the ears of the "Grand Monarque," as he slumbered uneasily in his sumptuous palace of Versailles. At the treaty of Utrecht, a corrupt and factious ministry, who hated their domestic opponents in Parliament more than they did the public enemy, and who valued place and pension above all other considerations, sacrificed the advantages gained by hard fighting, and gave up all when everything was in their grasp. But the battles had, nevertheless, been fought and won, and the names of the victors were as familiar as household words in the language of every nation of Europe. Other generations succeeded, and with them came the lost fields of Fontenoy and Laffeldt, and the humiliating convention of Closter-Seven, inadequately balanced by the qualified triumphs of Dettingen and Minden. The conquest of Canada and the storming of the Moro, fresh-

ened up the drooping flag of England once more, and the peace of 1763 beheld her star high in the ascendant. Undue moderation again swayed our councils, by which we gained no credit, but were considered sceptical of our own strength. Such is the usual inference of selfish, narrow-minded politicians, who judge others by their own diminutive standard ; who have no faith in magnanimity, cannot understand why nations should pause in a career of victory, to give back conquests they have the power to retain ; and which they have struggled to achieve, by a reckless expenditure of blood and treasure. Another twenty years rolled on, teeming with events, in which the sunshine was heavily overbalanced by the storms. We forced our American colonies into rebellion, lost them by utter mismanagement and want of skill in the ill-omened contest ; and found ourselves compelled, and even rejoiced to accept the terms, which a wiser and more vigorous administration of our foreign affairs would have enabled us to dictate.

Then followed in due course what thinking men had long predicted, and the false philosophy of deistical philanthropists had carefully fomented — the outburst of the French Revolution. It was gradual of approach, like the recent pestilence of Asiatic cholera ; but the full development startled collected Europe with the effect of an unlooked-for earthquake, and made the kings of the world buckle on their armour in the cause of upturned monarchy. Britain, without weighing means, but blinded by mistaken enthusiasm, threw herself into the quarrel, and rushed to the rescue of her hereditary enemies, the Bourbons ; thereby giving union and impulse to the new system, which nothing but the threat of foreign invasion could have consolidated into one mass of regenerated strength and power. The motive was generous, and the resistance perhaps necessary, as an anticipation of self-defence. As a principle, it was better to fight an encroaching enemy on the Rhine and the Scheldt, than on the Thames and the Medway ; but the measures as they were carried out, defeated themselves, and rendered success impossible. The volume we are about to notice, contains, towards the conclusion, a short passage of general application, which

embodies a comprehensive meaning in a few sentences* :—

“The moral to be learned from the whole story of these campaigns, is the imperative necessity of wise direction, and efficient support from home in all matters connected with war. Implicit reliance may be reposed on the good conduct of the army, but the *militia foris* is not sufficient without the *consilium domi*.”

It is a lamentable truth, that our generals in command abroad, have too often had to encounter ministerial perverseness or insufficiency at home, more formidable and destructive to their ablest combinations, than the utmost efforts of the enemy opposed to them in the field. But it is never too late to profit by experience. If we cannot remedy the past, we may avoid these fatal mistakes in future; and the historian does well and wisely who points them out, and impresses them on the consideration of all his readers.

The Journals and Correspondence of General Sir Harry Calvert, lately published under the superintending editorship of his son, furnish most valuable original documents, and authentic information on the campaigns in Holland and the Low Countries, in 1793-4. Being attached to the head-quarter staff, he had ample opportunities of obtaining correct knowledge. Flanders has long been considered the battle-field of Europe, and is quite as likely as ever to retain the unenviable distinction, in the event of another general war. The operations named above have been freely commented on by writers, military and civil, of many nations, and much censured, without being clearly understood. According to all reasonable calculation, they ought to have proved successful; but although they opened with brilliancy, they closed in unequivocal failure. The war, which might have been strangled in its infancy, was thereby protracted for a long series of years, and worked up to a death struggle, which left the victors in a state almost as much exhausted as that of the van-

quished. Thirty-seven years of peace have followed, and the leading combatants are still panting under their colossal exertions. The first false step was the invasion of France. Had the allies been content with the liberation of Holland and Brabant, and concentrated their strength in the rescued provinces, France, exposed to no immediate danger from without, and torn to pieces by intestine discord, would have consumed herself. But the very advance which was expected and intended to pave the way for the restoration of the exiled royal family, created an impassable barrier against their return. The madness of a faction was thus changed into the cause of the nation. Sir Harry Calvert, then only a captain in the Coldstream Guards, serving with his regiment, perceived the coming mischief at once, and expressed his opinion plainly, in a letter to his sister, written not many weeks after the disembarkation of the British forces :—

“Most sincerely do I wish I may prove a false prophet; but I cannot help thinking that a forward movement of the allied armies will unite all parties in France, and prevent those who are well-wishers to order and good government, from exerting themselves in favour of a counter-revolution.”

On the 5th April, 1793, the Prince of Coburg issued a proclamation, declaring that he entered France solely to restore the constitutional monarch, and to put an end to anarchy, disavowing all intention whatever of making conquests. He added, in the most emphatic terms, and on his word of honour, that if military operations should place him in possession of any place of strength, he should regard it in no other light than as a *sacred deposit*. Within five days later, and without waiting to see what effect his manifesto would produce, he issued a second, retracting every word of the first. The desertion of Dumouriez having failed to subvert the Republican government, the allied powers of Austria, Prussia, and England, determined

* “The Journals and Correspondence of Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., G.C.B. and G.C.H., Adjutant-General of the Forces under H. R. H. the Duke of York; comprising the Campaigns in Flanders and Holland, in 1793-4. With an Appendix, containing his Plans for the Defence of the Country, in case of Invasion.” Edited by his Son, Sir Harry Verney, Bart. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

that it was necessary to provide *indemnities* and *securities*; or, in other words, to partition the frontier territories of France amongst themselves. At a later period, Mr. Fox, in a speech in Parliament, characterised this inconsistent conduct of the Austrian commander-in-chief, as an act of audacity and effrontery, unparalleled in history. The minister had nothing to say in reply; the sentiments of the whole country were unanimous in condemnation.

All went well at the outset. Condé and Valenciennes were taken; the former by the Austrians, the latter by the English. Valenciennes was an important fortress, strong both by nature and art. The Scheldt flows through the town, a small and muddy stream; but by means of reservoirs and sluices, capable of inundating the neighbouring country at the will of the garrison. Vauban had expended much skill on the works and citadel. Turenne failed here in 1656, and was forced to throw down his besieging works, and make a hasty retreat before Condé and the Spaniards. Two years later he avenged himself at the Dunes and Dunkirk, exactly reversing the events of the campaign of 1793. The allies, victorious at Famars, on the 22nd May, invested Valenciennes on the 3rd June. The batteries opened on the 15th, and on the 26th July, Ferraud, the French commandant, surrendered on capitulation, after a stout defence of more than six weeks. The civil commissioners, Couchon and Debrie, strongly urged the governor to risk the issue of an assault. The crimson ensign was kept flying in token of their determination, but Ferraud yielded to the prayers of the inhabitants and the municipality, and hoisted the white flag, just as the storming columns were forming in the trenches. The affair was highly creditable to the English division and the Duke of York, who commanded the operations; but much valuable time was lost, which might have been better employed, had the advice of Colonel Moncrieff, the chief British engineer officer, been followed. He recommended an immediate attack on the body of the place, in disregard of established rules. Ferraris, the Austrian quartermaster-general, was shocked at the idea of such irregular proceedings, and insisted on formal

approaches. His opinion was unfortunately adopted; and though the result was certain, the delay proved the salvation of France. If we can trust Las Casas, Napoleon said at St. Helena, that this precious interval saved the country, as it gave the government of the day time to recruit their armies, to consolidate the new levies, and prepare resistance on the most extended scale.

Instead of hoisting the standard of the Bourbons over the captured fortresses, the banner of Austria floated on their walls—an evidence of the intention to establish a permanent conquest which admitted of no misinterpretation, and plainly told the French people that the dismemberment of their nation would follow, according to the second proclamation of the Austrian general-in-chief. Captain Calvert, who had a short time before this been appointed an aide-de-camp on the personal staff of the Duke of York, carried home the despatches, announcing the fall of Valenciennes, for which he was promoted to the brevet rank of major, and returned to his duties, in time to be present at the total rout of the French army, in the celebrated attack on the Camp de César. And now, a large army, in one compact body, flushed with victory, within fifteen marches of Paris, and without an enemy in their front, of sufficient force to stay their onward progress;—sustained, too, by strong fortresses in their rear, forming a secure base of operations—instead of pushing on to the defenceless and divided capital, while the opportunity was yet within their reach, separated, and cut up their large armament into detachments, each party to pursue objects of personal advantage. If it was an original mistake to invade France at all, it was a far greater one to stop after the obstacles on the threshold were passed, and an open road presented itself.

“At this period (says the editor of Sir H. Calvert’s journal) the allies suffered themselves to be disunited by mutual jealousies and selfish objects; the successes gained by the bravery of their armies, would be forfeited by the separate ambition of their cabinets. The Emperor’s flag, not that of France, floated over the captured citadels of Valenciennes and Conde; and the Austrians, to the amount of 45,000 men, were besieging

Le Quesnoy, while the remainder of their army preserved the communications. Prussia was alienated by a policy which was to render military success subservient to the aggrandisement of her rival in Germany; and the Cabinet of St. James's, we must recollect with regret, sought to acquire a portion of the sea-coast of French Flanders. The allied army of 130,000 men, which, remaining united, might have given peace to Europe, was divided, and by their division at this juncture, their enemy was saved."

It cannot be denied that this measure was dictated by the British ministry, who are thus answerable for the momentous consequences. Thinking that England for once should obtain something to her own share out of the expected spoil, they cast a longing eye on Dunkirk, and determined to gain possession of that important maritime fortress. When Turenne took Dunkirk from the Spaniards, in 1658, he gave the city up to Cromwell, in return for the assistance he had afforded him. Charles II., in 1662, within two years after his restoration, sold it back to Louis XIV. for £500,000. The French king expended large sums on the fortifications and harbour; but by the terms of the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, the works were demolished, and the basins filled up. They were afterwards resumed, but a second time dismantled at the peace of 1763. In this state they continued until 1783, when they were once more restored. The prize was tempting, and seemed to be attainable. Accordingly, the Duke of York, with the English, Hanoverians, and other forces under his immediate orders, was detached from the main army, to accomplish this object. Alison records his condemnation of the course pursued with stern fidelity, and in emphatic sentences, which should be engraved on the memory of all who read with a wish to profit by the experience of the past, and to trace effects up to their veritable causes. If his opinions and conclusions were always as sound, he would indeed be the phoenix of historians. He says:—

"From this ruinous division may be dated all the subsequent disasters of the campaign. Had they held together, and pushed on vigorously against the masses of the enemy's forces, now severely weakened and depressed by defeat, there cannot be a doubt that the

object of the war would have been gained. The decrees for levying the population *en masse*, were not passed by the Convention for some weeks afterwards, and the forces they produced were not organised for three months. The mighty genius of Carnot had not as yet assumed the helm of affairs; the Committee of Public Safety had not yet acquired its terrible energy; every thing promised great results to vigorous and simultaneous operations. It was a resolution of the English Cabinet, in opposition to the demand and earnest wish of Cobourg and all the allied generals, which occasioned this fatal division. The impartial historian must confess with a sigh, that it was British interests which here interfered with the great objects of the war, and that by compelling the English contingent to separate for the siege of Dunkirk, England contributed to postpone for twenty years its glorious termination. Posterity has had ample room to lament the error—a war of twenty years, deeply chequered with disaster; the addition of six hundred millions to the public debt; the sacrifice of millions of brave men, may be, in a great degree, traced to this unhappy resolution."

The siege of Dunkirk was undertaken; but while the British Government coveted the end, the means were unaccountably neglected. The close investment of the place was ordered to be proceeded with at once, although no heavy guns had arrived, and the co-operating fleet under Admiral MacBride was still in the Downs. False information encouraged the belief that the garrison was in such a weak and defenceless state, that a *coup de main* was not only practicable, but advisable. Without any of the preparations in England being even in a state of forwardness, when all ought to have been ready beforehand; without a single gun heavier than a field-piece, the small attacking army, generally computed at about 10,000 effective men, rushed impetuously up to the very walls of Dunkirk, and, summoning the garrison, gave them four-and-twenty hours to consider whether they would surrender the place or not. The Governor, an Irishman, named O'Meara, made active use of the time granted; the garrison was augmented, heavy guns were mounted upon the ramparts, and supplies of every kind thrown in. Of what avail, then, was the bravery of the troops, when the ill-calculated surprise had failed? The inundations increasing daily, rendered the ground on which the British were encamped a

perfect swamp; fresh water became scarce, and so bad, that it was hardly drinkable. The only method to procure the most trifling supply, was by digging very deep for it, and then, after hours of hard labour, it became, in a few moments, brackish, and impregnated with salt water, which flowed in with every tide, and was prevented by means of flood-gates from returning to the sea! The heavy guns came slowly, *one by one*, up the canal from Ostend; there was no sign of the promised fleet; the French gun-boats harassed the right flank of the British position; and the settled calm in the town seemed only to portend an impending storm.* On the 6th September, the garrison made a successful sortie, inflicting heavy loss upon the assailants. On the following day, Houchard attacked and defeated the covering army under Marshal Freytag and General Count Walmoden. Many valuable officers lost their lives in these fatal encounters. Amongst the most distinguished were, the Austrian General Dalton,† and the commanding English engineer, Colonel Moncrieff. The latter was killed while endeavouring to keep the French gun-boats in awe by the field-pieces of the troops engaged. Then was the want of the long-looked-for fleet most severely felt; for these gun-boats swept off great numbers of the allies, exposed upon the strand to their incessant fire.

The defeat of Marshal Freytag decided the fate of Dunkirk, and compelled the Duke of York to raise the siege on the night of the 8th of September, leaving behind his ammunition, stores, and battering train, consisting of thirty-two iron 24-pounders, which had been sent from England, and which it was found impossible to remove, or even to destroy. A very insufficient number of carts and horses were with difficulty procured on the instant to carry off the baggage. It is just to remark that Lieutenant-Colonel Congreve, who commanded the artillery, gave it as his decided opinion,

that the retreat might have been deferred with perfect safety for four-and-twenty hours, in which time he offered to guarantee the removal of the guns. But it was impossible that a subordinate officer could have possessed the full information which impressed on the commander-in-chief the necessity of an immediate movement, to save the army from being cut off, in comparison with which the sacrifice of the guns was of no moment. The rulers of the French nation thought very differently from the English artillery officer; for Houchard, notwithstanding his success, was *guillotined* for not pouncing down upon the besiegers without losing a moment, and driving them into the sea, when he had handled so roughly the forces posted to protect them.

The retiring columns were not pursued; but so heavily were they encumbered by overloaded carts, without horses enough to drag them through the heavy roads, that they occupied the whole night traversing a distance of eleven miles. Had they been attacked in that situation, the result might have been very disastrous. On the 9th they reached Furnes without loss, and occupied their former ground, leaving a stray corps at the bridge of Adinkercke. The heavy baggage was then ordered to Ostend; and so much were the consequences of this unfortunate retreat dreaded, that the military chest had been carried on board a frigate in that port, and preparations were made to embark the stores there also. Several of the *bât-men*, proceeding with their carts and loaded horses, were overtaken by the tide, and lost their lives. Others, who themselves escaped, were unable to save from the advancing waves the property with which they were entrusted; while those who reached Ostend were, for some strange and unaccountable reason, refused admittance to the town.‡ It was at the time reported—and the estimate does not appear an exaggeration, that the Duke's army, from the time his Royal High-

* See "Narrative of the War," by an Officer of the Guards, published in 1796, and which went through several editions.

† He was of an Irish family, but had long been in the service of the Emperor. As he fell co-operating with *our* forces, the Duke of York obtained for his widow a considerable pension from the British Government.

‡ See "Narrative of the War," quoted above.

ness left Prince Cobourg to undertake the siege — for ever to be grievously lamented — lost, ere the retreat was made secure, by *fever*,* the enemy, and other misfortunes, at least 10,000 men. To wind up the catalogue of contrarieties, Admiral MacBride arrived at Furnes on the very day when the Duke's army encamped near that place; so that the fleet appeared in sight exactly at the moment when all was lost, and just in time to be of no possible service.

The French soldiers of the Revolution—who introduced every advantage they gained into their eternal *Carmagnole* — were not slow in finding an appropriate verse for the failure of the British at Dunkirk, which was thus commemorated:—

"Le Duc de York s'était promis
Que Dunkirk seroit bientôt pris,
Mais son coup a manqué,
Grace à nos canonniers.

CHORUS.

"Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son,
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son, du canon."

Well might Major Calvert remark, in his journal, with reference to the enterprise against Dunkirk:—

"That an undertaking, strongly recommended from home, received no countenance or naval co-operation, appeared very extraordinary. This remissness on the part of the Government excited much indignation in the army, and no small astonishment among our allies."

There can be no doubt that the consequences of this failure proved ruinous to the whole campaign, and entirely changed the fortune of the war, which, from this date, passed over, with but little fluctuation, to the side of the enemy. But let the full measure of blame be removed from the shoulders that have so unjustly borne it, and rest on the Ministry, who were the more lawful delinquents. In another letter to his uncle, Major Calvert says:—

"I am persuaded that, if an occasion presents itself, we shall prove to the enemy that, though obliged, from circumstances, to

fall back from before Dunkirk, we are still the conquering army. I do assure you the Duke's character rises very much by this reverse of fortune. His good humour and spirits never forsake him, and he meets the unfortunate events that have happened, with a degree of constancy and resolution that do him infinite honour. He has had many mortifications and disappointments; but I have a presentiment, that, though our situation is at present but so-so, he will rise superior to them all. I postpone, to a more convenient season, giving you — at least as far as my poor opinion goes — the causes of our disaster. But be assured that every exertion is necessary *at home*, to enable us to oppose the enemy in the field against us, and to prevent Flanders being again overrun by the banditti that infested it last year."

The sentiments of the Opposition leader (Mr. Fox) differed but little from those contained in the foregoing letter. In April 10th, 1794, he said, in the course of debate:—

"With regard to the failure against Dunkirk (which they all lamented, as extremely disastrous to the British arms), he rejoiced that no insinuation had been made, in the smallest degree disrespectful to the character or conduct of the Duke of York; and that, after the raising of the siege, West Flanders had been recovered under the Prince's immediate orders. What man could do, he had done; but, apprehending that his Royal Highness had not been properly supported from home, the honourable mover (Major Maitland) called for an inquiry."

The Duke of York's moral courage was severely tried by the defeat of Dunkirk, following so rapidly on the triumph of Valenciennes; and the more so, that both he and his brave soldiers endured much of the obloquy which exclusively belonged to the Government, from whom his instructions emanated, while they withheld the means to render their own plans effectual.

On the 19th November, 1793, Major Calvert, writing to his sister, again repeats his strong conviction of the evil consequences resulting from the attempt to invade France. The remarks are well worthy of attention:—

"The people of Lille (he says) are in want of every sort of comfort and necessary, par-

* An epidemical disorder which broke out amongst the troops, called, at the time, the *Dunkirk fever*, not unlike the *Walcheren fever* of 1809.

ticularly food and fuel. The discontent has arisen to such a height, as to give considerable alarm to the Convention; and twelve deputies have arrived to endeavour to appease the popular feeling. However great their dissensions may be—however adverse their political opinions, there is one subject on which, if we may judge from experience, the inhabitants of this northern frontier unite, that is, in a predilection for a republican form of government, and a determination to resist, to the utmost of their power, the attempts of the allies on their territory. I very much doubt whether the foreign war does not furnish them with the only bond of union they have left; and whether, if the dread of the external enemy were removed, they would not now be cutting one another's throats, and, perhaps, in a very short time, gladly have recourse to any settled form of government, in preference to the anarchy which exists at present—probably to the very system which is now the object of their detestation. But I am getting quite out of my element, and am deviating from the good old proverb—"a cobbler to his last."

Early in 1794, during a cessation of active operations, the Duke of York visited England for a short time, bringing with him his aides-de-camp, amongst whom was Major Calvert, who had now attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, by the purchase of a company in the Coldstream Guards. In March the Duke returned to the Continent, and resumed his former command.

Defeat now followed defeat in rapid succession. There was neither skilful combination nor commanding genius on the side of the allies, but there were constant disagreements and conflicting views. Occasional instances of individual prowess were not wanting, and here and there a partial triumph revived expiring hopes; but the general aspect of affairs was gloomy, and the impending wind-up was freely canvassed and foretold. Already the Austrian Government began to treat secretly with the French authorities, and were arranging terms for a separate peace, even while they were receiving our subsidies, and our soldiers were fighting by their sides. Colonel Calvert delivered his convictions repeatedly and without reserve, in his letters, on this particular point, and as constantly reiterated his firm belief, that we had nothing to trust to but Providence and our own exertions. At the beginning of June, 1794, the National

Convention—for the moment the *de facto* Government of France—at the instance of the sanguinary Robespierre, issued a decree, declaring that no quarter should thenceforward be given to English or Hanoverian soldiers. This *ordonnance* was accompanied by an address to the army of the Republic, in which they were told that when victory should deliver prisoners belonging to either of the proscribed nations into their hands, their duty called upon them to strike. "Not one of them," it was declared, "ought to be suffered to return to the traitorous territory of England, or be conducted alive into France. Let the British slaves perish, and Europe be free." In reply to this savage denunciation, unexampled in the proceedings of civilized nations, the Duke of York issued a counter-order, in which, after expressing his detestation of the principles by which the Republican decree had been dictated, he declared his conviction that the French armies were incapable of submitting to, or acting on, such atrocious suggestions. He could not believe that infatuation could so far subdue the minds of gallant men, wearing an uniform that had heretofore been honourable, as to induce them to pay any attention to a decree as injurious to themselves as infamous and disgraceful to the character of the persons who passed it. "It is only," he added, "on finding that our enemies have relinquished every title to the fair character of soldiers and of men, that the brave troops under my command will think themselves justified, and, indeed, under the necessity of adopting a species of warfare for which they will then stand acquitted to their own consciences and to the world. In such an event the French army alone will be answerable for the tenfold vengeance which will fall upon themselves, their wives, their children, and their unfortunate country, already groaning under every calamity which the accumulated crimes of unprincipled ambition and avarice can heap upon their devoted victims."

On this subject, Colonel Calvert remarks, in a letter to Sir H. Dalrymple, on the 6th June:—

"I think that, by moderation, much good may accrue to us from this manœuvre of the Convention. By disclaiming

every idea of following an example so atrocious, we may awaken the sparks of honour yet remaining in the French army, and we may at all events point out to what an extent it is made the tool of its blood-thirsty employers."

But the fearful alternative of retaliation was not forced upon the gallant men, who would have reluctantly adopted it at the last moment, and only in self-defence. Pichegru, who, although a republican by conviction, was a frank, manly soldier, with the education and feelings of a gentleman, refused to act on the decree, and the French themselves repudiated the insane barbarity of their rulers. The author of "*Victoires, Conquêtes*," &c., one of their own most valued authorities, says:—

"The soldiers were far from participating in the savage madness of the men who at that time governed France. They received the order with silent indignation, but at the same time determined to withhold obedience."

When the British army retired behind the Maes, and took up a position at different points, extending from Grave to Venlo, to defend the banks of that river, the French videttes were advanced in many places to the opposite side, and frequently conversed with the English soldiers on picquet, expressing great respect for their national character, and assuring them that Pichegru's army received with universal disgust the decree of the Convention, to grant their brave opponents no quarter. They would frequently hold forth for hours with the garrulity for which our Gallic neighbours have ever been remarkable, winding up their remarks with this good and wholesome advice: "Englishmen, go home; you have no business here. You are betrayed by your own friends, as they call themselves. You are too honest to be leagued with such contemptible *canaille* as the Austrians and Prussians. They will soon leave you in the lurch; and as to the Hessians, the Landgrave will turn them all over to us to-morrow, if the Convention offers him a placate a-day

more than you now pay him." These conversations usually concluded with our men striking up "God save the King," and theirs a "*Ca Ira!*" or the "*Carmagnole*."*

On the 27th of June, Robespierre and his party fell, and with them terminated the reign of terror. On the 28th July he was guillotined, with many of his adherents. The decree for butchering prisoners, which had never been enforced, died with its originator. The pusillanimous conduct of the Emperor of Austria, in leaving his army at a critical moment after a decisive defeat; his abandonment of his faithful subjects of the Low Countries, utterly without protection; and his infamous duplicity in pocketing the English subsidies while he was secretly treating with the French to betray and desert the common cause, had not until the publication of Colonel Calvert's journals, been either sufficiently known or condemned as they deserve. The King of Prussia also received £1,200,000 of English money, on the condition that a powerful force would join Clairfayt in May, to co-operate in the defence of Flanders; but not a Prussian soldier ever took the field for that purpose. A humorous poem of the day, written by a keen observer, who saw what he describes, thus comments on these glaring facts; nevertheless our Government went on paying, fighting, trusting, and betrayed, with blind infatuation:—

"More and more every moment we're led to despise
Our vallant, our good, and our faithful allies;
And simple John Bull far too nobly behaves
To a tribe of such pilfering, pitiful knaves.
There's *Frederick*† would pick out his money,
heart, soul and
Life, to obtain a few acres of Poland:
And lately we hear that the pious *she bear*‡
A few hundred thousands expects as her share,
For having growl'd forth for us many a prayer.
But alas! in this instance, old adages fail,
Or the prayers of the righteous would surely prevail.
Great *Cæsar*§ talks loud of a want of supplies,
And repeats in his slumbers the word 'subsidize!'
And *PITT* says, no reason on earth can be shown
Why he shouldn't have *snacks* in the shape of a
loan!"

Circumstances and expediency again led the British Cabinet, long after this sad experience of the helpless incapacity and duplicity of the continental monarchs, to trust them a second time,

* "Narrative of the War," quoted above.

† Empress Catherine of Russia.

‡ King of Prussia.

§ The Emperor of Austria.

to embrace them with fraternal affection, and to re-subsidize them with millions upon millions of our money. Nothing could exceed the indignation expressed in the British army, on the shameless desertion of the Austrians; neither were the feelings of the sacrificed inhabitants less unequivocally conveyed. Colonel Calvert says:—

“The shameful negligence which has pervaded every preparation for the defence of this place (Tournay), gives us little reason to flatter ourselves with the hope of the possibility of its holding out long, should it be vigorously attacked. How the flatterers of the day may reconcile all these events to his Imperial Majesty, I know not: but the page of history will record, in the person of Francis II., the possibility of *a sovereign* leaving the head of his army in the hour of defeat, and abandoning his wretched subjects, involved in a war on his account, in the moment of all others when they had the most right to claim his protection. History will brand with the infamy it deserves the Imperial cabinet of this day, whose conduct has done more prejudice to the cause we maintain (and in the maintenance of which is involved everything that is dear to us), than could have been effected by the arms or acts of the infatuated country which is the cause of the war.”

A still greater stain attaches to the national character of Austria, from the facility with which they surrendered in succession all the strong fortresses in which they left sufficient garrisons. These weak defences gave rise to the current report, that the French battering cannon were loaded with gold. But the most unjustifiable feature in all these dark transactions was, the surrendering up thousands of French emigrants, without either allowing them to escape or stipulating for their safety if they remained. A decree of the Convention condemned them to immediate death, without trial or mitigation. Jourdain and Vandamme executed these wretched victims without remorse or measure. The humanity of Pichegru again interfered. He saved many, and admitted them to the common right of prisoners, telling them he had no satisfaction in taking their lives.

The Duke of York, although abandoned by his allies, and compelled to fall back into Holland, still hoped to defend that country, and trusted to the heavy rains, which would, to a

certain extent, neutralize the overpowering numbers of the advancing enemy, and render it impossible to carry on extensive operations during the winter. But, as if by an inscrutable decree of Providence, an intense frost set in and continued, enabling the active Republicans to surmount local difficulties, which otherwise would have held them completely at bay. The Dutch, too, far from feeling any enthusiasm for the reigning family of the Stadtholder, evinced an apathy amounting to disgust. While they treated the English with undisguised hostility, they also followed the example of the Austrians, in yielding up fortresses almost impregnable on the first appearance of the French columns. “I shall not be surprised,” says Colonel Calvert, on the 7th of November, 1797, writing to Sir H. Dalrymple, “if we take the field next spring, solo combatants in the contest, I shall admire our dexterity in accomplishing this point; but I am persuaded we had better fight alone than with the allies, who have so shamefully, or, rather, so shamelessly and fatally deceived us in the course of this most unfortunate campaign.”

In commenting on the facility with which Holland was over-run, the editor of Colonel Calvert's Journals observes, that Nature herself deprived the English of the only allies on which they could depend. They calculated on the moistness of the climate, the wetness of the ground, and the ordinary difficulties of the climate. All these reliances failed them. The canals, morasses, and rivers were frozen. The French general deserves every credit for the rapid energy with which he took advantage of unexpected circumstances, and commenced a winter campaign after eight months of incessant fighting. But we must recollect that the system on which the French Republican Government carried on the war, was to disregard the sufferings of their own armies, and to deprive them of the provisions and comforts almost necessary to existence in that inclement winter, and that their soldiers knew these would be found in the towns of Holland. Pichegru deserved his reputation and his success; his subsequent fate was the more melancholy, inasmuch as he was untinged by the usual crimes of his brother-generals of

the same school — avarice and barbarity.

It was known generally that the inhabitants, whether from fear or inclination, received the French as welcome guests, and treated the English with undisguised hostility. The details of their conduct are almost incredible, but too strongly vouched to be suspected as exaggerations. Much has been said, and much more than truth will sustain, of the want of discipline that existed amongst the British troops (particularly the Hessian and Hanoverian contingents), who are ever disorderly in a retreat; but the shameful treatment they experienced in their different marches through Holland, which was to them “indeed a hostile shore,” in some measure accounts for and justifies, under the plea of hard necessity, their taking by force those necessary articles of sustenance which our good and faithful allies *refused to supply them with for money*. The implacable hatred evinced by the Dutch towards the English can scarcely be conceived, extending even beyond the grave. They were known to dig up the dead bodies of English soldiers in the night, to mutilate and deface them with the long knives which all of them concealed about their persons, and to leave them in that state for their former comrades to feast their eyes upon the next morning.* Such acts are fit parallels for the proceedings of Red Indians, Kaffirs, or New Zealand savages.

Amongst the most interesting papers in Colonel Calvert's Journals are those in which mention is made of the first service of the great Duke of Wellington, then Lieut.-Colonel Wesley,† in command of the 33rd Regiment. His battalion formed the rear-guard during some critical portions of the retreat. At the night attack on Boxtel, on the 14th of September, 1794, Colonel Calvert rode up and delivered to the future conqueror of Napoleon his orders the first time he ever went into fire, which the editor believes to have been on this occasion, and which, as he describes, he took considerable trouble to ascertain. The defence of Holland becoming perfectly hopeless, the army

commenced a long and difficult retreat of more than 170 miles, which they accomplished under many privations, and, marching through Westphalia, finally embarked at Bremen, on the 10th of April, 1795, on their return to England.

A careful perusal of this very interesting, but melancholy relation of facts, will go far to convince all impartial readers, that blame for the failure of a war which ought to have been crowned with success, was not in justice to be attributed to the Duke of York or his army.

The editor's concluding remarks are well worthy of attention:—

“In no country more than our own is gratitude generously bestowed on those who serve us well in the field; but it is but too true that, in many instances, we have failed in giving to our armies the means of achieving success. If these letters have the effect of drawing attention to this important truth, and if causes of failure, such as here portrayed, are avoided in future, one main object of their publication will have been effected. But it is not too much to believe, that the disasters of the unhappy campaign of 1794 contributed to afford to us the experience which aided in rendering our arms triumphant in future wars.”

Our generals, we may readily suppose, learnt something from the hard blows they had encountered, and the practical knowledge so rudely administered; but our ministers remained blind and deaf, until even heavier calamities resulted from their obstinacy. The second expedition to Holland, in 1799, was no improvement on the earlier one of 1794, either in conception or execution. The attempt on Buenos Ayres forms a greivous chapter in our military records; and the name of Walcheren requires all the subsequent glory of Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, to wash away the bitter memories with which it is associated. The Duke of York, although not then commander-in-chief, protested vehemently in Parliament against that gigantic folly, which belongs exclusively to the enlightened statesmanship of Lord Castlereagh, and the somnolent general of his election, the Earl of Chatham. Sir

* See “Narrative of the War,” several times quoted before.

† The name was afterwards changed to Wellesley.

Richard Strachan, the admiral, was a man of dash and enterprise; but his large fleet was subservient to the movements of the military commander, and consequently could do nothing alone.* The temporary possession of Flushing, with the loss of 20,000 men by sickness, formed but a poor compensation for Antwerp, which might have been taken had the expedition sailed in time; or for the liberation of the Spanish peninsula, which the same force, added to the Duke of Wellington's army, would have accelerated by four years. The appendix to Sir H. Calvert's Journals contains elaborate plans for a system of resistance, drawn up in 1796, when there was loud talk of a hostile visit from the enemy with whom we were then at war. These plans may still be studied with advantage. The features of the ground, and the most available positions for covering the metropolis against a foe advancing from the coast, are the same that presented themselves fifty-seven years ago,

although steam and railroads would now entirely change the principles both of attack and defence. If such a contingency should arrive at any future period, coast fortifications, except to strengthen harbours and arsenals, will be found of little avail. An invading army can always effect a landing, unless intercepted by our fleet; but no time should be allowed them to organise their scattered divisions, and move in one collected mass, with all the appurtenances of war. This will be found no easy operation in a country densely populated, full of enclosures, and intersected with railroads at every angle. It is much easier to manage large armies on paper than in the field. We have no wish whatever to see the experiment tried at home; but at the same time we have too much confidence in our own resources, and on the indomitable spirit of the nation, to doubt the result, should the collision be forced upon us.

* The following *jeu d'esprit*, amongst many others, was written on this joint inaction:—

Lord Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
While he, impatient to be at 'em,
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLIII. FEBRUARY, 1854. Vol. XLIV.

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DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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VOL. XLIII.

THE FOOD OF THE IRISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IRISH POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS."

"Unless we are much deceived, posterity will trace up to that famine the commencement of a salutary revolution in the habits of a nation long singularly unfortunate, and will acknowledge that on this, as on many other occasions, Supreme Wisdom has educed permanent good out of transient evil."—THE IRISH CRISIS.

CHAPTER I.—THE POTATO.

Potatoes and Point—Kitchening—St. Martin's Pig—The Spalpeen—"Just as good, barring the Beef"—How to Dress Potatoes—Boiling out the Moon—The Caste—Boxtie—What the Potato did for Ireland, and what it didn't—Maddie na Phlandie—The First Night of the Blight, and its Effects—The Encumbered Estates Act—The Famine, the Pestilence, and the Potato Commission—The Relief Act, and the Board of Works—The other Results of the Failure—The Missionary Cook—The Soup Temple of Barrack-street—The Modern Gallowglass—The Beggars' Parade—"Sup it up, Soyer"—The Pantropheon—What we Eat, and how to Eat it—First Introduction of the Potato—The Failure of 1730—The Poetry of the Potato: a Gaelic Lament—Early Famines and Pestilences—Annals of the Fourteenth Century.

K 2

MAN is said to be by nature a cooking animal. There are, however, exceptions to this rule; the Greenlander and the Esquimaux, who live upon raw whale blubber, and dry, unsalted reindeer, or some of the dwellers on the Andes, who devour raw horse-flesh, do not come under this category. But of those professedly within its limits, the modern Irish, compared with other nations in a similar state of advancement in all other respects, were, and perhaps are, the most uneducated in the culinary art of any people under the sun. They could, it is true, dress potatoes, boil or roast eggs, turn oatmeal into bread or stirabout, and make butter—if this latter can properly be styled cooking; but certainly the great bulk of the peasantry in the remote rural districts of Ireland, especially the south and west, could not

dress food of any other description than potatoes and eggs. They were totally unacquainted with kitchen chemistry. The few other vegetables, besides oats and potatoes, with which they were familiar, such as flat Dutch cabbage and scallions, dillisk, and some few sea weeds, were luxuries of rather rare occurrence amongst them; and in hard summers, young nettles and wild rape have not unfrequently been served up to eke out the scanty meal to which the people were reduced by the partial failure of the potato, and consequent dearth of corn. Upon the sea-coast, coarse fish, limpids, whelks, and periwinkles served for food; while, in the interior, salted herrings, and small, dried bream were used by those who could not afford milk, eggs, or butter, as "kitchen"* for the dry potatoe; hence, the well-known proverb of "po-

* The word kitchen—Hibernice, *annlaun*, i.e., *obsonium*, is applied to all condiments. See Ængus O'Daly's "Satire," pp. 36, 87; see also the letter of "Julius Vindex." In the south-east, the people composed a kitchen of eggs and water, called "the milk of the cow of the roost;" and also one of scallions or onions, and milk; cabbage, and dripping, or lard, where such could be procured, was a favourite *annlaun*. The lard was flavoured by the huxter allowing a leek or potato-onion to grow up through it. Even the "stags," or old potatoes of the previous year, which had become sweetened by the frost, were in some places used as *kitchen*.

the children pretty and abundant. Dear good, old, but much-abused esculent, truly we put too much faith in thy virtues, yet, when kitchened with "point," mollified with milk, or softened by a drop of the *crature*, your like will never again be found for rent-paying, pig-feeding,* love-making, child-breeding, faction-fighting, and country-dancing properties. Our arm was stronger, and our music more joyous, our laugh more hilarious and our tale more pathetic, when the steam of the *phothe* rose up from the door of the cabin, than with all the substantiality which "yellow male" and other "bread-stuffs" gave to those who lingered after your decline. Though we did not see the rise, we witnessed the fall of the potato in Ireland, from the flourishing times of the blacks and apples, the white-eyes and sweet cups, the English reds, and Brown's fancies, the pinks, Cork reds, and Wicklow bangers (for the time to which we refer, bucks and lumpers were only given to pigs and cattle), until the good old stocks were supplanted by peelers and Protestants, and labstones, and such other outlandish inventions.

But, whenever introduced, or of what description soever, the potato was the chief food of the Irish peasant for at least a century and a-half before the period of which we write. Let us therefore see how this prolific vegetable was dressed. It must be remembered that the ten-acred farmer was not beholden altogether to the potato, at least for food; he had milk, butter, and eggs, and often fish and bacon, with, sometimes, butchers' meat; but we again assert that a majority of the people lived upon the potato, without any other condiment than salt, or such kitchen as we have described. It was not dressed *a la maitre d'hotel*, with white sauce and chopped parsley, or *a la crème*, with fresh butter, nutmeg and lemon, or as *pommes de terre au lard* with bacon and sweet herbs; or as a *purée* or *au gratin* with parmasan and cauliflowers, or as *boulettes* or as

rissoles, after the manner of the French. Nor was it half-boiled and sliced into a German sallad with raw Dutch herring, caviare, sour-crout, mangoldwurzels, rancid oil, and brown vinegar or pyroligenous acid;—or stripped of its great coat, and all the good boiled out of it, after the English fashion; or cut into fritters, either boiled or raw; or mashed or baked into balls, with a glaize of white of egg; or toasted into a savoury loaf under the roasting beef, or stewed with neck of mutton and strong gravy; or made into a beggar's dish, or Irish stew, or pounded into calcannon with frost-curved brocoli or Savoy; or mashed, or skinned and toasted, as used at the tables of the more opulent Irish;—but simply boiled or roast: and thus the peasant partook of the *solanum tuberosum* three times a-day.

Few well-boiled potatoes ever appeared out of an Irish cabin, or upon the tables of the wealthy. The root wanted the flavour, the richness, the dryness, the fresh, wholesome country look, and the dimple, and the smile, just bursting into a laugh, which it exhibited under the cabin roof; it had not been strained upon an osier basket, nor the superfluous vapour driven off by the basket being held for a moment over the turf fire and then covered with a coarse cloth. In towns the potato had a sickly, cover-dish flavour, and a would-be aristocratic air, which, to those who knew better, was quite disgusting. Moreover, it was peeled with a knife, and, consequently, the peculiar flavour given by the outer corticle substance (as the doctors and botanists term it), which is preserved when peeled with the thumb-nail, was almost entirely lost.

The cabin-boiled potato was dressed in two ways: with and without the *bone†* or the *moon*, as it is universally called by the genuine Irish. In the latter form, the potato was done to the heart, equally mealy throughout, and bursting its skin with fatness. This was the supper when

* An Irish peasant, when saluting a neighbour, which used to be by kissing the cheek, first asked—"How's your mother and the pig?"

† The moon, *au ghealeach*—When a half-boiled potato is cut, the sections exhibit a central disk, with a halo around it like the moon, which has originated this expression. English visitors have been not a little puzzled by hearing our servants reprimanded for "not boiling the moon out of the potatoe."

children and young persons were to partake of the meal; but when much work was to be done, or a long fast to be endured, the heart or central nucleus of the potato was allowed, by checking the boil at a particular period, to remain parboiled, hard and waxy; and when the rest of the potato had been masticated in the usual manner, this hard lump, about the size of a small walnut, was bolted; and in this manner nearly a stone of the root was taken into the stomach of the Irish labourer per diem. Now, although this practice might be bad cookery, it was grounded upon a certain knowledge of physiology. The stomach digested the well boiled farinaceous portion of the potato within the space of a few hours, and that having been all disposed of, the half-boiled lumps remained behind, and a second digestion was commenced to assimilate this portion of food, and convert it into nutritious, life-sustaining material: which latter process lasted some hours longer, and thus the cravings of hunger were warded off for five or six hours after the original meal. Every girl in an Irish cabin possessed instinctively, what the most celebrated *chef de cuisine* never attained to,—a power of knowing whether an egg or a potato was “done,” by simply holding it for an instant in the closed hand.

The roasted potato was a delicious morsel, but apt to produce heartburn, and therefore enjoyed only occasionally, and generally out of doors, when the potatoes were digging, or the turf cutting or saving; and then a “caste” was made after the following fashion: A hole was scooped out of the side of a ditch, and a turf fire lighted therein. When the peat was nearly consumed, the coals were removed with a *maidie bristi*, or wooden tongs, and the potatoes, enveloped in a layer of moist clay, placed in the hot earth and ashes, with the half-burned turf over them. There they were carefully watched by one of the “pickers,” who called the labourers at the critical moment, and raked out the murphies, which were prepared for eating, not by peeling in the ordinary manner, but by breaking the investiture of pottery in which they were encased, with a twisting motion. Thus dressed, they were remarkably white, dry, and mealy. Children particularly liked them; and

we remember a hedge-school pedagogue, after eulogising his class upon their proficiency and good behaviour during their previous hours of study, conclude by desiring them “to be good boys; to take care of their books; to come early next morning; to bring a sod of turf under each oxter, and a pocketful of praties, that they might be reading and roasting all day.” At mills and limekilns, at *betins* or land-burnings, at flax-dressings, and pot-teen stills, the *cubog* or *caste* of roasted potatoes was the chief solace and consolation of the workers.

Infants not three months old munched with their toothless gums the favourite esculent; when butter could be procured, the potato bruised with some on a plate, formed the favourite dish of children, called *brutteen*. In the farmers' houses, when a *mehil* of men were engaged in any ordinary agricultural employments, or a *camp* of women spinning or scutching, calcannon, or *pound*, was a very favourite dish, and made upon a scale of great magnificence, by filling a large pot with alternate strata of peeled potatoes and *crippeens*, or cabbage sprouts, along with some chopped onion, salt, and pepper; then covering all, well packed together, with a layer of cabbage-leaves, and placing a smooth flag on top of the pot to keep in the steam; and when boiled sufficiently, mashing with a beetle, and mixing in fresh milk and butter. And no wonder it was admired, for, beside its intrinsic qualities and savoury *goût*, was it not associated with our childish dreams—the mythical dish which concealed the nut at Holy-eve, and the ring on Twelfth-night! Onions and potatoes were, however, but seldom mixed in cottage cookery.

Even among the better classes, potatoes were invariably served at the breakfast table, and formed the chief food of the “young people.” We remember a wealthy farmer, when asked how he liked the flavour of the last present of tea sent to his spouse, reply—

“Troth, my lady, I dunna much about it, for I always peel my tay.”

To enjoy potatoes thoroughly and as a real luxury, they must be eaten with sweet milk drank out of a noggin, or with fresh butter. When the young potatoes first appeared in early sum-

mer, and the streets of Dublin rang with—

"Buy my new pa-ta-e ties—
New pa-ta-e-ties,"

they were eaten by those who could afford that delicacy without compunction or reserve, and with whatever else happened to be at dinner. Not so, however, in the country parts—for certain reasons best known to themselves, and which many of our readers may still remember—the middle classes, and even the poor who could afford it, never tasted the first new potato without a bit of butter.

With the virtues of the "Irish stew," we hope all our readers are familiar. There are, however, two or three Irish potato dishes we must here say a word about, as they are not described in the cookery books, and not known, we believe, beyond the precincts of our island. Potatoes mashed with well-watered ling, and served up with egg sauce, is a justly celebrated Lenten dish; and in good old days, when salmon were cheap and plenty, and hung in the dried state from the kitchen ceiling, with the cheeks, and flitches, and hams, and "hung beef," it was much used, particularly boiled, mashed with potatoes, butter, and eggs, and then baked into a pie. The old song asked—

"What's a dandy without puffing,
But a goose without stuffing?"

Well boiled, bruised to an impalpable powder, delicately flavoured with finely shred onion, some pepper, a very little salt, and not one morsel of grease or kitchen-stuff, but baked in the interior of a young goose, some time between Michaelmas and Christmas, the potato may be eaten in the form most likely to suit the taste of the gourmand. The goose must not be too fat, or it will spoil the potatoes, as by some extraordinary chemical endosmose, the juice of the goose is absorbed by the potatoes. So much has this been felt by the lovers of both, that we knew a friend who had always two roast geese served together, that he might eat the flesh of one with the potatoes of the other. In country parts, where "white bread" was scarce, and the art of stuffing or puddening animals not much understood, a large half-boiled potato, flavoured with a little pepper and salt, used to be placed in the crop of a roast turkey; and when served, proved a

most delicious morsel. At the tables of the rich, or those who possessed kitchen-ranges, potatoes, baked in their great coats, were not uncommon, and only equalled in flavour by those sold

"Hot, hot, all hot,"

by the costermongers of London. We never mix potatoes with our broths, like the Scotch; nor, with the exception of the stew, do they ever form a portion of our savoury messes. Potato-pudding once made us very sick, and therefore we eschew it as a mockery and a snare—a heavy, mawkish-sweet excuse for eating eggs, butter, saffron, sugar, and lemon—a dish unjust towards the root, and indigestible by the eater.

Besides the sweet potato-pudding, however, there is another pudding made of the favourite esculent, by mixing grated ham, or hard salt beef, boiled dry, with mashed potatoes, seasoning, and then baking slowly in an oven; or again, by mixing finely-pounded mealy potatoes with the usual sweet-meat of suet, eggs, spices, and dried currants. A very delicious dish may be made by slicing raw potatoes to the thickness of a crown piece, allowing them to dry for some time, and then steeping them in brandy for two or three hours, until they absorb a sufficiency of that fluid. Dip each slice in a rich batter, then fry them to a light brown, and dust them, before serving, with powdered sugar and grated lemon-peel. These are, however, dishes for the great, and can be varied according to the taste and ingenuity of the cook.

In Tipperary, and other parts of Munster, where the farming class were not so "badly off" as in Connaught, a very palatable dish, called "fasting-stew," was made by removing the bone from three or four salt herrings, cutting them into small pieces, and mixing them with onions and other condiments in caldron.

In the formation of potato-starch, the fibrous portion of the tuber, when separated and squeezed from the watery part, was mixed with coarse flour or oatmeal, and by the addition of a little kitchen-stuff or butter, formed into a cake, popularly known in the west as *boatie*, and in the south denominated "buck-bread," "Scotch," or "stampy." This was

so much admired, that the children in country parts used to make a grater out of the side of an old tin-can, by punching it with an awl, in order to rasp lumpers for a feast of *bortie*.

If we have reserved to the last the potato-cake, made by bruising, with the bottom of a tin porringer, two cold, well-boiled potatoes, and mixing there-with a pound of the finest flour, the yolk of a fresh egg, a print of butter, and a sup of new-milk, the whole being well kneaded, then pounded with a rolling-pin, made into a cake five-eighths of an inch thick, cut into squares and diamonds, baked on a griddle, and, when properly browned and mottled, each piece torn asunder like a muffin, and a bit of butter slipped in to melt in the interior, and then eaten at tea or breakfast, but particularly at the former, it is because it was the most widely disseminated and universally-admired form of potato-eating known to all tea-drinkers and cup-tossers from Cape Clear to the Causeway.

Barring the lock of corn they gleaned after the reapers, or purloined from the winnowers when he laid down the *borann*, the Irish poultry fed on the potato. It was the exclusive diet of the pig; it formed a portion of the fodder of the horse; it was given to the cow at milking time, to increase and sweeten the *strippings*; it was occasionally converted into potteen; and, in the form of delicate white flour, it assisted to wean the children. It not only fed the great bulk of the peasantry, but it influenced their dress; it stiffened the brogue of the buckeen, and clear-starched the mob-cap of the collough; it gave velvetreen vests and top boots to the squireen; put silks on the ladies, and claret in the gentry. Though freed from the tithe of the parson, it augmented the dues and offerings of the clergy; and, in the never-refused charity of the cottager became the circulating medium for the mendicant; it formed a scone for the candle, and sometimes a half-naggin measure for the *sperricks*; and, in fact, assisted in an hundred little ways the domestic comforts of the cabin. It

was the life and soul of the con-acre (eight or ten guineas an acre being no uncommon price for the first year's potato-soil); but if it caused the skinning and burning of the ground, it was also the great reclaimer of bog; it produced the minute subdivisions of land, induced early marriages, and in many places over-population; it paid agents, and drivers, and middlemen; it afforded fortunes (or promises thereof) to the spinsters, and jointures to innumerable aunts and dowagers; it furnished the bet for the race course, the stake for the gambling-table, the bill of costs for the attorney, and the interest for the mortgagee; and it "promised to pay" for the four-in-hand of the "young master;" it also furnished the *lan a waula*, the lashings and lavings for the hosts of poor relations, cleevins, fosterers, retainers, nurses, servants, idlers, grooms, gossoons, and hangers-on about the "big house."

A dependence upon the potato, as well as the facility with which it was cultivated, and the usual very abundant yield of the crop, raised the price of land to a fictitious value; and thus, whilst it ministered to many of our comforts, it became one of the chief causes of our idleness, laziness, and want of agricultural skill and improvement. And the exceeding cheapness of food consequent on this abundance (the best potatoes being often but a penny a stone) lessened the price of labour. Thus it influenced, directly and indirectly, the whole social system of Ireland, from the cottier in Connaught, who paid his rent by giving his labour at the rate of fivepence a-day, without meat or drink, to the dandified landlord, with a figure-rental, and an estate mortgaged to nearly double its value, who strutted through the cafés, or lounged upon the boulevards of Paris. Songs were composed, tunes played, and poems recited in its praise; and, in olden times, a pantomimic rhyme existed, descriptive of the whole process of potato rearing, from the first turning-up of the soil to the final digging in of the crop, and known by the Irish term of the *Muddie-na-Phlan-*

* The sturdy beggar, male or female, the *ghooler*, and cup-tosser, when they could not make a good thing of it in the small towns and villages, took a tramp through the country, and collected large bags of potatoes, which they disposed of in the evening to the huxters for the more palatable commodities of tea, tobacco, whiskey, and white bread.

die,* or the “planting stick,” from the *steeveen*, or large two-handed dibber, used in parts of Leitrim, Mayo, and Roscommon, for making the holes to throw in the sets. Even Shakspeare (although by an anachronism) has introduced it to the notice of his countrymen, when jolly old Falstaff, in one of his moments of wantonness, exclaims to Mrs. Ford, “Let the sky rain potatoes.” The astute English, as well as the devil-may-care Irish, believed in its virtues, put faith in its solvency, and lent their money on its security—even public companies poured out their wealth at its shrine. Agitation was fed by the potato; and O’Connell himself—the big “potato-faced agitator,” as he was called in England—was, when in health, and spirits, and vigour, the very impersonation of a laughing lumper.

Thus stood affairs in the early summer of 1845. There had been promise of an abundant harvest, stocks were steady, and pigs looking up; agitation alone seemed to interfere with the onward progress of the country. But, without taking a political retrospect, it is sufficient to say, that it became manifest matters were coming to a crisis—that the storm which O’Connell had so long kept in terror over the Government, he himself had now but little power to control, and that the Frankenstein spirit he had evoked was hourly gathering strength, and must soon rise into a monster, destructive alike of its creator and itself. One night, toward the end of July, or beginning of August, the writer was travelling, into the far West, upon the top of a mail-coach. The evening was calm, though lousy. Toward midnight the atmosphere, highly charged with electric fluid, exhibited many of those flashing lights and streamers which sometimes herald the storm or forebode a frost. At a little more advanced period of the night, an unusual coldness was perceived, and a dense mist

or fog brooded over the entire face of the country, the peculiarities of which were, that it was not more than six or eight feet thick, and that it spread equally over the high ground, as well as exhaled from the valleys and moist places.† Next day we went upon a fishing excursion, along a river which traversed a fertile potato country. Our attention was attracted by the unusual close, malarious smell, such as when once perceived—and, alas! we are now but too familiar with it—is not easily forgotten. On gaining a high ground, and obtaining an extensive view of the country, the great bulk of the potato-crop around us looked as if a heavy flood had passed over it, and prostrated the stalks, the leaves of which had lost their crispness, and were then beginning to wither. Two circumstances struck us as remarkable—the immunity of portions of some fields: and the peculiarity of the prostrated stalks lying for the most part one way. With the exception of a few of the older among the peasantry, but little observation passed upon this first invasion of the enemy—scarcely any one, indeed, surmising the terrific consequences which were to follow. The next evening but one we returned by the same route and conveyance. The stalks and leaves were blackened, and in many places putrid; and the stench which arose, particularly in the early night, from off the whole face of the country, was most sickening.

The potato was gone—the food of an entire nation was thus almost, in a single night, cut off, although the effects of the blight upon the crop only became known when the peasantry commenced to dig in their winter store. With the subsequent fearful consequences all are familiar; in this country, it can never be forgotten; it will in after ages form an epoch in the history of Europe, and the future chroniclers of America and Australia will, no doubt, refer to it as a means of largely and

* For an account of this, and other songs, relating to the potato, see “Irish Popular Superstitions,” in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for June, 1849, p. 714.

† Dr. Baseome, in his recently published “History of Epidemic Pestilences,” says, in speaking of the potato failure, “A phenomenon worthy of notice was observed during the prevalence of this disease—to wit, the existence of a mist or fogs immediately previous to the blight in the crops. In Holland, a thick, stinking mist, which extended very widely, was observed in 1845, antecedent to the potato blight. M. Petit states, that it was generally remarked in France that the disease made its appearance after a fog. In England the same phenomenon was observed.”—p. 174.

suddenly increasing the population of those countries. Here at home, plague, pestilence, and famine, demoralisation, and an emigration, still deserving the name of an Exodus, were the immediate results to the peasantry. As the direct consequence of the famine, two millions of people, at the very least,* were lost to the country; more than three hundred and fifty thousand were crowded into the workhouses, hospitals, asylums, and other places for the temporary accommodation of the sick and the starving; the jails were crammed to suffocation; the towns and villages thronged with the naked and the famishing; many hundreds died by the way-side; hundreds did not receive Christian burial, and, in many cases, the dead bodies of the famine-stricken people became a prey to the dogs and the crows. One of the most remarkable incidents of the period, was the sight of a famine-stricken man, worn and wasted by starvation and disease, moving slowly and solitary along one of the deserted roads, staggering under the weight of a large clieve or basket containing the dead body of his wife or child, which he was bringing to the family burial-place. This was not of rare occurrence. Of the survivors, whom the fever had not yet stricken, or the workhouse could not contain, and the jail had not claimed for turnip-stealing, some were kept alive by out-door relief from poor-rates; others by the partially-carried-out, though never completed, intentions of the Board of Public Works; by the charity of the benevolent, the helping hand of England, the donations of America, and even the corn and gold of Sultan Abdul Medjid, for a year or two longer, until a better state of things came round. Thus far for the peasantry, as respects the potato failure; but the class above them—the middleman — was annihilated; and the landlords, rich and poor, became suddenly deprived of a portion, if not the whole, of their income; the amount depending upon the interest of the mortgage upon the estates, or the quantity of rent derived from the potato. As a consequence of all this, the usual

course of law was suspended, and the Court of Chancery, in particular, superseded. A new principle not only became advocated, but acted upon—free trade in land; a compulsory sale, and an immediate ready-money payment. Up rose the Incumbered Estates Court, to the great horror of the whole Equity Bar, and the withdrawal of an immense hereditary revenue from the lawyers and attorneys. An irrecoverable shock was given to the long-cherished and most sacred feelings of those who held as inviolable the so-called rights of property, including old hereditary debts, family incumbrances, and lawsuits of the standing of half a century and upwards. In short, this Act was to Ireland what the Reformation was to Christendom, the Magna Charta to England, the proclamation of independence to America—a Bill of Rights which swept off old popular delusions, brought our bankrupt affairs to a proper level, and gave place for the free action of common sense and common justice. Great was the dismay, and loud the complainings. Could it be imagined?—Mortgages were to be foreclosed, tradesmen paid, bills of costs settled, and hereditary debts paid for by the sale of hereditary property. From the 21st October, 1849, to the end of last year, 1,691,702 acres of Irish land have been sold, being about one-twelfth of the area of the entire country, and much more than that proportion of the cultivated or cultivatable portion of the kingdom. The net rental of these estates was £635,723 per annum, and the amount of purchase money given, £1,043,046 5s. 1d. Two thousand five hundred and thirty petitions have been already presented; and of those which still remain to be disposed of, the estimated annual rental amounts to £1,059,626; so that, even supposing no more petitions are presented, it may fairly be calculated that in the course of the next two years thirty millions' worth of Irish property will have been sold or alienated, as the result of the potato failure.

The principle of the Incumbered Estates Court was just, but the time

* The total decrease in the population, as returned by the census taken in March, 1851, was 1,659,880; to which must be added the loss in the population which accrued during the ten years previously.

it came into operation most unpropitious, and, consequently, much hardship was endured by many deserving persons, and some of the most worthy, educated, and useful gentry of the country were swept off, whose estates would, in better times, or even now, have left them some portion at least for the common necessities of life, and thus preserved them to the country, nuclei of civilisation, dispensers of charity, and upholders of education. We believe, however, that the loss which the landlord sustained by the sale of property, during what is termed the bad times, has been much exaggerated, and that in many instances the mortgagees and puisne incumbrancers were the principal losers—several of our clever countrymen having raised money upon their estates far exceeding their value even at the best of times. We seldom hear the same amount of commiseration for an eldest son, induced by his father the day he came of age to join him in confiscating his inheritance, in order that an additional thousand might be raised upon the estate of his forefathers. Well, all this occurred—all this land was sold; all this money paid; all these territorial rights were transferred, as a direct consequence of the failure of the potato crop. Certainly so at that time, for though an Incumbered Estates Act must have come in the ordinary course of events (as, perhaps, it may in England), the catastrophe was precipitated by the potato failure.

Next came Poor Law taxation which, in the year 1849, rose to £1,674,793; a consequence likewise of the potato failure; but the absolute poor law expenditure of that year was £2,177,651.

Over the face of the country the most extraordinary change took place. Calculating the increase of dwelling-houses upon the census for 1841 at one for every six persons, and estimating the increase of population at one and a-half per cent. per annum up to the year 1846, we should have had 8,913,068, or nearly nine millions of people, and 1,505,641 houses, when the destruction commenced, instead of which we know, by the present census returns, that there has been a decrease of houses upon the returns of 1841, and that the population is but little more than six millions and a-half. To those who are acquainted with

Ireland, or have even passed through it as tourists, it requires neither figures nor calculations to impress them with the state of desolation which in many places the country recently presented; whole villages unroofed, the adjoining fields lying waste, and the entire face of the land appearing as if a hostile army had passed over it. Without minutely going into the immediate cause of such depopulation, as for instance, death, emigration, taxation, and change of landlords, it cannot be denied that the loss of the potato was either the primary or the immediate cause of all.

Among the most manifest results of the potato failure is the loss of population which, counting the people in the summer of 1846, when the famine began and the depopulation commenced, at 8,806,932, by calculating the increase at one and a-half per cent. per annum upon the census of 1841, shows us that we lost 2,355,608 persons. Of this loss, deaths, emigration, and non-births make up the principal items. Death's doings in Ireland are already but too well known to every reader in Europe. The pestilence has, however, long since been stayed; not so the tide of emigration—it still rolls on, rising or falling according to the prospects of the potato crop, but averaging about 100,000 per annum. Have we lost a man too many? I believe the best friends of Ireland and her people will say not.

The potato failure and its consequences, to a certain degree, helped to quench the rebellion. In large towns or crowded districts, when the people suffer from want of food, outrage and rebellion may thrive; but in a scattered agricultural district it is far otherwise, and this was forcibly exhibited in the Ballingarry affair, when the insurgents were told to go home at night to get their suppers! By the ruin of the potato failure much of the hollowness and forced display of our poor gentry was exposed. The contrast between England and Ireland was heretofore strongly shown in the differences between the several classes of society. The Irish peasant lacked all the comforts of the same class in England; while the upper classes here revelled in expensive mansions, fine equipages, rich dresses, and routes

and festivities, which the same class in England never aimed at. The Irish gentleman with £500 a-year lived in a condition that the Englishman with £1,000 a-year never aspired to; consequently the one grew poorer and the other grew richer year by year. This arose in part from race and breeding, and also from the peculiar condition of the country. The Irishman was a gentleman often highly connected, and generally possessed a collegiate education; the Englishman was a farmer, who could just read and write; the Englishman drove his own market cart—the Irishman hired a coachman to drive his barouche.

As a result of the famine, agriculture received a new impulse, the prelude to which consisted of a census of agricultural produce, first taken in the year 1847, and which (with the exception of the year 1848, when the returns for some counties were not complete owing to the disturbed state of the country) has been continued ever since. This most useful inquiry was committed by Lord Clarendon to the care of Major Larcom, than whom no man in Ireland was better fitted to conduct any inquiry into the social condition of this portion of the united kingdom.* The quantity of potatoes planted in Ireland in 1847, was 284,116 acres, and in 1852 it had increased to 876,532 acres. These statistical returns, which must be more and more correct every year, cannot but be attended with the most beneficial results. It would, however, increase their value, and render them of more service to the legislature, if it were possible to publish them at the end of each year, or, at all events, early in the ensuing.

Agricultural instructors were likewise distributed over the country by order of the Lord Lieutenant; and if they failed to effect all the good which was intended, their published reports at least serve to exhibit the state in which the country was at the time when they were made. One of the most striking results obtained from a comparison of the five years over which the agricultural inquiry has extended, at least so far as food is concerned, consists in a slight decrease in

cereal crops (with the exception of peas and beans during the years 1849 and 1850); a large increase of green crops, and also an increase of meadow, the latter by as many as 131,767 acres. Small holdings have very much decreased, and large farms increased in consequence. Upon the whole, Irish agriculture has been greatly benefited by the famine, and even the potato has begun to mend; for although we have partial failures every year, as if the blighting influence was gradually wearing out, the potato has during this last season begun to resume its old flavour, which it decidedly lost during the years subsequent to 1845.

Many other social and political changes have taken place amongst rich and poor; some for the worse, many for the better, as a further consequence of this destruction of so large a proportion and sudden change of the people's food. These, with one exception, are here unnecessary to specify. The relative proportions of the different religious persuasions in Ireland have altered more than is generally supposed. We do not speak of conversions; but it must be well known that four-fifths of the two millions and a-half of people recently lost to the country were of the Roman Catholic persuasion. This is the most remarkable circumstance consequent on the potato failure of any we have yet noticed. Thus, without speculation, or much political arithmetic, the foregoing facts may fairly be taken as the immediate result of that mysterious blight which annihilated the food of the people.

What was done to remedy the overwhelming evil? What means were taken to succour the perishing nation? Millions were indeed given, and lavishly expended. But had the advice of Sir J. Burgoyne and others engaged with him been acted upon, and the starving people simply fed upon wholesome, well-cooked food, instead of requiring fathers of families, then reduced to the very ghosts of men, to travel, several miles, during "all weathers," to break up a comparatively good old road, or commence an unnecessary new one, leading from nowhere to anywhere; or to

* The returns of agricultural produce in Ireland for the years 1851, 1852, and 1853, have been taken under the direction of the present Census Commissioners.

cut down part of a hill (still unfinished), and paying them in kind with raw rice, or Indian meal, the cookery of which they knew nothing about, and which, even if cooked, was inefficient to support the wretched family at home; we do firmly believe that national relief could have been obtained at a less cost; many more lives would have been saved; fevers, ophthalmia, scurvy, and dysentery—the two latter directly caused by the sudden change of food—would have raged less fearfully; fewer crimes would have been committed, less peculation practised by officials, and less lying and deception perpetrated by the peasantry. Had the people been simply fed, and thus kept out of hospital or workhouse, and enabled thereby to till their own land during the ensuing spring, the mortality would have been less, the taxation very much less, and the crop in the following year considerably greater.

We make these remarks not in any spirit of invective or recrimination, but in the hope that should another like calamity ever visit our unhappy country, a better digested system of relief may be devised. That great efforts were made by the Government is proved by the fact of three millions of people being gratuitously fed during the summer months of 1847.* Individual hardships were no doubt sustained, but such must always occur upon the sudden outbreak of a famine like that which lately devastated Ireland. We cannot assert that everything was done which could have been effected with the means at the disposal of Government or the Poor-Law Commissioners; but we acknowledge that, but for the means taken, bad as they were, many more thousands must have perished of absolute starvation. Besides, though not by any means a result of the potato failure, it should be borne in mind by the accusers of the ministry, that a large portion of the country was at the moment in almost open rebellion against the Queen.

The late Bishop Brinkley, one of the most profound thinkers we have ever had in Ireland, who predicted the loss of the potato many years ago, and calculating mathematically the extent of ruin which was likely to follow, de-

clared to his relative the late Dr. Graves, that he was unable to sleep for an entire night, owing to the effect which it had upon him.

The potato being destroyed, what was to be done for the preservation of human life? As already stated, large sums of money were subscribed, borrowed, or begged. The Government appointed "A Potato Commission," composed of two chemists and a botanist, to inquire into the causes of the failure, and much speculation was set afloat upon that and other subjects consequent on the famine, which at that time wholly occupied public attention. The unhappy potato was then as much abused and vilified as in previous years it had been glorified and depended on. Everyone had a bad word for it—it was watery and gave dropsies—it was the cause of our ignorance, and dirt, and misery, and superstition—it was not fit food for human beings—it degraded the sower and the eater—in fact, there was no expression too harsh, no epithet too severe to express its evil qualities and tendencies. With the potato went the pig, and with the pig the middleman, and with the middleman the landlord, and with the landlord the mortgagee;—no wonder, therefore, the potato was abused.

In its stead we got money; but men could not fatten upon bank notes, or digest gold. What substitute was to supply the immediate wants of the people? Flour, and even oatmeal, were too dear, although inferior descriptions of both were largely imported; and, as might naturally be expected, corn speculation was at its highest. Indian meal and rice were the principal breadstuffs imported for the people, both by private contractors and the Government, but great quantities of the maize were of an inferior description, old, and dry; besides the poor were totally unacquainted with the mode of preparing either Indian meal or rice for food; indeed in many instances they ate the former raw. Some had no fuel, others were too hungry to carry it home, and all were ignorant of the mode of preparing it either as stirabout or bread. Disease followed as the natural consequence of

* See "Reports of the Relief Commissioners," constituted under the 10th Vic cap 7.

this sudden change of food, produced by it as much, or even more, than by the deprivation of nutriment. The want of fresh vegetables induced scurvy, such as had not been previously described or known in this country, and which very much resembled in its characteristics that which committed such havoc among some of our early navigators. Then, in a year or so, as the effects of the famine became more manifest, every one began gradually to perceive that cookery was wholly unknown to the lower order of Irish; and pamphlets, tracts, and handbills upon the subject of cottage cookery, and, in particular, on the newly-introduced breadstuffs, were written and distributed. The Potato Commission did not effect much good, although it was said thirteen thousand pounds were expended upon the inquiry — an extravagance which very much annoyed the doctors, who only got five shillings a-day, “without meat or drink” (about one-third as much as a Dublin carman earned upon a wet day during the Exhibition), for doctoring a hundred or two starving wretches in typhus fever. The chemists then took up the question, and found that there was too much phosphorus in one description of food, and too little sulphur in another, and too much or too little lime in a third; and, in fine, that, with few exceptions, man could not live on bread alone. Then the fact became evident to the chemists, which had long ago been practically demonstrated by the people, that the potato, bad as it was, contained more life-sustaining elements, added to more palatable qualities, and less deleterious constituents, when taken for any length of time into the system, than any other vegetable that could be procured. So that, after all, if we could get a little more “kitchen,” in the shape of animal material, the good kinds of this esculent would not be so bad, and the inferior qualities would give us, at a cheap rate, bacon and fowl. The only difficulty now is to prevent the people from again entirely relying on it as food, and also as a means of rent-paying. It must, however, be ever borne in mind by the advocates of the potato, that even in the best of years, it seldom formed a complete year’s food from harvest to harvest; the potato crop of one year never lasted in good condition, and

seldom in sufficient quantity, until the new crop of the succeeding year was fit to dig. But beyond that time, at least as we were in the habit of keeping it, it did not last; and therefore, no matter how great the supply, it could never be carried over, like cereal crops, as a store against a period of scarcity.

Cooked food was then the question, how to be procured, and of what composed. Soup-kitchens were opened; but in most instances the old adage was fulfilled, and the broth was spoiled. At this crisis a celebrated missionary appeared suddenly in Ireland: his approach was heralded by the usual newspaper flourishes; and a leader in the great English thunderer informed us, that we need not despair of once more rising in the scale of nations, for that the Reform Club, so famed for its *gourmanderie*, the delicacy of its *cuisine*, the choiceness and aroma of its wines, and the magnificence of its banquets, was, startling as was the sacrifice, about to lend the great gastronome of the day, the redoubted SOYER, to the Irish nation. The cook and his assistants arrived; the Royal Dublin Society afforded him the use of their premises, and the Government placed itself at his disposal. No longer need the half-civilised, and more than half-starved, Irish despair; here was the master of the culinary art come to teach them how to live upon — nothing. Soup! soup! soup! was the cry — Soyer’s soup — the very paving-stones were to be converted into soup. Artisans were hired; an immense soup pavilion was erected upon the ruins of that once classic locality, old Barrack-street. Steam-boilers, stew-pans, caldrons, and glazing-irons, were put in requisition; a day was appointed for a solemn feast; flags waved from the top of the pavilion; green boughs surrounded the entrance; three military bands (the never-failing mode of attracting a concourse of Dublin fashionables) sent forth peals of enlivening music; crowds of carriages, with servants in gorgeous liveries, and ladies, in their brightest silks and bonnets (for they wore bonnets then) specially bespoke for the occasion, squeezed and squeaked at every turn, despite the efforts of an hundred Patagonian policemen, the lineal descendants of those ancient gallowlasses described by Stanihurst, “using a kind

of pollard for his weapon, weirward rather by profession than by nature, *grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of lim, burlie of bodie, well and strongly limbered, cheeflie feeding on beefe, porke, and butter.*" A guard of honour escorted the representative of majesty to the soup pavilion;* the commander of the forces, and his tall *aides-de-camp*, judges, and church dignitaries, bodies corporate, the public press, and the usual town loungers, all thronged to see the show, and taste the marvellous soup which was to restore health and strength to the suffering millions of our fellow-countrymen. The anxiously expected hour arrived; the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, the chimneys smoked, the aroma of a dozen hotel kitchens saluted the olfactories of even the most distant of the crowd; the cavalry approached, the bands struck up, the police cleared the way, and with some difficulty a lane was forced through the crowd of fashionables and ladies bright; and down marched four-and-twenty beggar-men, and four-and-twenty beggar-women — the oldest and ugliest of the lame, the halt, the blind, the starved, the ragged, and the perished, which the Mendicity could then supply, procured at the instance of a friend, to grace the triumph, and to pass an opinion on the Frenchified soup. They and the Irish Court, with the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, were received at the entrance by the redoubted *chef*, in full professional costume, with white apron, and gold-banded velvet cap; his eyes sparkling, and his full true-tasting lip smacking with a gusto, which even in the lower regions of the Reform Club we never before or since witnessed. The beggars said little, and ate less; but all the ladies and gentlemen pronounced the soup excellent—and so it was, as excellent as "bacon, dripping, onions, mint, turnips, carrots, celery, leeks, peas, flour, salt, sugar, pepper, and essences,"† mixed with the profoundest art, boiled to the exact moment, and supplied with a "glaze," which would give a flavour to the worst "stock" that

was ever invented, could possibly make it. Fancy the condiments, spices, "essences," bayleaf, et cetera, to be procured by a set of famishing creatures, lying prostrate from starvation on the floors of their miserable cabins! The whole affair went off with great *eclat*; the French cook was in ecstasies, the ladies applauded enthusiastically, the papers panegyrised, and the Government paid the expense. A few people said they were disgusted at the exhibition, but they were the minority. Others declared the thing was quite inapplicable, as the materials employed (like the curry recommended by the Duke of Norfolk) were completely out of the reach of the poor people, and not even procurable by relief committees in distant parts of the country: but in return it was asserted that, at all events, the Irish were shown how to make a soup. The lower orders, however, in this country, have ever been a soup-hating nation; soup-committees, soup-tickets, soup-kitchens, soup-shops, soup-kettles, and "soupers," have ever been objects of ridicule, and employed as terms of reproach. We had a curious instance of popular opinion on this subject in Dublin, at the moment. Upon the first shock of the famine, street-music, recitation, and ballad-singing ceased; not a single ballad was heard for months; but the night after Soyer's exhibition, the whole city rang with men, women, and children, singing the celebrated ballad of

"Sup it up, sup it up, Sawyer!"

one of the last effusions of poor Zozi-mus, the street-singers' laureate, and ending with the line—

"My curse on such impostors as bould Sawyer and his soup."

Strange to say, the next time a ballad was heard in Dublin, was upon the occasion of another great calamity — the celebrated hail storm in 1850, when the ballad-singers for a few nights revived, with the song of—

"Clear the way, the glazier's coming!"

Soyer had taught us how to make soup, and thus effected the great object

* This scene was the last public appearance of the good old Viceroy who then held office in Ireland.

† See an analysis of Soyer's soup, by Professor Aldridge, in the Proceedings of the Royal Dublin Society, for 6th April, 1847.

of his mission; after which, the dinners at the Reform Club wanting their usual piquancy, he was recalled, and the country had to fall back upon its own resources in the culinary line. This cook, however, is a master of his art; he is, moreover, a benevolent man, and really came to this country in the hope of being able to effect much good; he is likewise learned, and his works have been justly popular. The "Gastronomic Regenerator" is in every one's hand; and his "Modern Housewife, or Meanagere," divides its favours equally between the kitchen and the nursery. Not such pleasant reading, perhaps, or so philosophical as "Kitchener;" not so practical for the moderate housewife as "Meg Dods," or Mrs. Glasse: but equalling in piquancy and style the works of Elmê Francatelli, without rising to the high æsthetic elevation of the celebrated "*Almanack des Gourmands*." But these and all other gustatory books ever published, pale beneath the splendours of Soyer's "Pantrophon, or History of Food and its Preparation from the Earliest Ages of the World,"* which has just appeared, all resplendent in "purple and gold," and, we might add, with "fine linen" also, worked into hot-pressed paper — beautifully printed, copiously illustrated with steel engravings, and decorated with an admirable likeness of the author, as a frontispiece. Everything which the art of the printer, binder, or engraver could bestow has been lavished upon the book, which is not merely an account of the cooking, food, and cookery of the ancients, from the multitudinous and luxurious repast of Heliogabalus to the delicacy and refinement of Aschestratus, but including agriculture, the grinding of corn, the manipulation of flour, the growth of vegetables, the preparation of milk and butter, and the brewing of beverages. The work is highly learned, abounding in research, and critical in quotation; no matter who wrote it, or where assistance was obtained in the composition, it is an admirable production, suited for the study or the drawing-room table, seasoned as it is with the scholarship of some laborious and critical student, and sweetened

with the sauce of a profound cook. The "Pantrophon" purports to be the history of the food of all nations; but somehow, like the "Symposium" for the refreshment of all people, it occasionally fails. The feast of the Greek and the Roman, as gleaned from classic authority, is well pictured, and even the scanty feastal remains forthcoming in English chronicles are tolerably well brought out; but all notice of that country which granted him the greatest ovation a cook ever received in modern times, or will perhaps ever receive again, is completely omitted. We have here, therefore, in addition to an account of the potato, thrown together, for the benefit of our readers and his next edition, a few short notices of the food of the Irish, which will appear from time to time in this periodical.

Fully agreeing with the sentiment of a modern writer, that the history of gastronomy is that of manners, if not of morals; "as the learned are aware that its literature is both instructing and amusing, for it is replete with curious traits of character and comparative views of society at different periods, as well as with striking anecdotes of remarkable men and women, whose destinies have been strangely influenced by their epicurean tastes and habits;" — we often wondered that some learned archeologist did not employ some of the spare time such people usually have on hands with an inquiry into the various substances employed as food by the early inhabitants of this country. We have ourselves felt a desire to fill, as Soyer would express it, this "destiny;" but to do it effectually requires, we fear, more time than we can command, or more knowledge than we possess. In the hope, however, of directing attention to the subject, we offer our readers all the information within our reach respecting the various descriptions of food, besides the potato, which the people of Ireland fed upon, not only in earlier but in later times. As, however, we commenced with the potato, so we shall finish this section of our subject before proceeding to investigate the larders of antiquity, when Ireland was a nation without potatoes.

* Royal 8vo. 469 pp. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1853.
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Some discrepancy exists among authors with respect to the precise date of the introduction of the potato into the British Isles. The original habitat of this plant is South America, where we hear it had been cultivated by the natives from the earliest times; it also grows wild in Chili. Clusius, the botanist of Leyden, who wrote in 1586, says the potato was extensively cultivated in Italy prior to that period, and that it was not only food for man but cattle. Some of the most accurate investigators believe that the potato was first introduced into Europe by the Spaniards. Sir Walter Raleigh undoubtedly first introduced the potato into Ireland about the year 1601 or 1602; and to him, therefore, and to that period, writers are in the habit of attributing the first growth of the potato in the British Isles. But this is an error; for Sir Walter returned from Virginia in 1585, "only a year before the publication of the work of Clusius—too short a time surely to allow the potato to come into common use in Italy, if it had been brought into Europe only in the preceding year."* Dr. Threlkeld, the Irish botanist, who wrote in 1726, says, "the potato was first brought out of Virginia into England by Thomas Hariot, an English officer under Sir Richard Grenville, A.D. 1586; from thence it was carried into other countries. This I aver to be true, in opposition to those who would bear the world in hand, that we had this plant from the Spanish, and not from the English. And, A.D. 1590, Dr. Scholtz sent an illuminated figure of it to Bauhin, who named it *solanum tuberosum esculentum*, described it largely, and figured it in his 'Prodomur.'" The good old Presbyterian then declaims at length against those "designing parasites," who would "ascribe the honour of the English industry to the effeminate Spaniards. This agreeable root (for it agrees to fish, to flesh, to other herbs, as in cole-canon, and that either roasted, boiled, parched, smothered, or fried by itself or with other meat) is highly prized by us for its great use-

fulness as food, without which innumerable poor must starve, the greatest parts of our lands being pasturage. It makes a good succedaneum for bread; and if I may advise the inhabitants, they should, every meal they eat this fruit, be thankful to the Creator for English navigation."†

Old Gerrard, the herbalist of 1597, says, "Potatoes grow in India, and other hotte regions, of which I planted divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange, in London) in my garden, where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted." Thus were they eaten in his day. "They were roasted in the ashes; and some when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes, and so eat them; and likewise others dresse them (being first roasted) with oil, vinegar, and salt, and every man according to his taste and liking."

Raleigh, who, it is said, brought the potato from Virginia, first planted it in his garden near Youghal, from whence it gradually spread over the entire country. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the potato was grown very generally in Munster, and shortly afterwards was introduced from Ireland into Lancashire, and from thence into Scotland. The potato was, alas! admirably suited to the genius of the Irish people—lazy, indolent, prolific, and rebellious against all intrusion upon their domain. It is true it supported, but it also demoralised the people.

"While the English and Scotch labourer were benefited by the introduction of potatoes into their dietary, and slowly improving in worldly comforts by this new addition to their daily food, the Irish peasant was making no progress, in consequence of his entire dependence on one particular kind of food, which, however excellent as an accompaniment or supplement to other articles of diet, can never be wholly employed as a substitute without producing those fearful evils which the exclusive cultivation and use of the potato have occasioned in Ireland. From being the hope and strength of the

* See "The Progress of Natural History in Ireland," in THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, No. LV., for July, 1837.

† "Synopsis Stirpium Hibernicarum Alphabetice Dispositarum. Auctore Caleb Threlkeld, M.D." Dublin: 1727.

country in times of famine, arising from the failure of the cereal crops in the earlier part of the present century, and always exercising an influence in keeping down the prices of corn in times of scarcity, the potato itself more recently became the cause of the direst famine ever known in Ireland; for in 1845 came that dreadful scourge which destroyed the food of a whole people, and threw them for support upon the charity of the Government and liberality of the benevolent. The extent to which the people of Ireland had depended upon the potato crop was never even guessed at until this period; and then came too late the knowledge of that fearful folly, under the influence of which rational beings had directed their whole industry to the cultivation of one particular species of food.”*

The frequency and extent of famines and pestilence during the early period of this country's history may be gleaned from an examination of its records, but in most of these the potato had no part; and it was only towards the middle of the eighteenth century (the years 1728, '29 '30), that potato-failures began to exercise an influence upon the livelihood of the people. The year 1736 was remarkable for the heat of its summer; the year following was characterised by extreme damp and cold, the thermometer not rising higher during the entire summer than in the month of May; the most intense frost succeeded, continuing without intermission from the end of September to the middle of February. The Liffey was frozen, so that persons passed over it at all places in the city of Dublin; “potatoes, the food of the poor, rotted;” and according to other accounts, the potatoes having failed, “other provisions bore double or treble their usual price.” Pestilence followed in the track of famine; and as the result of this first great potato-failure, it is said that about one-fifth of the inhabitants were carried off.†

We alluded, at page 133, to the various poetic effusions which the potato elicited, either in its luxuriance or decay. The following elegy, on the destruction which occurred

in the year of the great frost, brought on, it was believed, by Crom Dubh, 1739, is highly characteristic, both of the feelings of the people and the extent of the calamity at that time, besides being a good specimen of the poetry of the Irish one hundred and twenty years ago‡:—

A LAMENT FOR THE POTATO.

There is woe, there is clamour in our desolated land,
And wailing lamentation from a famine-stricken band;
And weeping are the multitudes in sorrow and despair,
For the green fields of Munster lying desolate and bare.

Woe for Lorc's§ ancient kingdom, sunk in slavery and grief!
Plundered, ruined are our gentry, our people, and their chief;
For the harvest lieth scattered, more worth to us than gold—
All the kindly food that nourished both the young and the old.

Well I mind me of the coshering, where princes might dine,
And we drank until nightfall the best seven sorts of wine;
Yet was ever the potato our old familiar dish,
And the sweetest of all sauces with the beeves and the fish.

But the harp now is silent, no one careth for the sound;
No flowers, no sweet honey, and no beauty can be found;
Not a bird its music trilling through the leaves of the wood;
Nought but weeping and hands ringing in despair for our food.

And the heavens, all in darkness, seem lamenting our doom;
No brightness in the sunlight, not a ray to pierce the gloom;
The cataract comes rushing with a fearful deepened roar,
And ocean bursts its bound'ries, dashing wildly on the shore.

Yet, in misery and want, we have one protecting man—
Kindly Barry, of Fitzstephen's old hospitable clan;

* Morton's "Cyclopædia of Agriculture." Article—Potato.

† A tract containing several extracts relating to the famine of 1839–40 was compiled by Mr. Eugene Curry for Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh.

‡ Versified by Speranza, from a prose translation of the Gaelic original made by Eugene Curry, Esq.

§ Lorc, or Lorcan, an ancient King of Munster—Brian Boru's grandfather.

By mount and river, working deeds of charity and grace,
Blessings ever on our champion, best hero of his race.

Save us, God! in thy mercy bend to hear the people's cry,
From the famine-stricken fields, rising bitterly on high;
Let the mourning and the clamour cease in Lorc's ancient land,
And shield us in the death-hour by thy strong protecting hand.

A lament for the potato was also written in Irish in the year 1846, by Michael O'Callanan, of Ardrachan, on the borders of Clare and Galway; but although deserving of merit, it will not bear comparison with the foregoing.

It must not be supposed that the famine and pestilence which affected Ireland between the years 1845 and 1849, was the greatest, or the only, calamity of the kind which ever came upon us. Far from it. From the earliest period down to the present day—from the traditional era of Partholon to the alas! too well authenticated times of Victoria, we read of the destruction of crops, murrain of cattle, of the water becoming putrid from mortality among fish, of noxious animals, insects, and worms eating up every green thing, and of man dying by pestilence, or from want of food, from time to time, either as the result of a special calamity peculiar to this country, or the termination of some great wave of blight or pestilence which, having overspread Europe, finally reached the shores of Ireland. Thus the sweating sickness, the black death, the small pox, and the influenza, had their "eras of destruction;" and fevers, dysenteries, and agues (but all of which latter are denominated "plagues" in the ancient records), carried off periodically hundreds and thousands of the people. Of the extent to which this mortality spread, an opinion may be formed, from the fact that during one plague which occurred in the twelfth century, some hundreds of ecclesiastics died in the diocese of Meath alone. What, then, must have been the number of deaths among the laity and the lower orders, who had no monk to

chronicle their decease, and no book of obits to record their burials? As might naturally be expected, atmospheric phenomena, and other natural operations of nature, were called to aid in accounting for these dire calamities. Thus, earthquakes, storms, hail-showers, and floods, are reported to have heralded years of dearth and disease. The fourteenth century is marked in the Irish Annals as one of special fatality, of which the following examples may serve as a specimen:—

"A.D. 1310. — Scarcity in Ireland; a bushel of wheat sells for 20 shillings. (a)—The bakers of Dublin were drawn on hurdles at horses' tails through the streets, as a punishment for using false weights and other evil practices." This happened in a year of great scarcity, when a cranoge of wheat sold for 20 shillings and upwards. (f)

"A.D. 1315.—There reigned many diseases throughout the whole kingdom; great scarcity of victuals and slaughter of people, and some ugly and foul weather. (b)

"A.D. 1316.—A great scarcity in Ireland. (c)

"A.D. 1317.—Edward Bruce came to within four miles of Trim, and encamped in a wood to refresh his men, who had nearly perished of fatigue and hunger. (a)—A great famine, so that the crannock of wheat sold for 23 shillings." The crannock was a measure containing four gallons. "A great storm and tempest. (e)—A great scarcity of wheat, the crannock was worth 24s., oats, 16s., and wine 8d.; for the whole country was wasted by war; many rich men became beggars, and many died of hunger; there also raged a terrible plague, which carried off numbers. A great scarcity and famine in Ulster: of 3000 there remained only 800. Some are said to have disinterred the bodies of the dead and devoured them, and women also to have eaten their infants. This famine extended also to England. (d)

"A.D. 1318.—A great scarcity and famine, from which many and innumerable people died. (c)

"A.D. 1319.—Edward Bruce slain; during the period of three and a-half years which he spent in Ireland an universal famine prevailed to such a degree that human flesh was eaten. (b)

"A.D. 1324. — A murrain among oxen and cows; there was a great storm on the night of the Epiphany." (a) [The great storm of 1839 occurred upon the night of the Epiphany also.] "A great plague among

(a) "Grace's Annals of Ireland."

(c) "Clyn's Annals."

(d) "Annals of Ross."

(f) "Harris's History of the City of Dublin."

(b) "Annals of the Four Masters."

(e) "Dowling's Annals."

cattle of all descriptions, called in Irish *Mal-dow*.(d)

"A.D. 1325. — A great tempest, which destroyed houses, trees, and corn.(c)

"A.D. 1327.—The *gallar breac* (small pox) raged throughout Ireland, of which many died.(b)

"A.D. 1328.—Great thunder and lightning occurred this summer, by which the fruit and crops were injured, and the corn grew whitish and unprofitable. A disease called *sleadan* (influenza) raged universally in Ireland; it was second in pain only to the agony of death.(b)

"A.D. 1330.—A great storm, which did much mischief; also much rainy and tempestuous weather this year, and scarcity of corn that many perished from famine.(c)—Most violent storms; there were also great floods, especially in the Boyne. . . .

A crannock of wheat sold for 20s.; oats, 8d., on account of the rainy season; and the greatest part of the wheat could not be reaped before Michalmas.(a)—The corn fields remained unreaped until after Michalmas, in consequence of wet weather.(b)

"A.D. 1331.—In June a multitude of whales entered the bay of Dublin, and upwards of 200 were killed, which not a little relieved the increasing famine.(a)—A great famine afflicted all Ireland in this and the foregoing year, and the city of Dublin suffered miserably. But the people in their distress met with an unexpected and providential relief, for about the 24th of June a prodigious number of large sea fish, called Turlehydes, were brought into the bay of Dublin, and cast on shore at the mouth of the river Dodder.(f)—The disease called the *manses* (a chest affection resembling influenza) "goes through Ireland, attacking persons of every age. A peck of wheat at Christmas worth 22s.; the following year the peck sold for 6d.(a)

"A.D. 1334.—There was such snow in the spring of this year that most of the fowl of Ireland died.(b)

"A.D. 1338. — Intense frost, with very deep snow, from 2nd December to 10th February.(a) [The same work refers to the great frost and snow of the years 817, 835, 894, and 916, 'so that there came a great mortality among cattle.']

"A.D. 1338.—A terrible storm in December; a great flood, which caused much destruction; this year was very fatal to men and animals (c). — The river Liffey was frozen over so hard as to bear dancing, running, playing football, and making fires to

broil herrings on. — The depth of the snow that fell during this frost is almost incredible.(f)

"A.D. 1339.—All the corn of Ireland was destroyed, and a general famine ensued.(b)

"A.D. 1343.—Sir Ralph Ufford came as justiciary; at his coming there began showery weather, which continued as long as he lived; 1346, he dies, and the weather instantly changes and becomes fine.(d)

"A.D. 1348.—A very great pestilence in Ireland, which had gone before through other countries; the pestilence was followed by a mortality of animals, and so much misery ensued that the world was never able to recover its former state.(d) — The pestilence called the black death raged in Ireland; this is called the first great pestilence" (Clyn the annalist died of it); "the second raged about thirteen years after, viz. 1362; the third about 1373; the fourth in 1382; and the fifth in 1391.(c) — A great pestilence in Ireland.(e)

"A.D. 1349.—A great plague in Ireland, more especially at Moylurg, by which great numbers were carried off.(b)

"A.D. 1359.—A heavy shower of hail fell in Carberry, in the summer, each stone of which was not smaller than a wild crab-apple.(b)

"A.D. 1361.—A great storm on the feast of St. Maur, January 15th.

"A.D. 1362.—*Cluithe an Righ** was rife throughout all Ireland; Cathal Oge O'Connor died of the plague.(b)

"A.D. 1363.—A very great storm, which threw down several churches and houses, and also sank many ships and boats.(b)

"A.D. 1370.—A great pestilence in Ireland, called the third great plague.(e)—The third pestilence began, which carried off many nobles and others without number.(d) This was reckoned more violent than either of the two former.(f)

"A.D. 1383.—A great and violent plague raged universally through Ireland, of which numbers are mentioned to have died.(b)

"A.D. 1385. — A great pestilence, called the fourth great plague.(e)

The foregoing extracts will suffice to show what famine and pestilence effected in this country in former times. The last great famine, prior to the present, was that of 1821 and 1826; but that of 1740, to which we have alluded, was much more severe. At that time an epizootic prevailed among cattle; but it

(a) "Grace's Annals of Ireland."

(b) "Annals of the Four Masters"

(c) "Clyn's Annals."

(d) "Annals of Ross."

(e) "Dowling's Annals."

(f) "Harris's History of the City of Dublin." Were Turlehydes tunnies, porpoises, or grampuses?

* *Cluithe an Righ*, "the king's game," was a name given to some disease, the exact meaning of which is not now known. Was it the king's evil?

was of a somewhat different nature from that which attacked our flocks and herds from 1844 to 1849. Respecting the former period, we quote the following from one of the Dublin newspapers of the day:—

“We have dismal accounts from several parts of this kingdom, that besides the great number of sheep which daily die, the wool peels off those that are living, and is scattered up and down the fields in such small quantities that it would be impossible to gather it; so that it is feared, that instead of exporting any wool, we shall be obliged to have recourse to our neighbours for that commodity.”—*Pue's Occurrences*, March 11th, 1740.

And again:—“Several thousand sheep have died in Connaught within

these two months” (April 15th). In the late epidemic, however, it was horned cattle that were chiefly affected, and the disease was an infectious pleuro-pneumonia, or inflammation of the lungs and pleura. It must have struck every person who has looked into the subject of epidemic pestilences, that cattle and the lower animals are usually affected about the same period as the human race; and this fact is in itself strongly opposed to the theory that pestilence follows as the direct consequence of famine, for the cattle did not suffer from any want of food. In those pestilences man is sometimes first affected, sometimes animals, and then vegetable nature—the order in which the three classes are seized varying from time to time in different countries.

SONNET.

BY A. S. F.

How solemn, sweet to see, for every eye,
 Our own ethereal buildings of the brain,
 And hid emotions which at heart have lain,
 Or only known Home's tender privacy,
 Engrav'n in steadfast types that will not die,
 Not to be hush'd, nor folded up again,
 But cast forth as the winds and drifted rain,
 Multiplied thousand-fold afar to fly!
 Sweet to behold our thoughts thus given place
 Amongst the great Creator's scatter'd things,
 Which He may take at any time, the springs
 Of unknown hearts, to touch for unknown grace.
 Then, oh, what shall we plead should they, let loose,
 Prove all unfitted for the Master's use?

October 6th.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALCOVE IN THE GROUNDS OF B—— T——, ESQ., AT
 ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX.

In this sweet and quiet cover
 Holy joy and love be found;
 Peace and blessing shade it over,
 Peace and blessing shield it round.
 Home of heavenly contemplation,
 Whence may glance FAITH's eagle eye,
 In the sure anticipation
 Of a sweeter rest on high;
 Where the hearts which Death hath riven,
 And the spirits sin hath torn,
 Shall in that undying heaven
 Cease to ache and cease to mourn.

JAMES EDMESTON.

Homerton.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE LALLY.

PART II.

ENCOURAGED by his long career of success, and by the pecuniary and political embarrassments of his gallant enemy, Colonel Coote resolved on investing Pondicherry. The approach of the rainy season, together with the well-known reputation for bravery, skill, and determination enjoyed by the Irish general of the now almost ruined French India Company, made a regular siege be considered almost impracticable; "it was therefore determined," says *Sieur Charles Grant*, "to block up the place by sea and land."

Lally had only fifteen hundred French troops with him; these were the remnants of ten different regiments of the King's and Company's service—viz., the cavalry, artillery, and invalids of the latter; the Creole volunteers of the Isle of Bourbon, the King's artillery, the regiments of Lally, Lorraine, marines, and the battalion of India.

The armaments of Britain in the East were much more considerable. On the land were four battalions, and by sea were seventeen sail of the line, carrying one thousand and thirty-eight pieces of cannon, the smallest being three ships of fifty guns each.

Being fortified in the strongest manner by nature and art, it was evident to Colonel Coote that nothing but the most severe famine could ever reduce the fortress of Pondicherry. It was also his opinion, that with such an antagonist as Arthur Lally, a formal siege with regular approaches would prove a dangerous and perhaps disastrous attempt, with any force that he could assemble.

In addition to his French comrades, Lally had a strong force of armed Sepoys, and a vast store of warlike munition, including nearly *seven hundred* pieces of cannon and mortars, and many millions of ball cartridge, all made up for service. The ramparts bore five hundred and eight cannon, exclusive of howitzers; the walls had thirteen bastions, six gates, a deep, broad moat before them, and were five miles in circumference. To victual

the place completely for the inhabitants and his garrison was the first care of Lally, for the town was large, and possessed an overplus of population, which alone formed a source of infinite trouble and anxiety.

The cavalry of the India Company openly deserted, and were received by Colonel Coote with rewards. This irritated Lally so much, that he erected gibbets all round the city, in order to deter others from leaving it or the lines before it.

Pondicherry was surrounded by a number of forts, which, in all the former sieges it had sustained, occasioned the assailants the utmost difficulty; but these were rapidly reduced, as all the adjacent country was in the hands of the British. On the 17th of March, as already stated, Admiral Cornish appeared on the seaward with his fleet, while Coote approached nearer by land; and Lally, in order to obstruct him, retired from position to position, disputing every inch of the way, until in front of Pondicherry he formed those famous *lines* which, with the most admirable skill and bravery, he defended for three months, and thus gained sufficient time to have victualled the town for half a year.

While thus holding the foe in check, he concluded a treaty with the Rajah of Mysore, who pledged himself to supply Pondicherry amply with provisions, but failed to fulfil his promise, and departed hastily with all his followers. A short time after this, Lally resolved to attempt a *sortie*, and on the night of the 2nd September, 1760, made a furious attack upon Coote's advanced posts, but was repulsed with great loss, and had seventeen pieces of cannon taken from him; Coote lost but a few privates.

The last part of the fortified boundary was forced, and the whole chain of redoubts stormed on the 10th of September. The French were driven in, and Coote had only forty killed and seventy wounded—one officer severely. This was Major Monsoon, whose legs were swept off by a cannon-shot. A

body of Scottish Highlanders, who had just landed from the *Sandwich* Indiaman, behaved with their accustomed valour in this affair. Passing the grenadiers of the 79th in their eagerness to reach the enemy, they threw aside their muskets, and with bonnet in one hand and claymore in the other, cut a passage through the jungle, and fell upon the French with a wild cheer, and with such fury, that they cut them nearly all to pieces in three minutes. Only five Highlanders and two grenadiers were shot. These fifty clansmen were led by Captain Morrison, of the family of Glenæ. After that night, the operations of Lally were confined within the walls of Pondicherry. Seven of the guns taken by the Highlanders were 18-pounders, and were found loaded to their muzzles with square bars of iron six inches long, jagged pieces of metal, and broken bottles. This redoubt was Lally's strongest point, and was formed in front of a thick wood, one mile from the gates of Pondicherry. Lally could have no succour from the seaward, for Count d'Aché had sailed for Brest, where he arrived in April, 1761, leaving a thirty-six gun frigate and two French Indiamen shut up in the roadstead of Pondicherry.

In the month of October, Admiral Charles Stevens sailed for Trincomalee to refit his squadron, leaving five sail of the line, under the command of Captain Haldane, to continue the blockade by sea, while Colonel Coote pressed on the operations by land. By these dispositions and their vigilance, the dense population gradually became distressed for provisions, even before the siege was fully begun, and while the incessant rains rendered a closer conflict or escalade impracticable.

The blockade was supported by a number of batteries judiciously posted, by which the garrison was harassed on one hand, while their supplies were cut off on the other; and these posts were gradually extended near and nearer to the town, notwithstanding the deluge of rain which had swollen the broad currents of the Chonenbar and Gingi, which unite near Pondicherry, and roll their tides together to the sea.

On the 26th November, the rains abated, and Colonel Coote directed his engineers to form their batteries in proper places, from whence (without being exposed) they could enfilade

the works of the garrison, which was now strictly shut up in Pondicherry, where the failure of the promised provisions that were expected from Mysore soon occasioned the utmost distress. Lally was compelled to dismiss from the town a vast multitude of native women and children, but Coote drove them back again; and as the cannon were firing at the time, a great number of them were killed and wounded.

During these operations, Captain Sir Charles Chalmers, of Cults, a gallant Scottish Baronet, who served in the English artillery, perished of fever and fatigue. He possessed the honors of his family alone, having been stripped of all his possessions for adherence to the House of Stuart.

On the night of the 7th October, the armed boats of the British fleet were pulled with muffled oars into the harbour, and two ships were cut out from under the muzzles of Lally's cannon, but not before he had killed and wounded thirty officers and men. The prizes were the *Balcine* and *Hermione* — a frigate and valuable Indiaman. Lieutenant Owen, of H.M.S. *Sunderland*, lost an arm in this affair.

To encourage the British, the Nabob of Arcot promised to divide among them fifty lacs of rupees on the day Pondicherry should surrender; and as each lac was valued at £12,600 sterling, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the officers, soldiers, and seamen; besides, as all the French colonists who fled from other places, had stored up their effects in the town, the treasure there was reputed to be enormous.

On the 26th September, Coote's forces amounted to three thousand five hundred English and Scottish Highlanders, with seven thousand Sepoys, all of whom were strongly intrenched, after having taken Arcupong, Villa Nova, and every French outpost; while fifteen sail of the line and three frigates swept the ocean, cutting off all succour. Indeed, none was ever afforded to the unfortunate Lally, save from the Dutch settlers, who sent two unpretending boats; but even these were seized, and on being searched, were found to contain £20,000 in cash, and many valuable stores. Every day provisions were becoming more and more scarce; and notwithstand-

ing the weakness of his garrison, Lally was compelled to select two hundred French and three hundred black soldiers, whom he contrived means to dispatch towards Gingi, for succours; but they were all cut off to a man, and thus he found himself worse than before.

Gaunt starvation and death met the soldiers and inhabitants everywhere—thus a thousand scenes of horror and distress occurred within the walls of Pondicherry. The soldiers of Lally and the citizens were compelled to eat the flesh of elephants, camels, and troop horses, after which they devoured dogs and cats. He was frequently implored to surrender, but having now become sullen, revengeful, and determined, his lofty pride had made him resolve to perish among the ruins of the French Indian capital, but never to capitulate. Twenty-four rupees were given for a small dog, and in some instances as many half-crowns.*

On the 5th of November, Lally dispatched a fifty-four gun-ship, *La Compagnie des Indes*, to Trincomalee, a Danish settlement, for provisions; but after eluding the watchful blockading fleet, this Indiaman was taken at sea by the *Medway* and *Newcastle*, and with her loss all hope of succour died away.

On the 9th November, Coote erected a ricochet battery for four pieces of cannon, at fourteen hundred yards from the glacis. This was more with a view to harass the enemy than damage their works. (For the information of unmilitary readers, we may mention that *ricochet-firing* means, when cannon or mortars are loaded with small charges, elevated from five to twelve degrees, so that when discharged from the parapet, the shot *roll* along the opposite rampart. This was first tried at Strasbourg, in 1723). Meanwhile, by the Colonel's order, four other batteries were erected in different places, so as to rake and batter the ramparts at Pondicherry. One, for four guns, called the *Prince of Wales*, was formed near the sea-beach, on the north, to enfilade the great street which intersected the White town. A second, for four guns and two mortars, was formed to enfilade the counter-guard, before the north-west bas-

tion, at a thousand yards distance. This was named the *Duke of Cumberland*, in honour of him whose small wreath of bays was drenched in the blood of Culloden. A third, called *Prince Edward's*, for two guns, faced the southern works, at twelve hundred yards' distance, to enfilade the streets from south to north, and cross the fire of the northern battery. A fourth, on the south-west, at eleven hundred yards' distance, called *Prince William's Battery*, mounted two guns and one mortar, to destroy the redoubt of St. Thomas.

Lally beheld all these preparations with calmness; and by inspiring his soldiers with something of his own fierce ardour, laboured by shot and shell to retard the operations of the besiegers, whose batteries opened a simultaneous and severe cannonade at midnight, on the 8th December. Lally's artillerists succeeded in killing a gunner, a subadhar of Sepoys, and wounding many more. A violent storm occurred on the 1st of January, when tempests of wind, accompanied by torrents of rain, had almost ruined the works of Coote, and blown the fleet off the coast. The French became elated by the delay this occasioned, and the hopes of relief it inspired; but the sudden reappearance of Admiral Stevens with his vessels, caused these hopes to vanish, and once more this little band of desperate hearts betook them to their muskets and lintstocks; but still pressing on, Coote on the 29th formed another battery called the *Hanover*, at four hundred and fifty yards distance, for ten guns and three mortars, which opened a galling fire upon the counter-guard and curtain.

At last driven frantic by their sufferings, the soldiers and citizens demanded that the place should be surrendered. Lally was immovable, yet he felt keenly for all they endured. Dissatisfied by the state of French-India affairs, and greatly exasperated by the disorderly conduct of his troops, and the baseness of their commissaries, he frequently burst into exclamations which betrayed the depth of his agitation.

"Hell has spewed me into this country of wickedness!" he said on one occasion; "and I wait, like Jo-

* *Edinburgh Courant*, 1761.

nas, till the whale shall receive me in its belly." "I would rather go and head the Kaffirs," he exclaimed on another, "than remain a week more in this Sodom!" But nevertheless he still defended the place gallantly; and on the disappearance of the British fleet during the storm, wrote the following letter to M. Raymond, the French resident at Pullicot:—

"MONSIEUR RAYMOND,—The English squadron is no more. Monsieur, out of the twelve great ships they had in our road, seven are lost, crews and all, the four other dismasted, and it appears that one frigate only hath escaped; and therefore don't lose an instant to send us chillings upon chillings loaded with rice. The Dutch have nothing to fear now; besides (according to the law of nations) they are only not to send us provisions *themselves*, and we are no longer blockaded by sea. The saving of Pondicherry hath been in your power once already: if you miss the present opportunity, it will be your fault entirely. Do not forget, also, some small chillings. Offer great rewards. I expect 17,000 mahrattas within four days. In short, risk all—attempt all—force all!—but send us some rice, should it be but half a *garse* at a time. Monsieur, accept, &c.

"LALLY."

The British had, indeed, suffered considerably, though not to the extent stated by the exulting Lally. Many vessels which had to cut their cables were totally dismasted, and the *Queenborough*, *Newcastle*, and *Protector*, were driven ashore; while the *Duc d'Aquitaine*, of sixty-four guns (a French prize), commanded by Sir William Hewitt, Bart., and the *Sunderland*, of sixty guns, commanded by the Honourable James Colville, both foundered, when all on board perished. Captain Colville was a son of Lord Colville, of Culross, a distinguished Scottish peer, who died on the Carthage expedition, 1740, and brother of Alexander Lord Colville, who was commodore in North America, in 1764.

On the return of Admiral Cornish, with more of the fleet, the faint hopes of the French sank lower still; and Lally, enraged at what he considered the mutinous spirit of his soldiers, met

their remonstrances with turbulence and contempt; and by a haughty and somewhat overstrained exercise of authority, at this fatal and desperate crisis, most unfortunately made himself odious alike to the Governor, the Council of Pondicherry, and those proud chevaliers of the old French service who officered his little band of troops. Still, however, the siege was pressed, and still the defence went on.

On the 5th January, Coote attacked, sword in hand, the redoubt of St. Thomas, at the head of a body of Scottish Highlanders and English grenadiers, and captured it, silencing thus four twenty-eight pounders; but two days afterwards Lally retook it by a party of three hundred grenadiers, driving out the Sepoys, to whom Coote had confided the bastion.

On the 13th, the latter sent seven hundred Europeans, four hundred *Lascars*, and a company of pioneers, under a major, to erect another battery of eleven guns, and three mortars. Under the clear silver light of an Asiatic moon, this work was formed within *five hundred* yards of the walls, and became a *Royal Battery*. The pioneers were unmolested, for in their sullen despair the garrison never fired a shot.

On the 14th, the Hanover battery ruined the north-west bastion; and on the following day the royal battery beat down the ravelin of the Madras gate: thus by the 15th January, 1761, a great and practicable breach was effected, and the cannon of the 'gallant Lally' were silenced or dismounted.

In the evening a parley was beat, and four envoys came from the ruined walls towards the British trenches. These were Colonel Durre (Durie?) of the French Royal Artillery, Father Lavacer, Superior of the Jesuits, and two civilians. They were unprovided with authority from the governor, according to Vicomte de Vaux; but Colonel Coote, in his despatch to Mr. Pitt, affirms that they came direct from De Lally with proposals for delivering up the garrison. In the town, at that moment, there were only three days' provisions, of the frightful kind already described; thus, the extremity of famine would admit of no hesitation. Rendered ungovernable by what they had endured, Lally's officers declared his defence to be Irish rashness and

frantic obstinacy, and murmured aloud, asserting that illness, pride, and the climate had disordered his imagination, and that his conduct was criminal rather than valiant, in defending a place which was no longer tenable.

The following is a translation of Lally's proposals to capitulate :—

“For want of provisions, the troops of the King and those of the Company surrender themselves prisoners of war to His Britannic Majesty on the terms of the cartel, which I claim equally for the inhabitants of Pondicherry, as well as for the exercise of the Roman religion, the religious houses, hospitals, chaplains, surgeons, &c., reserving *myself* to the decision of our two courts, for reparation proportioned to the violation of a treaty so solemn.*

“M. Coote may accordingly take possession of the Villenour gate, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning; and after to-morrow, at the same hour, the gate of Fort St. Louis; and as he has the power in his own hands, he will dictate such ultimate dispositions to be made as he shall judge proper.

“From a principle of justice and humanity, I demand that the mother and sisters of Raza Sahib be permitted to seek an asylum where they please, or that they may remain prisoners among the English, but be not delivered unto Mahomet Ali Khan, whose hands are yet red with the blood of the husband and father, to the shame of those who gave them up to him, but not less to the shame of that ENGLISH COMMANDER who should not have permitted such an act of barbarity to disgrace his camp.

“As I am bound by the cartel, in the declaration which I make to Monsieur Coote, I consent that Messrs. the Council of Pondicherry may make their own representations to him with regard to what may more immediately concern their own interests, as well as that of the inhabitants of the colony.

“Done at Fort Louis at Pondicherry, the 15th Jan., 1761.

“LALLY.”

To these proposals, in which Lally was at no pains to conceal the bitterness of his heart, and that hatred of England which he inherited with his

father's blood, Colonel Coote replied briefly, by stating that the capture of Chandernagore was beyond his cognizance, and had no relation to the siege of Pondicherry; that he merely required the soldiers of its garrison to surrender as prisoners of war, promising that they should be treated with every honour and humanity; that he would send the grenadiers of his own regiment to receive possession of the gates of Villenour and Fort St. Louis; and that according to the kind and humane request of M. Lally, the mother and sisters of Raza Sahib should be escorted to Madras, and on no account be permitted to fall into the hands of the savage nabob, Ali Khan.

To the eight articles proposed by Father Lavacer, superior of the Jesuits, requiring that the inhabitants should be treated in every respect as subjects of his Britannic Majesty; that they should have full liberty to exercise the Catholic religion; that the churches should be respected; that all public papers should be sent to France; and that forty-one soldiers of the Volunteer Regiment de Bourbon should be permitted to return to their homes, Colonel Coote declined to make any reply.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th January, Lally, with a bitter heart, ordered the standard of France to be hauled down on Fort St. Louis; and at that hour Coote's grenadiers received over the Villenour gate from the Regiment de Lally, while those of the 79th Regiment took possession of the citadel.

The 79th, or Draper's Corps, lost at this siege, and in encounters before it, thirty-four officers, whose names were all inscribed on a beautiful cenotaph, erected on Clifton Down by Sir William Draper, who dedicated it as—

“Sacred to the Memory of those departed Warriors
Of the Seventy-ninth Regiment,
By whose valour, discipline, and perseverance,
The French Land Forces in Asia
Were withstood and repulsed.”

Thus fell Pondicherry, after a blockade and siege which Lally's skill and constancy had protracted under a thousand difficulties, for the long period of eight months, against forces treble in number to those he commanded.

Notwithstanding his fallen condition,

* Lally refers to the capture of Chandernagore.

and the severe effects of a long illness, aggravated by the sultry climate, mental anxiety, and bodily suffering, he came out of the citadel with his sword under his arm, and, though on foot (for his horse had been eaten) marching with the air of a conqueror. "He is now as proud and as haughty as ever (to quote the letter of an officer who beheld him); but his great share of wit, sense, and martial ability, are obscured by a savage ferocity and undisguised contempt for every man below the rank of general." But this writer neither knew the high qualities of Lally, or the difficulties with which he had to contend.

According to the "Exact State of the Troops of His Most Christian Majesty, under the command of Lieutenant-General Arthur Count de Lally, when surrendered at discretion, 16th January, 1761," he marched out with the following number — a miserable and famished band, wounded and maimed, hollow-eyed and gaunt, the few survivors of the Indian war:—

Artillery of Louis XV., officers and men.....	83
The Regiment de Lorraine	327
The Regiment de Lally.....	230
The Regiment of Marines.....	295
Artillery of the French India Company	94
Cavalry of the Company's Service.....	15
Volunteers of Bourbon	40
The Battalion of India	192
Invalids	124

One of their first acts was the immolation of their commissary, whom they cut to pieces before Lally's face.

Among the King's Artillery, was Jean Baptiste Louis Romé de L'Isle, the celebrated French crystallographer, then secretary to a defunct corps of engineers.

The quantity of military stores delivered by Lally into the hands of Coote, is almost incredible.

There were 671 brass and iron cannon and mortars; 438 mortar beds and carriages; 84,041 shot and shell, round, double-headed, and grape; 230,580 pounds of powder; 538,137 rounds of ball-cartridge, made up for arquebusses, muskets, pistols, and gins; 910 pairs of pistols; 12,580 other firearms; 4,895 swords, bayonets, and sabres; 1,200 poleaxes, and everything else connected with warfare in proportion.

Tidings of the fall of Pondicherry were received with the utmost joy in Britain; and on Sunday, the 2nd August, there were prayers and thanks

offered up to Heaven in all the churches of England.

On that day Lally arrived at Fort St. George, a prisoner of war on parole. He had begged so be sent to Cudalore, that he might have the attendance of French as well as British surgeons; but the Governor of Madras insisted on his removal to that place, to which he had him conveyed in his own palanquin.

A Highland regiment garrisoned Pondicherry; and as Lally had destroyed many of the British fortifications, Coote retaliated by blowing up the bastions, and hurling the glacis into the ditch. The plunder acquired amounted to £2,000,000 sterling, and the quantity of lead discovered in the stores was immense. Lally found means, however, to convey away his own cash and valuables (200,000 pagodas of eight shillings each), which were retaken by Colonel Coote's orders. The pillage of the magnificent palace of the governor (on which M. Dupleix had spent a million) was a subject of regret by every officer who beheld it.

On the very day Lally surrendered, his Scottish compatriot, Monsieur Law, on whose assistance he had greatly relied, was defeated by Major Carnac.

M. Law was the nephew of the famous financial projector, John Law, Laird of Lauriston, near Edinburgh, who, in 1720, was Premier of France and Comptroller-General of Finance; the same whose desperate schemes brought that kingdom to the verge of bankruptcy.

M. Law had made himself useful to the Shah Zaddah, son of the late Mogul, in supporting the young prince's hereditary claims, and enforcing his authority on the provinces of the empire. With two hundred Frenchmen, he persuaded the Shah to turn his arms against Bengal, and accordingly the young and rash prince entered that rich and fertile territory, at the head of eighty thousand Indians, whose operations were directed by Law and certain French chevaliers, his friends. In the eyes of the English, who were now become the arbiters of oriental power and principalities, the support of these adventurers, and the presence of an exiled Scottish Jacobite, were more prejudicial to the title of Zaddah than any other objection, and they joined the Subah of Bengal to oppose his pro-

gress. A battle ensued at Guya, where Major Carnac, with two thousand five hundred sepoy, five hundred English, and twenty thousand blacks, cut to pieces the vast forces of the young prince, taking prisoners M. Law, seven French officers, and sixty of their soldiers.

Law never returned to Scotland. He is said to have been the progenitor of the Bonapartist General, Count Lauriston, and his brother, Baron Clapperknowes. Though the estate has passed from it, their family is still represented by Lieut.-Colonel Law, К.Н., of the Newfoundland Companies, an officer who distinguished himself in Spain with the 71st Highlanders.

Soon after the fall of Pondicherry, the French settlement of Mahé, on the coast of Malabar, was reduced by Hector Munro, a Scottish officer, who there took two hundred pieces of cannon; and thus the whole commerce of the mighty peninsula of India, from the point of the Carnatic to the mouth of the Ganges, fell under the dominion of Britain, together with the extensive trade of the vast and wealthy provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orixá.

On the 3rd February, the Nabob made his triumphal entry into Pondicherry. He was seated in a wooden castle on the back of a gigantic elephant, and was accompanied by twelve of his wives, escorted by British troops and by his own guards, armed with bows, lances, and matchlocks.

Ultimately Lally was permitted to retain all his own property, amounting to nearly £100,000 in cash; and being brought to Britain as a prisoner of war, in H. M. ship *Onslow*, he was landed in September, 1761, and confined to a certain limit in Nottinghamshire. Afterwards, obtaining from the young King George III. permission to depart, most unfortunately for himself, he turned his steps towards France, the land of his father's adoption. His brother, Nichel Lally, appears to have remained in India; and in after years to have commanded, under Tippo Saib, that mixed force of topasses and sepoy, known as *Lally's Party*.

Having given his parole of honour to return whenever the British Government should require his presence, the Count, on the 14th October, "after having discharged all his debts to tradesmen and servants" (as the Lon-

don papers of the time state), set sail for France.

Notwithstanding the long and gallant defence he had maintained at Pondicherry—thus affording the highest proofs of firmness, fidelity, bravery, and activity—he was arrested soon after his return to France, and committed to that prison of so many terrible memories, the Bastille, being accused of many grievous things by the ministry, who were then instituting a severe inquiry into the conduct of the civil and military officers who had commanded in Canada, the Carnatic, and other possessions they had lost.

Among the charges against Lally were, betraying the interests of King Louis and the French East India Company; of abusing the high authority with which he had been vested; of unwarrantable exactions from the subjects of his most Christian Majesty, as well as from foreigners resident in Pondicherry; for permitting that place to fall into the hands of the British; and for generally mismanaging the high public trust committed to his care.

In vain did the gallant and unfortunate Lally urge his many services, his many wounds, his grey hairs, and his health, broken by toil, by anxiety, and the fevers of a torrid climate, in the cause of his king and adopted country; in vain did he urge his many bitter remonstrances sent to France, and Count d'Aché's illegal detention of the treasure of M. de Lequille; in vain was the *Protest* signed in the hall of Fort St. Louis adduced to show how his efforts had been baffled and rendered worse than futile by the insubordination of the chef-d'escadre; in vain did he explain how the Marquis de Bussy had loitered in Arcot, and that he (himself) had been long and frequently without a rupee to pay his troops; how the Rajah of Mysore had failed in his promises; and thus how famine—a source of deadlier fear than British cannon-shot—bore heavily on all in Pondicherry; how his detachment sent to Gingi had been cut off to a man; and how Chandernagore had been taken in the English spirit of aggression, contrary to the faith of treaties, and that neutrality which had subsisted between France and Britain in India, and immediately after the former had rendered the latter a signal

service in not taking part against her with the Nabob of Bengal.

The Government required a victim to satisfy the people. His defence was useless, for Brigadier-General the Marquis de Bussy, and Admiral Count d'Aché, whose honour and safety were deeply interested in his *disgrace and condemnation*, were the principal witnesses examined against him. Thus, in consequence of the severe conclusions which the Procureur-General had given against the Count de Lally, on the night of Sunday, the 4th May, 1763, he was removed from the Bastile, where he had endured a long imprisonment, to the prison of the Conciergerie, which adjoined the Court of Parliament.

"Though it was but one o'clock in the morning when he arrived at the Conciergerie" (to quote the *Report* of his condemnation), "he refused to go to bed; and about seven he appeared before his judges. They ordered him to be divested of his red ribband and cross, to which he submitted with the most perfect indifference; and he was then placed on a stool, to undergo a course of interrogation."

At this crisis, one sharp pang of bitterness would seem to have shot through his heart. Claspings his hands, and raising his eyes—

"My God!" he exclaimed, "oh, my God! is *this the reward* of forty years' faithful service as a soldier?"

The interrogation lasted six hours, and again the Marquis de Bussy and Count d'Aché were successively examined against him. By nine in the

evening the trial was over, and the Count was re-conducted to the Bastile, surrounded by guards and several companies of the city watch.

At six o'clock next morning the judges delivered their opinions, which were so various that the clock of the Conciergerie struck four in the afternoon before they came to a conclusion, and pronounced their *arrêt*, or decree, which contained a brief recital of the charges against the Count, without specifying the facts on which they were respectively founded; but for the reparation of which it was declared that he should be stripped of all his titles, his military rank, and dignities; that all his property should be confiscated to the king, and that his head should be struck from his body on the public scaffold.

Lally heard their sentence without emotion, and with the most admirable resolution prepared at once to die. He had but a brief time given him, and early on the morning of Thursday, the 22nd December, 1763, was hastily, almost privately, beheaded, by the common executioner of Paris, at the Place de Grève, with a wooden gag in his mouth, to prevent him from addressing the people.

Thus, in his sixty-fourth year, terminated the eventful life of Arthur Count Lally—in many respects the victim surrendered by a weak Government to popular clamour; and affording in his fate a memorable instance of the injustice and ingratitude which so often in those times disgraced the Court of Versailles.

MY THIRD FLIGHT; OR, A VISIT TO THE GREAT ANTHROPOPHAGUS AND HIS DOMINIONS.

Δημοβορος Βασιλευς.

"PARDON me, sir, I shall do no such thing. I travel for recreation as well as for knowledge, and I have no notion of visiting so dull a country as that island of Sir Thomas More's discovery, where the people live in parallelograms, as they do in New Lanark; and, moreover, I have got a Utopia of my own, to which I shall be conducting you one of those days. By cock and pie, sir, and all the merry oaths that were ever taken, I shall be greatly surprised if you don't admit it to be one of the most social and jovial spots in Faery-land."

"Very well," quoth he, in reply; "but we must do something or another, or how shall we get rid of our superfluous nervous activity? for I perceive you are nearly as restless and fidgetty a being as myself."

"Something we must do, decidedly," said I; "for may I be a citizen of your country, if I am not utterly weary, both in the flesh and the spirit, sitting here day after day, waiting for those shabby dribblets of news which the electric telegraph brings us from the banks of the Danube and shores of the Bosphorus."

"Bah!—electricity," said he; "it's a deuced tardy mode of conveyance, at the best."

"How much quicker," said I, "do your posts travel?"

"So quick," said he, "that we invariably get the news of an event before it happens; however, that is a speed you are not likely to come up to for some time to come. But, to return to business—where shall we go to-night?"

"Wherever you please, sir," said I.

The words were scarce out of my mouth, when he snapped me up, and flew away with me, whither I had no notion. After flying a considerable time, the motion of his wings ceased; he dropped down like a bird, and I felt the earth once more under my feet.

"Where may we be now?" said I, my teeth chattering with cold, my knees knocking together, my limbs ri-

gid as icicles, the breath turning into hoar-frost as fast as it escaped from my lips. Well did I know we stood upon some extraordinary altitude, the temperature was so much lower than I had ever experienced it in our hardest winters.

"On the top of a celebrated mountain, and an enchanted one," said Diavolo at my elbow, looking provokingly comfortable, while I was cold and wretched beyond description.

"But what mountain," said I, "for all are pretty much alike at these unconscionable heights? I presume we are somewhere very close to the ever-frozen pole?"

"You stand on the peak of Ararat," said the fiend.

"Then ought we to see the debris of the Ark," I answered, "if the traditions of the Caucasus are to be relied on."

"The mist is too thick," said he; "and besides, we have something else to look at better worth seeing. This is a sacred and enchanted hill, as I have told you; and I have brought you to a particular point, from whence things are to be seen both as they are and as they are not; yet, when you have seen them as they are not, you will acknowledge that you have also seen them as they are."

"A very pretty enigma," I replied, "the solution of which must needs be curious; but pray resolve it speedily, for I am very cold."

"You are of a cold constitution," said he.

I had a retort on my tongue, but I bridled it.

"Before we can distinguish any object whatsoever," he continued, "we must manage to disperse this fog. There are several ways of doing it, but as I happen to have a bag of tolerably strong wind in my pocket, we may as well make use of it; so lie down at once on your face, or you will be blown away somewhere down into Lesser Armenia."

There was scarce time to obey the

direction before he broke the seal of a small leathern sack, such as is used at the post-office to convey letters, and let loose a termagant young hurricane, which escaping with the roar of a herd of lions, swept down the vast sides of the celebrated old mountain, and nearly swept me over the brow, though I held to the rocks with the grasp of a dead hand. Indeed, had he not clapped his foot on me in good time, I had surely been carried away by the violence of the puff. By-the-bye, I distinctly recognised the cloven hoof as he planted it on my back ; it felt precisely as if the foot of an old he-goat had done me the service.

As soon as the air recovered its equilibrium, which it did very gradually, I rose from the earth, and was agreeably surprised to find that the gale had warmed the atmosphere while it dispersed its impurities.

The clearness was now as magical as the obscurity had been before ; still, owing to the vast extent of the prospect before me and below me, as well as the infinite variety of objects scattered over the field of view, my vision was bewildered, and for some moments I could distinguish nothing.

"Turn your eyes north-west and by north," said Diavolo.

"I see a mighty city in the midst of a dismal plain, and built on the banks of a great icy stream."

"We have no such river as that in my country," quoth he, with a grin.

"I suppose the Styx is not often frozen over," I answered.

"Not in *communibus annis*, at all events," said he.

"But what city is this?—is it a city or a barrack? I see nothing but soldiers ; I hear nothing but the clash of arms, and what would seem to be the hoarse voices of drill-sergeants."

"Not all soldiers. Examine those great squares, and look into any of those numerous churches. There is a civic, you see, as well as a military population."

"What do you call a population?" I cried, while my hair stood on end with horror at a peculiarity I then first noticed. "Why, the inhabitants of this city have no heads upon their shoulders."

"Very true," said the demon ; "you behold the capital of a nation in which there is only a single head for a hundred millions of people."

"How the deuce do they manage to do without their heads, of all parts of their bodies?" I inquired, with intense anxiety.

"On the contrary," said he, "if they had heads they would not know what to do with them ; for what is the use of a head to a man who would hazard it by thinking, and forfeit it by expressing his thoughts?"

"Then there is a law, it seems, in this country against thought?"

"The people think by proxy ; they have abdicated the privilege themselves, and agreed to confer it upon a single chief, who is literally the head of the nation—not in figure only, like the sovereigns of other lands."

"They have some method of speaking," said I ; "I hear voices, or sounds resembling them."

"Yes," he replied, "they make a shift to utter some low, melancholy sounds. They sigh, they yawn, they groan, they can even whisper, but that not often, only when their monarch, or Great Anthropophagus, as he is called, is a clear thousand leagues away, and the wind blowing strong from him to them."

By a powerful internal effort, I made myself, for a few moments, all ear, in order to catch, as well as I might, the few miserable notes that came from that barbarous city, that metropolis of savage desolation.

By degrees I was able to analyse the murmur, which was a Babel of all manner of hideous, servile noises—the moans of the hopeless, the sighs of broken hearts and crushed spirits, the mumblings of abject superstition, the yawn of torpor, the whispers of cowardly discontent, and the shrieks of creatures in torture—some in dungeons, some on their way to remote exiles. The shrieks were the only sounds that were free.

"You hear," said he, "the language of an empire. I suppose, like all tongues, it has a grammar, which, if I knew, I could teach you the inflections of a groan, and how to conjugate the mumblings of a beastly monk."

"Is it the same sad tongue they speak in the provinces?" I begged him to inform me.

"The same, except the usual varieties of *patois*. There are the same differences between the language of the capital and the provincial dialects, as there are between the growls of dif-

ferent kinds of bears, the croaks of frogs of different marshes, or the notes of the several species of melancholy, moping birds."

"One thing," said I, "I perceive plainly in the lot of these degraded millions—they seem able to make all sorts of inarticulate sounds except laughter."

"This empire circles the globe," replied the fiend. "No vaster dominion has ever lain under the foot of any human despot; yet what you have observed is true: in all that boundless territory not a laugh is to be heard."

The fiend himself was affected while he made the observation, and spoke in a tone of pathos that surprised me.

"Not for the most brilliant crown that ever wreathed the brows of king or kaisar," I exclaimed, "would I be the inhabitant of that dreary, unlaughing city, for a single revolution of the sun."

"Nor would I myself," subjoined my attendant, frankly, "were it a thousand times a cooler climate than it is."

At another time this remark, though seriously made, would have diverted me; but I was now too much engrossed to heed it. A new description of noise now caught my attention, perfectly distinct from any I had heard, with a metallic tone in it, evidently not proceeding from the headless multitudes, though it was generally mingled with the mumblings I have already alluded to. At length I discovered that it was nothing but the jangling of innumerable bells; and my companion immediately informed me, that in the ceaseless bobbing and ringing of bells consisted the chief employment and only pastime of the subjects of the Great Anthropophagus.

"There are more bells," said he, "in this wretched country than in all this noisy world beside; so that if the people want heads, it cannot be said that they want tongues. Observe that forest of steeples and spires, of all colours, some gilt, but the greater number green, not one of them but has its leash of iron tongues chiming day and night in honour of some of their seurvvy saints, of whom they have twenty legions."

"Do you remember the French epigram?" said I—

"*Persecuteurs du genre humain,
Qui sonnez sans miséricorde,
Que n'avez-vous au cou la corde
Que vous tenez dedans la main?*"

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"I'll give you a Latin one in return," quoth he—

"*Æra sacerdotes a nobis sæpe requirunt,
Et tantum reddunt æris ob æra sonum.*"

This, I was well aware, was a hit at church bells in general; and, I must own, I thought it came ill from a gentleman who had never paid tithes or church-rates in his life. However, I let the matter drop, with the observation, that as bell-ringing seemed the only pleasure these poor creatures enjoyed, we should not be too hard upon them for indulging in it so freely.

"Not their only pleasure," said he; "don't you see what a set of drunken slaves they are?—when they are not mumbling their credos and pater-nosters, they are sure to be tippling and boozing; but you may remark that they are never merry, even in their cups."

"I grudge them their potations," said I, "still less than their bells; there is only one blessing for them—to forget! Let them drink on, and drink for ever! I wish that mighty river that traverses their plains were Lethe for their sake."

"Then," I added, "I suppose the wretches are honest; saving their boozing propensities, they seem to be exceedingly orderly and well-behaved."

"Orderly enough," he replied, "but order is not always the same as morality. Do you see that extensive building, around which there seems to be more than usual ferment—people going in and out continually, and some extremely solemn proceedings going forward under its roof?"

"It seems a court of justice," said I.

"You see the judges?" said he.

"Yes," said I; "and just at this moment I see one of them called aside by a person in the court; they have retired to converse behind a curtain."

"I'll draw that curtain for you," said he.

"The judge seems to be pocketing a sum of money," I exclaimed.

"No doubt of it," said Diavolo; "the party making the present is simply agent for the defendant in the suit. Now let us observe how the cause terminates."

The judge returned to the judgment-seat: the proceedings seemed to be continued for some time with the utmost gravity and decorum; but the result was, of course, decided by what had passed behind the curtain.

"In future," said I, "I shall look upon Judge Bridlegoose, with his dice-box, as an upright magistrate."

"What you have seen in this one court," said my friend, "is going on, in some shape or another, at this moment in every court in the empire. And now that you have seen how they steal justice, let me show you how expert they are in stealing other things. You observe those immense government magazines and stores?"

"Thronged with people in official or military uniforms?"

"Yes; can you distinguish what they are about?"

I watched the officers closely for some minutes, for, whatever it was they were doing seemed to be done with the greatest caution and circumspection. At length I was thoroughly satisfied as to the nature of their proceedings.

"They are all thieving," I cried out. "Some are plundering casks of provisions, others are filching military accoutrements, a third party is guzzling the rum intended for the fleet. Nay, my sight deceives me, if that venerable old gentleman with the enormous white mustaches, who seems to be some great general or dignitary, is not filling his breeches'-pocket with gold out of the public chest."

"That he is, you may rely upon it," said the fiend, in an ecstasy of delight; "and if some hundreds of men of the same rank and consequence in the kingdom are a whit honester than he is, the officials of the nation are most egregiously belied by travellers and writers of the highest authority. Now, do you see that demure clerk in the corner, with the great ledger before him? What is he doing, think you?"

"He seems a highly respectable person," I answered. "Of course, he is an accountant."

"That highly respectable gentleman is not only an expert accountant, but he is an experter cook. He is cooking the public accounts at this very moment, to serve them up to the great Anthropophagus to-morrow."

"A dainty dish to lay before a king," said I.

He then drew my attention to another point of the compass, considerably to the south, where there was a great harbour, in which a fleet rode at anchor, and dockyards hard by, where

the ship-builders were as busy as bees. There was a fine frigate on the stocks, and Diavolo desired me to examine closely the timber of which they were building it. It was rotten: in England it would have been used for firewood."

"The government pays for the best of the forest, and gets the worst for its money," said my guide.

"So may all such governments be served," said I. "Considering that these people have no heads, they are wonderfully shrewd fellows, with exceedingly sharp eyes for the main chance."

"Despotism sharpens certain faculties, while it blunts others," he replied.

"But how long, pray, do these rotten vessels of theirs keep the sea?" I inquired.

"A cruise or two in those stormy waters yonder is the usual length of their span. When they founder or go to pieces, the blame is thrown upon an insect which conveniently abounds in their harbours, but which, believe me, has a very small share of the havoc to answer for."

"One thing is clear," said I: "everything in this empire is corrupt and rotten. It is hard to say which are the more pestilent communities—the troops of their officials or the broods of their vermin."

"We will say no more on the latter subject at present," said he, significantly. "You were talking just now of dainty dishes: I recommend you a peep into the contents of that train of loaded wagons which is now on the point of setting out for the army in the field. I'll uncover one of them for you."

"I see something very necessary for the preparation of a dainty dish," said I—"a capital supply of charcoal or peat."

"Do you call that peat?" said he, with one of his frightful grins.

"What else can it be?"

"Bread for the troops," said he, with a still more satanic grimace; and then broke forth into a hideous laugh, that made all the recesses of Ararat ring.

It seemed incredible; but there was no doubt that the abominable black mass was what Diavolo affirmed it to be; for revolting as it was, I observed the soldiers who were guarding the

train stealing lumps of it, and devouring them greedily.

"Hard duty," said I, "to fight the battles of one's country on such diet as that."

"Good enough for them," said he, "if you only knew what a monstrously unjust war the army is engaged in at this moment. We don't pique ourselves on our public morality in my country," he added; "but much as you may have heard us maligned, believe me, we are not quite so bad as the Great Anthropophagus."

"I believe it," I rejoined. "To give you only your due, you are not so black as you are painted."

"We are not such liars, at all events," said he, "as the king of this country and his ministers; and yet lying has been supposed to be the quality in which we shine most."

"He will improve you," I observed, "when you get him among you. Have you a particular quarter for the Anthropophagi?"

"Formerly," said he, "we gave them some little freedom; but one of them broke loose, and committed such frightful excesses, that ever since we have imprisoned them under a triple chain of mountains."

"Now, what did he do?" I desired to know.

"He took corporal possession of an unfortunate brother of mine," said the fiend, shuddering to the uttermost joint of his tail.

"Possessed a demon!" I exclaimed, with astonishment, and almost incredulity.

"Yes," he answered; "and a much more serious thing it is, let me tell you, for a demon to be possessed by a man, than for a man to be possessed by a demon. In the former case there is no chance of exorcism, for though we have priests enough, we are badly off for holy water."

I was at a loss to know whether he jested or spoke in earnest; but he really did appear to retain a painful recollection of some grievous calamity that had befallen his relative; so that being of a believing, as well as a pitying disposition, I could neither doubt his veracity, nor refuse my commiseration. After some little pause, I inquired what the population might be of the metropolis upon which our gaze had been fixed.

"Which of the populations do you mean?" he demanded.

"Why," said I, "are there two populations in one city?"

Another grin was succeeded by another explosion of merriment, louder than any which had yet escaped him.

"You have seen," quoth he, "how delicately this nation feeds, how copiously they drink, and what adepts they are in the fine-arts of jobbing and pilfering; you shall now behold how luxuriantly they sleep, and how socially into the bargain. I can unroof a house, let me tell you, as expertly as if I hobbled on two sticks; and to give you a touch of my skill, there's an entire street unroofed for you. Look in and see with your own eyes in what charming dormitories repose the people of these dominions, for you know how dangerous it is to credit the tales of your travellers."

I looked, and saw the most loathsome spectacle that ever a human eye turned away from with disgust. From one end of the great street to the other, the chambers were nothing but nests of detestable vermin, live museums of entomology, states-general of the insect kingdom, where the most obscene and tormenting tribes were represented most numerous. They covered and blackened walls, floors, ceilings, furniture; and as to the sleepers, they were absolutely lost in the mobs of their accursed bedfellows. This was the *officina gentium* indeed. In the street there were houses of all ranks, the habitations of the poor and the abodes of the rich; in all it was the same scene of horror. Their insect tyrants were no respecters of persons, but rioted impartially in the cottage and the palace; in the settle-bed of the artisan and under the purple canopy of the noble.

"I see," said I to my companion, "I now see that perfect equality may exist in a country without a shadow of liberty. As in France and England it is the vaunt of the people that they are all on a level before the law, so may this nation boast with justice, that they are all equals in the presence of the emperor and the ——"

"You will be pleased to hear," he rejoined, "that the Anthropophagus himself enjoys no immunity from the nocturnal plagues of his subjects. They crawl, it is said, over his purple, frisk on his council-table, and even

make free at times to suck his imperial blood. To protect himself from them he is always in motion, galloping from one part of his bleak dominions to another, under pretence of reviewing his troops, inspecting his navy, or attending congresses of his brother ogres."

"Then," said I, "what tyrannises over the tyrant is virtually the supreme power. The — is the true kaisar."

"Mob government, after all," said the fiend, smiling.

Here the conversation was interrupted by a sudden and redoubled ringing of the millions of bells already noticed; the innumerable glittering steeples sent forth, with one accord, a deafening peal, evidently occasioned by some great religious anniversary, or some extraordinary event, filling the dreary empire with unprecedented joy and triumph.

"Perhaps," said I, "the great Anthropophagus is dead! Some signal mercy has surely been vouchsafed to his people. Hark! mingled with the chimes, I hear the notes of a general thanksgiving, as if ten thousand choirs in concert were singing the 'Te Deum.'"

"And so they are," said the fiend; "and I'll tell you for what—news has just reached the capital of a cowardly massacre, perpetrated by a portion of the imperial fleet on the southern shore of that black and stormy sea yonder. Observe that town just laid in ruins; you see the smoke of the conflagration; you may hear the cries of the few that have survived the butchery. This piratical, treacherous, and murderous deed is what their vile priests, by the orders of their bloodthirsty

tyrant, are now celebrating as a glorious victory, with blasphemous songs and liturgies."

"And the unfortunate people, the victims of this detestable outrage," I cried, "have they no friends, no allies?"

"On the contrary," he replied, with the most hideous expression I had ever yet seen his countenance wear, "they are prodigiously well off in that respect."

"Well off!" I exclaimed.

"Why, yes," said he; "those two gallant united fleets you see riding comfortably at anchor, a few short hours' sail from that scene of havoc and carnage—those are their auxiliaries by sea. The officers of the two squadrons have just had a jolly dinner together; they were bravely employed drinking the healths of their friends and *protégées*, while the guns of the Anthropophagus were blowing them to atoms. I am sorry," he continued, "to increase the distress you naturally feel at such a spectacle; but the flag of one of the two squadrons cannot fail to interest you."

I looked, but refused to believe the testimony of my eyes.

"Lying fiend," I cried, "this is a trick you are playing me; that cannot be the flag of England!—that cannot be the flag that has

" 'Braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!'"

"As you are growing uncivil," said he, keeping his temper better than I had done, "we had better separate for the rest of the evening."

THOMAS MOORE.*

Our Memoir of Moore, in former notices of Lord John Russell's publication, has brought him to the forty-sixth year of his age — a period in which his reputation had been fully made. For the Music of his country he had done more than it could have been possible for any one who did not combine great powers both of musical and poetical expression to have effected. The service thus tendered to the better literature of his country did not consist alone, or even chiefly, in associating his own exquisite words to that divine music, but in disuniting from it the vile words which, before his time, had been connected with all the Irish airs. We have somewhere heard it said of the Scotch music, that the devil supplied words to angelic music. If this was true of the music of Scotland, still more true was it of that of Ireland; and whether the union between Moore's words and the music of his country is, as we cannot but hope and believe, to be a permanent one or not, the old association between devilish words and angelic harmonies is for ever broken. Whenever we feel the sort of dissatisfaction with Moore which his earlier poetry is calculated to provoke, or when we are disposed to be angry with his rabid politics, we remember this, the greatest service which, in modern times, a poet has ever rendered to his country, and we feel that more than atonement has been made.

The promise of Moore's youth had been more than realised by the poem of "Lalla Rookh" — a work fairly entitled to rank with any of the great poems of the brilliant period in which it appeared. It had been long meditated; the plan of the stories of which it consists had been often altered and recast; and yet, carefully as the materials were prepared, and great as is the elaboration of particular passages, it seems to have been hastily and inartificially put together. It was, however, a wonderful work. Of the several

pieces which it contains, we ourselves are disposed decidedly to prefer the "VEILED PROPHET;" and as decidedly — owing, perhaps, to our feeling that the imagination ought to be allowed to move, free from all associations of modern politics, in the neutral ground of romantic poetry, and to the obtrusiveness with which Irish grievances are forced upon us under eastern allegories — to place lowest in the scale of relative merit the story of the "FIRE WORSHIPPERS."

In prose Moore had now written his "Life of Sheridan," and his "Memoir of Captain Rock." He was in treaty for a life of Grattan, which ended in nothing; and a life of Byron was projected by him. Byron had himself written a memoir, which he gave to Moore. Moore, with Byron's knowledge and participation, had sold this to Murray, to be published after Byron's death — Moore, however, reserving editorial rights and privileges, and, during Byron's life, having a right of redeeming the manuscript by repaying to Murray the money paid for it. On Byron's death, Murray's right became absolute; and, after a good deal of negotiation, the matter ended by the destruction of the manuscript — such being the anxious wish of the family, and Byron's executor removing such scruple as Moore had of destroying a work entrusted to him for posthumous publication, by stating that Byron had expressed regret at having placed the manuscript out of his own control.

Such pecuniary sacrifice as the destruction of the manuscript involved, both Murray and Moore appeared anxious to make, when the wishes of the family were distinctly known. The precise legal rights of the parties could not at the moment be known, as Moore had no copy of the deed, and Murray's could not be found; when afterwards found, it confirmed Murray's recollection. Neither seems to have regarded the matter in any other light at the

* "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." Edited by the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. V. and VI. London: Longman, Browne, Greene, and Longmans. 1854.

time, than as to which of them was the person to make a graceful compliment to the family. In spite of all that has been written on the subject, we have as yet seen nothing that satisfies us of the propriety of destroying the manuscript.

In a former paper we have given extracts from Moore's diary, on the subject of this Byron manuscript. Whether such manuscript had ever been written or not, it is not improbable that Moore, whose profession was that of authorship, should have been induced to write a memoir of Byron. While there were great difficulties in the way of any account which would not give pain to his family, yet Moore was likely to accomplish a task, which would certainly have been attempted by others, with more just consideration of what was due, both to the dead and to the living, than any one else into whose hands it was likely to fall. Moore's connexion with the great house of Longman would have naturally made them the publishers; but, in addition to the fact that Murray was Byron's publisher, and to the entanglement which the affair of the destroyed manuscript created, Murray had a very large number of letters of Byron's, written under circumstances that relieved his biographer from all delicacy on the score of printing what was not intended for the public, as these letters were, though written to Murray, intended for the circle of Byron's friends who frequented his publisher's establishment, and had been shown pretty freely to all who felt any interest about him. These letters were in Murray's possession, and were supposed to be his exclusive property. It had not yet, we believe, been judicially decided that the personal representative of the deceased had a right to restrain the publication of such letters. In addition to the letters addressed to Murray, there were several to Moore himself—who was almost the only other friend with whom Byron corresponded. His letters to Murray were, as we have said, in truth written to all his English friends. Moore happened to be living in France, and hence a separate correspondence with him. Moore had lost a large sum of money by the destruction of the manuscript. The form of Byron's gift—though, no doubt, it was intended for Moore—was rather a gift of the manuscript to Moore's son; and it was felt

by Moore's friends, that Byron's relatives ought to take care that Moore's yielding to their wishes should not be accompanied with pecuniary loss to him. Scott, in speaking of the matter, told Moore that though well aware of the honourable feelings which dictated the sacrifice of the memoirs, he doubted whether he himself, in the same circumstances, would have consented to it. He thought the family were bound to give Moore every assistance towards a *Life of Lord Byron*. Lord Lansdowne, it would appear, went further, and thought that Byron's family ought, without any consultation with Moore—who would certainly have refused to be a party to such arrangement—to have settled the two thousand pounds which Moore returned to Murray, on Moore's family. Difficulties of many kinds arose. Byron's executor was averse at first to the publication of any life of him. "You will write, there can be no doubt, a very clever and very saleable book; but I shall be agreeably surprised if you should accomplish those higher objects which you must propose to yourself in writing the life of a man like Lord Byron." Among the objects which Moore proposed to himself, in writing Byron's or any other man's life, that which most influenced him was to produce a work by the sale of which he could help to make out the means of support for his family—and he felt it hard to have this interfered with; yet all his friends feared his venturing upon the task. We find the following entry in his diary:—

"Received a letter from Lord John Russell, full of kindness; expresses his regret that I am not so well off in the world as I ought to be, and then says, 'If you write (if I write!), write poetry, or, if you can find a good subject, write prose; but do not undertake the life of another reprobate. In short, do anything but write the '*Life of Lord Byron*.' This is too worrying; the only work that would enable me to surmount my difficulties is that which (with too much reason) all are against my undertaking."—Vol V. p. 51.

Our *Memoir of Moore*, in the number of this Magazine for November last, brought the narrative up to his visit to Scotland in 1826. It was the very end of October when Moore visited Abbotsford—too late to see the country as it ought to be seen. The delight with which Moore and Scott

met—the regard that instantly sprang up between them—is recorded by both. This part of Moore's diary has been before printed, having been given by Moore for Lockhart's Life of Scott, and also supplying the materials for one of the prefatory introductions to the collected edition of Moore's poems. Moore says of Scott:—“He has no knowledge or feeling of music;”^{*} and in the preface to the fifth volume of his poems, he says:—“With the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician.” This preface was written long after the diary; and we do not know how far the following striking passage from the preface is to be regarded as qualifying what he had written down in his diary within the first day or two of his Abbotsford visit:—

“We witness, in our own times—as far as the knowledge or practice of music is concerned—a similar divorce between the two arts; and my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to mind as being also a musician. Not to dwell further, however, on living writers, the strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have seen Byron listen to some favourite melody, has been elsewhere described by me; and the musical taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be the last person to call in question, after the very cordial tribute he has left on record to my own untutored minstrelsy. But I must say, that, pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper-table, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the *quaigh* taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table, for the song of ‘Hey tuttie tattie,’ and gave it out to us with all the true national relish. But it was during the chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table, with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth vociferously, ‘Hey tuttie tattie, hey tuttie tattie.’ Sir Walter's enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus—a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it—gave to the

whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm, in my eyes, such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.”—Preface to the 5th Volume of Moore's Poetical Works.

Little as Scott knew of music, yet, with Moore as his guest, it could not but be the theme of some discourse between them; and Scott told his brother-poet one of his old bar stories:—

“He had been once employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed on as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the Encyclopædias, &c., and having got the names of Straduerius, Amati, &c., glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles; upon which the Duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered the room about half a dozen tall servants all in red, each bearing a fiddle-case; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made. ‘By guessing and management,’ he said, ‘I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee.’”—Memoirs, Vol. V. p. 4.

From Abbotsford Moore went on to Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. His time was limited, and he had to crowd together his visits to his friends. A supper at Wilson's is described:—

“An odd set collected there; among others, the poet Hogg. We had also Williams, the Rector of the Academy, the person to whom Lockhart addressed ‘Peter's Letters;’ said to be an able man; some ladies too, one of whom sung duets with an Italian singing-master: a fine contrast between this foreigner and Hogg, who yelled out savagely two or three Scotch songs, and accompanied the burden of one of them by labouring away upon the bare shoulders of the ladies who sat on each side of him. He and I very cordial together; wanted me to let him drive me to his farm next day, to see wife and bairns. I was much pressed to sing, but there being no pianoforte could

^{*} Diary, October 29, 1825.

not; at last, in order not to seem fine (the great difficulty one has to get over in such society), sung the 'Boys of Kilkenny.'—Vol. V. pp. 11, 12.

We cannot omit his reception at the theatre:—

"12th November.—Went to the Courts after breakfast: found out Jeffrey, and walked about with him to see everything, being myself the greatest show of the place, and followed by crowds from court to court. Had the pleasure of seeing Scott sitting at his table, under a row of as dull-looking judges as need be. Jeffrey asked him to dine to meet me, and though I had already refused Jeffrey (in order to dine with the Murrays), I could not resist this temptation: begged of Jeffrey to dine pretty early, in order that I might see the theatre. Met Scott afterwards, and told him this arrangement. 'Very well,' he said, 'I'll order my carriage to come at eight o'clock, and I'll just step down to the playhouse with you myself.' Company at Jeffrey's, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Thomson, &c. Sir Walter a different man from what he was at Abbotsford; a good deal more inert, and, when he did come into play, not near so engaging or amusing. When the carriage came, he and I and Thomson went to the theatre, and I could see that Scott anticipated the sort of reception I met with. We went into the front boxes, and the moment we appeared, the whole pit rose, turned towards us, and applauded vehemently. Scott said, 'It is you, it is you; you must rise and make your acknowledgment.' I hesitated for some time, but on hearing them shout out 'Moore, Moore,' I rose and bowed my best for two or three minutes. This scene was repeated after the two next acts, and the 'Irish Melodies' were played each time by the orchestra. Soon after my first reception, Jeffrey and two of the ladies arrived, and sat in the front before us, Scott and I being in the second row. He seemed highly pleased with the way I was received, and said several times, 'This is quite right. I am glad my countrymen have returned the compliment for me.' There was occasionally some discontent expressed by the galleries at our being placed where they could not see us; and Murray told me afterwards, that he wondered they bore it so well. We had taken the precaution of ordering that we should be shown into one of the side boxes, but the proper box-keeper was out of the way when we came. At about ten o'clock we came away, I having first renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Coutts, who was with the Duke of St. Alban's in a box near us. Home very tired with my glory, and had to pack for the morning."—Vol. V. pp. 13–15.

Moore's mention of Burns is found

in another of his works, in connexion with this visit to Edinburgh:—

"Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, 'Ship a hoy!' which there won its first honours. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

"Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister-art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no songwriter, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

"That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though always before associated with words expressing a totally different feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, 'Fee him, father, fee him,' has been made the medium of one of Burns's most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvelously, 'Hey tuttie tattie' has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;'—a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes."—Poetical Works, Vol. V. preface x.—xii.

Moore left Scotland the day after his reception at the theatre; and we have an account of his progress homeward as far as Birmingham. The diary here breaks off. It does not appear to have been discontinued; but, for some reason or other, the entries between November 15th and December 11th are suppressed. On December 11th, he receives letters from Ireland, stating his father's dangerous illness. He goes to Ireland:—

"Dined at three, and set off at five in a

chaise for Bath. Went, on my arrival, to see Anastasia: found the sweet child in the midst of gaiety: it was the ball night, and she came out to me, 'smiling, as if earth contained no tomb.' On my telling her of the sad mission I was going upon, she assumed that grave look which children think it right to put on at such news, though they cannot be expected, and, indeed, *ought* not to feel it. She wore three or four orders of merit which she had gained; one, for general amiability of conduct (a lily of the valley), of which she told me with much triumph, there had been but four given in the school; another (a rose) for her progress in music, and so on. Slept at the York House: got them to give me a letter to the landlord of the inn at Birmingham to secure me a comfortable bed. Found in the coffee-room an old acquaintance (Birmingham, the clergyman), with two sons of Charles Butler, on their way to Ireland."—Vol. V. pp. 18, 19.

On Moore's arrival in Dublin, he found his father still living, but unconscious; on the next day he died. The entry of the 17th is too important to be omitted:—

"Took my time at breakfast, and waited for Ellen's note, but none came. Walked down to Abbey-street, and found that all was over; my dear father had died at seven in the morning. Consulted about the funeral, which it was the wish of all to have as simple and private as possible: entrusted the management of it to Mr. Leigh, the son of an old friend of my mother. Dined at Abbot's, and returned to my mother in the evening. Our conversation deeply interesting: found that neither my mother nor Kate were very anxious to press upon him the presence of a clergyman; but on mentioning it to him at Corry's suggestion, he himself expressed a wish for it. The subject of religion was, indeed, the only one, it seems, upon which his mind was not gone. When the priest was proceeding to take his confession, and put the necessary questions for that purpose to him, he called my mother, and said, 'Auty, my dear, you can tell this gentleman all he requires to know quite as well as I.' This was very true, as she knew his every action and thought, and is a most touching trait of him. A few nights before he died, when Ellen was doing something for him, he said to her, 'You are a valuable little girl, it's a pity some good man does not know your value.' The apothecary, who was standing by, said with a smile, 'Oh, sir, some good man *will*.' 'Not an apothecary, though,' answered my father, which looked as if the playfulness, for which he was always so remarkable, had not even then deserted him. Our conversation naturally turned upon re-

ligion, and my sister Kate, who, the last time I saw her, was more than half inclined to declare herself a Protestant, told me she had since taken my advice and remained quietly a Catholic. * * * For myself, my having married a Protestant wife gave me an opportunity of choosing a religion, at least for my children, and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for. We then talked of the differences between the two faiths, and they who accuse all Catholics of being intolerantly attached to their own, would be either ashamed or surprised (according as they were sincere or not in the accusation) if they had heard the sentiments expressed both by my mother and sisters on the subject. Was glad to find I could divert my mother's mind from dwelling entirely on what had just happened; indeed, the natural buoyancy and excursiveness of her thoughts (which, luckily for myself, I have inherited) affords a better chance of escape from grief than all the philosophy in the world. Left them late, after fixing everything for Monday."—Vol. V. pp. 22, 23.

This is a remarkable passage. We have no doubt whatever of the perfect sincerity with which it is written, yet it is one of the passages in this book which we have read with most pain. How was it possible that a man, feeling thus, should have lost no opportunity of offering insult to every Protestant feeling, and lampooning every man sufficiently well known to have his head bear a price with the booksellers or the newspapers? If the feeling awakened by the solemn scene of a father's death, and so strongly expressed in this passage, is to be regarded as a continuing one, the best that can be said for Moore is, that his political feelings were stronger than his religious, and rendered him incapable of appreciating justly the conduct of men honest enough at any sacrifice to act in obedience to their sense of truth. Mrs. Scully—"Kate," the sister mentioned in this sentence—did afterwards become a Protestant.

Moore's father, who, at one time, held a situation in the Ordnance Office, had, for some years, retired on half-pay. Lord Wellesley, the Lord Lieutenant, communicated to Moore his intention of continuing to the family the amount of income which would cease at the old man's death, in the form of a pension to Miss Moore:—

"Resolved, of course, to decline this favour, but wrote a letter full of thankful-

ness to Crampton. Find since that this was done at Crampton's suggestion; that Lord Wellesley spoke of the difficulty there was in the way, from the feelings the King most naturally entertained towards me, and from himself being the personal friend of the King, but that, on further consideration, he saw he could do it without any reference to the other side of the Channel, and out of the pension fund placed at his disposal as Lord Lieutenant. All this very kind and liberal of Lord Wellesley; and God knows how useful such an aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burdens now heaped upon me; but I *could not* accept such a favour. It would be like that *lasso* with which they catch wild animals in South America; the noose would be only on the *tip* of the horn, it is true, but it would do. Find that Crampton and Corry, though the chief movers of the act, highly approve of my refusal."—Vol. v. pp. 24, 25.

We have a few more entries with respect to this. One is:—"Sent Crampton my letter in answer to Lord Wellesley's offer. Had a note from him back, in which he said, 'It is (like everything else that comes from you) as perfect in expression as it is noble in thought!'" A letter from Lord Lansdowne, in allusion to the same matter, says, "I hope you have not been too heroic." An entry of the 21st January, 1826, says:—

"Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Power yesterday, approving of my refusal of Lord Wellesley's offer. It is not a little strange that my men of business (Power and the Longmans) take this view of the matter, while all my fine friends think I ought to have accepted the favour. The fact is, the latter always apply a different standard to the conduct of poor men from that which they would go by themselves."—Vol. V. p. 41.

Moore's visit to Ireland at this time lasted about a month. The entries tell of several dinners; and we have the names of several distinguished men, by none of whom, however, does he seem to have been very much impressed. North he describes as "slow and sententious, and apparently not much above the level of ordinary official talent:—"

"Said before dinner, that he had discovered in an old act of parliament, an illustration of the phrase 'gouts of blood' in Shakspeare: in speaking of the sewers of

Dublin, the acts called them 'gouts.' This, however, I remarked, has a more direct origin in the French word *égouts*, which means sewers, while the 'gout' of Shakspeare is as directly and evidently from the French word *goutte*. Like a man accustomed to lay down the law, he did not appear willing to give up his own view of the matter. A variety of subjects brought into play after dinner, upon most of which Wallace struck me as by far the most sensible man of the party. In the evening there were two nice girls, the Misses Henn, who sung Italian with very good taste."—Vol. V. pp. 27, 28.

North may have been right as to the meaning of the passage in *Macbeth*. At all events, if Moore has recorded his own words accurately, he seems very unreasonably to have snubbed North. The question is, as to the use of a word. If it be true that "gouts," in the sense of "drops," is frequent in old English, as Malone states, quoting Farmer as authority, the early use of the word, in a different signification, is not enough to do more than render doubtful the interpretation that assumes it to mean drops; but its use in English writers—not its supposed derivation, of which Moore could not have told North anything which he and every one else did not know before—is that which must determine its meaning. Had Moore quoted any one passage in which the word was used, so as unquestionably to mean "drops," North would have felt that something like an answer was given to him. That there are such passages, we think not unlikely. North met the word in an Irish Act of Parliament of the reign of Henry VII., in such juxtaposition with other words as to fix its meaning in the sense of gutter, or channel. Dr. Finlay, in his "Miscellanies," gives us North's discovery of the word in this meaning; and, from his argument, it is plain that North did not know of any instance of its being used by English writers in the sense of "drops." Dr. Finlay adds, what, no doubt, it was North's object to press, that "the idea of streams of blood along the dagger is a much finer conception than the usual and erroneous interpretation of *drops* of blood on the dagger."*

A few days were passed at Kilkenny, of which we have but a short record—a proof, most probably, that they

* "Finlay's Miscellanies," p. 249.

were passed quietly and pleasantly. The last entry for the year 1825 is as follows:—

“31st. Went (after breakfast at Crampton’s) to call on Henry Grattan, accompanied by Corry, who had fixed the meeting for the purpose of talking with Grattan about his father’s ‘Life,’ and his intentions with respect to transferring the materials for it to me. Found him as shilly-shally as ever; will evidently neither perform the task himself, nor (though professedly inclined to do so) ever bring himself to relinquish it to another. Showed me several volumes of memoranda and sketches on the subject, but, unfortunately, almost all in his own handwriting; very little of the father’s. Even the conversations of the father come all darkened and diluted through the medium of the son’s memory and taste: this will never do. Said ultimately he must write to England to consult his family on the subject. Dined at Wallace’s (Corry and I), out of town: company, North and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Crampton, Mr. and Miss —, Gervais Bushe, &c. &c. The day rather dull. North, in talking of language (evidently a favourite subject of his), said, ‘that certain words, in the course of time, sunk in the scale of gentility, and passed, like houses, into the hands of humbler occupants.’ By-the-bye, Crampton reminded me this morning of my having once said to him of the Spenser stanza, that when (as often occurs in Lord Byron) the sense is continued without any stop from one stanza to another, it was ‘like going on another stage with tired horses.’ In the evening a gentleman played sonatas on the pianoforte, and I sung, with (apparently) but little echo in the hearts of my audience. Got back with Corry to Crampton’s at twelve, and eat oysters and drunk brandy-and-water till two. Slept at Crampton’s.” —Vol. V. p. 30.

The new year finds him in Dublin. Among the ways and means of charitable institutions, one is, seizing on any man of note to collect at charity sermons. Moore did not escape this trouble. When leaving the chapel, he was nearly knocked down by a man, “asking me, at the same time, which way is he (meaning myself) gone?” He dined at his mother’s, and was told there of a priest “who, wishing to raise some money for the repairs of the chapel, hit upon the plan of buying a copy of ‘Lalla Rookh,’ and having it raffled for at half-a-crown a piece; by which means, it seems, he collected the sum he wanted.”

At the several parties at which Moore was, his own singing—recita-

tion, it should rather be called—was one of the great charms. “The Song of the Olden Time” was one which he scarce ever escaped singing; it often affected himself to tears and fits of sobbing. Bowles used to say that it was equal to Shakspeare for the words, and to Purcell for the music. It is one of great beauty. Moore, speaking of it, says—“In this song, which is one of the many set to music by myself, the occasional lawlessness of the metre arises, I need hardly say, from the peculiar structure of the air:”—

“There’s a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o’er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And even amidst the grand and gay,
When music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o’er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime
Which in youth we loved to hear.

“And when all of this life is gone,
E’en the hope ling’ring now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn’s sere and faded bough,—
’Twill seem as still those friends were near,
Who loved me in youth’s early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away,
To that song of the olden time,
Breath’d, like Hope’s farewell strain,
To say in some brighter clime
Life and youth will shine again!”

In the middle of January, 1826, we find Moore returned to his cottage, and at work on his Egyptian story—that which, after many changes, at last appeared as “The Epicurean.” Repeated dinnerings in the neighbourhood, which seem to have done no mischief to the progress of the Egyptian story, and which supplied most of the subjects, and fully one-half of the jokes, which, old and new, Moore, like a good householder, made the most of, worked into his prose diary, and, when the rhyming fit was on him, wove into rhyme, and sent to his friend Barnes, of the *Times*, from whom, in return, he was paid in lavish praise, and in what was of more value than Barnes’s praise could at any time have been. It is a curious thing enough to think of the varied application of Moore’s talents—how at almost the same moment he was able to do things so

different in kind as we find this daily record exhibits him as effecting. In the entry of 10th and 11th of February, we find this statement—"Wrote two things for Power—"Hark! I hear a Spirit Sing," and "The Evening Gun," also a squib about the "Sinking Fund for the *Times*."

A gift of all Scott's works, the joint present of himself and Constable, is recorded. Then comes the mention of Constable's bankruptcy. Moore expresses strongly his sympathy with Scott—"For poor devils like me, who have never known better, to fag and to be pinched for means, becomes, as it were, a second nature; but for Scott, whom I saw living in such luxurious comfort, and dispensing such cordial hospitality, to be thus suddenly reduced to the necessity of working his way, is too bad, and I grieve for him from my heart."

Moore had not as yet become a regular contributor to the *Times*, but the *lasso* was soon thrown over him. "In return for his golden notes, they had nothing but thanks and Thread-needle-street rags to offer." This accompanied a lodgment to his credit of £100, and was followed by a succession of squibs of Moore's, for which he was paid at the rate of £400 a-year; and one or two articles for the *Edinburgh Review* are mentioned, for which he was largely paid. This latter engagement he describes, however, as interfering with more profitable work. His "Travels of Captain Rock, jun., in Search of a Religion," were now projected, though not written for some years after. Amusing as his satirical verses were, it is probable that they rather injured his mind. He says that his jokes for the *Times* drew him off too much from his other tasks. "Every newspaper I read starts a crowd of whimsical thoughts and jokes, which, till I lay some of them with my pen, haunt and tease me as the little devils did St. Anthony." The mischief of such things is not alone their occupying good time, which might be better spent, but the habit of looking at objects only in such ludicrous aspects as they may be made to assume, interferes with all serious examination of them; and even with reference to language alone, it will soon become impossible for a writer, who habituates himself to the use of words and forms of expression in connexion with ludi-

crous imagery, to find them willingly obey him when he would employ them for other purposes. The satirist's vocabulary will soon become a narrow and insufficient one—all that is fitted for better having become degraded by this abuse of his resources. To this cause, more than to any decay of his general powers, we are inclined to attribute the inferiority of all Moore's later poetry. Even in his songs, where an elevated tone of feeling had need only to be preserved for a few stanzas, we find him unequal to his former self, and good only when he echoes or repeats the language and the feeling of some of his earlier poems. On this account we read with regret the praises of these political poems: exceedingly amusing, and above all praise, in their own way, they are.

April 22.—In talking of phrenology, Colonel Napier said—

"That the Duke of Wellington has not the organ of courage, but has that of fortitude or resolution very strongly. The Duke owned himself that this corresponded to his character. I mentioned having heard that the only time the Duke was hit, which was by a spent ball, the blow affected him very much and made him very sick. Napier said he himself was by at the time, but the blow was a very severe one, and that instant sickness is a very frequent effect of such a wound. I said it was rather against phrenology that I should not have the organ of music, as if there was any feeling more strong than another that I had, it was that for music. He agreed I had but little of it. The Duke of Wellington, it appears, has it very strong, and this is so far borne out (Napier says) that he is a passionate lover of music. Walter Scott, it seems, has not the poetic organ, and Napier appeared to think he had no right to it. Wordsworth, he says, has it strongly."—Vol. V. pp. 57, 58.

May 13, 1826.—Dined at A. Baring's. Company, Agar Ellis and Lady Georgiana, Lord Lothian, &c. &c. Some anecdotes of Grattan:—

"On the night when it was probable the Catholic question would be carried, he said, 'What shall we do? we'll get very drunk.' Ellis described him, on one night when he spoke, as dragging in with him a large bag, which contained, in the first place, heaps of petitions on the subject, then quantities of oranges, and a bottle full of water, which he drank during his speech. Wilberforce was at one time in the habit of eating and drinking in his place in the House."—Vol. V. p. 66.

At dinner at Rogers's (May 17). Some anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington:—

"Some anecdotes to-day at dinner of the Duke of Wellington: battle of Toulouse the most remarkable of any. The movement by which he won it determined on in consequence of his trying by chance a glass that was recommended to him, and, in looking at Soult, seeing some motions of his hand which showed in what direction he was about to act."—Vol. V. p. 68.

There is too much of Moore's money matters in these journals. He was at all times earning a great deal, but was a poor man, and compelled to anticipate his earnings. From the Powers he had an annuity, if we remember rightly, of £500 a-year, for the copyright of his songs, and this produced frequent bills upon them, which were discounted, for the most part, by the Longmans, the publishers of most of his works. The Byron affair, in the various aspects it assumed, led to a number of money dealings, which we do not profess to understand, or to be enabled to disentangle. It appears, too, that his muse flirted with more than one of the newspaper tribe; and this, on one occasion, led him into a scrape, from which he was released by another expedient. A sum of four hundred pounds was required by him. This was the annual price, it would seem, at which his favours to the newspapers were sold, and he unluckily mentioned to both his purpose of getting the supply he wanted, by obtaining from either this sum in advance. Barnes and Black—the *Times* and the *Chronicle*—were at daggers drawn with each other; each was ready to oblige Moore, but he could not deal with one without offending the other—

"How happy could he be with either,
Were the other dear charmer away."

In this difficulty he shrunk from the negotiation with either, and got the money in a different way. He wrote to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, asking him for £400, as the price of a play, to be given to him within the next twelve months. Moore being allowed to cancel the bargain at any time within the twelve months, should he choose to repay the money with interest. Moore made some unsuccessful efforts to write a play, but the matter ended, as might be antici-

pated, from his numerous literary engagements, in the money being repaid at the end of the year.

We are disposed to quote one or two of the little poems that, about this time, Moore sent to the *Times*:—

"What a lucky turn-up!—just as Eld—n's withdrawing,

To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,

To serve for *our* times quite as well as
the Peer;—

"To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom
alone

Of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found on
our shelves,

But in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and
full-grown,

To shovel up one of those wise bucks
themselves!

"Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him
safe home—

Let him learn nothing useful or new on
the way;

With his wisdom kept snug from the light
let him come,

And our Tories will hail him with 'Hear!'
and 'Hurra!'

"What a God-send to *them*!—a good, ob-
solete man,

Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been
a reader;—

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,
And the L—nsd—les and H—rtf—rds

shall choose him for leader.

"Yes, Sleeper of Ages, thou *shalt* be their
chosen;

And deeply with thee will they sorrow,
good men,

To think that all Europe has, since thou
wert frozen,

So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

"And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad inno-
vation

Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that
he

Has been also laid up in a long congelation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger,

like thee."

—
"God preserve us!—there's nothing now
safe from assault;—

Thrones toppling around, churches brought
to the hammer;

And accounts have just reach'd us that one
Mr. Galt

Has declar'd open war against English
and Grammar!

"He had long been suspected of some such design,
And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of *the line*
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

"There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

"Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;
In the meantime the danger most imminent grows,
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
And whom he'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday Evening.

"Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;
Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder—no Puff Magazine,
And th' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

"What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
Of lyrical 'ichor,' 'gelatinous' prose,
And a mixture call'd amber immortalisation.

"Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,
Seated high 'among rattlings,' and churning a sonnet;
Now, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it!

"We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;
For, whate'er may be guessed of Galt's secret designs,
That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can doubt."

From the entry of July 19, we extract the following:—

"Story of an Englishman giving a *carte* of a restaurateur (which he happened to have in his pocket) instead of his passport, and

the *gend'arme* maliciously reading it and looking at him, '*Tête de veau; pied de cochon; ça suffit, Monsieur, c'est vous.*' A French bookseller told Benson, speaking of two books that he had in his hand, 'This is bound in mutton, sir, and this in veal.'—Vol. V. p. 91.

From the entry of September 11, the following:—

"11th. Walked over to Bowood, and fixed with Lord L. to be with him at eleven on Wednesday morning (13th). Met Napier on my way back, and he walked with me. On my mentioning the courtesy of manner for which the Indian savages are remarkable, said that that seemed to bear out the theory of Dr. Davis (I think) in his '*Celtic Researches*;' namely, that the people we call barbarous and savage are the worn-out remains of civilised nations. This supposition, when we consider the countless empires that have existed in the world, not altogether improbable; but it is going too far to suppose that the polished manners of such effete nations would survive the rest of their civilisation."—Vol. V. pp. 104, 105.

We find him at Gloucester soon after with Lord Lansdowne, at a music meeting. After some account of the pieces selected, he mentions that part of the next day was occupied in a visit to see the prison and pin manufactory:—

"Lord L. mentioned the circumstance of Vansittart going to see the Millbank Penitentiary, on a day, as it happened, when the prisoners, who had been long discontented with their bread, meant to take vengeance on the governor by shying their loaves at him. Poor Van, having been recommended to sit down in the governor's chair, as the best place to see the prison from, was no sooner seated than a shower of these loaves from all quarters flew about his ears, and almost annihilated him."—Vol. V. pp. 106, 107.

An author by profession is likely to learn something of the books by which most is made. For Mrs. Rundell's "*Cookery*," £2,000 were given, and for many years Murray had, in 1826, been making seven or eight hundred a-year of it.

October brought Scott to London on his way to Paris, to consult, as he said, some documents there, with respect to his "*Life of Napoleon*," which, however, was, for the most part, already printed. On the 22nd, Moore found a note from Scott, begging of

him to dine that day at Mrs. Lockhart's (Scott's daughter) if possible. Moore dined that day at Rogers's:—

“Dined at Rogers's: company, Newton, Luttrell and his son, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. L. mentioned some rich city heiress who, whenever any man made proposals of marriage to her, immediately sent for a Bow-street officer. Went to Scott's in the evening. Sir T. Lawrence having begged me to mention that he was within call, did so, and a note was immediately written to him, by Lockhart, to ask him. Scott mentioned the contrast in the behaviour of two criminals, whom he had himself seen: the one a woman, who had poisoned her husband in some drink, which she gave him while he was ill; the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon's surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, ‘Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?’ and stepping behind a tree and killing it. The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added, that this suggested to him the scene in ‘Marmion.’ Sat down to a hot supper, of which Scott partook, and drank bottled porter; both myself and Sir T. Lawrence following his example; then came the hot water and whiskey, in which we all joined also. This seems to be Scott's habitual practice. He spoke a good deal about Coleridge and Hogg, and recited, or rather tried to recite, some verses of the latter; but his memory appeared to me more wandering and imperfect than formerly.

“23rd.—Breakfasted at Scott's; Rogers there, and another person, whose name I did not make out. Talking of practical jokes, Rogers's story of somebody who, when tipsy, was first rolled in currant jelly, and then covered with feathers; his exclaiming, when he looked at himself in a glass, ‘A bird, by Jove!’ Scott's story of the man whom they persuaded that the place he was walking in was very full of adders; his fancying he felt an adder in his foot, and striking his foot violently with his stick, in order to kill it; hearing a hiss from out the boot, and then (as Scott said) ‘pelting away’ at it again with his stick. ‘Ah, now he is silent, I think I have done for him;’ then taking off his boot, and finding that it was his watch which had slipped down there, and which he had been thus hammering away at, the hiss having been the sound of the spring breaking. Scott's acting of this story admirable.”—Vol. V. pp. 120, 121.

Moore for a moment thought of accompanying Scott to Paris; but the purpose was changed just as Mrs. Moore had given her consent. The entry of the 28th of October mentions his dining with Croker:—

“Company at Croker's, besides the Lockharts and myself, Sir T. Lawrence and Mr. Locker. Some talk of the etiquette to be observed with kings. Story of an ambassador to the King of Naples, who fearing that he should forget the speech he was to deliver, had it written out in his hat, but no sooner had he made his bow to the King, and directed his eyes to the hat, then his Majesty said, ‘*Couvrez-vous, M. l'Ambassadeur*’ (which, it appears, is the etiquette or privilege of ambassadors), and the poor diplomatist was thus deprived of his speech. A circumstance illustrative of this mentioned by Bassompierre, of his walking in the gallery with Charles I., with his hat, of course, on, when the Duke of Buckingham in his familiar way joined them; upon which Bassompierre, considering his royal audience terminated by this interruption, took off his hat. Bassompierre mentions that the Duke was silly enough to suppose that he took off his hat to him, and rallied him on his formality; a mistake under which Bassompierre thought it was politic still to leave him.”—Vol. V. pp. 128, 129.

Towards the close of this year the *Forget-me-not* fever raged severely, and Moore was offered in one case five hundred, in another a thousand a-year to edit some glittering trifle of the kind. He wisely refused—his hands being full of other work. The Christmas holidays and the opening of the next year, were passed chiefly at home, or with the Lansdownes; and the entries in his log-book do not tell of any peculiar difficulties. There are occasional statements of the ever-varying position in which he stood with respect to the projected “Life of Byron,” and some expressions of impatient anxiety, lest the business should be transferred to other hands. A good deal of dead matter is here preserved about such reviews of his “Life of Sheridan” as were from time to time appearing, and a little more of the secrets of the book trade are told than it can be for the good either of authors or publishers should be generally known. If history cannot be true, as a great statesman has said, even less is it possible that biography should; and it scarcely does, when the author of such a book as the “Life of Byron,” or of

that were his
he could com-
he thinks very
n the 21st of
o London, and
Lansdownes:—

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gainst Lord Lons-
pared Lord Lons-
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Lord Lansdowne
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—Vol. V. p. 150.

breakfasted at

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51.

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at Lord H.'s, told
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eir parents, from
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l the way from
the 'Examiner'
to myself, from
iology. 'The au-
Westminster Re-
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lating that there
work, on which
hat this is all the
ing such a large
large, indeed, ac-
be seen at many
exquisite fooling,
logist!"—Vol. V.

Moore, however, might have learned
from this other lessons than those
against phrenology. It is probable,
too, that he did, for his prose style in
his "Life of Byron," is essentially
different from that in the "Life of
Sheridan," and is, in all respects,
better.

Moore had now and then to feel an
annoyance from which every man con-
nected with literature must at times
suffer—the imputation to him of writ-
ings which he may not ever even have
heard of. We should have thought
that the most becoming course in such
a case would be, whatever might be
the inconvenience, to allow such report
to remain uncontradicted, allowing
time and accident to correct the mis-
take, however vexatious, and to rest
for vindication upon one's general
character. Moore, however, was of
too sensitive a nature for this; and
some verses, attacking Peel, having
appeared in the *Times*, he wrote to
Mr. Croker to tell Peel that the
verses were not his. Peel's reply was,
as might be expected, courteous and
complimentary to Moore.

For so great a diner-out as Moore,
we have less of his tailor than might
be expected. We find him, however,
in town early in June, and then comes
the important entry—

"Went to Power's about a coat I had
ordered, having none fit to appear in: found
it dreadful, and went to Nugee's, the tailor,
who engaged to make me another imme-
diately.

"8th. — Waked at five o'clock by the
dreadful noise of the workmen pulling down
some houses opposite. Nugee called with
the first *sketch* of my coat to try it on: said
he would dress me better than ever I was
dressed in my life: 'There's not much of
you, sir,' he said, 'and therefore my object
must be to make the most I can of you.'
Quite a jewel of a man this Nugee: have
gone to him in consequence of my former
tailor being a bankrupt."—Vol. V. p. 167.

The publication of the "Epicu-
rean," the conversation and letters of
his friends about it, are the chief sub-
ject of his entries for a few weeks.

From an entry of September 12, we
transcribe the following:—

"At some college dinner, where, in giving
toasts, the name was spoken from one end
of the table, and a quotation applicable to it
was to be supplied from the other, on the
name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out,

Porson, who hated him, roared forth, 'What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?' Said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in an argument, 'Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I'll be damned if I'll argue with you now that I'm drunk.'
 Bowles's lecture to his curate, on his use of hard words in preaching, very amusing. Summoning up all his servants before the curate, to ask them, one by one, whether they understood the meaning of the word 'final.' First the cook; then, Thomas. 'Do you, Thomas, know what 'final' means?' 'No, sir.' Then turning to the curate, 'You see now,' &c., &c. Boswell asking him about some passage in Pope, 'What does he mean by it?' 'I don't know, sir; I suppose he meant to vex some one.' Boswell complaining of the noise of the company, the day before, making his head ache. 'No, sir; it was not the noise that made your head ache, it was the sense we put into it.' 'Has sense that effect on the head?' 'Yes, sir, on heads not used to it.' Boswell mentions Johnson saying to him one night when they were sleeping in the same room and conversing, 'If you don't stop talking, sir, I will get up and tie you to the bedpost.' 'I mention this (adds Boswell) to show the faculty he had of placing his adversary in a ridiculous position.' Lord Dudley, it is well known, has a trick of rehearsing over to himself, in an under tone, the good things he is about to *debiter* to the company, so that the person who sits next to him has generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. The other day, having a number of the foreign ministers and their wives to dine with him, he was debating with himself whether he ought not to follow the continental fashion of leaving the room with the ladies after dinner. Having settled the matter he muttered forth in his usual soliloquising tone, 'I think we must go out all together.' 'Good God! you don't say so!' exclaimed Lady —, who was sitting next to him, and who is well known to be the most anxious and sensitive of the Lady Whigs with respect to the continuance of the present Ministry in power. 'Going out all together' might well alarm her. [A man once (not very remarkable for agreeableness) proposed to walk from the House of Commons to the Travellers' Club with Lord Dudley, who discussing the proposal mentally (as he thought) with himself, said audibly, 'I don't think it will bore me very much to let him walk with me that distance.']] On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his carriage from some country house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself, 'Now, shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town?' It is said that the fellow-traveller, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in

the same sort of tone, 'Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation?'—Vol. V., pp. 204–237.

The *Times* appears to have begun to feel Moore's squibs were too many or too dear. Instead of £400 a-year, which they had been paying, they offer him £200 for half the number.

On the whole, the year rolled on pleasantly enough, and the Christmas holidays found him pretty much in the same position as the year before. During the interval, there had been causes for congratulation and condolence with Lord Lansdowne on ministerial changes, and in Moore's journal speculations enough on the greater comfort there is to men in opposition speaking of the misgovernment, than in any effort to do better when they come into power. We omit all reference to such matters, as they form but a small part of the interest of the book. It would appear that the diary contained little on such subjects that is of any peculiar interest; or, if there even had been any such matter, that it has been omitted. This last supposition is, however, unlikely, as asterisks often indicate where omissions occur; and we may presume, therefore, that where they do not occur, nothing has been omitted.

January 15, 1828.—A visit to Bath is recorded, and a dinner party. The next day gives a dismal record of the fate of presentation copies. Moore ought to have burned the books rather than sold them; but, no doubt, the lumber should have been got rid of in some way, or how would he have continued to live in his little cottage?

"16th.—Desperate day. Called on a second-hand bookseller, with whom Bessy has some negotiation for exchange of wares, being about to barter some bran-new poetry which I have given her (all presentation copies, and most of them, alas! uncut) for some second-hand literature of a better quality. Fancied myself unknown, but was wofully undeceived when the poor man asked me, with much humility, to hear and pass sentence on a singing daughter he had got, and on whom he had laid out much more money than he could well afford, to accomplish her for a public performer. Took me up to a small wretched room, where in two seconds the young lady was at the pianoforte. Praised her playing, which I could with a clear conscience."—Vol. V., p. 245.

We have the record of a visit to

Newstead Abbey, which contains little that is not woven into his "Life of Byron." An account of some half-dozen dinner parties. From the entry of Jan. 26, we transcribe the following sentence:—

"Forgot to mention that Montgomery the poet was asked to come (from Sheffield) yesterday to dinner, with a Dr. —, who dined here, but refused, from rather an over-delicate scruple with respect to me. It appears he once wrote a very violent attack either on myself or my poetry, which, though he is quite sure I knew nothing about it (as is really the case), makes him feel not altogether justified in meeting me till I am apprised of the circumstance. Anxious as I had been before to make his acquaintance, this, of course, increased my desire, and we were in great hopes, from the messages sent, that he would have come to-day, but he did not. It seems he writes all those imaginative (and, some of them, beautiful) things of his in one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all dirty Sheffield. Has lately, they say, issued some rather absurd speech or writing, in which he upholds this said Sheffield as little less than the Athens of England. This is what it is to be the *Coryphæe* of a set of provincial blues!"—Vol. V., p. 253.

In February we have Moore in London. The negotiations with Murray about the Byron papers ended in all the "publishable parts" being placed in his hands, and in Murray giving him 4,000 guineas for the "Life." At the close of this month we find him at home, and, by the end of March, he "makes his first regular start in 'Lord Byron's Life.'"

The following entry bears date April 11:—

"Conversation with Hobhouse about Byron after breakfast; have taken some notes of it elsewhere. . . . In speaking of Sir Walter Scott, II. said that he had been told by an old and intimate friend of Sir Walter's that he had never in the course of their long intercourse heard him give utterance to a single generous sentiment. I asked whether the reporter of this fact was a Whig, as I had seldom met with a thorough Whig partisan who did not mean by 'generosity of sentiment' good Whig politics, as if it were impossible out of that pale to have a heart worth thinking of. He answered that his reporter *was* a Whig, which leaves Scott, I must own, exactly where he was before, in my esteem."—Vol. V., pp. 275, 276.

Moore loses no opportunity of hard hits against the Church. He quotes Sydney Smith for the following:—

"In talking of the Irish Church and pronouncing it a nuisance, he said, 'I have always compared it to setting up butchers' shops in Hindostan, where they don't eat meat: 'We don't want this,' they say. 'Ay, ay, true enough, but you must *support our shop*.'"—Vol. V., pp. 279, 280.

May 22.—We have this of Cooper the novelist:—

"Smith (Sydney) spoke of Cooper, the American writer, whom he had been lately visiting. Cooper's touchiness; his indignation against Lord Nugent for having asked him to walk to some street with him, and on being admitted where he went to visit, leaving the republican to return alone; his rage with the Duke of Devonshire for not returning his visit, &c., &c.; said that 'the world should hear of these things!' Sydney joking with me as to the way I should proceed with Cooper, which was, as he advised, to call him out the first thing I did, for, as it must come to that, I might as well begin with it. . . . Lord Holland mentioned, as curious, the constant opportunities Dryden takes, in his 'Virgil,' of abusing the Dutch, and alluding to King William. Forget his instances of the former, but among those of the latter were the translation of *Pulsaturre parens*, which Dryden renders 'Expel their parents, and *usurp the throne*;' and another (not much to the purpose) *dominiumque potentem imposuit*, 'Imposing foreign kings for foreign gold.' . . . 27th. — Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Cooper the American: Littleton and Lady Sarah, and Luttrell, also of the party. Cooper very agreeable. Anecdote of the disputatious man: 'Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four.' 'But I deny *that* too; for 2 and 2 make twenty-two.' Cooper said one thing which, more from his manner than anything else, produced a great effect: mentioning some friend of his who had been well acquainted with Lady H. Stanhope abroad, and who told him of his having, on some particular occasion, stood beside her on Mount Lebanon, when Cooper came to the word 'Mount,' he hesitated, and, his eyes being fixed on me, added, 'I, was going to say Mount Parnassus, looking at *you*.' When Rogers, too, in talking of Washington Irving's 'Columbus,' said, in his dry significant way, 'It's rather *long*,' Cooper turned round on him, and said sharply 'That's a *short* criticism.' . . . Met D'Israeli this morning at the Athenæum: he has invited me to meet Southey at dinner on the 6th; but I hesitate. He said, 'Byron was studious when a boy, but concealed it, thinking it more dashing to appear an idle fellow.' In trying a new coat on me this morning, Nugee, that pink of tailors, said, turning me out of his hands, 'There's the coat that will immortalise me.' The accounts of my dear Anastasia rather alarming; fear

that Bessy does not tell me *really* how ill she is.

"31st.—Breakfasted at the Athenæum; immediately afterwards to meet Bishop at Power's; looked over with him his arrangements of my volume of 'Legends.' Met Lord Strangford; walked out with him. Met Jerdan of the 'Literary Gazette,' and introduced him to Lord S. Jerdan said, laughingly, that he would not suffer me to make free with the first syllable of his name as I had done; did not know at first what he alluded to, till he reminded me that in writing to the Longmans about the story he had inserted of me relative to the letters of Captain Rock, I called his paper the '*Literary Gazette*.'"—Vol. V., pp. 280–292.

The following entry is one which we can neither omit nor abridge:—

"June 1st.—Breakfasted with Rogers, the Wordsworths, and Luttrell. A quatrain quoted by Wordsworth about the Shelleys:—

'Twas not my wish
To be Sir Bysse,
But 'twas the whim
Of my son Tim.'

All assailed me about some American lady, Miss Douglas, who, it seemed, was dying to see me, and had called once or twice at my lodgings with Sydney Smith. Agreed to send for her, and she came, carrying in her hand a little well-printed edition of my *Melodies* and *Sacred Songs*. Told me a long story about it; that it was a clergyman made her a present of it, &c. Mentioned also a beautiful friend of hers, who had been 'very gay,' and a great admirer of my poetry; when she was dying she wished to hear some sacred music; and this Miss Douglas brought a person to her to sing one of my *Sacred Songs*, 'Were not the sinful Mary's tears,' but did not think it right to tell her that the words were by the same poet she had so delighted in in her days of pleasure. Wordsworth produced an album for us all to write in, Rogers, Luttrell, and myself. Miss Douglas, by-the-bye, also told me of Miss Emmett, the daughter of him who went to America; her abstaining, at all times, from speaking of Ireland, as a subject she could not trust herself with; but one night, having been prevailed on to sing my song, 'Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,' she burst into tears before she was half-way through it; and starting up from the pianoforte gave at once full vent to all her feelings about Ireland, execrating England in the most passionate manner, and wishing that America and the other nations of the earth would join to avenge Ireland's cause on her. Called upon Barnes; talking of the aristocracy, he abused them for their gross ignorance of the feelings and wants of the classes below them, their selfishness, their stupidity, &c., &c. I said (and might have given himself as an

instance) that the same ignorance prevailed among the inferior classes with respect to the aristocracy, who were *not* selfish, nor deficient in sympathy with the people to anything like the degree which the latter supposed."—Vol. V., pp. 292, 293.

June 6th—Dinner at Rogers's:—

"Sat next to Jekyll, and was, as usual, amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. 'My Lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London; my Lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My Lord, it is written in the book of nature ——' 'What book?' says Lord E. 'The book of nature.' 'Name the page,' says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down."—Vol. V., pp. 297.

The journal, for the latter part of 1828, presents little of much interest. A great part of it was passed in London, where, we suppose, he was too much occupied to do more than jot down a few memoranda to assist his recollection. The notices chiefly refer to interviews and negotiations with publishers, and business engagements of one kind or other. This portion of the diary might, we think, have been omitted or materially abridged.

In the beginning of December he returns home. Among his memoranda of the past year, there are some ominous notices of the health of his children. He had already lost a daughter. We read of one of his sons having had fever, and of after delicacy interfering with some plans for his education and place of residence. His daughter's health is often mentioned in such a way as to render it impossible that the fear of her death—too soon realised—should not have been often present to his thoughts. He returned to find her dying. Among the earliest entries of the next year, we find the following:—"Find it a hard task now to write anything with a mind so harassed as mine is by the prolonged illness of the child, and the evident effect it begins to have upon the (even far more precious) health of the mother, who looks every day more and more worn with it." The fears for his child were soon realised—Moore was destined to survive all his children.

The sixth volume of Lord John's work is occupied with the poet's diary of five years more. The volume opens

with a few pages from Lord John, in which he defends Moore against some of the reviews of the earliest parts of the diary — gives a sort of polemical discourse on the subject of vanity, and a disquisition on the sort of talents which the lighter intercourse of society encourages, and may be almost said to create—what is wit to one circle being not very unlike folly to another. To illustrate a proposition which he lays down, that “as a dinner is set out with two kinds of champagne, so two kinds of wit, the still and the sparkling, are to be found in good company,” he instances as among the best examples of the first, Sheridan and Talleyrand; and Hare, whom he only knew of by tradition, and Sydney Smith, of the second. Of the champagne, whether still or sparkling, it does not answer to produce half-emptied flasks, and therefore we think Lord John would have done better not to have given examples of Sydney Smith’s acted jokes. The powers of conversation exhibited by Scott, by Mackintosh, and by Lord Holland, pass under review. We wish Lord John had, in addition to what he says of them, told us a thing which it would be of more moment with reference to the subject before him; for us to know—what he thought of Moore’s own talents in this way.

The year 1829 passed pretty much as the former. In that year Catholic Emancipation was granted; and it was to be feared that a good deal of the furniture of Moore’s mind would soon go out of fashion; as how could he now speak with any tolerable plausibility of chains, and slaves, and such things? Reasonable men hoped for an immediate end of all this; but when have the hopes of reasonable men been realised? Emancipation was scarcely granted, when the agitation for Repeal of the Union commenced. That agitation was for a while interrupted by the birth-throes of Reform, which were then shaking the empire.

Moore’s profession of authorship soon brought him orders for work in the historical and biographical line. For Dr. Lardner’s Cyclopædia, he undertook a history of Ireland, and some letters were about the same time put into his hand, which made him think of a life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. These engagements, and the wish of

introducing his wife, whom his family had not yet met, to his mother and sisters, made him visit Ireland in the course of the next year.

Moore was a name with which men thought to conjure in Ireland. We doubt whether, had they succeeded in chaining him down with the ties of party, he would not soon have burst from such imprisonment; but for a while the Repeal party thought of putting him into Parliament. Cashel would have received him with open arms, and Limerick sent more than one deputation, entreating him to represent in Parliament the city of yet “unbroken tea-tray.” Moore had not the property required by statute law as the qualification to sit for a borough. No matter; his constituents would in one way or other supply it. He contrived at last to get rid of solicitations to which there was yet something within his own bosom which would willingly have yielded. The temptation, however, was fortunately resisted, and he returned to England, again to commence the work of authorship—to shine at brilliant parties, and to preserve such records of them as have been too largely quoted from by us in the former part of this paper to render further specimens necessary.

It gratified us to meet with entries of July, 1831, which mention the visit to Moore’s cottage of “Mulvany, a young Irish artist,” with whom he would seem, and he well might, to have been greatly pleased. They had one or two very pleasant days of music and dancing at Moore’s, and at his neighbour’s Bowles the poet. We must make room for these entries:—

“August 22, 1831.—Mulvany, a young Irish artist, arrived from town to pay us a visit on his way to Bristol; stayed till the 29th; went with us to an archery meeting on the 26th (a regular series of them having been established by subscription at the Spa Rooms at Melksham—Lord Kerry President, and Lady Theodora Bute the Patroness), my dear Bessy looking very handsome, and danced gaily all the evening.

“28th.—Dined at Bowles’s; party, Mulvany and ourselves; old Hoyle (the Exodiad poet) and another person. Mentioned a pun of Pitt’s—viz., Latin for a RIMY morning—AURORA MUSIS AMICA. Never saw Bowles in more amusing plight; played for us on the fiddle, after dinner, a country dance, which forty years ago he heard on entering a ball-room, to which he had rode I don’t know how many miles to meet a girl he was very

fond of, and found her dancing to this tune when he entered the room; the *sentiment* with which he played this old-fashioned jig beyond anything diverting. I proposed we should dance to it, and taking out Mrs. Bowles, led off, followed by the Powers, Bessy, Mulvany, &c.; our fiddle soon tired, on which Hoyle volunteered a scrape, and played so dolefully slow as to make us laugh in far quicker time than we danced; however, we brisked up the old bow, and Mrs. Moore taking Bowles for a partner, we got through one of the most laughing dances I have seen for a long time. In the course of the evening I sang 'Alley Croker,' accompanied by Bowles on the violin, much to the amusement of the whole party. Next day Mulvany left us."

Mulvany, who appears to have added to the life of the party, was not unoccupied with his art while in Moore's neighbourhood. We believe it was there that he painted what we have always considered the truest and best portrait of Moore—the only one which does not represent the little man as staring into the skies, as if asserting, somewhat vindictively, his right to be as tall as others. This portrait we greatly admire, and think it would be well if an engraving from it accompanied some future volume of this work, or of some edition of Moore.

Among the entries of 1833, we have the following curious statement:—

"Lord Lansdowne mentioned Mrs. Siddons, saying one day, when looking over the statues at Lansdowne House, that the first thing that suggested to her the mode of expressing intensity of feeling was the position of some of the Egyptian statues, with the arms close down by the sides, and the hands clenched. This implied a more *intellectual* feeling as to her art than I had ever given Mrs. Siddons credit for. To be sure, if ever great actor or actress had that feeling, she, the greatest *I* had ever seen, ought to have been inspired with it; but in my opinion none have. It is not an intellectual art.

She was a dull woman; Kemble was a cultivated man, but a poor creature when he put pen to paper, or otherwise attempted to bring out anything of mind."

Of Kemble we cannot thus think. His reply to Thomas Whately's remarks on Shakspeare's *Richard III.* and *Macbeth* are those of a man of considerable mental power. The actor's can scarcely be an enduring fame; but when we consider what his materials are in comparison with those of any other of the votaries of the fine arts, the wonder is that he can ever extend his transitory triumph beyond the hour in which he fascinates all spectators. We are almost inclined to ascribe to him the union of the powers which the poet and painter havenot combined, but distinct, and thus assign him the high place above either, which Campbell did not hesitate to give to Kemble, in his splendid farewell address:—

"His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only *Acting* lends—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends;
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one glance from Time;
But by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.

"And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came;
Together by the Muse's side
The sister paragons had grown;
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne—
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of Man
In lovelier Woman's cause."

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XLII.

"THE COMING SHADOW."

I ARRIVED in Paris a few days after, and took up my abode at the Hotel Quillac, then one of the most splendid in the capital. Mr. Fox and Colonel Canthorpe received me most courteously, willingly accepting my guidance in their visits to the various objects of interest that this glorious city contains. Such a knowledge of the language as I possessed was a rarer gift at that time than it now is, when education and foreign travel are so widely enjoyed; and I could plainly see that they regarded their chance acquaintanceship with me as quite a piece of good fortune. This did not, however, prevent their feeling—as I could perceive they felt—a most lively curiosity as to what might have been my former life, where it had been passed, and how? Too well bred to suffer this anxiety of theirs to appear, except by a mere accident, yet it was evident to me, by a hundred little circumstances, how it formed a constant subject of conversation between them.

I am far from implying that their intercourse with me was marked by anything like distrust or suspicion; on the contrary, they talked freely in my presence on every subject; and upon politics Mr. Fox especially spoke with a degree of openness that, had he been less distinguished, I should have presumed to call indiscreet. He made almost daily visits at the Tuilleries, and never hesitated, on his return, to recount to us what had passed between the First Consul and himself.

The manly character of the English statesman contributed to give the interviews many very interesting traits, to which also his imperfect knowledge of French lent several amusing features. Were I not afraid of repeating well-known anecdotes, I should avail myself of this opportunity to recall some instances of these. At all events, I am happy to have the occasion of

saying, that the veriest Tory that ever inveighed against France, never had a more thoroughly English heart and spirit than Charles Fox. I have seen it imputed to him, that in his partisanship he would willingly have accepted a dishonourable peace, and made common cause with the First Consul on any terms; and I affirm that I am in a position to refute this foul charge, and prove it a calumny.

Neither, as was asserted at the time, did the unquestionable fascination of Bonaparte's manner gain a complete ascendancy over the Englishman's less cultivated tact. It is true he came back—as who would not?—from these meetings, amazed at the extensive knowledge, the vast acquirements, and the profound sagacity of that great man; nor did he hesitate to own that even these were thrown into the shade by the charms of his manner, and the captivation of an address, which I believe, at that period, had reached its very point of perfection.

An attack of gout confined Mr. Fox for some time to his room, and thus interfered with the progress of an intimacy that might be fairly called friendship. Who can say now, how far the highest interests of mankind, the fortunes of the whole world, may not have been influenced by that casual indisposition! It is certain that Fox had already been able to disabuse Bonaparte's mind with regard to a variety of things, in which he judged erroneously. He had succeeded in setting him right on several points of our national spirit and the spirit of our constitution. He had even done much towards convincing him that England was not inspired with an insane hatred to France, and would willingly live at peace with her, only asking that a peace should have guarantees for its duration, and not be, as it but too often is, but the interval of

préparation for war. I say then, again, what a change might there have been to the destinies of mankind, had this intercourse gone on uninterrupted! How differently might Bonaparte have learned to regard and consider Englishmen, and what allowances might he not have come to make for peculiarities purely national!

How naturally might a great intelligence like his have seen, that the alliance of two such nations is the guarantee of civilisation throughout the globe, and that all our smaller rivalries and national jealousies sink to insignificance when viewed in presence of the great perils to which disunion exposes us—perils that, at the hour in which I write these lines, are neither vague nor visionary, and against which an honest and cordial alliance can alone prevail. Let it be taken as the tremulous terror of an old man's mind if I add, that even banded together, and with all their energies to the task, they will not be more than enough for the work that is before them.

I have spoken of the friendly reception I met with from Mr. Fox. I dined constantly with him and Colonel Canthorpe alone, and accompanied them frequently on their evening visits amongst their acquaintances. I joined in everything, even to the high play which they both were passionately devoted to, and lost and won without any decisive results. Meanwhile my resources ran lower and lower. The style of living I maintained was costly; and at the end of some weeks I saw myself with barely sufficient to carry me through another fortnight. To this very hour I cannot explain to myself the calm indifference with which I contemplated my approaching and inevitable ruin. I really know nothing of the flatteries by which I may have beguiled my own heart, and am left to the conclusion, that the intoxicating pleasures of the time had rendered me insensible to every thought for the future. I went further too than might be supposed possible. I accepted invitations to shoot in Scotland, and pass my Christmas at Canthorpe's seat in Cumberland, promising everything with the ease of one free to dispose of himself as he fancied.

Meanwhile time went on. I had asked Mr. Fox and Canthorpe to dine with me at the *Fleur de Pois*, outside the barrier. It was a celebrated res-

taurant of those times, as distinguished for the excellence of its wine as the perfection of its cookery. I had often given myself the airs of connoisseurship in these matters, and I was resolved that my entertainment should not disparage my taste.

More than one morning had I passed in council over the bill of fare, discussing the order of the courses, canvassing the appropriate sauces, and tasting the various wines. It was to be a "*Diner à soixante francs par tête*"—the reader may imagine the rest. I knew that my friends were unacquainted with the repute this house enjoyed, and I congratulated myself in fancying the surprise they would feel at the unexpected perfection of every arrangement within doors. I went down early on the morning of the eventful day to see that everything was in readiness. All was perfect; the table was decorated with the choicest flowers, amidst which an ornamented dessert lay scattered as it were. The temperature of the room, the lighting—all were cared for; and I returned to Paris fully satisfied that nothing had been omitted or forgotten. Instead, however, of repairing to my hotel, I went to a small restaurant near the Luxembourg to breakfast, and lounged afterwards at the gardens there, intending to keep myself "up" for the evening, and not dissipate any of those conversational resources I wished to hoard for the hours of conviviality. The reader may well smile at the inconsistency of the man who could so collectedly devise a few hours of pleasure, and yet face the whole future without a moment's thought or deliberation! Towards five o'clock I sauntered slowly back to the hotel.

"A note for you, sir," said the porter, presenting me with a letter as I entered. "The gentleman said it was to be given to you the moment you came in."

I took it with a strange, half-sickening sense of coming evil. I broke the seal, and read:—

"Crillan, Three o'Clock.

"DEAR C.,—We are off for England at a moment's warning, and have only time to counsel you to the same. There is some mischief brewing, and the d——d Tories are likely to involve us in another war. Keep this to yourself. Get your passport ready;

and let us soon see you across the water. With many regrets from F. and myself at the loss of your good dinner to-day, believe me yours truly,

“GEORGE CANTHORPE.”

The whole fabric in which I had been living for weeks past fell at once to the ground—all the illusions of my daily existence were suddenly swept away, and there I stood in presence of my own heart—a poor bankrupt pretender, without one to know or acknowledge him.

I hastened to my room, and sat down, for some minutes actually overwhelmed by the chaotic flood of thought that now poured through my brain. Very little calm consideration would have shown me that my real condition in life had undergone no change. That I stood precisely as I had done the day before—a ruined, houseless adventurer! With a little reflection, too, it is not impossible I might have congratulated myself that my separation had not been brought about by any disgraceful discovery of my actual rank in life, and that I had escaped the humiliation of an exposure. These thoughts came later; for the moment all was sadness and gloomy depression.

The waiter entered to say, that the carriage Monsieur had ordered was at the door, and it took me some minutes to recall my mind to the fact, and to remember that I had ordered a carriage to convey us to the restaurant. “Be it so,” said I to myself, “let us play out the comedy;” and with this resolve I proceeded to dress myself for dinner with all the elegance I could bestow on my toilet.

Had I been about to dine at Court, I could not have been more particular. My sabot and ruffles were of the finest “valenciennes;” my vest was white satin, richly embroidered with gold; and the hilt of my sword glittered with marqueseta and turquoise. I took a look at myself in the glass, and almost started back as I saw the contrast between this finery of my apparel and the haggard expression of my features; for though my cheek was flushed and my eyes sparkled, my mouth was drawn down, and my thin parched lips denoted fever. There was that in my looks that actually scared myself.

“To the Fleur-de-Pois,” said I, throwing myself back in the carriage; and away we drove along the crowded

Boulevard, many an eye turned on the foppish figure that lounged so elegantly in his carriage, never suspecting the while what the tone of his thoughts at that moment were, and that he was gravely canvassing within himself the strange stories that would circulate on the morrow, should his body be taken up in the “Filets de St. Cloud.” True was it, the dark and muddy Seine, the cold, fast-flowing river, was never out of my thoughts. It swept, torrent-like, through all my reasoning, and the surging water seemed to rise and swell around me. At that moment short fitful thoughts of the long past shot through my mind; and my mother, and Raper, and Margot, too, came and went before me. Where were all the teachings of my infancy now—where the holy aspirations of my early boyhood?—where the simple tastes and lowly desires, the home affections and blest humility I once loved to dream over?—where that calm existence, so bounded by easy ambitions? and where, above all, that honesty of life that spurned every thought of deception? “A meet ending for such a career,” said I, bitterly, as I gazed down on the river along whose bank we were driving. “Ay,” thought I, as we passed along, “there is not one so miserable nor so poor with whom I would not change places, only that this mockery should cease, and that I should be something to my own heart besides a cheat.”

The day suddenly grew overcast, the clouds massed themselves heavily together, and the rain began to descend in torrents. When we reached the restaurant the storm had become a hurricane, and all who had been preparing to dine through the arbours of the garden were quickly driven to seek shelter within doors. As I descended from the carriage, all was tumult and confusion; for although every available spot had been given up to the guests, yet from their numbers they were crowded together most uncomfortably, and loud and angry complaints and remonstrances were heard on all sides. In vain the waiters heard patiently or answered courteously the various contents of those who appealed to their rank and station as claims for special consideration. Distinguished generals, ministers, great leaders of fashion, were all condemned to the same indiscriminate fortune of humbler natures.

From where I sat in the little *salon* reserved for myself, I could overhear these complaints and remonstrances, and it was in a kind of savage irony with Fortune, that I bethought me of my sumptuous lot in comparison with the discomforts of those around me. Twice or thrice was my door flung open by persons in search of an apartment, and in this confusion and shame I revelled as in a momentary triumph. At length, in an interval of comparative quiet, I thought I heard voices whispering outside my door. I listened, and could distinguish that they were female accents, and discussing, as it seemed, some project on which they were not agreed. One appeared to insist as eagerly as the other was bent on opposing; and the words, “*Mais oui*,” “*mais non*,” followed in quick succession. I know not how it was, but I conceived a most intense curiosity to learn the subject of the discussion. I felt as if I must have some share or concern in the matter, and eagerly bent my ear to hear further. Nor was I wrong. The question argued was, whether or not the two ladies should appeal to the gallantry of the occupant of the room to afford them shelter, till such time as their carriage might arrive to fetch them for Paris. She who spoke with more authority was in favour of the appeal, while the younger voice expressed dissent to it.

Being in a measure a party to the cause, I resolved to lend what influence I might possess towards the decision; and so, flinging wide the door, I saluted the strangers courteously, and informing them that I had accidentally overheard their discussion, begged they would permit me to decide it, by placing my apartment at their disposal at once. The elder of the two immediately addressed me in a tone and manner that bespoke a person of condition, accepting my hospitality, but only on the condition that I myself should remain, for I had made a gesture indicative of departure. The younger, with a veil closely drawn across her face, curtsied without speaking. I at once acceded, and placing chairs for my guests, requested them to be seated.

The waiter at length made his appearance to say dinner was ready, “*whenever Monsieur desired it*.” This was a new difficulty, and I really felt

much embarrassed by it. Resolving, however, to adopt the bold course, I hastily apologised for the great liberty I was about to take; and after briefly explaining the departure of the two friends I had expected, begged they would allow me to believe that Fortune had really been kind to me, for once, in replacing them.

A sign of half-impatience by the younger was speedily corrected by the other, as she said—

“*Monsieur forgets that we are strangers to each other*.”

But there was nothing like rebuke in the tone she spoke in; but rather, as I thought, a suggestive hint thrown out to provoke some effort at explanation on my part. I was right in this conjecture, as I speedily saw by the degree of attention she vouchsafed me.

Perhaps if I had had a better cause, I should not have pleaded so successfully. I mean, that if I had been really the owner of a high name and station, it is just possible I might not so ably have combated the difficulty of the situation.

“*At all events*,” said the elder lady, “*Monsieur has one advantage; he knows who we are*.”

“*I shame to say, madame*,” said I, bowing low, “*that in my ignorance of Paris, I have not that honour*.”

“*Indeed!*” cried she, half incredulously.

“*It is quite true, madame*. I have been but a few days here, and have no acquaintance whatever.”

They now spoke to each other for a few seconds; and after what seemed strong persuasion, the younger turned away to remove her bonnet.

“*We have, then, no right to exact any concession from Monsieur*,” said the elder lady, “*seeing that we preserve our own secret*.”

I could not but assent to this doctrine, and had just acknowledged it, when the younger turned abruptly round, uttering a half cry of amazement.

“*Margot!*” exclaimed I—for it was she. But already had she buried her face between her hands, and refused to look up.

“*What means this?*” said the elder, sternly, to me. “*Do you know this young lady?*”

“*I did so once, madame*,” said I, sorrowfully.

"Well, sir?" replied she, proudly, and as if desiring me to finish my speech.

"Yes, madame. I knew her as a child in her grandfather's house. I was scarcely more than a boy myself at the time; but had the interval been four times as great, I could not forget all that I owe to his kindness and to hers."

I could scarcely utter the last words from emotion. The child Margot—a beautiful woman, graceful and fascinating—now stood before me, changed but still the same: her dark eyes darker and more meaning; her fair brow expanded and more lofty.

"You know my story?" asked she, in a low, soft voice.

"Yes, Margot. And oftentimes in my saddest hours have I sought excitement and relief in the thought of your triumphs——"

"There, child—there!" exclaimed the elder, enthusiastically. "There is, at least, one who can prize the glorious ambitions of the scene, and knows how to appreciate the successes of high art. Stand not abashed before him, child; he comes not here as your accuser."

"Is it so, indeed?" cried Margot, entreatingly.

"Oh! if you but knew, Margot, how proudly I have often pondered over our hours of the past—now fancying that in my teachings of those days some germ of that high ambition you have tried to reach may then have been dropped into your heart—now wondering if, in your successes, some memory of me might have survived. If you but knew this, Margot, you would soon see how this bright moment of our meeting repays all the sorrows of a life long."

"I am in the third act of the drama," said the elder lady, smiling. "Pray let me into the secret of the piece. Where, when, and how were you first acquainted?"

Margot looked at me to speak; but I returned her glance so entreatingly, that, taking her friend's hand between her own, she seated her at her side, and began.

While she narrated the story of our first meeting, I had full time to look at her, and see the changes a few years had made. Beautiful as she had been in childhood, far more lovely was she now in the grace of developed beauty.

Her art, too, had cultivated expression to its very highest point, yet without exaggerating a trait of her features; the tones of her voice had in them a melody I had never heard before; and I hung on her very utterance as though it were music!

I dare not trust myself to recall more of that scene; already are emotions struggling within me, the conflict of which this poor shattered heart is not equal to. The great trials of life are often easier burdens to memory than some flitting moment of passionate existence, some one brief hour of mingled hope and fear.

Margot's friend—it was Madlle. Mars herself—felt the liveliest interest in the story of our first meeting, my boyish duel, and—why should I not say it?—my boyish love. She took pleasure in hearing of every indication of that genius in infancy which she had seen so splendidly displayed in womanhood, and asked me for traits of Margot's childhood with the greatest eagerness.

Margot—the first excitement over—seemed sad and dispirited; she even showed impatience once or twice, as Madlle. Mars insisted on hearing some little incident of childhood, and then abruptly said—

"And you, monsieur, how has the world treated you since we met?"

"Not so flatteringly; I am not spoiled by Fortune."

"Nor am I," said she, hastily taking up my words.

"No, dearest, that you are not," cried the other. You are, as first I knew you, generous, warm-hearted, and kind."

"I mean," said Margot, "that these successes have not made me vain nor proud; that I know how to esteem them at their true price, and feel, moreover, how in my heart there lives a spirit above all this loud-tongued flattery."

Madlle. Mars looked at me while she spoke, and I thought that her eyes conveyed the strangest meaning. There was admiration, indeed, but blended with something of tender pity and compassion. What would I not have given to have been able to read this glance aright! No time was given me to think on the theme, for Margot now, with a kind of half impetuous curiosity, asked me for my adventures.

"Tell us all—everything," said she,

laughingly — “your successes, your failures, your hopes, your loves, your joys, and sorrows. I am eager to hear if Fortune has not dealt more generously by you than me. This splendid preparation here”—and she pointed to the dinner-table—“would seem to say much.”

“The story will tell better at table,” said I, gaily, and not sorry to relieve the awkwardness of the moment by any new incident; and with this I ordered dinner at once. As course succeeded course of the magnificent repast, I could not help feeling what a singular preface was all this splendour to the confession that was to follow it, and how oddly would it tell, that the host of such a feast was without a sous in the world. Our spirits rose as dinner went on. We talked together, like old friends who had met yesterday; we discussed passing topics — all the news of the day—lightly and amusingly; we jested and laughed, with all the light-hearted gaiety of unburdened spirits; nor can I remember anything more brilliant than the flow of wit and pleasantry that went on amongst us.

What strange mysterious link unites our lowest moment of despair with a wild and almost headlong joyousness, making of the darkness of our souls a fitting atmosphere for the lightning-play of fancy and the bright coruscations of wit! But an hour back, and never was depression deeper than my own, and now my brain abounded with bright-hued thoughts and pleasant imaginings.

It was late when the carriage arrived, and we returned to Paris, to finish the evening at Madlle. Mars’ lodgings, in the Rue de Choiseul. The little *salons*, furnished with a consummate taste and elegance, were crowded with visitors, as we reached them. Artists, authors, musicians, theatrical people of every kind and sort, with a sprinkling of the higher world, admitted as a rare favour to these “Saturdays.”

It was in the fascination of this very class of society that Margot had originally conceived her passion for the stage. It was in their enthusiasm for her genius and their admiration of her beauty she had first tasted the ambitious longing for fame and applause; and it was still here that she revelled, as in a charmed existence — here sought the inspirations that quickened her spirit to its proudest darings, and

nerved her heart for efforts almost beyond human strength.

I had but to see her for a moment in the midst of this adulation to comprehend the whole history of her life. The poet brought his verses, the musician his strains, the sculptor laid his own image of herself at her feet; the most rapturous verses, the most polished flatteries met her as she entered. Madlle. Mars herself swelled the chorus of these praises, and seemed prouder in the triumphs of her protégé than she had ever been in her own. Margot accepted all this homage as a queen might have done. She received it as a tribute that was due, and of which none dared to defraud her. Shall I own that if at first a modest humility and a girlish diffidence had been more gratifying to me to witness, yet, as the hours wore on, not only had I accustomed myself to bear with, but I actually felt myself joining in that same spirit of adulation which seemed so meetly offered at this shrine?

What sad repinings, what terrible self-reproaches come over me as I write these lines! My thoughts all turn to the very darkest, and yet the most brilliant, moment of my life: the brightest in all its actual splendour and delight—the gloomiest in its dreary memory! Lest these fancies should master me, I will pursue my story rapidly, coldly, apathetically, if I may. I will not suffer a word, if I can help it, to escape me that may unman me for my task, now all but completed. I suppose that no man can write of himself without becoming more or less his own apologist. Even in his self-accusings there will be mingled a degree of commiseration, and his judgments will be found tempered with merciful considerations. I would that I were capable of something better, bolder, and more manly than this. I would that others might learn of my “shortcomings,” and be taught by my “over-reachings!” But though I cannot point the moral, I will tell the tale.

Margot—it was a caprice of the moment—presented me to the society as her cousin. I was the Chevalier de Bertin, of good family and ample fortune. “*Passionnée pour les arts*,” as she said, “and the devoted slave of genius.” The introduction was well calculated to ensure me a favourable reception; and so it proved. I was at once admitted into all the masonry of

the craft. The *couasses* of every theatre were open to me; the private box of the *prima donna*, the editorial sanctum, the dressing-room where the great actress received her chosen few, and the little supper-table, at which a place would have been a boon to royalty—all were mine. To support myself and maintain a condition proportionate to my pretended rank, I laboured immensely. I wrote for no less than four of the great journals of Paris. I was the leading political writer in the Bonapartist *Presse*, the royalist in the *Gazette de la Vendée*, and the infuriated defender of the Girondins in the terrible columns of *La Drapeau de Pays*, theatrical and literary criticism being my walk in the pages of the *Avant Scène*.

Two persons only were in my secret. Sanson, the sub-editor of the *Presse*, and Jostard, who was a royalist agent, and who paid with a liberal hand all the advocates of the Bourbons. My intimate knowledge of the secret history of party, my acquaintance with political characters personally, and above all, my information on England and English topics, gave me enormous advantages, and many of my contributions were attributed to persons high in political station, and speaking the sentiments of authority. I was well versed in the slashing insolence of the military style in which the Bonapartists wrote, and knew all the cant of the Jesuit, as well as the chosen phraseology of the wildest republican. In this way I attacked and replied to myself, vindictively, and even savagely. Assault and counter-attack, insulting demands, and still more insulting replies issued forth each morning, to amaze the capital, and make men ask, how long could such a polemic be sustained without personal vengeance?

In my Bonapartist capacity I assailed Pitt unceasingly. It was the theme of which that party never wearied, and in which all their hatred to England could be carried without openly wounding the susceptibilities of the nation. If I assailed the covert treachery of the English minister by the increased activity in the dockyards during a state of peace, I hailed that very sign in a Bourbonist article as an evidence that the cause of the exiled family had not been abandoned in Great Britain. While in the *Drapeau*, I turned attention to the glorious strug-

gle for freedom then sustained by the blacks of St. Domingo, under the chivalrous guidance of Toussaint, openly declaring that with the negro lay at that moment the whole destiny of all Europe.

One of these articles—I wrote it half wild with the excitement of a supper at the Rue Choiseul; I came home nearly distracted by a quarrel with a Margotard—I cannot continue—was headed “Noir au Blanc,” and was an insulting comparison between “Negro chivalry and the white man’s subserviency.” An outrageously insolent contrast of Bonaparte with Toussaint closed the paper, and occasioned a police visit to the office of the journal, demanding the name and address of the writer. Of these the editor knew nothing, and though he succeeded in establishing his innocence, the journal was declared to be suppressed, and a heavy fine imposed upon its conductors. I was resolved, at whatever sacrifice, to pay this, and consulted with Sanson how best to set about it. My receipts at that time were as follows:—From the *Presse* sixty francs daily; fifty from the *Vendreau*; the theatrical journal paid me one hundred weekly; and the *Drapeau*, up to the time of its suppression, forty francs for every article, irrespective of its length. In a word, each day’s revenue averaged above a hundred and fifty francs, which it was my custom to spend to the last sous piece.

To sustain the character of wealth and fortune, I not only toiled without ceasing, but I entered on a career of extravagance almost as distasteful to me. Margot loved display of every kind. The theatrical passion seemed to suggest a desire for every species of notoriety; and to please her I set up a costly equipage, with showy liveries and magnificent horses. The dinners I gave were of the most extravagant kind; the bouquets I presented to her each evening at the theatre would have in their price supported a family. My earnings could never have compassed such outlay, and to meet it I became a gambler—a practised, a professional gambler—playing with all the calm-headed skill of a deep calculator. Fortune vascillated; but, on the whole, I was a large winner. The fine decreed against the *Drapeau* was fifteen thousand francs—a large sum for me, and far above what any effort at accumu-

lation could possibly compass. So, indeed, Sanson soon told me, and laughed at the bare thought of my attempting it. There was, however, he said, a possibility — a mere possibility of a way to meet this, and he would think over it. I gave him a day or two, and at the end of that time he told me his plan. It was this. There was a certain minister high in the confidence of Bonaparte, whose counsels had not been always followed, nor even listened to at times. These counsels had been founded on the assumption that certain views and intentions of a particular kind were maintained by the royalists—secretly maintained, but still occasionally shadowed forth in such a way as to be intelligible to all in the secrets of the party. To be plain, the suspected plan was neither more nor less than a union of the royalist with the republican faction to overthrow the Bonapartists. This idea seemed so chimerical to Bonaparte, that to broach it was at once to lose character with him for acuteness or political foresight. Not so to him of whom Sanson spoke, and whom I at once pronounced to be Fouché.

“Then you are mistaken,” said he; “but to any other guess I will make no reply, nor if you press me on this subject, will I consent to continue the negotiation.”

I yielded to his terms; and after a brief interval came an order for me to hold myself in readiness on a particular evening, when a carriage would be sent to fetch me to the house of the minister. At eight, the hour indicated, I was ready; and scarcely had the clock struck when the carriage rolled into the courtyard.

I have been led, as it were by accident, into the mention of this little incident, which had no bearing nor influence on my future; but now that I have touched upon it, I will finish it as briefly as I can.

I was received in a small office-like chamber by a man somewhat past middle life, but whose appearance gave him the look of even age. He was short, broad-shouldered, and slightly stooped; the figure altogether vulgar, but the head massive and lofty, and the face the strangest mixture of dignity and cunning—a blending of the high-bred gentleman with the crafty pettifogger—I ever beheld. He received me courteously, and at once opened

the business for which we met. After some compliments on the vigour of my articles in the *Presse*, he proceeded to ask what my peculiar opportunities might be for knowing the secret intentions of the two great parties who opposed the government.

My replies were guarded and reserved; seeing which, he at once said—

“This information is to be recompensed?”

I bowed coldly, and only replied that, if he would put distinct questions to me, I should endeavour to answer them.

After some little fencing on both sides, he asked me for the writer of the leading articles in the *Drapeau*—his name and position in life.

For reasons that may be guessed I declined to reveal these. A similar question as to the *Gazette* met a similar reply. Undeterred by these refusals, he asked me my opinion of these writers' abilities, and the likelihood of their being available to the cause of the government, under suitable circumstances.

I spoke half slightly of their talents, but professed implicit trust in their integrity. He turned the conversation then towards politics, and discussed with me the questions on which I had been writing so earnestly both for and against in the two opposing journals. The tone of virulent abuse of both was great; and I half hinted that a personal *amende* was, perhaps, the point to which my opponent, and, as well myself, were tending. He smiled slightly, but meaningly.

“That opinion is not yours, then, sir?” asked I.

“Certainly not,” said he, blandly. “Mons. Bertin of the *Presse*, will not seek satisfaction from Mons. Bertin of the *Drapeau*—still less of Mons. Bertin of the *Gazette*, whom he holds in such slight esteem.”

“How, sir! Do you mean to imply that I am the writer in all these journals?”

“You have just told me so, sir,” said he, still smiling; “and I respect the word of a gentleman. The tone of identity assumed on paper is exactly that you have yourself put on when advocating any of these lines of policy. I suspected this from the first; now I know it. Ah, Mons. Bertin, you are in the mere nursery of craftiness—not but I must admit you are a very promising child of your years.”

Far from presuming on his discovery, he spoke more kindly and more confidentially than ever to me; asked my reasons for this opinion and for that, and seemed to think that I must have studied the questions I wrote on deeply and maturely. There was nothing like disparagement in his tone towards me, but, on the contrary, an almost flattering appreciation of my ingenuity as a writer.

"Still, Monsieur Bertin," said he, with affected gravity, "the *Drapeau* went too far — *that* you must allow; and for *your* sake as for ours it is better it should be suppressed. The fine shall be paid, but it must appear to have come from the Royalists — can I trust you for this?"

He looked at me calmly, but steadily, as he spoke; and certainly I felt as if any deceit, should I desire it, were perfectly impossible before him. He did not wait for my reply, but with a seriousness that savoured of sincerity, said—

"The press in France at this moment is the expression of this man or that, but it is no more. We live in a period of too much change to have anything like a public opinion; so that what is written to-day is forgotten to-morrow. Yet with all that, the people must be taught to have one religion of the State as they have one of the Church, and heresies of either kind must be suppressed. Now, Monsieur Bertin, my advice to *you* is, be of the good fold — not alone because it is good, but because it is likely to be permanent. Continue to write for the *Gazette*. When you want information, Sanson will procure it for you; but you must not come here again. Temper your Royalist zeal with a seeming regard for your personal safety. Remember that a gentleman gives larger recognizances than a *sans-coulotte*; and above all, keep in mind, that you serve us better in those columns than in our own. *C'est de la haute politique de faire combattre ses ennemis pour soi.*"

He repeated this sentiment twice over, and then with a courteous gesture dismissed me. I was now in the secret pay of the Government — no regular allowance made me, but permitted to draw freely; and when any occasion of real information offered, to pay largely for it.

Had time been given me for reflec-

tion, I believe I should have abhorred myself for the life I now led. It was one course of daily trick and deception. In society I was a spy — in secret, a traitor. Trusted by all, and false to all, I hurried along in a headlong career of the wildest excitement. To enable me to write, I had recourse to various stimulants; and from one excess to another I became a confirmed opium-eater. I had by habit acquired a degree of nervous irritability that almost defied sleep. For days and days frequently I took no other rest than an occasional half-hour's repose when overcome, and then back to the desk again — if not refreshed, at least rallied. The turmoil and confusion of my thoughts at any chance interval of quiet was terrific. So long as I was in action all went well; when my brain was overworked, and my faculties stretched to their extreme tension, the excitement sustained me, and I could develop whatever there was in me of intellectual power. The effort over, and my task accomplished, I became almost bereft of life: a trance-like lethargy seized me; my voice failed, my sight and hearing grew dulled, and I would lie thus, sometimes for hours, scarcely breathing, indifferent to everything.

When I rallied from these seizures, I hurried off to Margot, either to her home or to the theatre. To see her, to speak to her, even to hear her, was enough to call me back once more to life and the love of life. There was that in her own career, with all its changes and vicissitudes, that seemed to fashion her mind into moods similar to my own. On one day she would be to me like a sister — kind and warmly affectionate; on another, she would be as though I were her accepted lover, and show me all the tender interest of one whose fate was bound up with my own; and, perhaps, the very next meeting she would receive me coldly and distrustfully, and darkly hint that my secret life was known to her.

These were to me moments of intense agony. To see through them was worse than any death, and the very dread of them made existence a perfect torture. Till I had seen her, I never knew, each day, in what mood she might feel towards me; and if I revelled in the heaven of her smiles, felt her deep glances descending into

my very heart, and thrilled with ecstasy at each word she uttered, suddenly there would come the thought that this was but a dream, and that to-morrow would be the dreadful awaking!

Her conduct was inexplicable, for it changed sometimes within the compass of a few hours, and from warmest confidence would become the most chilling reserve. She would pour out her whole heart before me; tell me how barren were all the triumphs she had achieved; how remote from happiness was this eternal struggle for fame; how her nature yearned for one true, unchanging devotion; how this mockery of passion made shipwreck of all real feeling, and left the nature worn out, wearied, and exhausted. She would, perhaps, at our next meeting efface all thought of this confidence by some passionate burst of enthusiasm for the stage, and some bold apostrophe to the glory of a great success—scornfully contrasting such a moment with the whole happiness of a life spent in obscurity. I own that in these outbursts of her wildest imagination, her beauty of expression attained its highest excellence. Her dark eyes flashed with the fire of an inspired nature, and her whole figure seemed imbued with a more than mortal loveliness; while in her softer moods there was a sad and plaintive tenderness about her that subdued the spirit, and made her seem even more worthy of love than she had been of admiration. These fitful changes, which at first were only displayed in private, became after a while palpable to the public eye. On one night she would thrill an audience with horror, and in the power of her delineations make the very sternest natures yield to terror. At another, she would shock the public by some indifference to the exigencies of the scene, walk through her part in listless apathy, and receive with calm unconcern the ill-disguised disapproval of the spectators. At such times praise or blame were alike to her; she seemed like one labouring under some pressure of thought too engrossing to admit of any attention to passing objects; and in this dreary pre-occupation she moved like one spell-bound and entranced.

To allude to these passing states of mind after they had occurred was sure to give her deep offence; and although, for a while, I dared to do this, yet I saw reason to abandon the at-

tempt, and maintain silence like the rest. The press, with less delicacy, expressed severe censure on what they characterised as an insulting appreciation of her public; and boldly declared that the voices which had made could still unmake a reputation, and that the lesson of contempt might soon pass from behind the footlights to the space before them.

It was both my province to keep these criticisms from her eye, and to answer them in print; and for a while I succeeded. I wrote, I argued, I declaimed—now casuistically expressing praise of what in my heart I condemned—now seeming to discover a hidden meaning where none existed. I even condescended to appeal to the indulgence of the public, in favour of those whose efforts were not always under their own control, and whose passing frames of sorrow or sickness must incapacitate them at seasons from embodying their own great conceptions. So sensitive had she become on the subject of remark, that the slightest allusion to her health was now resented as an offence; and even Mdlle. Mars dared not to say that she looked paler or thinner, or in better or worse spirits—so certain would any allusion of the kind be to displease her.

This irritability gradually widened and extended itself to everything. The slightest sign of inattention of the audience—any movement in the house while she was acting—a want of ability in those *en scene* with her—an accidental error in even their costume—gave umbrage; and she would stop in her part, and only by an effort seem able to recover herself, and continue. These evidences of indifference to public opinion—for so were they construed—gradually arrayed against her nearly the entire force of the press.

They who had been her most devoted admirers, now displayed all their zeal in the discovery of her faults. The very excellencies they had once extolled, they now censured as stage trickery and deceit. One by one, they despoiled her of every qualification for art, save her beauty; and even that, they said, already proclaimed its perishable nature. My heart sickens as I think over the refined cruelty of these daily attacks—the minute and careful anatomy of humanity, studied to inflict misery! To stem this torrent of opinion, I devoted myself

alone. Giving up all other writing, I thought only of Margot and her cause. I assailed her critics with the foulest abuse. I aspersed their motives, and not unfrequently their lives. I eagerly sought out circumstances of their private habits and actions, and proclaimed them to the world, as the men who dared to teach the expressions by which virtues should be rendered, of whose very existence they were ignorant. I contrasted their means of judgment with their daily lives. I exhibited them as mean hirelings, the cowardly bravos of a degenerate age; and, of course—for Paris was always the same in this respect—various duels were fastened on me for my insolence.

My skill at the sword exercise carried me safely through many of these encounters. My recklessness of life may, perhaps, have served to preserve it, for I was utterly reckless of it! My neglect of politics, and all interest about them, procured my dismissal from the Government journal. The *Vendreau* soon followed the example; and although the violence of my articles in the *Avant Scène* had for a time amused the town, the editors told me that my defence of Mdlle. Margot had now been carried far enough, and that I should look elsewhere for a new topic.

Not a few of Margot's warmest admirers condemned the ill-advised zeal of my advocacy. Some even affirmed that much of her unpopularity had its

origin in my indiscreet defence. I was coldly told I had "written too much." One said I had "fought too often." The fastidious public—which acknowledged no sincerity, nor would recognise such a thing as truth—condemned, as bad taste, the excesses into which my heartfelt indignation had hurried me. Mdlle. Mars was a half convert to this opinion; I shuddered one day, as I suspected that even Margot seemed to entertain it. I had been pressing her to do something—a mere trifle—to which she dissented. I grew eager, and at last insisted; when, looking at me steadily for some seconds, she said—

"Has it never occurred to you that over-zeal is apt to defeat itself, from the very suspicion that it excites, that there may be a deeper motive than that which meets the eye?"

The words smote me to the heart. They were the death-knell to all the hope that had sustained me through my long struggle; and though I tried to read them in various ways less wounding to my feelings, one terrible signification surmounted all the others, and seemed to proclaim itself the true meaning. What if it were really so? was the dreadful question that now struck me. What if I had been the cause of her downfall? The thought so stunned me, that I sat powerless under the spell of its terror—a terror which has tempered every hour of life, from that day to this.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"A PASSAGE IN THE DRAMA."

ONE of the noted characters about Paris, at this time, was a certain Captain Fleury; he called himself "Fleury de Montmartre." He had been, it was said, on Bonaparte's staff in Egypt, but got into disgrace by having taken Kleber's side, in the differences between the two generals. Disgusted with the service, in which he saw no prospect of promotion, he quitted the army, and came to live in Paris, as some thousands live there, no one can tell how, or in what manner. His chief if not only occupation seemed to be the frequenting of all the low gambling-houses, where, however, he rarely was seen to play, but rather waited for the good fortune which

befell some other, with whom he either dined, or succeeded in borrowing a few francs. Less reputable habits than even these were likewise attributed to him—it was said that he often thrust quarrels upon people at the tables, which he afterwards compromised for money, many preferring to pay rather than risk an encounter with a professed duellist.

In his threadbare military frock, and shabby hat, with broken boots and ragged gloves, he still maintained the semblance of his former condition, for he was eminently good-looking, and, in gait and bearing, every inch a soldier. I had made his acquaintance by an accident. I happened to have

let fall beside my chair a bank note for one hundred francs, one night at play. The waiter hurried after me to restore it, just as I was descending the stairs with this Captain Fleury at my side. I was not aware of my loss, and insisted that the money could not be mine. The waiter was equally positive, and appealed to the captain to decide the question. Fleury, instead of replying, took out a much-worn pocket-book, and proceeded to examine its contents.

"I'll wager as much," cried I, "that this gentleman is the owner of the note."

"And you would win, sir," said Fleury, taking it from the waiter's reluctant fingers, and carefully enclosing it within his case.

The waiter never uttered a syllable, but, with a look that revealed an entire history, bowed and retired. I complimented the captain on the good fortune of his presence in such a critical moment, touched my hat to him, and departed.

It was only the next morning that I recollected the sum of money I had had about me, and perceived that the note must have been my own. It was of course too late to think of repairing the loss, but I was far from desiring to do so. The man's appearance had interested me; I was deeply struck by the signs of poverty in his dress, and only happy to have had this slight occasion to serve him, without any infringement on his self-respect. It was, indeed, a question I often debated with myself, whether or not he really believed that he was the owner of the note.

From that day forth we saluted whenever we met; and if, by any chance, we came together, we exchanged the usual courtesies of acquaintance. There was a degree of pleasure afforded him by even this much of recognition, from one whose air betokened more prosperous circumstances, that I gladly yielded. I had known even harder fortune than his, and could well understand the importance he might attach to such a trifle.

By degrees I began to feel a strange kind of interest for this man—so calm, so self-possessed as he seemed in the midst of scenes of passionate and violent excitement. What signified any sudden reverse of fortune, thought I, in comparison with the daily misery of

such a lot as his? And yet, day after day, I saw him unmoved and tranquil; he came and went like one to whom all the vicissitudes of life brought no emotion. He was a study for me, whether I met him at the play-table or the restaurant, or saw him at night in the theatre in his accustomed spot, close to the orchestra, where, with folded arms and bent brows, he stood the entire night without moving. I watched him closely during that terrible week, when, each night of Margot's appearance, the conflict of public opinion grew stronger and stronger, and when, as her enemies gained strength, her former friends either gathered in little despairing knots together, or abandoned the field in defeat. I thought, or rather I seemed to feel, that this man's eyes were fixed upon me oftentimes, when I was not looking at him. I had a strange sense of consciousness that, affect what bearing I might, *he* was reading my secret thoughts at his leisure, and conning over traits of my character. Whenever any momentary burst of disapprobation from the audience had made me fall back in shame and anger within my box, I could feel that his eyes were following me with a glance of persecuting keenness.

Margot's enemies were triumphant; they came each night in crowds, and, by a hundred contrivances of insult, displayed their bitter and undying hatred of her. The leader of the party was a Vicomte Dechainé, whose mistress was the rival of Margot, if even third-rate powers could aspire to contend with genius such as hers! Her friend, it was said, had organised the entire conspiracy, and being a rich man, his purse and his influence were powerful allies. At his supper-table, the writers of the papers, the young fashionables of society, and the professed critics who swayed public taste, were said to meet and concert their measures. Their victory cost them less than they had ever anticipated. Margot's own indiscretions—I have no other word for them—had worked faster for her ruin than all their bitterest animosity. It was not a mere indifference to public opinion she displayed—it was a downright contempt for it. If they censured any peculiarity of expression—a pause, or a gesture—she was sure not only to repeat, but even exaggerate it. Did any detail

of her costume excite reproof, she at once assumed it as a reason for maintaining it. In a word, it seemed that all the arts others employ to win praise and secure popularity, were used by her to show her utter disdain of the world's opinion, and this, too, in a career where such opinion is the law, and where there exists no appeal against it.

To restrain this spirit, even to moderate it, her friends utterly failed. She, who once heard even the humblest with deference, and accepted suggestions with a degree of humility, now rejected all counsel and guidance, and boldly proclaimed herself the only competent judge of what regarded her. A frequent subject of censure amongst her critics, was a habit she had fallen into—of pressing both hands to her temples in moments of intense passion. The gesture was not alone ungraceful, but from its frequency it became, in a measure, a trick; and this they assailed with a degree of virulence far out of proportion to the offence. Mdlle. Mars counselled her to guard against any mannerism, and mentioned this one in illustration. Margot—once the very emblem of obedience to her gifted friend—resented the advice with angry indignation, and flatly declared that her own inspirations were her best advisers.

In the temper she had now assumed, it may be imagined how difficult had all intercourse with her become. Her waywardness increased as the public favour declined; and she, who once might have been permitted to indulge any caprice, was now rigidly denied even the commonest liberty. At first, the hardest task was to blind her to the censures the press was heaping upon her. Now, however, a new difficulty arose. It was to hint that she no longer could count upon the fickle favour of the multitude, and that the hour of her triumph had gone by.

At moments, it is true, in some scenes of intense passion, where a deep emotion of the soul was to find its utterance in a few broken words, a cry, or, perhaps, a look, her wonderful genius shone forth still; and, surmounting all the prejudices of sworn enemies, the theatre would burst forth into one of those thundering peals of applause that sound like the very artillery of human feeling. Such a passage was there in *Bajazet*. It is the scene

where Roxalane listens to the warm protestations of her lover, of whose perfidy she is assured, and whom she herself overheard declaring that his love for her was little other than compassion. For a few seconds the words of adoration seemed to act on her like a spell. She drinks them eagerly and madly; her eyes sparkle—her bosom heaves; her half-opened lips seem, as it were, to catch the accents, when suddenly the truth flashes across her. Her colour flies—her face becomes livid in its paleness. A terrible shudder shakes her frame. She snatches her hand from his grasp, and turns him a look of loathing, contemptuous aversion, such as actually sickens the very heart to behold!

From, I know not what caprice, she disliked this part now, although once it had been her favourite above all others. Her friends made every effort to induce her to resume it, but in vain. Their entreaties, indeed, only served to excite her opposition; and the subject was at last dropped as hopeless. The Court, however, had fixed on a night to visit the "*Français*," and *Bajazet* was their choice. There was now no alternative left her but to accept her part, or see it filled by another. The latter was her immediate resolve; and Mdlle. Leonie, her rival, was at length installed in all the honours of the "first character." It was evident now to all Margot's friends that her career was over. An act of abdication like this was always irrevocable; and the Parisian public was never known to forgive what they regarded as an open act of insult to their authority in taste. Well knowing that all attempts at dissuasion would be hopeless, we made no appeal against her determination, but in calm submission waited for the course of events—waited, in fact, to witness the last crash of ruin to that fame in whose edifice we once had gloried.

Mdlle. Mars advised Margot to travel. Italy had been always the land of her predilection. She had even acted there with immense success in Alfieri's tragedies, for her knowledge of the language equalled that of her own country. It would be a good opportunity to revisit it; "and perhaps, who knew," said she, "but that the echo of her fame coming over the Alps might again rouse the enthusiasm of Paris in her favour?" I warmly sup-

ported this plan, and Margot consented to it. A *dame de compagnie*, an old friend of Mdlle. de Mars, was chosen to be her travelling companion, and I was to be of the party as secretary.

We hurried on all the arrangements as rapidly as possible. We desired that she should leave Paris before the night of the command, and thus remove her from all the enthusiasm of praise the press had prepared to shower down on her rival, with the customary expressions of contemptuous contrast for the fallen idol. We well knew the excess of adulation that was in readiness to burst forth, and dreaded less the effect it might produce on Margot's mind regarding her rival, than that it should inspire her with a curiosity to witness her performance, for such was exactly the wayward character of her mode of thinking and acting.

To our joy we discovered that Margot's impatience equalled, if not exceeded our own. She entered with an almost childish delight into all the preparations for the journey. We hung over the map for hours together, tracing our route, and revelling in anticipated pleasure at the thought of all those glorious old cities of the Peninsula. We consulted guide-books and journals, and pictured to ourselves all the delights of a happy journey. With what ecstasy she recalled the various scenes of her former visit to Italy, and the names of those whose friendships she had acquired, and with whom she longed to make me acquainted. In her enthusiasm she seemed to recover her long-lost buoyancy of heart, and to be of the same gay and happy nature I had known her. I dare not trust myself with more of these memories; they come upon me like the thought of those moments when, on a sick bed, some dear friend has uttered words to be treasured up for years long—words of promise, mayhap words of hope, for a future that was never to come—plans for a time that dark destiny had denied us!

Our arrangements were all completed—our passports procured, a courier engaged, and everything in readiness for the road. We were to set out on the following day. It was a Friday, and Margot's prejudices would not permit her to begin a journey on such an inauspicious day. I reasoned with her and argued earnestly, for I remembered it was on that night Mdlle. Leo-

nie was to appear at the Français. She was resolved, however, to have her way, and I gave in. No allusion to the theatre, nor to anything concerning it, had ever escaped either of us. By, as it were, a tacit understanding, each avoided the theme as one only suggestive of distressing memories; and then we had so many topics that were delightful to talk over.

I went out early in the morning to make some purchases—some trifling things we wanted for the road, and on my return I found Margot with flushed face and feverish look rapidly walking to and fro in the drawing-room. She tried to seem calm and composed as I entered—she even made jest of her own agitation, and tried to laugh it off as a weakness she was ashamed of; but her efforts were sad failures—her quivering lip and trembling accents showed that deep agitation was at work within her.

"I cannot tell you—I will not tell you what is the matter with me," said she, at last; "it would but lead to some rash outbreak of your temper—the very last thing I could endure at such a time. No, no; let us go—let us leave Paris at once; to-day—now, if you wish it; I am ready."

This was impossible; all our arrangements had been made, and horses ordered for the next day. My curiosity now became an agony, and I grew almost angry at her continued refusal to satisfy me; when at last, after exacting from me a solemn oath to do nothing, nor to take any step without her concurrence, she placed in my hands a letter, saying, "This came while you were out."

It ran to this effect—

"The Vicomte Dechaine begs to offer to Madlle. De La Veronie (Margot's name in the theatre) his box at the Français for this evening, as it must doubtless be interesting to her to witness the performance of Roxalane, by one who labours under the double difficulty of her beauty and her reason. An answer will be called for."

"You cannot expect me to endure this outrage, Margot?" cried I, trembling with passion; "you could not suppose that I can live under it?"

"I have your oath, sir," said she, solemnly, and with a dignity that at once recalled me to myself.

"But if I am to drag out life, dis-

honoured and degraded even to my own heart, Margot," said I, imploringly, "you surely would take pity on me?"

"And who would pity *me*, sir, were I to make you a murderer? No, no!" cried she, "you would have this secret — you insisted on it; show yourself worthy of this confidence, by keeping your solemn pledge. We leave this to-morrow; a few hours is not too much sacrifice for one who will give her whole life to you after."

As she spoke, she fell into my arms, and sobbed as though her heart was breaking. As for me, my transports knew no bounds. I dropped at her feet — I vowed and swore a thousand times that not only my life, but that my fame, my honour, were all hers; that to deserve her there was no trial I would not dare. Oh, the glorious ecstasy of that moment comes back like a flood of youth once more upon this old and shattered heart! and, as I write these lines, the hot tears are falling on the paper, and my lips are murmuring a name I have not strength to write.

"I will put your loyalty to the test at once," said she, gaily, and with a degree of wild joyousness the very opposite to her late emotion. "Sit down there, and write as I dictate."

I obeyed, and she began—

"Madlle. De La Veronie begs to acknowledge, with a gratitude suitable to the occasion, the polite note of the Vicomte Dechaine, and to accept —"

"What!" cried I, dropping the pen.

"Go on," said she, calmly; "write as I tell you—'to accept his box this evening at the Français.'"

"Margot, you are not in earnest?" said I, entreatingly.

"I am resolved, sir," said she, with a voice of determination, and a look of almost reproving sternness. "I hope it is not from *you*, at least, will come any doubts of my courage!"

These words seemed to indicate the spirit in which her resolution had been taken, and to show that she preferred accepting, as it were, this challenge, to the humbler alternative of an escape from it.

I wrote as she bade me, and despatched the letter.

VICTORIA.*

ARE you, kind reader, partial to statistics? Do you feel any interest in poring over long rows and columns of figures?—in reckoning up the number of pints of milk used daily in a metropolis, for what penny-a-liners call the "matutinal meal?" or even in summing the average rent of the houses, tonnage of shipping, or consumption per annum of the population? If you do, you have the advantage of us, for we should as soon think of seeking for excitement in the multiplication table, or hoping to acquire a "thrilling interest" in the mysteries of a sum in long division. And yet, a romance ever and anon turns up and startles us, even in the depths of this driest of all dry sciences. It is said, that the statistics of the Post-Office show not only the same annual number of misdirect-

ed letters, but that the money enclosed in letters *with no direction at all*, or for which no owner can be found, either as sender or receiver, amounts every year to the same sum, within a few pounds. Now, we can hardly believe it possible, that any one man would, twice in his life, commit the exceedingly verdant mistake of enclosing money in a letter, without either the direction of the person he intends it for, or giving a clue to his own address. We are, then, driven to the supposition, that if we only take a sufficiently large number of events, a certain number of even the most improbable and out-of-the-way accidents will inevitably happen, with the same certainty and regularity as if they were especially provided for.

Would not an old Greek poet be

* "Victoria; late Australia Felix, or Port Philip District of New South Wales." By William Westgarth, late Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1853.

struck even with awe at this statement, and believe that he here caught a glimpse of the dread visage of Destiny—of the unalterable Fate, looming darkly through the dim veil of the most common of sublunary affairs?

What is the mysterious law which regulates the proportion between the sexes, so that in all large populations there are about 105 males to 107 females born every year? The existence of this law is disclosed to us by statistics.

There has lately appeared a paragraph in the papers *apropos* to the last census, stating that if London were surrounded with a wall, in which were four gates, and the whole population were simultaneously to march out in close order, four abreast, it would take twenty-four hours for the whole four columns to file out, and the head of each column would then be seventy-five miles from its gate. Let the reader fancy four such dense columns of human beings stretching out from Dublin, one reaching to Enniscorthy, another to Templemore, a third to Athlone, and the fourth to Newry. Or let him imagine four such huge columns pouring into Dublin, and thank his stars that he has not to provide for their board and lodging.

Verily, the wonders locked up within a few figures are often such as would at once enlighten the sage and amuse and interest his grandchildren.

Have you now, gentle reader, any clear and definite notion of a million? Do you know how long it would take you to count one—say a million of sovereigns, for instance—if any beneficent fairy were to offer them to you on the completion of the task within a definite time? We have often propounded this question to our friends (young ladies principally—we hate your old fogies), and have received various answers, extending from half-an-hour to three days. We think one fair one, who had acquired a slightly cærulean tinge, once ventured as far as a week. Now, supposing that you were to count a sovereign every second, or sixty in a minute, and you would find, after an hour or two of the work, that that would be quite as many as you could do on an average, you would reckon

just 3,600 in an hour; and supposing that you continued the work ten hours a-day, of solid, unintermitting working hours, not reckoning eating, drinking, resting, or sleeping, and that would be about as wearing toil as the human frame could endure for many days together, you would complete exactly 36,000 a-day. At that rate, it would take you just twenty-seven days and three-quarters—let us say twenty-eight days, or *one lunar month*, to complete your auriferous task.

Having thus got a vague notion of what is meant by a million, let us see what Mr. Westgarth has to tell us about Victoria and its millions of gold.

Is it mere chance that, at the early founding of our great American empire, one of the most rich and fertile of its provinces was called Virginia, in compliment to our last great Queen, Elizabeth; and that now that a new Anglo-Saxon empire is arising at the antipodes, one of its fairest and richest provinces should likewise be named from our present great Queen? Is it an augury and an omen of the fate of this our southern empire? Will this, also, equally with the former one, based in great measure upon the felony of Britain, but, in spite of its origin, rising, like imperial Rome, to wealth, and fame, and power—will this empire also be wrenched from the English crown, and turned into an empire of foreigners, by the carelessness, the fatuity, or the wrong-headedness of our statesmen? — *absit omen*. Whatever may be the fate of Australia in the future, let there be no strife, no bloodshed, no hatred, malice, or uncharitableness between her and her mother England. Let not the name of her new province ever be shouted as a war-cry on her plains after a strife between her sons and ours.

Our readers are already acquainted with something both of the past and recent history of Australia, from articles in our own pages.* They have, doubtless, heard enough, perhaps even *ad nauseam*, of her doings since. Not one of them, we think, but has had a brother or an uncle, or, at the farthest, a second cousin, suddenly seized with a fit of the gold-fever, quitting comfort and civilisation on

* See "Australia and Van Diemen's Land," DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XLI., April, 1853; "Australia and its Gold Diggings," Vol. XXXIX. No. 232, May, 1852.

this side of the world, for a hot, dusty, flea and musquito-bitten existence, in some "Moonlight flat," or "Ballarat gunyah," or, perhaps, a dog-kennel in a back street of Melbourne.

We have had all sorts of contradictory accounts of life and of the state of the colony, coloured, for the most part, by the personal feelings arising from the good or evil fortune of the individual giving them, and all for the most part greatly exaggerated. In Mr. Westgarth's book we get, for the first time, a sober and reliable account, from one who has been for some years a resident in the colony, a sharer in its government, as a member of council, familiar with its history, and intimately acquainted with all the phases of its social, its commercial, and its political life.

That he is not a practised writer, and that his style is occasionally rather the cumbersome one of the man of business, than the clear, graceful, or graphic one of the author by profession, is, in our eyes, rather a recommendation than otherwise, because it points to the value of the matter, rather than the elegance of the manner, as the thing to be looked to. Not that we have any particular reason to find fault with his style—it is plain and straightforward enough when he has anything to tell or to describe, but is apt to become a little vague and misty in his general reflections.

His book, however, is a valuable one; and will, we doubt not, be referred to hereafter as an authority upon matters of colonial history at this interesting period, when most of the lighter and flashier descriptions of Australian life and scenery shall have been forgotten.

Mr. Westgarth, as a member of council, and one who has been chairman of the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, is great in statistics; and it is because these sober statistical figures, like the lamp of Aladdin, when properly treated, call up before us the genius of romance, that we were led to make the remarks with which we began.

Do you recollect the year 1835, reader; perhaps you were born just about that time, in which case you have heard of it; perhaps your eldest son was born then, or your first grandchild, or some other more than ordinary event may have happened to im-

press it on your memory as a thing of yesterday. For ourselves, we recollect that we took our bachelor's degree that year. *N'importe!* in that year commenced the first settling of what is now the colony of Victoria. Before that, it was a mere wilderness, inhabited only by the naked "black fellow," and the less naked emu and kangaroo.

For the year 1853, the estimated revenue of this eighteen-year-old country is £1,733,600; while the value of the exports of 1852, including gold, wool, and all other merchandise, equalled the enormous amount of **FOURTEEN MILLIONS STERLING**. Even the daring imagination of the Arabian story-teller would hardly have ventured, in his most gorgeous dreams, to have pictured so sudden a creation of wealth, and certainly would never have been audacious enough to commit himself to the exact statement in figures. If you were to write fourteen millions sterling in "piastres" or "tomauns," for instance, heaven knows the length of numerals that would be required; they are quite beyond our arithmetical powers, at all events. The increase in population does not seem so startling at first sight; but when we consider that the greater number have "put a girdle *half* about the earth" to arrive there, it is still sufficiently wonderful. In March, 1851, the census gave a total population for Victoria of 77,000 persons. During the year 1852, the balance of immigration over emigration amounted to 77,661, more than doubling the population within the compass of one year; and, making allowance for unrecorded overland immigration from the neighbouring colonies, the population at the beginning of this year must be underestimated at 200,000. Mr. Westgarth states the total yield of the Victorian gold fields, from August, 1851, to December, 1852, inclusive, to have been 4,890,926 ounces of gold, or 407,577 troy pounds, or 203½ tons. This, at 75s. the ounce, would be worth £18,340,972.

This we take to be a very tidy little property for a young boy of a state in his eighteenth year to step into, especially when it seems likely to be continued at pretty much the same rate for the next few years at all events.

Having thus skimmed off the cream of Mr. Westgarth's statistics, we shall not trouble our readers with any more of them, but proceed to cull from his

book a few of the more interesting passages on the "Early History," the "Physical Features," the "Social Life," the "Digging Operations," and the "Politics" of the colony.

A settlement was attempted on the shores of Port Philip, in 1803, by Colonel Collins, with a party of convicts, but shortly abandoned:—

"An extraordinary circumstance occurred in connexion with this early convict settlement. Several of the convicts had effected their escape into the Bush during Collins's stay, and amongst them one of the name of Buckley—a soldier who had been transported for assaulting his superior officer. Buckley was the sole survivor of these runaways. After wandering about for some time in great misery and destitution, he at length ventured to take up with the natives, and being a man of great strength and stature, he no doubt commanded some respect. He contrived on fitting occasions to secure his own share of wives and other current spoil, and for the surprising period of upwards of thirty years he conformed to aboriginal habits and customs.

"A curious interview took place between this man and the Van Diemen's Land colonists, who, as we shall presently learn, came over to Port Philip after this long interval. The reported arrival of white men had brought Buckley down to see them. He was found sitting naked under a tree, near Point Gellibrand at the mouth of the Yarra, and gazing, though without much curiosity, at the colonists. These in their turn were somewhat perplexed what to make of this nondescript, who was evidently not one of the aborigines. On addressing some words to him he seemed to have a difficulty in understanding what was said, and repeated the sentences, or parts of them, several times slowly over. By degrees, however, the recollection of his language returned, and he proved useful as an interpreter with the aborigines. He was afterwards employed as a constable in Melbourne and Hobarton, and in his old age still resides in the latter town, where the authorities give him a small pension. £40 a-year, a considerable addition to his finances, has been recently awarded to him by the Victoria Government."—pp. 5, 6.

In 1835, two parties from Van Diemen's Land took possession of different portions of the country, seeking fresh pastures for their surplus stock. One of these founded the present city of Melbourne.

The general physical features of Australia were partially described in our article mentioned before, "Australia and its Gold Diggings," but we omitted

then any mention of one of the more remarkable phenomena of its climate, namely, the hot winds. Mr. Westgarth gives the following description of them:—

"The temperature during the hot wind ranges usually between 80° and 100°, depending for its degree of intensity upon the period of the summer in which it occurs, and the state of the country as to moisture. If the country have been previously well moistened with rain, this wind is not disagreeable; but if it continue for two or three days, as this northerly breeze is apt to do under such circumstances, it becomes gradually more dry and hot as the surface moisture disappears under its desiccating influence. Having now acquired the characters and effects of a hot wind, there is called into operation those meteorologic influences that appear unfailingly to ensure a refreshing change. The cool southerly breeze is ushered in, and with it in general, although not always, a return of rain. The hot wind is felt most oppressively when it occurs after long periods of dry weather. Thus it is often very severe in February, the summer's sun having still its full power, and the country having had usually by that time a long period of dry weather. With the autumnal rains this wind loses its hot and dry character, and in winter the breezes from the north are not marked by any peculiarity.

"These winds, with the violent changes by which they are terminated, are of less frequent occurrence in the adjacent colonies, but occasionally in these warmer latitudes they are exceedingly severe. At Sydney, and in the interior of New South Wales, the thermometer in the shade has been as high as 120°, and even 129° is recorded by Sturt, on the occasion of his exploring the river Macquarrie in 1827. The severest of these visitations on record, in Victoria, occurred on Thursday, the 6th February, 1851—a day ever since remembered under the designation of Black Thursday. The thermometer ranged between 100° and 110° in the verandas and other shaded parts of the dwelling-houses throughout the colony. The country, exceedingly dry from a long cessation of rain, took fire in many directions—the flames overrunning the grass, spreading among the trees with frightful avidity, and occasioning the loss of much property. Similar weather was experienced at the same time in the colonies of South Australia and New South Wales.

"The cause of these hot winds, and the source whence they are derived, is a subject of some interest. The idea of a great inland Australian sea, that long haunted the minds of Australian colonists, did not promise any elucidation of the subject. The arduous expedition of Captain Sturt in 1845, from Adelaide into the northern interior, at length

threw light on the mystery. Instead of an ocean of water, that adventurous explorer found a boundless horizon of the most sterile desert—a veritable Sahara of the south—a waste of sand and stones, without a blade of grass or a visible drop of water. At the imminent hazard of his life, the traveller penetrated 270 miles into this desert, attaining the latitude of $24\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south, but without any indications of an alteration in the physical aspect. The hot wind comes over Adelaide from the north, it reaches Melbourne from about north-north-west, and Sydney from a direction still more westerly. The locality of the desert is thus pointed to in common from all these different localities.”—pp. 20-22.

Another remarkable physical feature, which is peculiar to Victoria and to some parts of Van Diemen's Land, are the tracts called “Stony Rises.” These are nothing more than old lava streams, proceeding sometimes from a still existing, though now extinct, crater, but sometimes having no orifice now actually visible; the small crater from which they flowed having possibly served for only one ejection of molten rock, and being now buried, perhaps, in its own ruins. They are not in any other sense the “result of local upheaving forces,” as Mr. Westgarth imagines them.

Few things are more difficult, perhaps, than to produce in the mind of one who has never visited a new colony a distinct and accurate idea of its “social life.” This difficulty arises from our meeting there with so many things we did not expect, as well as from the total absence of so many others, that we have all been so much accustomed to as never even to think of the effect of their entire deprivation. We meet with numerous disjointed fragments of civilised comfort, refinement, or luxury—their presence made all the more striking, from the blank absence of much that we have always been used to associate with them.

The result of this difficulty of forming an adequate conception of a colony is often perplexing to the minds of emigrants on landing. They forget the newness of the place they come to; they seem to fancy that, although they may have only recently heard of its name, it must yet have existed for ages before. They do not remember that a little before they first heard of it, the place itself did not exist at all.

The following extract will give some

notion both of the incongruities that may sometimes be found, and of the rapid way in which, under favourable circumstances, they are removed:—

“Amidst all the commercial fluctuations to which the Port Philip district had been subjected, its progress twice was equally extraordinary and unprecedented among British colonies. In 1841, the population amounted to a little over 11,000; in 1851, at the era of separation, it had attained to 80,000 colonists. Melbourne, the capital, was in 1841 a small, scattered town of 4,500 inhabitants, who treaded their mazyway through unmade thoroughfares, plentifully variegated by deep holes, dangerous gullies, and remnants of old trees, and who were fain to suspend their evening intercourse and festivities for the seasons of the full moon, that the Queen of Night might guide them safely in their intricate travels. In 1848, the municipal corporation was launched into existence, and one of its earliest proceedings was a vigorous campaign against the gun-tree stumps that everywhere met the eye in the midst of the streets and pathways of the rustic town. In the middle of 1851, Melbourne, whose population had already attained to 25,000 souls, exhibited her principal streets in the highest state of repair, substantially macadamised in the broad carriage-way, with open side-drains and kerbed footpaths. Many churches and public buildings had arisen or were in course of erection, and the substantial and considerable shops might have vied with those of a second-rate town in England. I do not allude to the changes and the progress that have occurred since the discovery of gold. These have been still more extraordinary, and in less than two years have given to the city and its suburbs a population of not less than 80,000 souls, together with an amount of wealth and commerce, of income and profits, far beyond what is usually met with in towns of this extent elsewhere.”—pp. 80-82.

Our readers have, doubtless, heard of “the squatters” of Australia; the following description will tell who and what they are:—

“The title of squatter, where it has come into use in other parts of the world, represents for the class to which it applies but a moderate status in the social scale. Although the case is now very different in Australia, no great interval has elapsed since a similarity of association prevailed there also. The Australian squatter in earlier times was a sort of semi-outcast of society, a Robin Hood or Rob Roy, with the distinction of everything being degrading and nothing elevating in his career; in short, generally an old convict of the penal settlement of New South Wales, who planted himself on the

highways, or in the corners of colonial estates, where, under pretence of depasturing live stock on the unsold Crown Lands, he carried on a system of petty plunder upon all around him.

“At Port Philip, on the other hand, the squatting class had from the first been respectable, and attained in this particular, both as to the means and the social status of its members, a position equal or even superior to that of any other colonial vocation.

“The mode of life was eminently attractive to many of the young, and even to the educated members of home society, who flocked out in considerable numbers to the rising settlement. The attractions were doubtless enhanced by the pleasant scenery of the country, a fine and bracing climate, a free and easy hospitality that became everywhere in the interior a sort of public right, and the prosperity that generally resulted from pastoral enterprise under an average prudence of management. Many youths of finished education, the junior members of good families, were met with at the various sheep stations, whose homesteads, thus classically garnished, formed so many luminous points in the wilderness of the bush. These parties had either taken up ‘stations’ for their own account on the vacant Crown Lands, or they were residing with friends and fellow-colonists in order to acquire some preliminary local experience. Separated as they thus found themselves from society and family ties, the life was not over favourable to a continuance of early discipline and study. The smock-frock, the black pipe, and a general indifference to the *personel*, often concealed the cultivated English gentleman. But the classic reminiscences had not entirely disappeared, and they still mingled their crystal stream to diversify the monotony of Australian pastoral life. The squatter, negligently reclining beneath the shade of a wide-spreading gum tree, recited old Horace as he gazed upwards through the scanty foliage upon a bright Australian sky; or he prescribed to himself a daily study from the fragments of a dilapidated Virgil, that were successively sacrificed to the lighting of tobacco pipes, or to other domestic necessities.” —pp. 87–90.

“The original squatting system was, that any man might occupy with his flocks and herds any tract of previously unoccupied ground he chose, provided it was within the district of one Commissioner of Crown Lands, and that he paid an annual license fee of £10. Under this system, instances were known of men acquiring the temporary, but beneficial, possession of hundreds or even thousands of square miles. In 1844, however, a change took place:—

“The change now introduced by the Government was with the view of establishing some more just equality of charge amidst these great diversities in the extent of holdings. Each single license-fee was therefore to be restricted throughout the colony to a certain quantity of land, or more properly (the land being very unequal in quality) to a certain pastoral capability. It availed for the holding of land sufficient to depasture 4000 sheep, or a proportionately smaller number of cattle, together with some reserve for their probable increase during the space of three years. Twenty square miles, it was thought, would suffice for this purpose; and accordingly this area was made the limit, except in cases where it was proved that the pastoral capability was inferior. In all cases, however small the extent of land, £10 was the minimum annual fee; and when intermediate quantities of sheep were depastured, a charge of £2 10s. per 1000, for those beyond the 4000 or its multiples, was added to the license-fee.”—pp. 99, 100.

The following is an attractive picture of a squatting station:—

“A squatting station of the considerable extent to which many of these have now attained in Victoria, exhibits an interesting and rather imposing aspect. The ‘Homestead,’ as the head-quarters are termed, might still recall, by a lingering primitiveness of outward aspect, the early days of Port Philip squatting. But time and prosperity had proved strong temptations to improvement; and the romantic mind of some earlier squatter, which delighted in the spectacle of the pristine simplicity of the bush, might be shocked at the display of modern conveniences and luxuries. This would particularly strike him when he had transferred his view to the inside of that homestead which he was wont in old times to term emphatically ‘the huts.’ Instead of chairs and tables, couches and benches, roughly put together during long leisure hours by the squatter himself or his servants, there might now be seen the most elegant English-made mahogany, soft easy chairs, and beds beyond description comfortable. The original home-made furnishings, at first condemned to the kitchen, had possibly been transferred from thence to the fire, unless preserved by the curious as relics of exploded barbarism.

“Some there were whose ambition, breaking through the ties that connected them with the original homestead, led them to select adjacent sites whereon they constructed substantial or elegant mansions. A feeling of general confidence prevailed, even some years prior to the Orders in Council, that the parties who made these substantial buildings and improvements upon lands still the property of the crown would not in the end be sufferers, even under the necessity of bring-

ing the station or any part of it to sale. This was of course a reasonable and therefore a well grounded prospect, and took away from the feeling of risk that would have otherwise attended these operations.

"There was generally, however, a disposition to linger around the good old home. If it had passed through several purchasers, every successive occupant had put a hand to it. Every member of the family had some dear little corner; and the fair hand of a mistress, if the place were so fortunate and blessed, had decreed the immortality of 'the huts' by innumerable personal offices. Inside were the endless ornaments and appliances that fitted every crevice of the antiquated apartments. Without were to be seen the creepers trained around the rude little windows; the geraniums and fuschias, the jessamine and verberna, that had gradually been marshalled in a pleasing array before the rustic veranda; and at a step beyond was the delightful little underground dairy, from whence, with each returning morn, came the sweetest butter and the richest cream. All this bundle of associations acquired, like the rolling snowball, irresistible power with the march of time, and opposed a formidable barrier of rural beauty to every temptation of prosperity or example that suggested a more fashionable display.

"The homestead, then, with successive additions and enlargements, came at length to have much the appearance of a small village or an irregular street. A friend in the squatting line, who had a considerable clachan of this sort, felt his importance once somewhat flattered by the mistake of several travellers, who inquired of his bullock-driver, his shepherd, or his hut-keeper (idlers about town as they must have been mistaken for), what street they had got into, and whereabouts was the inn. These edifices are generally built of slabs, of a kind of timber that splits readily, and is abundant throughout the country. Besides the proprietor's residence, they consist of the dwellings of the servants at the homesteads, the store-room, the dairy, the stable, sheds, and so forth, each structure individually having a very unpretending appearance, although imposing from a distance in the general effect. This is particularly the case when seen from afar through the open forest, or upon the verdant grassy slopes, where, without any *arrière pensée* of an equivocal quotation, 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view.'

"Upon any considerable station the homestead is not by any means the only establishment, if one may use this term. There are, besides, what are called 'Out-stations,' which form the centres of sub-divisions of the run, and to which a flock of sheep is attached, under the care of a shepherd and hut-keeper. The former tends the sheep during the day, the latter attends to the cooking department—generally a very simple and monotonous vocation, and also shifts

the hurdles for the camping-ground of the sheep during the night. This last is an important duty. It should be done daily, and with judgment as to the ground, which should be of a dry description, with a slight incline of the surface. Moisture under foot, and particularly that from rich earth, is very unfavourable, and engenders or promotes the footrot—an obstinate and destructive malady among sheep. The quarters forming the out-station consist usually of a small slab hut, possessing at most two, but sometimes only one apartment. Occasionally, however, upon very extensive stations, the accommodations are superior, and comprise a kind of secondary homestead under responsible management, having attached to it several out-stations.

"If squatting life was monotonous even at the homesteads, where, with a dozen servants of one kind or other, and no infrequent arrival of visitors, a considerable society was made up—where the master enjoyed, through some neighbouring post, his regular news 'from town'—and where the bullock-driver enlivened the kitchen with endless yarns about his last down-country excursion with the season's wool-clip; if all this, as I have said, proved at the best but a sorry apology for the world, what was life at the out-station? For months together the shepherd and his comrade hut-keeper might be left undisturbed by any even the slightest news of the external world, or even by a human countenance beyond that of the master or general overseer, who, once or twice a-week, or oftener if need be, might be seen galloping across the intermediate space, of five, ten, even fifteen miles, that separated the out-station extremities from the homestead. This kind of situation, however, was not unfavourable in some cases; for example, in that of a destitute married couple, having perhaps a small family, and who, on arrival in the colony, might find it impossible to drop at once into anything else. After a few years of service, such a party might easily save one hundred pounds, and, with a small backbone of this sort, commence a more cheerful vocation."—pp. 107–113.

Colonial society, even where the vocations are all of the roughest and most practical kind, is by no means deficient in refinement; since educated men may be found in all its grades, and men, perhaps, who have once been gentlemen, even in its lowest. This was the case long before the gold diggings, with their grand "bouleversements" of all ranks and stations, had any existence. Mr. Westgarth says:—

"The hill of fortune and honours may be successfully ascended even from those grades that are the most humble in our home society. A journeyman carpenter, for ex-

ample, is observed to finish with particular care the chair which the city corporation has ordered from his employer for its chief magistrate; and when questioned as to his motive, he admits that he intends, on some future occasion, to sit there himself. As the story goes, he does sit there, and with credit to all concerned. And again, the emigrant who landed in perfect destitution a few years ago, may now be observed alighting from his carriage at the colonial assembly, and be heard shortly afterwards edifying his fellow-colonists by an address, not indeed garnished by rhetorical flourish or varied by classical quotations, but yet characterised by practical good sense, and above all, by a clearness of meaning perfectly excruciating to the refined diplomatists of old societies. . . . Colonial society is pre-eminently practical and utilitarian. This must be expected where no ancient local usages or institutions influence another course. It is the course of common sense, and one altogether unavoidable among the intelligent masses in a new sphere. Our colonies are certainly republics whenever they separate from the parent state. To conceive them pondering over any other form of government, and deliberately instituting those inequalities of old societies that have acquired their root in remote time and in a totally different condition of society, is an idea entirely foreign to our age and people. These inequalities of long established governments bear up successfully against the levelling pressure of modern progress by virtue of circumstances which have never existed in colonies, and which cannot be created now by commands either from within or from without. We may admire the long settled and delicately adjusted forms of our parent government, the successive gradations of anciently instituted ranks, like a ladder for the ambition of genius and attainments; we may possibly prefer such institutions for our colonies; but for these colonies they are simply unattainable, nor is it reasonable to suppose that the laborious fabric of a thousand years' adjustment can be transferred like so much railway machinery to run without 'accidents' upon the new Australian as upon the old British line. The effort to engraft such inequalities tends merely to agitate and divide society; and the measure of successful ingenuity with which any step may be taken in this direction appears to me only the measure of a present social jarring and of a future political difficulty; for every such step must be eventually retaken.

"The social equalities of colonies give them an aspect of rudeness to eyes that are fresh from the mother country. But this first impression, although in some respects a true one, affords only a superficial view of the whole case. This rudeness of aspect is the necessary result of a general prosperity that brings all classes to some similar degree of independence and consideration. The

social aspects are not indeed the highest, as regards some points of comparison with the home picture, because pursuits generally have lapsed into a material rather than a mental character. But when we compare the scene in its entirety, marked as it is throughout by the combination of intelligence, industry, and plenty, we shall probably admit that it is more pleasing in the present, and more promising in the future.

"The independent bearing of the colonial labouring population, in short of the whole of the employed classes, is often commented upon. A labourer in Australia is indeed a very different personage from one in the mother country, and he is not long of knowing the fact. There never was and never can be any fixed scale of relative consideration for one class as compared with another in society, when this depends so much on the proportion of the numbers that offer as compared with the vocations that await them. The atmosphere we breathe is not more necessary to society than the labourer; but in order to appreciate fully either the one or the other of these necessities, society should be made to feel some stint in the supply. This, in the dealings of a bounteous nature, is never the case with the first, and but rarely, in old countries, is it the case to any trying extent with the second. An English gentleman, therefore, might be disposed to regard the license and bearing of the mechanic and labouring classes of colonies as somewhat subversive of social landmarks, and a feature altogether disagreeable in the colonial landscape.

"This feeling gradually gives way with the effect of habit and of a less prejudiced view, and the independent position of such classes then assumes a more advantageous light. The picture is not free from exceptionable aspects. But, generally speaking, the consideration awarded to all classes must be regarded in the light of an extension of the sphere of society, that involves with it many good and improving features. After some experience of colonial life, one certainly feels, on returning to the mother country, that in this respect the range of society is narrowed, that the social edifice is constructed more selfishly, that it is certainly more defective as regards social destinies; and that we are surrounded by features and circumstances ever painfully reminding us, that the lesser half of our fellow-men lives in a superabundant enjoyment, at the expense of the brains and sinews, the nightly and daily toil, the scant rewards and plenteous sufferings, of by far the larger portion of humanity."—pp. 357–362.

Mr. Westgarth, when speaking of the society of the colony, gives some very striking and very cheering views of the nascent progress of many of the great social questions—among others,

of education. The colonies of Australia, generally, avail themselves in large measure of the admirable system of National Education, through which Ireland stands so pre-eminently in advance of either England or Scotland; and Victoria has recently voted £50,000 from her revenue for the commencement of a university.

We must, however, refer our readers to his book for the description of the many advantages possessed by the colonies in the matter of social and religious freedom—advantages which may well overbalance in many persons' minds the inconveniences of a little personal discomfort.

We turn now to the "gold diggings," giving first one extract *apropos* to them, from the part devoted to "Society:—

"The employer and employed, the master and servant, frequently changed relations. This was no uncommon event prior to the gold discoveries. In the early times of South Australia, as I have been told, a public-house at Adelaide or in its conveniently vague vicinity, was kept by an old lieutenant of the army, who had promoted his captain to be head-waiter. Some of the diggings' stories have a peculiar piquance, but whether or not this has enhanced their truth is another matter. 'Will any of you hire as my cook?' said a summary voice, as the speaker stopped his horse before a party who were enjoying themselves at a country inn doorway; 'forty pounds a-year, and usual rations.' 'No, thank you,' was the prompt reply, 'we are looking for one ourselves, and will give you eighty.'

"A squatter, somewhere about, was deserted one morning by all his hands in a body, who set off for the gold-fields. Having after no small trouble set himself again to rights, and subdued his choler by a month or two's interval, he experienced again the rising storm by encountering a detachment of his old hands returning to the station. Success was not the rule at the diggings, and doubtless these foolish youths, thought their quondam master, had returned as full of penitence as they were void of money. But he was resolute for resistance, and when his indignant throat was clear enough for utterance, he peremptorily rejected their claims for rehiring, expressing at the same time some curiosity to learn on what grounds they could prefer them, or how they ventured to return. As they had not yet an opportunity of speaking, they now proceeded to explain that they had come in answer to an advertisement in the newspapers regarding the sale of the station, the whole of which they were desirous of buying. This was beyond all reasonable endurance, and we

must hope that the rising emotions of our pastoral friend prevented his hearing distinctly the entire purport of the offer, which went not only to buy the station, but to give himself a fair allowance to continue the management under his new masters."—pp. 353, 354.

In an excursion to the gold diggings, Mr. Westgarth gives us the following instructive and descriptive passages:—

"Here was a party, for example, with a kind of wooden trough, into which, by a cut of a few yards, they introduced a small and constant stream of water. The trough had a slight inclination, and at the upper end, where the stream entered, one of the party was engaged in shovelling in the auriferous earth or gravel that had been previously carried down from the place of digging to the washing-place. Another, with the back of a spade, arrested and stirred up the earthy matter as it coursed down the trough. At the foot of the trough, the larger stones were separated and thrown away, and the remainder—the muddy water and small gravel—fell into a second receiver, placed about a foot underneath. The contents of this latter were finally transferred to a tin-dish, where they were gradually washed out by successive applications of water, until at length only the little yellow specs and nuggets of gold remained at the bottom.

"This party had been washing for about two hours and a-half of the morning when we accosted them; and as they were about to make the first clearing, we waited to see the result. At the bottom of the tin-dish there might be between two and three ounces of gold. Besides this, however, the first trough which was constructed with several cross-bars calculated to arrest the gold particles in their descent, contained also some little quantity, which it was not necessary to clear out very carefully until the end of the day. This might make above an ounce more. The party, apparently four in number, appeared quite contented with this result, but not in any way moved as if by extraordinary luck, for without the slightest alteration of manner or expression, or the expenditure of a word on the subject, they resumed their labours. In reply to our congratulations, they remarked that considerable time and labour—and of course these are money at a high rate here—had been spent in sinking their pit and forming their washing-place. . . . The diggings here appeared to me on a more elaborate scale, and more indicative of arts and appliances, than at Forest Creek. Tunnelling, for instance, was more common. On looking down a hole some twenty feet deep, frequently no object was observable beneath; but on adventuring a loud halloo, a response

would arise from the chambers of the solid deep, followed by an ochre-coloured figure emerging on hands and knees into the visible world. He bears, perhaps, a bucket-full of the ochreous earth or gravel, that gives the golden aspect to his person, and he is not disposed to make his appearance to your call until he has filled up his bucket, and so avoided for himself an extra series of movements, and the time thereby involved to the whole party.

"We came upon a party of four who were excavating upon a more wholesale scale than was hitherto customary. They had cut out an oblong square of about eighteen feet by twelve, and with perpendicular sides had got down about six feet. At one corner they had gone somewhat deeper, having the usual impatience to touch the more auriferous beds ever associated with deep digging; and at this part, just at the moment we came upon the party, the point of one of the picks had gone through into an empty space beneath. We found them greatly nonplused, and gazing with marked vexation and disappointment on the dark suspicious crevice that had just been exposed. They perfectly comprehended that diggers from adjacent pits had been there before them, and had, long ago, perhaps, scooped out all the richer material for the sake of which they had so elaborately commenced operations. The question now was, after having done so much, should they go on in the hope either of some portion being still left, or of finding more by adventuring into a lower level? That important point we left them to decide for themselves.

"This undermining system is now very common at Bendigo. I can scarcely say whether it is exactly legal or not for the digger, upon the strength of his allowance of eight feet square of surface, to spread his arms in every direction beneath, so soon as he gets beyond the commissioner's observation. There can be, of course, but little check to this encroachment, or interest on the part of any one to stop it, unless there are parties of other diggers in the near vicinity. Amusing stories are related in the form of undermining incidents. A digger will sometimes disappear altogether with a loud splash from beneath, and his astonished comrades will have to hoist him up out of a yard or two of water—the undermining reliquæ of a former party. The diggers are not, perhaps, very careful in ascertaining previous underminings, or it may be that the sufferers are new hands who have heard little of the system. It very often happens that the same heavy rains that left the water in the mine, may have broken down the sides of the old shaft, filled up the lateral borings, and so prevented the possibility of access or inspection to ascertain the case.

"The diggings that indicated the most improved processes in those nascent arts were those of the 'White Hills,' so called from the quantities of dazzling white pipeclay or

soft schist that was ejected from the pit in the progress of digging, and that now overspread the surface of the entire hill like a cap of snow. Our steps were promptly directed to this interesting quarter. We found the diggings penetrating to a depth of fifty feet perpendicular. Seeing a windlass at work over one of the pits, we made for the spot, and met a bucketful of the material as it reached the surface. This was a description of auriferous matter that I had never met with before. It consisted of a white quartz grit, between sand and small gravel, of very uniform appearance. It was evidently very auriferous, for the gold was quite visible to the eye, scattered in small particles throughout the grit. This was more particularly the case in portions that were discoloured of a reddish-brown, apparently from a mixture of iron.

"Feeling some curiosity to explore so promising a mine, I ventured a descent by a rude ladder, consisting of a straight sapling with cross-pieces for steps driven through the stem. 'I guess it's twenty-five feet to the bottom,' said a voice from below, in answer to our inquiry. We, of course, took the speaker for a Yankee, and so it proved. He had been tempted from the States by the gold news, had recently arrived, and had joined three colonists in working this claim. Australia had no attractions for him, however, beyond its gold, which would detain him only a short year or two. There was no place like home.

"At the foot of the pit, I found two men with lighted candles, who guided me into the side workings. These were entered most easily upon all fours; for the auriferous stratum being quite thin, no more of other material was excavated than was absolutely necessary. The first circumstance that drew my attention was a draft of air that played upon our faces, and deflected the candle-flame as we crawled onwards. I then learned that the tunnelling was continuous over the entire hill, the claimants and their claims having repeatedly encountered and run into each other. A system of under-propping by posts was also in operation, to prevent any subsidence of the upper beds.

"The auriferous grit I have alluded to was a distinct bed of between one and two inches in thickness, of a dull grayish white colour in the upper part, the lower being uniformly, as far as my observation went, of the reddish-brown hue already alluded to. Above this stratum was a thick bed of large stones and boulders of pure white quartz, embedded in gravel, or grit, or still minuter material; all being apparently derived from the same substance, the original quartz mass. This bed seemed to merge upwards into gravel of the usual colour, but of irregularly-sized pieces, and one part of the formation, situated about half-way up the pit, opposed great difficulties to the miners from the strength of its binding. I had observed the

same characteristics at the Ballarat gold-fields, as regarded this iron-binding, on which many a pick was rung and broken. Between this part and the summit was an ochre-coloured clay, sometimes interspersed with gravel of the ordinary characteristics.

"The stratum beneath the auriferous grit was the famous and universal pipeclay, which appears almost everywhere in this colony, in some form or hue. This formation is a soft schist of the finest grain, with a texture like that of the most delicate satin. The colour was nearly pure white, the departure in shade being towards a satin gray. The same formation appears to prevail in many other parts of the country. It is found at Ballarat under very similar circumstances to those that were now before us; and having there a slight bluish cast, it became the celebrated 'blue clay' of October 1851, which turned the heads of all classes, and out of which both diggers and amateurs were reported to be plucking small gold nuggets to their hearts' content, with the sole aid of a penknife. It is also met with beneath the site of Melbourne; and as the surface there in many parts exhibits also a gravelly character, the auriferous conditions are certainly present, and the gold may yet be found much nearer to the worthy citizens than the localities, inaccessible to many of them, of Mount Alexander or Bendigo. This auriferous character continues for some miles north of the town, and is resumed at intervals still further on. In this direction, about sixteen miles from Melbourne, a small gold-diggings suddenly started into existence lately, and for a time as many as two to three hundred were at work, who were said to have averaged a fair result.

"A few inches of the upper part of this pipeclay was taken out and washed with the auriferous grit, and about three feet of additional depth was cleared away to form a convenient passage for the diggers. Their account of the yield of this grit was to the effect, that a bucketful gave them between two and three ounces of gold after washing, and that a cartload would give nearly two pounds weight. I had no reason to doubt this statement. But in estimating the profits of the miners of the Whitehills, we must bear in mind the preliminary expenses of the excavations. We understood also that this extra rich hill, which it was admitted to be, was now nearly worked out, all that remained being comprehended in the claims of particular diggers. Under efficient appliances, how enormous might be the rewards from such gold-fields! It seems as though the stimulus of necessity and hard-earned gains were alone wanting here, and that we should collect more gold if it were not acquired so easily.

"But what might there be below the pipeclay? This was a question asked by many a digger, but I never found any one who had succeeded in solving the problem. The bed was supposed to be of immense depth, and a mysterious possibility of countless gold lying beneath, seemed to weigh upon many minds. Some had ventured partially into its recesses, but the uncertainty or poverty of present results soon tired out their zeal. The pipeclay itself was not generally auriferous, although quantities of gold particles appeared to have insinuated themselves into its soft substance from the superincumbent quartz or gravel. This was particularly the case at Ballarat, where the metal was found in crevices upon the surface of the bed, or met with in irregular veins of gold particles within a few feet beneath. On this account there was quite a rage at that locality to dive into the recesses of the pipeclay. One man, whom I there noticed, had gone down thirty feet from the surface, twenty of which was into the bed of this clay, but without any results either as to acquiring gold, or sounding the abysses of the stratum. As this formation had generally, in the accidents of time, been thrown considerably off its original horizontal line of stratification, there was a good field for the services of the geologist, who might trace the cropping-out of the lower parts of the bed, and so save a long and perhaps useless labour to the digger."—pp. 230-252.

There are some geological errors running through this latter description, the principal one being the considering the irregular accumulations of the "drift" as regularly stratified rocks, which had been subjected to disturbing forces. If Mr. Westgarth would come to Dublin, and visit the shores of Killiney Bay, he might, perhaps, acquire some more correct notions of "superficial geology," that might be of use hereafter either to himself or some of his brother-colonists.

On the subject of colonial politics, there would be little disagreement between Mr. Westgarth and ourselves. Indeed, we can hardly help fancying that he has derived some of his ideas from a certain article on Lord Grey's "Colonial Policy."* If he have not read that article, our ideas and his happen singularly to coincide.

He furnishes us, in an extract from one of the despatches of Sir W. Denison—now Governor of Van Diemen's Land—with an instance singularly

* See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XLI., June, 1853.

striking, of the jarring and disuniting effect of governors appointed by the Colonial Office at home, without any consultation of the wishes or feelings of the colonists. The passage is as follows:—

“There is an essentially democratic spirit which actuates the large mass of the community; and it is with the view to check the development of this spirit—of preventing its coming into operation—that I would suggest the formation of an upper chamber.”

This passage smacks of the Colonial Office all over. Mr. Westgarth comments on it as follows:—

“These views on the subject of colonial constitutions form an apt text for the whole political discussion of this volume. This is the natural language of every governor who sees his colonial position through the medium of a home nomination. Where a colonial population is essentially British, the democratic spirit alluded to is the direct effect of two leading causes—the first being the removal of the people to a new scene; the second, the general well-being and consequent self-consideration of the operative classes. The first of these causes is an unavoidable necessity in all colonising operations; the second is in its main features a social blessing of the highest order; and it is only under the system above alluded to, of thwarting the unavoidable tendencies of society, that democracy assumes certain divisive and forbidding features. Until the check system has been exploded alike from the pen and the thoughts of colonial authorities, they will still continue under the old and approved method of opposing a democratic dust which themselves have been the means of stirring up.”—p. 336.

These sentiments do honour to Mr. Westgarth's political sagacity; and they show how far more worthy would himself and many others of his class be of the office of chief magistrate of the colony, than a minion of the Colonial Office, imbued with all the prejudices of his caste, looking for applause, reward,

and advancement to the Colonial Minister at home; and doing his best to destroy the very spirit which imparts life and vigour, health and prosperity, to every colony of Anglo-Britons. Such a man is ignorant of the very idea of a colony; nay, worse than ignorant, he is possessed by an idea the very opposite of the true one; his notions are all those of the aristocratic governing class at home—a class that exists 'by virtue of its antiquity, and its old associations and prestige; and these notions it will be, if they are suffered to prevail, that may ultimately produce discord between the mother country and her offspring, and be the means of rending from the English diadem another wreath of jewels, cast away, as were the United States of America.

Can any one, whatever may be his party politics, read the passage given above, and not see the utter unfitness of the writer for the station he occupies? He acknowledges that a certain spirit “actuates the large mass of the community,” and yet sets himself, aided by five or six officials, and backed by the irresponsible and secret conclave of the Colonial Office in London, to govern that community in *opposition to the spirit that actuates them*. Putting his conduct in the most favourable light, it is based on self-conceit, inasmuch as he must imagine that he can know what is good for the mass of the community better than they themselves do. No one, however, can fail to see that his theory and object of government is not the “good of the community,” but the carrying out a political or party system, the crushing of the democratic, and the extension of the aristocratic influence there and elsewhere. He sets himself up, not as a *Governor*, but as an *Opposition* to the colony.

Mr. Westgarth sums up his political remarks with the following passage:—

“I think I am justified in asserting that

* I recognise, however, his Excellency's liberality when he recommends with reference to an Upper House (the chief subject of his despatch) that the less the Government has to do with the appointments the better. This practical indifference on the part of the Government is its true strength, both because it brings more satisfaction to the people and a more prudent and considerate course to the governor. But I cannot coincide with the plan of appointing the members for life. This would be to concede popular institutions, and at the same time to deprive them of one conspicuous feature of their advantage. Besides it would only further restrict those opportunities, whose rarity already is a subject of his Excellency's regret, by which merit and ability may aspire to positions of honourable distinction.

the requirement of the colonies is not parliamentary representation in the imperial government. They have no reasonable doubt, in the present day at least, of the cordial feeling and good intentions of all parties at home towards them, and therefore little or nothing practically would be gained by this remote honour, which, besides, might endanger their exemption from imperial taxation. Their call is for local self-government, and with this privilege they are alike able and willing to pay every expense incurred, by their own advice and consent, for their own benefit. They are thus in the condition of being free municipalities of the empire, enjoying certain extra-municipal privileges by reason of their remote and peculiar position. This relationship is not inconsistent with the home institutions; and the colonies have everything to gain by the overshadowing

wing of a great parent who, in a confidence that will be promptly reciprocated, has abandoned every systematic interference, but whose supervision and authority may still be exercised with acknowledged benefit. Imperial liberality will not have the effect of diminishing the attachment of colonists to the land of their origin, or of reducing in their estimation the attractive status of their British citizenship, or the dignity and greatness of their common country." — pp. 838, 839.

In these sentiments, likewise, we can cordially concur, and with them take leave of Mr. Westgarth, assuring him, that the more we have studied his book, the higher value we have been inclined to set upon it.

THE LUNAR WORLD AND ITS WONDERS.

THE time has at length arrived, when, through the unremitting and concentrated efforts of the human intellect continued throughout successive ages, the concave surface of the heavens has come within our reach. Since man was created this tract had ever lain beyond the boundaries of his familiar cognizance; but at various distances at successive epochs. First it was a boundless temple of superstitious worship, of which the deities were stars; then it was an object of equally mysterious consultation by man, in which those stars became not only the witnesses, but in some measure the arbiters of his actions; next it was reclaimed within the legitimate boundaries of scientific research; and from thence it was finally drawn one step nearer, out of its astronomical remoteness within the range of man's personal visits, so to speak, and is now rendering up its secrets, one by one, to his penetrating gaze. The domains of superstition and of science are at last yielding to those of physical inquiry and romantic interest; and the explorer promises soon to open the magnificent panorama to the curiosity of the world.

As the star-studded concave closes about us, those objects which are nearest to us of course first reveal themselves. Of these, our own system is naturally the most important; and amongst the various bodies of which it

is composed, our own satellite lies many times closer than the rest.

Just as we have thus put forth our hand to our nearest visible neighbour of the firmament, we have had indications seeming to point to the startling fact that, interposed between even this luminary and the planet we inhabit, there revolve in space, innumerable smaller bodies, at every angle with our orbit, and at various rates of velocity, which although ordinarily invisible, many of them exhibit themselves for a minute segment of their orbit in the heavens. Some of these are conspicuously brilliant, and are admired as meteors; but by far the greater number are familiar to us under the name of *shooting-stars*, which are to be seen at all times darting across the sky, and which, at two different seasons of the year — namely, in August and November — appear in greatly increased numbers, thereby giving colour to the conjecture that they are *cosmical* bodies — that is, bodies not belonging to our own atmosphere, but revolving in space independently of us, and crossing our orbit at certain points, or nodes, during our annual journey. According to Humboldt and other authorities, it is with these shooting-stars the bodies are to be classed which from time to time arrive at the surface of the earth, and are known by the name of meteoric stones. We do not mean to do more at present than

mention this theory, which is, however, steadily gaining ground amongst scientific men, especially in Germany. But it is as well to have precluded our observations by intimating the probability at least, that, near as the telescope has brought the moon, she may be by no means the nearest of celestial bodies; and that the space between her and us, as well as the rest of the solar system, may be traversed by innumerable stars, not the less truly so because there are few of them discoverable to the naked eye, and none observable but for the single instant of their combustion from contact with our atmosphere or some inflammable medium outside it.

We have said that the moon has been brought within man's reach. By this expression we would be understood to imply that the *details* of her surface have come into view, so that she has ceased to be regarded solely with reference to her motions in space, and her relation to other planetary bodies. Of the physical features of one or two other celestial objects we have, indeed, obtained some few glimpses; such as on Mars indications of sea and land, and a whiteness at the poles supposed to be caused by the presence of ice; on Venus and Jupiter, traces of an atmosphere, &c. On the sun, too, the spots are supposed to be manifestations of the non-luminous body itself, revealed through rents in the Nessan shirt which encompasses it. But upon no celestial disc have the details been made out with anything like the precision and minuteness attained to in the moon's instance. Even to the naked eye inequalities present themselves. These become still more remarkable in a telescope of the lowest power, but in one of greater dimensions they first begin to assume those appearances which may be justly denominated *picturesque*.

This word "picturesque" is a clue to our object in the present paper. Just at the point where science has joined hand with sentiment, and the ordinary sympathies of our nature begin to be admitted within the cold domain of rigid philosophy, do we join company, and invite the reader to follow. He shall not be forced through the intricacies which once

embarrassed the subject, but pass with easy step along the paths of modern investigation, cleared and beautified by labours which he is not asked to share, while he enjoys their results. The materials for the task we derive from various sources; but, for the purpose of rendering what we say more intelligible, as well as of encouraging the researches of those who are not disposed to enter scientifically into the subject, we confine ourselves in our quotations principally to cheap and popular works, to which everybody can have easy access. Of these, we propose to make particular use of one, an unassuming but deservedly-admired little volume,* by the Rev. Mr. Crampton—one of a family in which talent is no unusual manifestation—in which the accomplished author has with much tact contrived to combine physical with moral and religious instruction, so as to render his work alike a popular exponent of the present state of science, and a homily addressing to our hearts the truths—practical, logical, and spiritual—deducible from the marvellous facts he details.

It may be necessary further to premise what we have to say by exhibiting some of the means by which we have been enabled to arrive at our present degree of knowledge respecting the moon's surface. A telescope of the very earliest and rudest construction was sufficient to show the principal phenomena. It was soon perceived how vast a field was here opened for human speculation, and what wonders were within the reach of mechanical and optical improvements. The nicest instruments, as they were successively perfected, were brought into requisition; and every appliance which ingenuity could devise was had recourse to, to extend the limits of lunar discovery. For the purpose of comparison and accuracy, maps were early constructed. Hevelius published, in 1647, his "*Selenographia*," in which a description of the moon was illustrated by numerous charts, drawn by himself. In 1651, Father Riccioli produced a map of the satellite, which was followed, in 1680, by Cassini's chart; and this again,

* "The Lunar World: its Scenery, Motions," &c. By the Rev. Josiah Crampton. Second Thousand. Dublin: George Herbert. 1854.

about seventy years later, by that of Tobias Meyer, which was considered more accurate than Cassini's, and remained in general use up to a recent period. But the fine work of MM. Beer and Mädler, published in 1837, has far eclipsed every previous one. The large map is *three feet in diameter*; so it may be imagined what a mass of detail there is room for.

Special charts of the moon have been made from time to time, of which the most elaborate were those constructed by Lohrmann; but of these there were unfortunately but a few completed. Meantime, attempts were made more adequately to realise the lunar appearances by means of *models*, constructed to project the moon's inequalities upon a spherical surface. Most of these were likewise special, only representing particular portions of the disc of our satellite. Two lunar craters, one called Maurolycus, the other Eratosthenes, were represented in plaster of Paris by Mr. Nasmyth. But the most perfect and curious model that has been attempted is the work of a German lady, Madame Witte, of Hanover, who has succeeded in figuring the whole visible surface of the moon upon a twelve-inch globe composed of mastic and wax, from observations made by herself from the roof of her own house. This most interesting work—interesting both in itself and as exhibiting what female ingenuity and perseverance are capable of when directed to adequate objects—it has unfortunately been found impossible to multiply copies of.

Such was the state of things as to the delineation of the lunar phenomena up to the period at which it began to be thought possible that, under the new and wonderful agency of *light-pictures*, the moon might be made to execute her own portrait. This idea has only been started within the last few years; but already—so rapidly does execution follow conception—the feat has been accomplished, though not yet with that perfect accuracy which will no doubt ultimately be attained, and which will enable astronomers to examine the permanent picture under the higher powers of lenses, with greater ease and accuracy than they have ever been able to scrutinise the passing disc of the body itself in the heavens—with an accuracy, indeed, only limited by the inequalities of the surface upon which the image is obtained. Here it

cannot but strike the reflective mind to observe the new and unexpected results to which any new discovery in the realms of science may lead. When a feeble impression was first produced upon a sensitive surface by the powerful rays of the sun, and Daguerre achieved this signal triumph in art, warm as were his aspirations and sanguine his anticipations, he could scarcely for a moment have allowed himself to conceive that by this infant process should at no distant period be obtained for the noblest votary of science, the astronomer, that desideratum of all his mechanical efforts—a fixed, full, and perfect image of a celestial object, whereupon to bring his magnifying eye-glass to bear;—and the knowledge of this recent impressive fact ought to make us increasingly cautious how we pretend to assign limits to human discovery in any direction. From the most unexpected quarter may come what may be called a shortcut to an object of almost hopeless pursuit. One train kindles another; fresh novelties of application are found for the half developed novelty of construction. Wonder joins hand with wonder—discovery illustrates discovery—till as an abiding result, the world has attained for ever a further and a grander light.

At the last meeting of the British Association we were put in possession by Professor Phillips of the report of the committee appointed at Belfast, to inquire into the physical character of the moon's surface, as compared with that of the earth. From this report it appears that the committee, after having met at Parsonstown, at the invitation of the Earl of Rosse, where, with the assistance of Colonel Sabine, they had made a preliminary examination of the moon's surface by the great telescope, had proceeded to make suggestions for obtaining drawings of selected parts of the lunar disc, taking Beer and Mädler's maps as their groundwork. It was on this occasion that Professor Phillips took the opportunity of describing experiments of his own as to taking drafts of the moon's surface by means of the process in question:—

“Some of these photographs (we quote from an abridged report in a cotemporary paper) taken by his own 6½ achromatic, he exhibited to the audience, describing the

process by which he had made the moon take her own likeness. As moonlight was about 100,000 times weaker than sunlight, photographs could only be taken quickly by very sensitive surfaces. On this point he had experienced some difficulty, owing to the declination of the moon, which may thus literally be said to have declined to submit to the operation. His first photograph required ten minutes to complete it; and during that time the moon had made a considerable movement, so that, while one side was quite sharply defined, the other was softened off, and parts of it presented a somewhat distorted appearance. He had, however, been successful, with the assistance of a friend, in preparing a much more sensitive collodion; and by this means had been able to take a photograph of the moon in one minute. The image obtained by the photographer should not only be perfect, but must be taken on a surface quite fine and true, so as to bear magnifying by eye-glasses. In this particular at present only the silver plate and the collodion film on glass had claims to approbation. He was not able at present to report the possession of such perfect images as to bear magnifying well; but this imperfection of the images would probably diminish or vanish on further trials, or when taken by more fortunate experimentalists. By means of perfect magnified images we might have a record of the moon's physical aspect, under every phase or illumination, nearly as we should see her at a distance of *twenty-four miles* through the earth's atmosphere. We should then be able to see and measure on the glass or metal her mountains and valleys, her coasts and cliffs, her glens and precipices, her morasses and sandbanks, her craters of eruption and lava streams, with a degree of minuteness which could hardly be surpassed."

In the distribution of the funds of the Association, it was recommended that the committee should be requested to endeavour to procure photographs of the moon from telescopes of the largest size which could be made available, with £25 at their disposal for the purpose. The highest magnifying power applied with advantage to the moon is considered to be about 500—any power beyond that being found to interfere with the other powers or qualities necessary to be preserved at their maximum for the purposes of observation. Among these qualities are included the *space-penetrating* power, depending upon the size of the object-glass, and *achromatic* clearness, or degree of freedom from colour of the image. With a magnifying power of 500 we may expect, should the proper conditions be fulfilled, to obtain such

an image of the moon's disc as may be the groundwork of utterly unsuspected discoveries. Humboldt states in his *Cosmos* that he possessed a light picture of the moon, of two inches diameter, "in which the so-called seas and annular mountains were clearly recognised." Professor Bond, of Cambridge, U. S., has produced a photograph portrait of the moon, three inches across. We see no reason to doubt that a picture of treble the diameter might be produced. Should it be as perfect as that obtained for Humboldt, some idea may be formed of the minuteness of detail that might reasonably be looked for.

The telescopic power we have indicated as being the best adapted for the purpose, brings the observer within less than 500 miles of the moon's surface—or, more properly, enables him to see her as she would appear to the naked eye of a spectator at that distance. Higher powers are frequently applied. With the highest, if successfully employed in the photographic process, we might approach our satellite within *twenty-four miles*. At this distance, *any object whose diameter exceeds thirty-seven feet could be discerned*. What a contemplation is this! How closely has the outstretched hand of discovery approximated to the yet untouched glories of a new world! How little short of actual contact! What forbids us to trace by anticipation the career of some aerial Columbus who shall complete the voyage? Surely not the experience of the past. On the contrary, all that we have seen or heard of leads us to predict that, as the keel of discovery advances, its progress will be accelerated—that new aids will spring up to complete the half-achieved conquest—that the first impact of man's energy upon the secrets of the stellar system will take place with a shock, as the electric fluid darts to recover its equilibrium; and that thenceforward human knowledge will circulate freely and tranquilly through the mass it has impinged upon.

We have obtained a picture, then, of this great luminary. What does it reveal? The earliest astronomers had their own ideas, based upon ocular observations under clear skies. These, as may be imagined, were mixed of truth and error. Anaxagoras held that it was inhabited, consisting of hills, valleys, and waters, like the earth.

Nothing could be more natural than that such an idea should occur to an observer whose sight was not optically assisted. What can be more exactly the counterpart of a terrestrial globe than the moon's surface? We fancy we see the confines of land and water evidently defined—the shores of continents, the areas of lakes, the circuits of islands—all mapped before our eyes; nay, there is something not so utterly removed from a rude resemblance of the configuration of our own terrestrial geography, reflected, as it were, upon the resplendent mirror above us. Nor is the idea so fanciful as not to have occurred to more than one mind. Observers have been impressed with it under widely different circumstances. Humboldt thus alludes to it:—

“Another ‘*very fanciful opinion*’ respecting the spots in the moon, was that of Agesianax (contested by Plutarch), according to which the moon's disc was supposed to reflect back to us catoptrically (as in a mirror) the forms and outlines of our continents, and of the outer (Atlantic) sea. An opinion quite similar to this seems to have continued as a popular belief in Western Asia to the present day.”

And he adds—

“I was once very much astonished to hear a very accomplished Persian of Isbahan, who had certainly never read a Greek book, to whom I was showing, in Paris, the spots on the moon's face through a large telescope, propound the same hypothesis of reflection as that of Agesianax as prevalent in his own country. ‘It is *ourselves* we see in the moon (said the Persian)—that is the map of our earth.’”

Lastly, a friend of Mr. Crampton's maintained a long and grave argument with him in support of the same theory, *neither he nor his opponent being at the time aware that the idea had ever been broached before.*

Misconceptions of this kind, however, soon yield to the test of the telescope. A moderate magnifying power not only exhibits the original and peculiar arrangement of the moon's surface, but likewise disabuses us of the erroneous impression that the shaded parts of the illuminated surface are *water*. The first thing we perceive is that they cannot be fluid. Inequalities of all kinds are detected in the so-called seas, and appearances to be afterwards

explained identify them with the land which surrounds them. Why such immense tracts are *shaded* as they are is quite another question—and a difficult one it is. It is not solely on account of their being depressed in level below the lighter parts, because in the first place this depression does not everywhere exist; and secondly, being so trifling in proportion to the area depressed, the appearances thus caused would vary according to the angle of incidence of the sun's rays upon the lunar surface as seen from the earth, so as to be most strongly marked when the rays fell most obliquely, and almost obliterated when they fell perpendicularly—in other words, when the moon was at full. But such is not in point of fact observed to be the case; on the contrary, we never see the lunar *map* so clearly laid down as under this latter aspect. Most certainly other causes at least combine with the differences of level to produce these permanent features—and these causes (except in a few instances where they seem to be connected with diversities of *colour*) we are still ignorant of—though it is possible they may be traceable, in part at least, to a difference in the substance of which the surface is composed, which may have unequal powers of reflecting light.

But, subordinate to the general incidents of elevation and depression, we become enabled through magnifying media to perceive that nearly the whole surface of the moon, within and without the shaded parts, is unequal, being what we should call on earth *Alpine* in its character. This is the next step—the first, indeed, beyond the range of the unassisted eye. We find a sphere, with a rugged, uneven, broken surface. The moon, in fact, says the writer in the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” presents “*prodigious inequalities.*”

“This is proved (he observes) by looking at her through a telescope at any other time than when she is full, for then there is no regular line bounding light and darkness; but the confines of these parts appear, as it were, toothed, and cut with innumerable notches and breaks; and even in the dark part, near the borders of the lucid surface, there are seen some small spaces enlightened by the sun's beams. Before the fourth day after the new moon, there may be perceived some shining points like rocks or small islands within the dark body of the moon; but not

far from the confines of light and darkness there are observed other little spaces which join to the enlightened surface, but run out into the dark side, which, by degrees, change their figure, till at last they come wholly within the illuminated face, and have no dark parts round them at all. Afterwards many more shining spaces are observed to arise by degrees, and to appear within the dark side of the moon, which before they drew near to the confines of light and darkness were invisible, being without any light, and totally immersed in the shadow. The contrary is observed in the decreasing phases, where the lucid spaces which joined the illuminated surface by degrees recede from it, and after they are quite separated from the confines of light and darkness, remain for some time visible, till at last they also disappear."

This is a very clear, matter-of-fact piece of writing. We are bound to submit to the reasoning, and allow that there *are* mountains in the moon. Indeed, a more beautiful ocular proof has occasionally been obtained of this important fact. Let the reader imagine the moon passing across a star, and consequently hiding it from view during its transit. This is called an *occultation*. Now, if the star be so situated as that it barely touches upon the moon's upper or lower limb in passing—that is, if the moon just grazes it, it forms a sort of test whereby to ascertain the inequalities of the lunar surface at that particular place where it forms an edge or horizon towards the star. We are not now considering the question of the moon's atmosphere, which, according to some observers, visibly affects the occultations. But putting that aside, let us see what occurs under the foregoing circumstances:—

"Several instances are on record," says Mr. Hind, in his excellent little work called "The Solar System," "where a star, instead of disappearing finally when first in contact with the moon's limb, has run along it and re-appeared several times, evidently between the mountains upon the edge of her disc. On the 7th of March, 1794, Professor Koch saw Aldebaran disappear and re-appear three times, about thirty seconds or so intervening between the immersions and emersions. Another observation of a similar kind was made by Mr. Rumker at Hamburgh, on the 19th of February, 1820. A star of the seventh magnitude appeared to run with extreme rapidity along the summits of the mountains on the moon's edge, by which it was eclipsed from time to time. This 'magnificent spectacle' continued nearly ten minutes, after which the star entirely vanished."

The fact of there being lunar mountains being established, we are at once set upon further inquiry—we feel that we must know something more about them. Here Mr. Crampton comes to our aid:—

"With these the moon is overspread; they occupy, indeed, not less than two-thirds of the entire disc which she presents to us. Of what nature her surface is composed upon the other hemisphere we can never know, as she presents always the same face to the earth; but from analogy we may fairly conclude it is not materially different. But not only are her mountains more numerous, in proportion to her size, than those of the earth, but they are much larger, rising to a much loftier elevation, composed, apparently, of a substance of a much harder texture than anything terrestrial, and exhibiting bolder and sharper outlines, and more tremendous precipices, some of which project and overhang each other in such a manner as to lead many to suppose, that the rocks composing them are of a harder and more solid nature than wrought-iron."

Or, let us add, as some physicists argue, of a nature so light and imponderous as to resemble no substance we are acquainted with so much as cork. This is the likelier supposition, considering the difference of mass between our planet and its satellite. Some important diversity of physical laws must prevail, no doubt; for it cannot be by chance alone that in the lesser body sheer cliffs of thousands of feet in depth descend from mountain tops into valleys or chasms; while in the larger, no search has yet succeeded in discovering a perpendicular descent of 500 feet anywhere.

But this is not the only peculiarity characterising the lunar landscape. Both mountains and plains have one strangely distinctive feature, not altogether without its apparent type on our globe, though here it is of rare occurrence and limited size; whereas on the moon it is observed to pervade and characterise the whole visible surface. The effect of volcanic action everywhere at the surface of the earth is to produce *craters*. We know this, for some existing volcanoes are forming them now; and numbers of them are found to attest the former existence of volcanoes long extinct. But, terrific as these yawning throats of fiery respiration are, they are but minute spiracles in comparison of the capacious craters of the moon. The

greater part of its visible surface is absolutely crowded with them. Not only are they observed surmounting the highest peaks, but they occur in the depths of valleys, and chequer the monotony of plains; they cling to the sides of cliffs, and cut into, and encompass, and overlap each other. In dimensions they far exceed any volcanic apertures on earth—*some of them measure a hundred miles in diameter!*

We have got into the domain of wonders. As if to baffle conjecture, even these craters contain mountains within themselves. Mr. Crampton is here our warrant:—

“The number of these isolated cones, placed in circular plains or hollows, varying from a few yards to above a hundred miles in diameter, is past counting; but whether standing alone, as some do, or crowded together, till their circumferences break in one upon another, like the cells of a honeycomb broken—as they are to be found in the southern portion of the moon, and in the neighbourhood of Tycho—their formation is the same, differing only as to size and depth, and the circumstance of a central mountain—some having none, while others have two or more; while across some a ridge extends, running either the whole or only part of the way, while in the centre of some a deep gulf seems to open.”

These craters, peaks, and ridges lie so close together in the neighbourhood of Tycho, that, as Mr. Hind says, “in some directions it is impossible to find the smallest level space.” From many of these run fine lines of light, diverging like the rays of a lamp, and stretching some of them across a considerable portion of the moon’s surface, traversing, without being diverted from their course, hills, valleys, cliffs, and even craters themselves, besides crossing each other. What these are has never been discovered. They are luminous above the surrounding surface, *and they cast no shadow*—becoming visible as soon as the sun is elevated from 25° to 80° above their horizon. It may be supposed that but little of a satisfactory nature has been ascertained concerning them, when amongst the conjectures is one which makes them out to be *roads!* There is certainly nothing upon our earth to help us to an analogical guess. We can scarcely conclude them to be what are called trap dykes—that is, masses of rock which have burst up from below when in a fused state, through the

fissures of the rocks they have intruded into, and hardened at the surface. For to have done so, we must suppose them not only to possess reflective powers higher than the rock they are contained in, but likewise to have reached the surface in every point of their most irregular course, without having anywhere risen above it, which is manifestly most unlikely, and quite opposed to what we observe in the case of trap-dykes on our own planet. There they are, boldly radiating from distinct centres, and some of them traversing in their sweep the best part of the moon’s visible surface; while others, traced close to her edge, may be presumed to plunge to an equal extent into that hemisphere which, enlightened with the alternate sunbeam like the part we are familiar with, is yet destined never to be seen by the inhabitants of earth. We are not certain whether we are prepared to subscribe to the probability of Mr. Nasmyth’s idea—namely, that these lines have been caused by the volcanic pressure from within outwards, which has cracked the crust of the moon at some distant period, and produced an appearance similar, as described, “to that of a pane of glass broken by a sharp-pointed instrument.” Nor do we think that Mr. Crampton much mends the matter by explaining that—

“The radiating craters were successively the centres of a terrible convulsion, which operated on the crust of the moon as the blow of a stone would upon a piece of plate-glass, sending out sloping but elevated ridges in all directions from the centre of disturbance.”

The fact is, notwithstanding the ingenuity of that eminent practical astronomer, Mr. Nasmyth (who has, by-the-by, contributed some valuable letters to the present edition of Mr. Crampton’s book), we see great difficulties in the way of a theory which *assumes* circumstances never found to exist in nature, as this does, when it supposes the exudation of a fluid substance from within through a fissure to an irregular surface, without at any point failing to fill up the fissure, or overflowing it. But, if there be the slightest difference of level, and assuming the body of the moon to be opaque, why no shadow? We must leave the point with the more obvious differences of brightness before alluded to, to be

cleared up by future and further investigations.*

Thus far we have a globe, diversified with light and shade, disturbed with mountains, honeycombed with craters, cloven into fissures—in short, furnished with the great elements of what is called amongst men *scenery*. Here we gladly return to Mr. Cramp-ton, who has been able to realise with a happy boldness the inferential picture. As in studying a book of terrestrial travels, so it would be well here, too, to be provided with a map of the surface of the satellite, which is to be had anywhere:—

“Choose the period of the last quarter; and direct our way to that dark, shadowy spot marked N in the map, and situate at the north-eastern portion of the lunar globe—it is the Mare Imbrium, or Sea of Showers, as it is called, though no water is to be found there, and no shower ever cools or moistens its barren surface. It is about 700 miles in extent every way. Let us cast our eyes around, and what do we see?—a boundless plain, or desert, stretching away as far as the eye can reach on every side, save in one or two points, where a chain of lofty mountains can be perceived, whose brilliant, pointed summits, glittering in the sunbeams, just appear upon the distant horizon. The light that glares upon the plain is intense, and the heat of a tropical fierceness, for no cloud shelters us. By that light we may perceive, scattered over the plain, an infinite number of circular pits, of different sizes and depths, varying from a few yards to some hundred in diameter, and sunk in the body or crust of the planet: some of them but a few feet, and others to an unknown and immeasurable depth. Above, the sky is black, out of which the sun gleams like a red-hot ball; and the stars sparkle like diamonds—for no atmosphere such as ours exists, to give by its refractive and reflective powers the delicious blue to its heavens, and the softened shade to its landscape. The lights and shades are indented upon its features deep and dark, or intensely bright; no softening away in the distance, no gentle and beautiful perspective, no lovely twilight—morning or evening—stealing over or away from the scene. All the shadows are abrupt, sudden—all the outlines sharp, clear; appearing startlingly near, even when really distant. No sound follows our footfall, or is ever heard in that silent place—for there is no atmosphere to conduct it; no fresh breeze blows on its mountain-tops, sighs through its burning deserts, rustles through the brilliant green of forests, or waves over

meadows; the silence of death broods over its arid wastes and rocky shores, against which no tides or billows break.”—pp. 11, 12.

By way of affording an idea of the peculiar character of lunar scenery, we will endeavour to describe the annular mountain called Eratosthenes, one of the most striking of its class. It stands at the extremity of a long range, called the Apennines, which covers a surface of more than 16,000 square miles. It is the *Insula Vulcania* of Hevelius, and is termed by Mädler “the mighty key-stone of the Apennines.” The diameter of the crater is thirty-seven miles; as the interior is even, it ought rather to be called a wall-surrounded plain. This central plain is not level with the surface outside—it lies 3,000 feet below it. The edge of the crater being raised 3,000 feet *above* the exterior surface, it follows that the interior descent is 6,000 feet. But this interior plain is not featureless. From the centre rises a huge mountain, at least 10,000 feet above the edge of the crater; so that its summit and sides are brightly lighted by the sunbeams, long before its base or any portion of the surrounding plain has received a ray:—

“This is a specimen of the general character of the lunar mountains with which her surface is covered—the mountain ranges, or chains, forming the exception.”

These ranges are evidently quite distinct in their character and formation. We confine ourselves to the *crateriform* mountains, with an included plain:—

“The shape of the surrounding cliffs can readily be perceived by the shadows they project on the surface of the plain below, as we have often seen in the hollows of our mountain lakes, which many of them resemble, if we imagine a sandy plain at the bottom instead of water. When there is a central mountain, its shadow is distinctly cast upon this plain, by which its shape can be ascertained and sketched, and its height measured trigonometrically.”—pp. 16, 17.

The radiating crater Tycho, already spoken of, is another of the centres of sublimity which exist on the moon. It

* See, on this subject, Lardner's “Handbook of Astronomy,” pp. 207–8.

lies on the southern part of her surface, and can be plainly discerned by the naked eye at full moon. Here are found some of the most savage features of lunar landscape; no level ground is to be discovered on any side. We recur to the same source whence we have already extracted such vivid descriptions:—

“Let us, in imagination, stand for a few moments within the arena of Tycho. Around us, on every side, rises a mighty wall of rock, extending in a circle of 150 miles, or 54 in diameter. Looking up from the interior plain, it is 17,000 clear feet of precipice before the eye rests. Before us extends a plain for about 25 miles, interrupted, however, by concentric ridges of rocky mountains, or barriers, that encircle (in irregular and broken masses, of fearful magnitude and height) the awful centre, whence, from a black and profound gulf, that opens its mighty jaws, springs a huge, dark mountain—the Sinai of Hevelius—whose steep and pointed summit, higher than the lofty Snowdon, shoots upward for above 4,000 feet in sheer precipice from the plain. The centre, this, of the terrible convulsion that once shook the very heart and substance of our satellite; so that it would seem, indeed, that it needed but little more to burst the entire globe, and scatter it into fragments.

“The awful character of such scenery is feebly represented by anything terrestrial analogous to it. Were we to seek it anywhere, it would be in the wilds and desolation of Hecla, which, by the following description of a modern lady traveller, it seems to resemble not a little:—

“‘Suddenly, as if by magic, I found myself on the brink of a chasm, into which I could scarcely look without a shudder: involuntarily I thought of Weber’s *Frey-chutz* and the “Wolf’s Hollow.”

“‘The scene is the more startling from the circumstance that the traveller approaching Thingvalla in a certain direction sees only the plains beyond the chasm, and has no idea as to its existence. It was a fissure some five or six fathoms broad, but several hundred feet in depth; and we were forced to descend by a small, steep, dangerous path, across large fragments of lava. Colossal blocks of stone, threatening the unhappy wanderer with death and destruction, hang loosely in the form of pyramids and of broken columns, from the lofty walls of lava, which encircle the whole long ravine in the form of a gallery. Speechless, and in anxious suspense, we descend a part of this chasm, hardly daring to look up, much less to give utterance to a single sound, lest the vibration should bring down one of those avalanches of stone, to the terrific force of which the rocky fragments scattered around bear ample testimony. The distinctness with which echo

repeats the softest sounds and the lightest footfall is truly wonderful.

“‘The appearance presented by the horses, which are allowed to come down the ravine after their masters have descended, is most peculiar. One could fancy they were clinging to the walls of rock.

“‘This ravine is known by the name of Almanagian. Its entire length is about a mile, but a small portion only can be traversed; the rest is blocked up by masses of lava heaped one upon the other. On the right hand, the rocky wall opens, and forms an outlet, over formidable masses of lava, into the beautiful valley of Thingvalla. I could have fancied that I wandered through the depths of a crater, which had piled itself these stupendous barriers during a mighty eruption in times long gone by.

“‘My pen is unfortunately too feeble to bring vividly before my readers the picture as I beheld it here, and to describe to them the desolation, the extent and height of these lava-masses. I seemed to stand in a crater, and the whole country appeared only a burnt-out fire. Here lava was piled up in steep inaccessible mountains; there stony rivers, whose length and breadth seemed immeasurable, filled the once verdant fields. Everything was jumbled together, and yet the course of the last eruption could be distinctly traced.

“‘I stood there, in the centre of horrible precipices, caves, streams, valleys, and mountains, and scarcely comprehend how it was possible to penetrate so far, and was overcome with terror at the thought which involuntarily obtruded itself—the possibility of never finding my way again out of these terrible labyrinths.’”—pp. 21–23.

The inquirer will naturally ask, Is there anything upon the earth analogous to this? Humboldt states that Galileo had been reminded by the wall-surrounded plains of the moon of the configuration of whole countries, such as the great enclosed basin of Bohemia. There is, no doubt, the double difficulty to contend with, of the vast dimensions of the craters, and of the absence of apparent existing volcanic action upon the moon; for although the elder Herschel and others suspected the presence of active volcanoes, the conjecture has not been confirmed by later investigation. Still, it is more difficult to establish an affinity between the basin-shaped plains of our earth, formed as they are not by the action of fire but by the agency of water, and the craters of the moon, than to leave these latter in the same category with our numerous though comparatively minute volcanic cones, certainly presenting more strik-

ing points of resemblance. For let us suppose the chalk basins of Hampshire, Paris, and London, for instance, to have been elevated without any disturbance or entombment from the further action of water (though to do so we must get rid of water itself as an element during the process), and to present on the surface the appearance of huge cup-shaped depressions, still how far would they be from corresponding with the lunar appearances? Such deposits are never, we believe, uniformly round—they never rise precipitously at the sides, either within or on the outside; they never enclose a level plain, much less do they ever exhibit a central chasm, or mountain, whereas volcanic cones are often regular, generally steep, and occasionally enclose a smaller cone of eruption, while some few, as that of Kelauea in Hawaii, attain to considerable dimensions.

The author we have been quoting adduces a description, by Sir Charles Napier, of Trukkee, an extinct volcano in India. It might answer tolerably well, on an enlarged scale, for that of certain cones on the moon's southern portion:—

“The general, after examining with great labour and fatigue all the approaches, scaled a high rock, from whence he looked into the interior of Trukkee, and formed a plan of attack—to be executed, however, only in the last extremity, for the place was indeed worthy of its reputation. Resembling an extinct crater, it was twelve miles long, by five or six broad; and nature had most curiously contrived it—alike for secrecy and strength. For strength, because externally it presented a belt of rocks many hundred feet high, and nearly impracticable of ascent on the south side; and though it was less austere on the north, the inside there was precipitous, while on the southern side it was comparatively easy of descent. Thus the whole circuit was equally impervious to assault; and the interior was a vast collection of rocky hillocks, with chasms of different depths, yet all precipitous.

“For secrecy, because on the south was a second wall, or screen of perpendicular rocks, some hundred feet high, forming, with the actual belt of Trukkee, a restricted valley, or rather lane, which was to be entered by narrow fissures before the passes into the crater could be approached; and all the country for miles around, beyond that screen, and adjoining the true wall, was a chaos of huge loose stones, which it was hardly possible to cross. *The entrances to this hidden fastness, which seemed like some ruined co-*

lossal amphitheatre, were mere cracks in a wall of rock, so suddenly opened that the upper parts seemed still to touch, and refused to let in the light. There was abundance of water inside; and just outside the fissure by which the robbers retired after their attack on the convoy, there was a copious hot spring, wholesome to drink, yet forbidden to the troops by matchlock-men, perched on landing-places in the side of the precipitous crags.”

After all, neither the Plutonic nor the Neptunian theory is as satisfactory as we could wish. We have scarcely a right to assume the exclusive agency of either water or fire where these elements are absolutely undiscoverable. Notwithstanding, in the uncertainty of the case, we have been led to conceive a third theory of our own, though it is not altogether free from the very objection just stated. We got at it in this way. We imagined ourselves upon the surface of the moon, looking towards the earth, from which we removed every element not existing upon the satellite, so as to render it as similar to it in these circumstances as possible. Fire, water, and, to a certain extent, air, were banished. The abstraction of the water of course laid bare the vast expanse of the south seas, forming nearly one-half of the surface of our planet. Then looking for features resembling the crateriform structures of the moon, we immediately recognised in that great tract resemblances so striking, that in many cases they might pass for mirrored reflections of portions of her surface. These were the *coral formations*, which are scattered over nearly a third of the superficial area of the globe, and embrace the greater part of the islands of those seas, as well as a large portion of the Australian continent. This is no place to enter upon details; but whoever may choose to refer to the descriptions of these formations will, we think, be struck by many points of similarity. Let any one, for instance, take the sketch forming the frontispiece to Mr. Crampton's book, being a telescopic view of a lunar crater, and compare it with the drawing of the island of Bola-bola in the Pacific, given in Mr. Darwin's book on the “Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs.” The main features are identical. The drawing, of course, only represents the circular summit of the reef, the sides being hidden in the sea; but the soundings show what the

appearance would be were the water removed. Captain Fitz Roy, within 2,200 yards of an island of similar formation, Keeling Island, in vain sought for bottom with a line of 7,200 feet in length. These islands, in fact, almost invariably rise perpendicularly from an unfathomable depth. They are sometimes quite circular, and frequently of a regular form. Those called atolls enclose a basin, more or less deep. They are often of an immense size:—for instance, Suadiva is forty-four miles one way by thirty-four the other,—and some are even larger. A few contain small atolls (or circular coral reefs with lagoons) within the central space; and what is perhaps most remarkable, there are certain of these islands in which a peak rises abruptly from the centre of the lagoon.

Let the reader compare the sketch of Whitsunday Island, in Mr. Darwin's book (which he can also see in his "Journal," a work better known) with Mr. Crampton's imaginary drawing of the wall-surrounded plain at page 16 of his work, and say whether the similarity can be considered altogether fortuitous. It is not pretended that there are not difficulties in the way of the theory; many appearances are irreconcilable with it. The case of the mountain Eratosthenes, in which the central plain lies *lower* than the surrounding country, is the very reverse of that of the coral islands, whose lagoon is always shallow in comparison with the outer ocean, though other craters (such as that marked No. 28 on the Berlin chart) exactly correspond with them. There is, moreover, the grand difficulty, that whereas these islands have been the work of insects *working under water*, in the moon we have not even a trace of the element in which they could have been similarly constructed. But, without sheltering ourselves behind the opinion of such philosophers as Sir John Herschel, who assert that on the moon's surface there are large regions apparently "of

a decidedly alluvial character," we must be permitted to say that this difficulty, great as it is, is not in itself sufficient completely to negative the idea of analogous structure. It is not so improbable that there should be organised beings created with certain constructive powers similar to others actually existing on earth, yet found to live in another element, or without the element they inhabit here, as that fire, or water, should have been the direct means of rearing these structures, *there being no evidence whatever that either fire or water ever existed on the globe where they are observed.* Without going farther, however, into this interesting question, into which we have already perhaps dived too deeply, we may at least point forward to a period in the history of this earth of ours, in which that great area of subsidence, the Pacific, in which the existing coral formations cover no less than 19,000 square miles, shall become once more an area of elevation, and the submerged continents of the south shall rise again with all the irregularity of paroxysmal upheaval above the surface. What will an observer from the moon then behold? Exactly, or nearly so, what we observe on it. The coral activity will have died away; the sides and edges of what may then be called craters will have become rugged and thunder-split.* Even now the barrier-reefs are breached with fissures opposite every running stream—in this respect resembling the great valleys of Australia. Who can doubt that these breaches would "radiate" further and further as the land rose and an anticlinal axis was formed, so as to spread to vast distances from the original focus of disturbance? Finally, he will see certain of these craters containing *central mountains*. Here, surely, the resemblance is more than imaginary. Nevertheless, as we said before, we have no intention of going further into the matter. These are areas of speculation too vast for hasty inquiry.† The

* As the coral-rock of the Mauritius is now found to be. See "Milner's Gallery of Nature."

† We are glad to find that in "Lardner's Handbook of Astronomy" our doubts as to the volcanic theory receive some confirmation. The author's words are these:—"The volcanic character observed in the selenographic formations loses much of its analogy to like formations on the earth's surface, when higher magnifying powers enable us to examine the details of what appear to be craters. . . . Numerous examples may be produced to illustrate this." The mountain Cassendi is then described, as seen through the Dorpat telescope, and the author adds:—"It is easy to see how little analogy to a terrestrial volcanic

residuary incongruities we do not pretend to reconcile. Let us rather return to the far more pleasing realities of what is actually revealed to us, and shines under our eyes. As it is, we have approached step by step the precincts of the *picturesque*, at which point, as we began by observing, the public becomes first an interested party in natural investigations. Something we can *feel* has been superinduced upon something we can *understand*. Emotion overtakes us in our Alpine explorations. We are affected, softened, by beauty, as appreciable as it is unexpected. We walk into another world, yet find that we are still within the domain of NATURE—that sublime, mysterious, yet true and touching thing, to which the finest fibres of the human heart have been created as well as taught to respond, and towards which no heart, however feebly strung, is sufficiently out of tune to be insensible. But one thing is wanting to our gratification—we long for the *hues*, as well as the *sunshine*, of our fair world; nor do we long in vain. Here the amazing power of man's penetrating glance has achieved its last and most signal triumph. We find that in the whiteness of that celestial light, as in the solar spectrum, is bound up the beauteous group of rays out of which the endless diversities of pictorial beauty are evolved. As yet the indications of colour are faint. As might be expected, the hues hang upon the extreme verge of telescopic vision. There is rather the impression given that tints lie beyond the eye than any strongly-marked diversities within its range. However, we see that all is not achromatic, and hence infer the local characteristics in this respect of particular districts. When speaking of the spaces enclosed in rocky boundaries, Mr. Crampton observes:—

“The surface of these circular plains affords a variety of colouring, which with our present powers of vision cannot be satisfactorily accounted for, some being of an ashy grey (a colour which generally belongs to

those *without* any central mountain), others being of a whitish shade, some few of a red colour, and others of a faint green, which has led some to suppose the existence of a vegetation resembling that of the earth.”

The shadow thrown by a semicircular range of rocks enclosing the recess called the Bay of Rainbows upon the valley at its base, is described by Mr. Hind as of a *strong greenish hue*. Who can say what depths and diversities of umbrage enrich that valley of Rainbows? It may be that the green tint is nothing more than the sign of rank or even scanty vegetation, such as is met with on the arid plains of Australia or Chili. Under strictly analogous circumstances such a surmise would be the most probable, as there is but little moisture, if any, and much solar heat. But we have here no right to argue with any degree of confidence from analogy. On the contrary, within a general similarity we see everywhere an included diversity; so that the very fact of resemblance in climate and other local characteristics ought rather to lead us to expect a dissimilarity in the productions, which might be as luxuriant there, as here they would be impoverished and sparse. If the vegetation keep any proportion with the mountain scale of the lunar landscape, forests may wave over these green expanses, which would overshadow our Norwegian or tropical woods as proudly as the cedar does the thistle at his foot.

Plain, mountain, valley, light, shade, colour, vegetable life—one thing remains—*are these vast sierras peopled or not with animated beings?* Is there an eye to observe, an ear to hear, a step to traverse the inconceivable grandeurs of the lunar world? Above all, is there a sentient, rational, upward-looking being upon its surface—a link to connect the glories of nature with the creative glory which kindled them? Is it probable—is it possible—that such creatures exist? *This* is the point towards which man's curiosity has incessantly drifted, from

crater is presented by these characters.” And to the same effect is Arago's observation—“We must remark,” he says, “that the appearance on the surface of the moon at different intervals of time, of self-lustrous points, and the crater-like form affected by almost all the cavities observed, are not sufficient to establish the existence of volcanoes on the moon.” Our strong conviction is that, whatever may have been the origin of the mountain-ranges such as the Apennines, the bulwark-plains, ring-mountains, craters, and holes, have been produced by *tranquil processes, acting at the surface*, and not by paroxysmal action from within outwards.

the days of Anaxagoras to our own. Here we cannot expect to be as yet aided by direct observation; or rather, the absence of ocular demonstration cannot yet decide the question in the negative; for an infinite number of circumstances may combine to baffle man's scrutiny as to the presence of material intelligences upon a body different from our own planet. We have seen, for instance, that the scale of relative magnitude is not by any means uniform upon the moon and earth. The mass of the former is one-eightieth of that of the latter — the bulk, one-fiftieth; yet the mountains of the one are *relatively* five times the height of those of the other. In like manner, assuming the lunar craters to be volcanic, they exceed beyond all comparison, both in number and size, the terrestrial ones. Thus, there is no reason to conclude that the magnitude of animals should bear any regular relation to each other in the two worlds; they may be considerably larger, they may be vastly smaller, in the one than in the other. We can scarcely assign a limit to the admissible license of nature in this particular. As it is, and upon our own planet, size seems to be the least uniform of all the characteristics of kindred animals. From the crocodile to the chameleon — from the "great cave tiger" to the house cat — from the dolphin to the porpoise —

"Created hugest that swim the ocean stream" —

all is diversity; nor is there any reason for supposing that because landscape features are colossal, animated nature should be so too. The American continent is a striking instance of this. There, amidst the most gigantic physical features, live and have lived tribes of animals as much below the Old World standard as those exceed it. Witness the llama, the puma, the peccary, as compared with the camel, the lion, the boar. Besides, the same countries have at different geological periods produced allied animals, differing completely in size alone. The fossil tortoise of the Sewalic hills of India, as compared with most of the existing species, may be adduced, — as well as the fossil *dinornis* of New Zealand, standing nine feet high, placed beside the existing penguin.

In short, nothing seems more arbitrary than the normal type of size in any particular case; and although we are many of us ready enough to demonstrate why the human race should not have been ten feet high, or ten inches, still, arguing from the ascertained facts in the instance of other animated creatures, there is really no general law that we know of imposing upon man a six feet standard, or limiting his proportions in either direction, even on this earth, much less can we assume the existence of such on a globe of which we are so ignorant, and where the accessories of animate and inanimate nature may be so totally dissimilar to our own.

But if magnitude be a quality of so arbitrary a class wherever we are able to make our observations upon animal life, we are clearly precluded from forming any conclusion whatever relative to the non-existence of animal organisms generally upon the lunar surface, from the mere fact of the absence of those easily discernible manifestations usually associated with the idea on our own globe. We have some reason, as we have seen, to suspect the presence of *vegetable* life — the *pabulum* of a large proportion of the animal tribes. There is no analogy against the prevalence of an extremely minute standard of size, — such as that of insect-life here. The saurian period of our globe, no doubt, abounded in huge forms; but why not imagine our satellite peopled with the common lizard, or the chameleon, or even animals of microscopic diminutiveness? It has been observed that the earliest inhabitants of newly-raised coral reefs are certain small species of insects of the spider kind. Darwin found some of the atolls, called Keeling Island, thus, and thus alone, tenanted. Why need we hesitate to assume a low standard of size, in view of such facts? Indeed we may, perhaps, be going too far in combating imaginary difficulties. Our nearest approach to the moon let us take to be twenty-four miles, and we believe we are overstating our advance. What animal, or vegetable, could we discern at that distance upon earth? The very colour of the landscape would merge in that of the atmosphere.*

* We here gladly refer the reader to a useful little publication which has just appeared, under the editorship of Dr. Lardner, entitled "The Museum of Science and Art;" in the first number of which are some interesting speculations bearing on our present inquiry.

But, it will be objected, there are very doubtful indications of any atmosphere upon the moon, and absolutely none of water; while the whole character of the landscape is that of such desolation, that no living thing could continue to exist upon it. This is assuming too much. We must recollect, in the first place, that we only see a little more than half of the moon's surface: the other side is, and must ever be to us, an unexplored region. We do not mean to go the length of asserting that water could be collected there, while the dry land, reversing the terrestrial proportion, prevailed in excess, and was turned towards us. We believe that aqueous vapours, did water exist, must transport themselves over the land, and become revealed to us through their effect upon our vision of that surface, though Sir John Herschel conceives that they might be present without our detecting them, or constantly concentrate themselves on the unilluminated portion of the moon's disc. But we certainly do contend that it is quite unphilosophical to conclude, because a certain element does not manifest itself, endued with the same properties which belong to it here where it is supposed necessary to animal life, that therefore life elsewhere must necessarily be absent where it is not found; for experience shows us every day, under what conditions of privation vitality may be supported. Certain animals need for their very existence what others seem absolutely independent of. And so of vegetables. If, indeed, the green of the plain in the *Mare Imbrium* shall prove to be vegetation, we have got rid of the main difficulty; for air and moisture are held on our globe to be equally indispensable to vegetable and animal life. But even before the fact is ascertained, our argument is equally legitimate, that what is essential to one family of living beings is unnecessary to another. Solar light, for instance, considered to be the most important of all vitalising influences, is not universally indispensable. Witness many sea-fish, inhabiting depths to which a ray never penetrates, and probably furnished with a phosphoric apparatus for the purpose of illuminating those unsunned abodes. The *Proteus Anguinus* of the grotto of Maddalena at Adelsberg, of which Sir Humphry Davy so pleasingly discourses, is equally removed from the in-

fluence of solar light. So of moisture. Darwin speaks of the toads at Bahia Blanca, which exist for considerable periods without the slightest apparent supply of fluid, either from the earth, the sky, or the air. We almost hesitate to refer to the so-often-repeated story of the discovery of these same animals in the hollow of stones, where they have been hermetically sealed for an unknown period, deprived of all access to light, air, moisture, food—in short, every element considered essential to animal existence; and yet this is an animal possessing the organs adapted for seeing, breathing, eating, drinking, as fully as we do ourselves. But we have no scruple in pointing to the undoubted fact of the total and long-continued suspension of animation without terminating it which is observed in certain instances. Gold-fish, which thrive in water at a temperature of 80°, as well as perch and eels, can be frozen up with water into a solid mass, and afterwards thawed into existence again, when their vital powers are found to be unimpaired. Here life has survived, though dormant, while the animal was restricted from every element essential, or supposed essential, to animation, including motion itself; and as ice here preserves, instead of terminating, animal life, so fire does not always prove absolutely destructive of it. Humboldt mentions that, during his researches in tropical America, he found fishes *thrown up alive from the bottom of an exploding volcano, along with water at that time so hot as to raise the thermometer to 210°, or within two degrees of the boiling point!*

Is it too much to believe that since animals, with organs created referentially to certain conditions or elements, can exist for a greater or less period deprived of those conditions or elements assumed to be generally essential to animal existence, a world of animated beings likewise may exist, adapted to a state of things from which one or more of these elements may be permanently excluded, and yet kindred in many of their characteristics, physical and even mental, to ourselves? Recollect, however strong and strange the differences between the lunar landscape and our own, the resemblances are still more striking. Lighted and warmed by a common sun, the animator of our terrestrial creation—further illuminated

by the beams reflected from ourselves—diversified with every variety of scenic outline, whether amidst its tropical deserts or towards its polar solitudes; adorned, as we conjecture, with the foliage of extensive evergreen forests, or the herbage of spacious prairies;—we can almost imagine the first step of a visitant from this sublunary sphere upon its rugged surface, and his recognition of terrestrial effects, repeated, though perhaps intensified, in the aspect of the novel scene around him, forcing him into the natural anticipation of finding there, too, where everything reminded him of the globe he belonged to, that last best work of the creative hand—that LIFE, the reflection as well as the emanation of Almighty Intelligence, which he had left behind him, and had learned to consider the universal complement of material beauty.

This life, we admit, may not necessarily include human—that is, *rational* life, though there is nothing to render even that surmise improbable. Intelligent life *may* not at present exist upon the lunar surface. We must not forget that there was once life on our own globe, unennobled by the lordly presidency of humanity. There has been a progress of animated nature here, recently consummated by the advent of reason. We are the latest, as well as the loftiest arrivals upon earth. The moon may now be what this globe was for ages, preparing for a nobler tenant. But it is scarcely possible to resign ourselves to the conviction, that a world so vast, so fair, so capable of constituting the home and happiness of life and intelligence, should be a vast, vacant ball—a lump of dead matter—an unmeaning and unenjoyed solitude, shining fruitlessly in the midst of heaven, for no better purpose than to take the sun's place at certain seasons as regards us—to lift the tides—set dogs howling—and inspire the poet's ditty. It has long been determined in what sense we are to take the initial words of Holy Writ. The Mosaic cosmogony was not a philosophical treatise, but a national homily. The moon, as well as all the stars of heaven, was made, we venture to conclude, for ends as glorious as was this globe of ours.

How interesting, how inspiring the prospect of a continuous advance in intimacy with a celestial neighbour thus pregnant with the seeds of great-

ness! We begin, even now, to be familiarised with the contour of the selenic landscape—to know and recognise favourite spots—to identify ourselves and our inquirers with peculiar localities, as Mr. Nasmyth is now doing with the portion named Morolycus. We look down, in short, upon the bright panorama, from the eminence gained by the conquering heroism of science, with somewhat of the feelings we can imagine to have animated Cortez and his followers, as, having surmounted the ridge of Ahualco, they gazed upon the rich and unexplored valley of Mexico, of which they had already insured the conquest in the conscious possession of that indomitable energy and perseverance which had carried them so far beyond the limits of all previous speculation.

The moral destiny of this beauteous world, like its material fate, hangs upon that of our own. The conjectures of ancient sages and the speculations of modern Christianity seem now in some degree to converge. It was a part of some of the more fanciful philosophic systems, that the souls of the just were to occupy those peaceful abodes prepared for them on the silvery surface of the nocturnal luminary. We are now encouraged by accomplished divines to believe that the lovely scenes of this earth of ours, and all other lovely scenes created by the mighty architect of nature to be dwelt in by finite intelligences, have a more permanent significance than has been generally supposed. They are not formed, say they, to be the stage of a shifting drama, but are in their nature and scope intended to be co-enduring with the after-life of a restored creation. Thus if the lunar history have comprised, or is to comprise that of sentient and rational inhabitants, we are told to look upon the landscape above us, like that at our feet, as formed to last for a period of unlimited duration. The great cataclysm we are taught to expect here is to result in restoration, not in destruction. The earth is to be purified, not consumed, by fire. The splendours of the visible world are to survive the catastrophe. The hills, the valleys, the flowers and fruits of earth, its fountains and its falls, its peaks and plains, its air and ocean, are reserved for the exquisite appreciation of glori-

fied intelligences, who can then first enjoy the durability of those delights they had once sighed over as too transitory to impart happiness. Natural beauties, nay, natural things of all kinds, from these considerations derive an interest and importance they could never have attained under the belief which made them all equally perishable with the mortal nature of him who mourned over their instability. And once we admit so high a destiny for the things that lie around us on this earth, what is to forbid us, if it be conceded that the surface of our satellite may support its own communities of life, from according to it too an equally unchangeable beatitude? "Too bright to fade" may here be both poetry and truth. And as we look up towards that lovely luminary, our eyes may justly be dazzled with the contemplation of what overpowers our hearts—that bold and bright outline, defining features that may be destined to outlive the troubles and trials of mortal life, and form the happy contemplation of blessed spirits throughout everlasting ages.

In confirmation of the foregoing views as regards the world we inhabit, we gladly adopt, from the author of "The Lunar World" (the religious portion of whose book we have been forced unwillingly, though for obvious reasons, to pass over), the following passage from Barnes' commentary on 2nd Peter, enlarging upon an idea of Burnet's:—

"That the earth may again be revisited from time to time by the redeemed, that in a purified and renovated form it may be one of the 'many mansions' which are to be fitted up for them (John, xiv. 2), may not appear wholly improbable from the following suggestions:—1. It seems to have been a law of the earth, that in its progress it should be prepared at one period for the dwelling-place of a higher order of beings at another period. Thus, according to the disclosures of geology, it existed perhaps for countless ages before it was fitted to be an abode for man; and then it was occupied by the monsters of an inferior order of existence, who have now passed away to make room for a nobler race. Who can tell but the present order of things may pass away to make place for the manifestations of a more exalted mode of being? 2. There is no certain evidence that any world has been annihilated, though some have disappeared from human view. Indeed, as observed above, there is no proof that a single particle of matter ever has been

annihilated, or ever will be. It may change its form, but it may still exist. 3. It seems also to accord most with probability, that, though the earth may undergo important changes by flood or fire, it will not be annihilated. It seems difficult to suppose that, as a world, it will be wholly displaced from the system of which it is now a part, or that the system itself will disappear. The earth, as one of the worlds of God, has occupied too important a position in the history of the universe, to make it to be easily believed that the place where the Son of God became incarnate and died, shall be utterly swept away. It would, certainly, accord more with all the feelings which we can have on such a subject, to suppose that a world once so beautiful when it came from the hand of its Maker, should be restored to primitive loveliness; that a world which seems to have been made primarily with a view to illustrate the glory of God in redemption, should be preserved in some appropriate form to be the theatre of the exhibition of the development of that plan in far distant ages to come. 4. To the redeemed, it would be most interesting again to visit the spot where the great work of their redemption was accomplished; where the Son of God became incarnate, and made atonement for sin; and where there would be so many interesting recollections and associations, even after the purification by fire, connected with the infancy of their existence, and their preparation for eternity. Piety would, at least, wish that the world where Gethsemane and Calvary are should never be blotted out from the universe. But (5) if, after their resurrection and ascension into heaven, the redeemed shall ever revisit a world so full of interesting recollections and associations—where they began their being, where their Redeemer lived and died, where they were renewed and sanctified, and where their bodies once rested in the grave, there is no reason to suppose that this will be their permanent and unchanging abode. It may be mere speculation, but it seems to accord best with the goodness of God, and with the manner in which the universe is made, to suppose that every portion of it may be visited, and become successively the abode of the redeemed; that they may pass from world to world, and survey the wonders and the works of God as they are displayed in different worlds. The universe, so vast, seems to have been fitted up for such a purpose, and nothing else that we can conceive of will be so adapted to give employment without weariness to the minds that God has made, in the interminable duration before them."

To this passage we gladly respond, except in one particular, where the author suggests that the redeemed may pass from world to world, in order that they may the better survey the wonders of

creation. It seems more conformable with the analogy of nature, that each sphere should harbour its own redeemed within the bosom of its own paradise. There is nothing indeed to preclude the supposition that the harmonies of individual worlds may, in the vast designs of the Almighty, be combined into one great harmonious arch spanning the universe, as the prism of each drop helps to round the mighty prism of the rainbow. But this is too vast a contemplation for the present occasion—

and besides, it is not required for our argument. That there is a glory of the moon, as of the sun and of the earth, modern science has demonstrated. If the glory of the celestial be one—let us leave it so. Kindred as it is to our own, beyond all previous anticipation, it may contain intelligent spirits meet to understand and enjoy it. Our delight will be to know, as we are learning every day, how real, how tangible, *and how like our own*, their enjoyments might be.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SNOW.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

The night brings forth the morn—
Of the cloud is lightning born;
From out the darkest earth the brightest roses grow.
Bright sparks from black flints fly,
And from out a leaden sky
Comes the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow.

II.

The wondering air grows mute,
As her pearly parachute
Cometh slowly down from heaven, softly floating to and fro;
And the earth emits no sound,
As lightly on the ground
Leaps the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow.

III.

At the contact of her tread,
The mountain's festal head
As with chaplets of white roses seems to glow;
And its furrowed cheek grows white
With a feeling of delight,
At the presence of the Spirit of the Snow.

IV.

As she wendeth to the vale,
The longing fields grow pale—
The tiny streams that vein them cease to flow;
And the river stays its tide
With wonder and with pride,
To gaze upon the Spirit of the Snow.

V.

But little doth she deem
The love of field or stream—
She is frolicsome and lightsome as the roe;
She is here, and she is there,
On the earth or in the air,
Ever changing, floats the Spirit of the Snow.

VI.

Now a daring climber, she
 Mounts the tallest forest tree—
 Out along the giddy branches doth she go ;
 And her tassels, silver-white,
 Down swinging through the night,
 Mark the pillow of the Spirit of the Snow.

VII.

Now she climbs the mighty mast,
 When the sailor boy at last
 Dreams of home in his hammock down below.
 There she watches in his stead
 Till the morning sun shines red,
 Then evanishes the Spirit of the Snow.

VIII.

Or crowning with white fire
 The minster's topmost spire,
 With a glory such as sainted foreheads show ;
 She teaches fanes are given
 Thus to lift the heart to Heaven,
 There to melt like the Spirit of the Snow.

IX.

Now above the loaded wain,
 Now beneath the thundering train,
 Doth she hear the sweet bells tinkle and the snorting engine blow ;
 Now she flutters on the breeze,
 Till the branches of the trees
 Catch the tossed and tangled tresses of the Spirit of the Snow.

X.

Now an infant's balmy breath
 Gives the Spirit seeming death,
 When adown her pallid features fair Decay's damp dew-drops flow ;
 Now again her strong assault
 Can make an army halt,
 And trench itself in terror 'gainst the Spirit of the Snow.

XI.

At times with gentle power,
 In visiting some bower,
 She scarce will hide the holly's red, the blackness of the sloe ;
 But ah ! her awful might,
 When down some Alpine height
 The hapless hamlet sinks before the Spirit of the Snow.

XII.

On a feather she floats down
 The turbid rivers brown,
 Down to meet the drifting navies of the winter-freighted floe ;
 Then swift o'er the azure walls
 Of the awful waterfalls,
 Where Niagara leaps roaring, glides the Spirit of the Snow.

XIII.

With her flag of truce unfurled,
 She makes peace o'er all the world—
 Makes bloody Battle cease awhile, and War's unpitying woe ;
 Till, its hollow womb within,
 The deep dark-mouthed culverin
 Encloses, like a cradled child, the Spirit of the Snow.

XIV.

She uses in her need
 The fleetly-flying steed—
 Now tries the rapid rein-deer's strength, and now the camel slow ;
 Or, ere defiled by earth,
 Unto her place of birth,
 Returns upon the eagle's wing the Spirit of the Snow.

XV.

Oft with pallid figure bowed,
 Like the Banshee in her shroud,
 Doth the moon her spectral shadow o'er some silent gravestone throw ;
 Then moans the fitful wail,
 And the wanderer grows pale,
 Till at morning fades the phantom of the Spirit of the Snow.

XVI.

In her ermine cloak of state
 She sitteth at the gate
 Of some winter-prisoned princess in her palace by the Po ;
 Who dares not to come forth
 Till back unto the North
 Flies the beautiful besieger—the Spirit of the Snow.

XVII.

In her spotless linen hood,
 Like the other sisterhood,
 She braves the open cloister when the psalm sounds sweet and low ;
 When some sister's bier doth pass
 From the minster and the mass,
 Soon to sink into the earth, like the Spirit of the Snow.

XVIII.

But at times so full of joy,
 She will play with girl and boy,
 Fly from out their tingling fingers, like white fire-balls on the foe ;
 She will burst in feathery flakes,
 And the ruin that she makes
 Will but wake the crackling laughter of the Spirit of the Snow.

XIX.

Or in furry mantle dress'd,
 She will fondle on her breast
 The embryo buds awaiting the near Spring's mysterious throe ;
 So fondly that the first
 Of the blossoms that outburst
 Will be called the beauteous daughter of the Spirit of the Snow.

XX.

Ah ! would that we were sure
 Of hearts so warmly pure,
 In all the Winter weather that this lesser life must know ;
 'That when shines the Sun of Love
 From a warmer realm above,
 In its light we may dissolve, like the Spirit of the Snow.

A SECOND PEEP AT THE DRAMATIC GALLERY OF THE GARRICK CLUB.

HERE we are again, within the walls of the Garrick Club, with purpose to resume our examination of the pictures so agreeably interrupted at our former visit. Our old acquaintances look smilingly on us, as if pleased at being roused from their slumbers, and finding themselves once more in communication with the living. If a spirit of any departed individual in this collection should happen to be hovering about, it is respectfully requested to manifest its presence and satisfaction by a rap — not over the knuckles, but under the table of the writer. No response. It is very clear, then, we are not an elected medium, according to the last new light, and must be content to carry on intercourse as before, through the old-fashioned channel of pen and ink.*

Let us first direct our attention to this painting on the staircase, by Roberts, which unfortunately hangs in a very bad light. It represents the celebrated scene from the *School for Scandal*, where Lady Teazle is detected by the throwing down of the screen. Here are portraits of the four original performers — King, as Sir Peter Teazle; Smith, as Charles Surface; Palmer, as Joseph Surface; and Mrs. Abington as Lady Teazle. This is a unique curiosity, never having been engraved.† The costume, stage-grouping, and expressive features of the characters are in admirable keeping — a lesson for all young actors, which they would do well to study carefully. The dress of Joseph appears rather stiff and formal, for the smooth-tongued sentimentalist was also a man of fashion; but there it is as it was worn by oily Jack, and approved of by the manager who superintended his own

play. We have spoken of two of the gentlemen before; but this is the first time the lady has come under our notice. Mrs. Abington excelled as the representative of fashionable life; she threw more grace and elegance into her portraiture, combined at the same time with sparkling vivacity, than any other actress had been able to accomplish. She first appeared at the Haymarket, as Miranda, in the *Busy-Body*, a year before the retirement of the Woffington. Her London progress was slow; nor was it until Mrs. Clive left the stage, in 1768, that she fell into possession of all the leading characters which her abilities entitled her to claim. She played chambermaids with great archness, but dressed too finely. Nothing could induce her to appear in an unbecoming costume. The tones of her voice were not naturally harmonious, yet she modulated them with incomparable skill; her articulation was so exquisite, that every syllable was distinctly conveyed, and at the same time, with natural ease, which indicated no studied exertion to entrap applause. Her taste for dress was so universally admitted, that her female friends consulted her as an oracle. She was received also at the houses of many ladies of rank, which appears somewhat extraordinary; for though her conduct was latterly correct, it had not always been so. She made her last appearance in 1797, and died in 1815, aged seventy-four. Mrs. Abington, in old age, was a person of very agreeable conversation, who had read much, and observed more. Amongst the strange expedients for attraction, sometimes adopted by theatrical genius, she once (in 1786) acted Scrub in the *Beaux Stra-*

* We must commence by correcting two or three errors into which we were inadvertently led in our former notice. The Nell Gwynne, by Sir Peter Lely, is not at Windsor Castle, but in the gallery at Hampton Court. The portrait of Mrs. Garrick, which we noticed, is by Gainsborough, not Cipriani, and was presented to the Club. The scene from the *Alchymist*, with Griffin and Johnson, as Ananias and Tribulation (painted by Van Bluck), is here, and hangs at the top of the staircase, a gift from the late George Robins. The figures are as large as life, and the painting in excellent condition. The likenesses speak for themselves. Since the recent death of the Duke of Beaufort, the office of President of the Garrick Club has been accepted by the Duke of Devonshire.

† The late Mr. Fawcett, of Covent Garden Theatre, saw this painting on the easel. The figures are all badly drawn, but the faces are admirable.

tagem, for her benefit at Covent Garden. This was said to be the result of a wager, and though in point of profit it succeeded, the attempt was degrading; and to make it still more absurd, she acted the part with her hair dressed for Lady Racket, that she might save trouble in preparing for the farce of *Three Weeks after Marriage*, which followed the comedy. Benefits have always been considered as *Saturnalia*, when reason is superseded by extravagance, and classic solemnity descends to farcical buffoonery. Mrs. Siddons, on these occasions, used sometimes to stoop to Nell, in the *Devil to Pay*, after the sorrows of Isabella and Euphrasia; and Edmund Kean started up from Bosworth Field to disappear through a harlequin's leap, as Sylvester Daggerwood.

The *School for Scandal* may be considered the best modern comedy in the English language; perhaps the best that ever was written, in spite of some slight discrepancies, which have been so often pointed out that it would be superfluous to dwell on them here. The characters and incidents are not drawn from local manners or peculiarities, which fluctuate with every change of time and fashion; they are taken from the standard book of nature, the text of which never varies, but is universally applicable. We are not here presented with humourists, embodying the eccentricities of any particular reign or epoch; but with types of human dispositions, and illustrations of society, exemplified in all ages, and quite as intelligible to-day as when first sketched by the hand of the master, notwithstanding the utter change of conventional habits, and the subversion of the old ceremonial formula, in the observance of which our great-grandfathers were so rigidly scrupulous.

A strange story has been told, with regard to the true authorship of the *School for Scandal*, to the effect that a play on the subject, and nearly a *fac-simile* of the successful comedy, was sent to Sheridan anonymously, by a young lady (Miss Richardson), and never acknowledged. She happened to be present at the first representation, recognised her work, and was carried out in hysterics. Soon afterwards she fell into a consumption, and died of the disappointment. The tale originated with Dr. Watkins, in a biography of Sheridan, and is repeated

with augmentations by Galt, in his "Lives of the Players." Galt believes the whole account implicitly, with all its details. Moore rejects it with indignation; he says—"In a late work, professing to be the memoirs of Mr. Sheridan, there are some wise doubts expressed as to his being really the author of the *School for Scandal*; to which, except for the purpose of exposing its absurdity, I should not have thought it worth while to allude. It is an old trick of detraction, and one of which it never tires, to father the works of eminent writers upon others; and thus Sheridan, according to his biographer, Dr. Watkins, must surrender the glory of having written the *School for Scandal* to a certain anonymous young lady, who died of a consumption in Thames-street." Moore has filled near thirty pages with extracts from Sheridan's papers, containing rough drafts of the plot and dialogue of his inimitable comedy, from which it appears that the play, as the partial biographer says, was the slow result of many and doubtful experiments; and that it arrived at length, step by step, at perfection. Few plays have been so well acted as the *School for Scandal*, although the original cast combined a galaxy of stars which, in the opinion of the old *laudatores temporis acti*, the eulogists of the past, we may vainly hope to see again. Hear Charles Lamb, as he gives vent to his semi-lugubrious reminiscence:—"Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the *School for Scandal* in its glory. *It is impossible it should be now acted, although it continues to be announced in the bills.* No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts, as this manager's comedy, when I first saw it. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abington, in Lady Teazle. Smith, in Charles Surface, brought with him no sombre recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. O! who that remembers Parsons and Dodd, as Crabtree and Sir Benjamin, the wasp and butterfly of the *School for Scandal*; the fidgetty, pleasant old Teazle, King; the charming, natural Miss Pope, as Mrs. Candour, the perfect gentlewoman, as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy;

in this latter part; the gay boldness, the graceful, solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice of Jack Palmer as Joseph—would forego the true scenic delight, the escape from life, the oblivion of consequences, the holiday barring-out of the pedant Reflection—those unfettered indulgences of two or three hours well won from the world?" This is very pleasant, expressive writing; but the sentence is unjust which says the play can never be acted again. Without detracting from the ancients, their successors were worthy of them, and might even stand by their side and give direction. We are old enough to have seen, and Charles Lamb had seen too, the *School for Scandal* many years after the date he refers to, rendered (as modern critical cant calls it) by Miss O'Neill, Miss Foote, Mrs. Gibbs, Young, C. Kemble, W. Farren, Terry, Matthews, Liston, Farley, and Simmons, all at Covent Garden, and in the bill on the same night. On one of these occasions, we asked a young lady sitting next to us, who had seen very few plays, how she was amused? to which she replied, "Oh, very much indeed, only they are so like real ladies and gentlemen at a party."

The criticism was as genuine as that of Mrs. Dunlop's housekeeper, who, on returning Burns's "Cotters' Saturday Night," which her mistress had lent her to read, and being asked for her opinion, said, "I see very little in it to make such a fuss about; it is just what I always saw at my own father's, and I could have told it all myself." Honest Partridge, too, is another of nature's critics, unsophisticated by the trammels of the schools, or by professional conventionalities. He thought Bransby a better actor than Garrick, as he was more grand and stately; and undervalued Roscius because he was frightened at the ghost, exactly as he should have been had a ghost appeared to him. A country girl in the gallery, when Barry made his first appearance as Othello, was so struck with his natural action that she cried out, "Lord! Lord! where did they hire that neeger man to act for 'em?"

Many of us have seen plays, wherein a vast combination of talent has been

united on the same boards, for a particular purpose. But it is a curious fact, little known, that on the 27th February, 1757, the forces of both the Theatres in London joined their strength at Drury-lane, to represent the tragedy of *Cato*, for the benefit of the widow of the celebrated Captain Death; and even old Cibber (in his eighty-sixth year) and Quin, though long retired, contributed their assistance, as will be seen by the following cast of the play:—Cato, Mr. Quin; Syphax, Mr. Cibber; Juba, Mr. Garrick; Porcius, Mr. Barry; Marcus, Mr. Mossop; Sempronius, Mr. L. Sparks; Lucius, Mr. Berry; Decius, Mr. Smith; Marcia, Mrs. Woffington; Lucia, Mrs. Cibber. This may certainly be considered the greatest display of abilities ever exhibited at one time, on any theatre in the world.*

Look well on this portrait of Smith—it is the only one in the collection. Does he not, as far as you can judge by external appearance, deserve the sobriquet of *Gentleman Smith*, by which he was usually distinguished? There he is, "genteel, airy, and smart," as Churchill describes him. His forte was gay comedy, in which he was always easy, and never deficient in spirit. His person was well-formed, his countenance engaging, his voice distinct, smooth, and powerful, but a little monotonous. He excelled in Plume, Archer, and above all, in Charles Surface; and played many parts of a more serious cast with acknowledged excellence—such as Kiteley, Leon, Oakly, and Ford. There were not wanting critics who thought his Kiteley equal to Garrick's, while in Falconbridge he far surpassed him. In higher tragedy he never soared beyond respectable mediocrity. His latter engagements included some curious stipulations, which would make a modern manager stare, if an actor of the present day should require them. It was agreed that he should never be called upon to perform in an after-piece, to blacken his face, or to go down a trap. Smith married a woman of fortune, and left the stage in 1788, in his favorite character of Charles Surface. Ten years later, he returned for one night, and repeated the lively Charles for his

* The anecdote is in a cutting from a very old paper, preserved in a book compiled by the late Mr. Fawcett's father, and now in possession of Mr. D. Meadows, of the Princess's Theatre.

friend King's benefit. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of age and corpulence, added to the rust of disuse, it was said that he still exhibited much of his former easy elegance, and was universally applauded. He settled at Bury, in Suffolk, lived up to the patriarchal age of eighty-nine, and died in September, 1819.

Thomas King, the original Lord Ogleby, retired in 1802, having been fifty-three years on the stage. He died in 1806, aged seventy-five, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Here he is again by Zoffany, in Touchstone, a character in which he surpassed all other competitors. King was a great favourite with Garrick, who, on his retirement, presented him with one of his stage foils, accompanied by a letter, in which he says, "Accept a small token of our long and constant attachment to each other. I flatter myself that this sword, as it is a theatrical one, will not cut love between us; and that it will not be less valuable to you for having dangled at my side for some part of the last winter. Farewell—remember me!" King continued on the stage too long for his reputation; but unfortunately he had been seduced into play, and lost nearly the whole of the fortune which he had laboriously saved. He was the author of two dramatic pieces, long since forgotten, entitled, *Love at First Sight*, and *Wit's Last Stake*.

John Palmer, or, *Plausible Jack*, as he was often called, seemed to be created for Joseph Surface; but it is scarcely fair to say the character died with him; for though he was undoubtedly the first and best, there have been many good representatives since his death. Amongst them we may enumerate Young and Warde. Palmer had a remarkably quick study, which made him careless in acquiring the correct text of his author. He has been known to play an important part, and take every line from the prompter, while the audience were unable to discover the deficiency. Once he delivered a prologue to a noisy gallery without uttering a single articulate word, but he retired with unanimous applause, the house thinking, from his graceful gesticulations and the movement of his lips, that they were in fault for not listening. When he returned to Drury-lane, after his unfortunate essay in management at the Royalty Theatre,

he was rather coldly received by Sheridan; whereupon he commenced a most elaborate apology, in his cleverest style — "Never mind, Jack," interrupted the manager, "you forget I wrote *Joseph Surface*." Poor Palmer, as is well known, died suddenly on the stage at Liverpool, while acting the Stranger, and left his family in very impoverished circumstances, from which they were greatly relieved by several benefits.

Campbell, the poet of Hope, described acting justly, as—

"The youngest of the sister arts;
Where all their beauty blends."

Painting is an integral component of scenic effort. An actor who neither understands nor appreciates painting, will never rise beyond dull mediocrity. From no other source can he acquire a taste for the harmony of grouping, and a knowledge of the sound principles by which his own complicated art is carried to perfection. Here is his true studio. As young painters rush eagerly to Rome, to gaze on the wonders of the Sistine chapel, so all aspiring actors should take many opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with the Gallery of the Garrick Club. It is a college within itself, where many eminent professors deliver silent lectures. Garrick has been known to stand for hours contemplating historical or scriptural paintings, internally meditating on their application to some particular example of his own genius, which he was fostering up to maturity by the most careful and elaborate study. Natural acting is anything but impulsive. True excellence lies in the consummate mastery of art producing the effect of nature without the semblance of effort. Garrick possessed many valuable paintings, and was considered both a liberal amateur and a reasonably good judge; but his taste in the fine arts, as in his selection of plays, was sometimes eccentric, and far from infallible. On one occasion, at a large party of Lord Exeter's, Garrick found himself seated next to Benjamin West, afterwards President of the Royal Academy, to whom he talked respecting his art. In the course of the conversation West asked the great actor how he liked the cartoons which were then at Hampton Court? Garrick owned that they had not struck him forcibly. West expressed considerable surprise at hearing this, observing, that he was

amazed that at least the action of those pictures had not rivetted the attention of so just, so profound an actor. He instanced particularly that of Elymas the Sorcerer. Garrick preferred, he said, the well-known figure of Belisarius. West, upon this, requested that Mr. Garrick would indulge the company by acting for them a blind man, as he was convinced nature would speak her genuine language in his acting, although he suspected his criticism. After dinner, Roscius, with little preparation, assumed the walk of a man blind. When he had advanced into the room some paces, West desired that he would suddenly stop, and not alter the direction either of his body, arms, or legs. "Now, sir," said he, "look at your attitude. Your fingers, you observe, are not spread; your feet are in a straight direction; and, if anything, your toes a little introverted. This unusual walk of yours is the result of natural impulse, guarding against impediments. I have farther to tell you, sir, that the attitude you are now standing in, is precisely that of Elymas the Sorcerer. Such accurate interpreters of nature are Raffaele and Garrick." Some time after this Garrick, in turn, invited nearly the whole party to dine with him. "Mr. West," said he, "you remember our difference about the cartoons. I have studied them every day since. You threw a new light upon my mind. I have acquired another sense, and am convinced that nature and Raffaele are the same." "At least," returned the painter, "you have proved that he was the Garrick of our art."

As Goldsmith has justly observed of Garrick, he was an actor off the stage, more completely than when arrayed in the buskin, and embodying the heroes of Shakspeare. In society, he was always aiming at effect, and struggling to create a sensation. In this there was vanity, grounded on policy, and for these combined reasons he was never desirous of being brought into contact with Foote. As an imitator he far excelled the latter, although he did not, like that dangerous satirist, trade so exclusively on his powers of imitation. Garrick was very fond of displaying this quality of his versatile genius in society, and sometimes would indulge in what he called his *Rounds*. This he did by standing behind a chair, and successively conveying into his face

every gradation of passion, and every possible variety of feeling. He could copy not only the voice and manner of any particular individual, but could mould his features into an exact resemblance of the person imitated. His Wilkes was a perfect fac-simile, including the squint. There is a story told, that he so frightened Hogarth, by appearing to him as the ghost of Fielding, that the painter is said never to have recovered the shock. A French writer, quoted by Dibdin, in his "History of the Stage," relates the following anecdote, which may be true, or may be nothing more than a lively invention:—A woman of fashion in London had a great desire to procure the portrait of a nobleman with whom she was in love, but who had a particular aversion to sit for his picture. She prevailed upon Garrick to notice the face of this lord, and so possess himself of his features that the painter might easily design a faithful likeness, through the medium of his borrowed resemblance. This was undertaken, and after having studied every trait and gesture, and each possible manner of giving them variety, till it was no longer Garrick, but My Lord, the painter was set to work, and succeeded so well that the portrait was universally known for the nobleman in question, who was the first to express his astonishment at so perfect a likeness being obtained without his knowledge. The story goes on to say, that he liberally rewarded the actor, and married the lady, in return for her love and her ingenuity.

Here is a portrait of Mrs. George Anne Bellamy, a celebrated beauty and actress of her day, who has commemorated her own misfortunes and many improprieties, in a long autobiography, or apology, which is not quite so amusing or instructive as Cibber's, and not much to be depended on as an authority. The humorous anecdotes are old, and the real facts, as she calls them, frequently invented. As Sheridan said, in his brilliant reply to Dundas, she is indebted to her memory for her jests, and to her imagination for her facts. Mrs. Bellamy was the chosen Juliet of Garrick, trained up under his own instructions, in the great contest with Barry and Mrs. Cibber, in 1750. The "Dramatic Censor," 1771, says of Mrs. Bellamy that she trod close on the heels of Mrs. Cibber, and had the more amiable countenance of the two, though

not marked with so much sensibility. O'Keeffe declares that her acting gave him great delight; that she was very beautiful, had blue eyes, and a remarkably fair complexion. Towards the latter part of her life her talent greatly declined, so that she could scarcely get an engagement, but her distresses arose chiefly from unbounded extravagance.

This is Miss Pope, as Mrs. Ford, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. If Shakspeare had selected his own representative for his own conception, he could not have found a better. She was great in everything she attempted. Those who have seen Mrs. Glover in our own day may form a very good idea of what Miss Pope was in hers. Broad characters in low comedy, antiquated spinsters, and pert chambermaids, were her happiest delineations. Although perfectly unaffected herself, she excelled in assuming finesse and affectation. She made her first appearance as a regular actress at Drury-lane, in 1759, as Corinna, in the *Confederacy*, being then scarcely more than sixteen. An anecdote has been preserved respecting her second appearance, which, as it holds out a highly useful and impressive lesson to all young theatrical aspirants, may be repeated with advantage. On this occasion, the celebrated Mrs. Clive, then in the zenith of her fame, called her into the green-room before she went upon the stage, and with great affability addressed her to the following effect: — “My dear Pope” (this tender appellation, by-the-bye, was a very great condescension from a lady of Mrs. Clive's character), “you played particularly well on Saturday night, considering that you are as yet but a novice in the profession. Now, take a piece of advice from me. You acted on Saturday with great and merited approbation; yet be not surprised when I tell you, that to-night you must endeavour to act better; and yet, at the same time, make up your mind to meet with less applause, for if you suffer your young heart to be too sanguine, and place too much dependence on public commendation, and should find your hopes disappointed, you will foolishly let it cast a damp over your spirits, and thus, instead of improving, you will sink beneath yourself. The violent thunder of applause which crowned your first appearance was not, in strict justice, *deserved*;

it was only benevolently *bestowed* by the audience, to give you the pleasing information that they were well satisfied with your efforts. You must, therefore, consider it as an earnest of their wishes, that you may, by your future exertions, merit the distinguished kindness they have manifested towards you.” The practical excellence of this advice must immediately present itself to every intelligent mind. It was not thrown away upon Miss Pope, who always endeavoured to improve, and gained rapidly upon public favour. On the secession of Mrs. Clive, she succeeded to many of that great actress's characters, and filled the gap with the success which Churchill, departing from his usual caustic satire, had predicted from her early efforts:—

“With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Amongst the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively *Pope* advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip;
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new;
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when *Clive* shall be no more.”

ROSCIAD.

Miss Pope possessed the genuine *vis comica* of the old school, distinguished for rich humour without grimace or buffoonery. She had saved enough to live independently, and as soon as she found that her memory was beginning to fail her, she retired. In private life she was no less amiable and meritorious than in her public character. Her last appearance was in a very inferior character, Deborah Dowlas in the *Heir at Law*, for which she made some unsatisfactory excuse. This took place on the 26th of May, 1808. She died in 1817, aged 73.

Here is a charming portrait of Mrs. Yates, by Coates—a beautiful woman, beautifully painted. Sir Joshua himself might have acknowledged the picture without losing credit. This lady was a fine tragic actress, excelling more in characters of haughty passion than in those of a tender cast. Her figure and deportment were grand and majestic, well suited to Lady Macbeth, Constance, and Margaret of Anjou; but of comic humour or ease she was utterly deficient. She first came into notice by her performance of Mandane, in Murphy's play of the *Orphan of China*—a part intended for Mrs. Cibber, but which that accomplished actress was compelled to resign from indisposition. Mrs. Yates owed much to

the instructions of Garrick and the constant lessons of her husband, who was an experienced, able actor, in an extensive round of characters, although, according to the general censor, Churchill, he frequently stepped out of his position, and attempted personations for which he was utterly unfitted. Mrs. Yates was one of the last of the great actresses who preceded the greatest that ever trod the stage — Mrs. Siddons.

Who have we here? John Barrington, as Teague in the *Committee*. He preceded Moody in the Irish characters. His name occurs in several of the Dublin bills preserved by Hitchcock, and he is mentioned with much commendation by Chetwood and Dibdin. And here is another true son of nature, Thomas Weston, as Billy Button, in the *Maid of Bath*, painted by Zoffany. He never studied, killed himself by drinking, and yet such were his miraculous gifts, that he kept the house in a roar whenever he appeared. Dibdin says of him,* “he seemed as if he possessed neither idea nor conception; he uttered rather than acted, but it was such utterance that the most accomplished acting never excelled.” Weston’s face was immovable; not a muscle changed, while the audience were convulsed with laughter. In *Scrub* he stood unrivalled. Garrick could scarcely keep his countenance when he played Archer with him. In *Abel Drugger* he was said to be equal, if not superior, to the great master himself. He was always in difficulties, arising from intemperance and extravagance, and died in poverty. But his natural humour never forsook him. A few weeks before his death he dictated his will to a friend, the style of which may be gathered from the following extracts:—“I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick, I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so fond of. *Item*: I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty; ’tis, indeed, a small legacy, but being a *rarity* to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it. *Item*: I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of *modesty*—too much of one thing is good for nothing. *Item*: As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly waiting for dead men’s shoes, I leave him two or three pair (the worst

I have), they being good enough in all conscience for him. *Item*: As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life. *Item*: Dibble Davies claiming something at my hands from the length of our acquaintance, I therefore leave him my constitution; but I am afraid, when I die, it will be scarcely better than his own. *Item*: I leave to the ladies in general (if not the reality, yet) the appearance of modesty; ’twill serve them on more occasions than they are aware of. *Item*: To the gentlemen of the stage, some share of prudence. *Item*: To the authors of the present times, a smattering of humour. *Item*: To the public, a grateful heart.” With all his faults and improvidence, his loose habits, which induced him to seek associates beneath himself, and his perpetual want of cash, which left him scarcely master of a shilling, poor Weston was invariably generous and kind, and would always willingly share that last shilling with a friend.

Do not hurry past the portrait now facing you. This staid, benevolent-looking old gentleman is Thomas Hull, many years stage-manager at Covent-garden, and highly respectable both as an author and actor. He was another of the patriarchs of the stage, and played up to 1808, being then in his 78th year. But he has a higher claim on the consideration of all who feel an interest in the dramatic art, as being the founder of the Covent-garden Fund for the support of Decayed Actors, the oldest establishment of the kind in the kingdom, which has gladdened the hearts of many who for years contributed to the solace and amusement of others, and has cheered the desolateness of old age with the certainty of a comfortable subsistence. Too much honour cannot be paid to the memory of those who have been the means of carrying into effect such permanent benevolence. The case of Mrs. Hamilton, in 1762, who had been an actress of importance at Covent-garden, but then reduced to such distress as to

* “History of the Stage.

depend entirely on the contributions of her fraternity, alarmed the whole profession. Hull was the first who conceived and brought to bear a rational project for a substantial fund. To promote this desirable end, he addressed the performers of Covent-garden in a printed circular, in which, after showing the necessity of some mode of provision, he stated several reasonable propositions as the foundation of his plan. His address produced an immediate effect. A collection was set forward, under the joint efforts of himself and Mattocks, who was also a strenuous promoter of the scheme. They were most liberally assisted by the patronage of Beard and Mrs. Rich, then proprietors of Covent-garden. Gibson (of that theatre) was, at his death, a large contributor. Cumberland and Mrs. Donaldson were likewise great benefactors. During the first six years or thereabouts, the fund was augmented by the profits of annual benefits, but under the elder Colman's management these benefits were stopped, and never afterwards regularly resumed. To them succeeded dinners, at which the chair was generally filled by a member of the Royal Family or a nobleman of the highest rank. At these charitable festivities the collection frequently exceeded £1,000. The fund grew rapidly, and in 1776 received the sanction of an Act of Parliament, the subscribers being thereby declared a body corporate.

The Covent Garden Fund was first set on foot when Garrick was travelling on the Continent, with the double object of recruiting his health, and stimulating, by absence, his somewhat ebbing attraction. It is a well-known fact, attested by the books, that before his departure he played to receipts falling under £20. On one occasion, although supported by Mr. Cibber, to less than £5. This may appear incredible, but is nevertheless true. On his return home, he was exceedingly angry and mortified to find that a movement of such importance should have been carried on without the least communication with him, who, as at the head of his profession, and as manager and patentee of Drury-lane, might reasonably have expected to have been consulted. But out of evil came good, and two charitable institutions were created instead of one. Garrick was easily pa-

lified by the excuses which were made to appease him, and he, with his partner Lacy, in 1766, very heartily concurred to set on foot a similar fund at Drury-lane. They contributed a large sum at the first establishment, and gave an annual benefit while the patent continued in their hands. On these occasions Garrick rendered essential service by acting himself. In January, 1776, he paid the expenses of an Act of Parliament for the legal establishment of the fund (as at the rival house), and it has been computed that by various donations and bequests, as well as by performing annually capital parts, he personally gained to this institution near £4,500. But both of these admirable institutions are subject to many restrictions, and fenced in by difficulties, arising from the misfortunes which have fallen on what were once the two great national theatres. No one could be a member or a claimant unless he had served a given number of seasons in companies which no longer existed. These and other considerations have led to the establishment of a "General Theatrical Fund," open to every member of the theatrical profession throughout the empire, who chooses to become a subscriber, and fulfils the regulations of this noble institution, which sprang into existence in 1889. Her Most Gracious Majesty is the Patroness, and annually contributes £100.

These theatrical funds reflect great and lasting credit on the actors with whom they originated. Every true lover of the drama must say of such laudable undertakings (and of similar ones in the provincial theatres), may they flourish in perpetuity, and may the shadows of their founders increase!

We have nearly run through all the great luminaries of what is called the school of Garrick, and have passed over several that deserved to be mentioned, but, unfortunately, as we are limited in space, and cannot extend our notice to a "*catalogue raisonnée*," we must now descend to the next generation; and we shall find that as great names were swept from the muster-roll, their places were filled up by worthy successors. Amongst the most brilliant of these we may class John Henderson, who was cut off at the early age of thirty-eight, by an untoward accident. His wife administered to him a wrong dose of medicine, but

never know the consequences of her mistake. Here is the celebrated scene from *Macbeth*, by Romney—an exquisite painting, and an admirable likeness, although flattered, for Henderson possessed as few personal advantages as Le Kain, the great French tragedian, whose portrait is up-stairs between the windows of the back drawingroom, presented to the Club by Charles Kemble. Henderson, like his great predecessor and prototype, Garrick, excelled equally in tragedy and comedy. His *Falstaff* was as good as his *Lear*, and his *Benedict* and *Don Felix* not inferior to his *Hamlet* and *Shylock*. A man of such versatility, so little endowed by nature, must be pronounced an artist of the highest class, and a truly original genius. Here he is again in *Iago*, painted by Stewart. The Romney was engraved by John Jones, and good impressions are by no means uncommon. The three witches are portraits of Peter Pindar, Macklin, and Williams (Anthony Pasquin). The latter has no business in such respectable company; he was a common lampooner and nuisance, who tried to write down genius for spite, and to write up mediocrity for hire—the father of a race of many children, who have multiplied like a hornet's nest; who dip their pens incessantly in gall and vinegar, and mistake personal invective for honest criticism.

Before we pass on to another generation of actors, examine this portrait of Mrs. Robinson, better known as Perdita. She was as unfortunate as she was beautiful. We need not here revive her domestic history, or the ill-treatment she received from a quarter whence she had little right to expect neglect and coldness. At the early age of seventeen, she was introduced to Garrick, and under his tuition prepared herself for the stage, in the character of Cordelia; but on her marriage with Mr. Robinson, who was a student of Lincoln's Inn, she altered her intentions. On his subsequent embarrassments, she made her first appearance at Drury-lane, in 1776, in the character of Juliet. She remained upon the stage about three years; was the authoress of more than one drama, which met with no success, and acquired a considerable share of literary fame by her poems and novels—all of which are long since forgotten.

We have reached the accession of a

family which long reigned in acknowledged supremacy over the dominions of the stage—the dynasty of the Kembles. Let us begin with Mrs. Siddons, the first in order of time, and unquestionably the greatest in talent. We do not know that she would have even equalled John Kemble, had not her rare combination of physical endowments decided the scale in her favour. Her noble conceptions were never marred or weakened, as was sometimes the case with her gifted brother, by a defective organ, which failed to embody the strong imaginings with which the mind was teeming. Mrs. Siddons, who married very early in life, appeared at Drury-lane, under Garrick's management, on the 29th December, 1775, as Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*. She was then only in her twentieth year, and gave but little promise of her future excellence. She acted Mrs. Strickland with Garrick's *Ranger*, and three times Lady Anne to his *Richard the Third*—the last time being only five days before his final retirement on the 10th June, 1776. Woodfall, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and a sound theatrical critic, said, Mrs. Siddons spoke sensibly, but her powers were not equal to a London theatre. Garrick thought slightly of her, and the succeeding managers declined to renew her engagement. Little did they foresee the blaze of talent which then lay hid under a timid and unassured demeanour. This has been considered incomprehensible, and some of Mrs. Siddons's injudicious friends have gone so far as to say, that Garrick was jealous of her. That he would have been jealous of her to the last degree, if he had seen her in her glory, there can be no doubt; but to suppose him jealous of her in her noviciate in 1776, is so absurd that it scarcely deserves to be mentioned. The truth unquestionably seems to be that she had not, in 1776, displayed those wonderful powers which afterwards enchained all her auditors in a spell of fascination. The late Mrs. Fleming, of Bath, perfectly recollected the appearance of Mrs. Siddons as Mrs. Strickland, in the *Suspicious Husband*. When she came on the stage with Miss Younge, there was some applause, which Miss Younge took to herself. Mrs. Fleming was affected with the pathetic manner in which Mrs. Siddons played her part,

but some of her party rather laughed at her for being touched by such a mediocre actress. Mrs. Siddons unfortunately performed a part in a worthless farce, called *The Blackamoor washed White*, written by the well-known journalist, "Parson Bate," afterwards Sir Henry Bate Dudley, the author of several dramatic mediocrities, but more celebrated for his duels and his scurrilous ministerial paper. Garrick was afraid of Parson Bate and the *Morning Post*, although on the eve of retirement, and endeavoured to bolster up the farce by acting on the same night; but all to no purpose—the public were determined to damn the piece—as much from dislike of the author, as from its own demerits, and after a ricketty existence of four nights, it was consigned to the tomb of all the *Ca-pulets*. Bate most ungenerously revenged himself on the new actress, and persecuted Mrs. Siddons with incessant abuse, which she had not then either experience or popularity sufficient to bear down. This has been alleged as an additional reason why she quitted the London boards for a time, to return to them afterwards with increased lustre.

On leaving London, Mrs. Siddons, after performing with great success and continued improvement in various provincial theatres, settled in Bath, to the manager of which company she was strongly recommended by Henderson, who had been greatly struck by her talent and beauty when she acted with him in Birmingham. Here she re-

mained until 1782, enjoying unprecedented favour with the audience; when, a favourable conjuncture having arrived, she determined once more to try her fortune in the metropolis. To this step she was induced more by the prospect of increasing her income, which a rising family rendered imperative, than by any ambitious desire of advancing her reputation. She remembered her early failure, and bore a keen impression of the checks she had received. Her husband, although a handsome man, was a very bad actor, but, at the same time, an excellent judge of acting. He carefully instructed his wife, and sometimes became extremely cross with her when she did not please him. On the 21st May, 1782, Mrs. Siddons took her farewell benefit in Bath, on which occasion she appeared as *Andromache* in the *Distrest Mother*, and afterwards in the farce, as *Nell*, in *The Devil to Pay*. At the end of the play, she announced a poetical address, written by herself, in the course of which she promised to produce to the audience *three reasons* for her quitting the theatre. These reasons proved to be her three children. She even concealed her intentions from the performers; the children were kept in her dressing-room until they were wanted on the stage. We have stumbled on a perfect copy of this address, in an old newspaper of the time, which, perhaps, may not be considered unworthy of preservation. Great curiosity, as might be supposed, was excited by the promised *reasons* :—

"Have I not raised some expectation here?
 Wrote by herself!—What! authoress and player!
 True, we have heard her (thus, I guess, you'd say)
 With decency recite another's lay;
 But never heard, nor never could we dream
 Herself had sipp'd the Heliconian stream.
 Perhaps, you further said (excuse me, pray,
 For thus supposing all that you might say),
 What can she treat of in this fine address?
 Is it to show her learning? Can you guess?
 Here let me answer, no; far different views
 Possess'd my soul, and fir'd my timid muse.
 'Twas honest gratitude, at whose request
 Shame on the heart that will not do its best.
 The time draws near, when I must bid adieu
 To this delightful spot—nay, e'en to you;
 To you, whose fostering kindness rear'd my name,
 O'erlook'd my faults, but magnified my fame.
 Oh! should kind Providence, where next I'm thrown
 Bestow but half the candour you have shown,
 Envy, o'ercome, will hurl her pointless dart,
 And critic gall be shed, without its smart.
 But to my promise. When I thus am bless'd,
 In friendship link'd, beyond my worth careen'd,

Why do you leave (you'll ask) such certain gain,
 To trust caprice and its vexatious train?
 What can compensate for the risks you run?
 Or what your reasons?—surely you have none.
 To argue here would be your time's abuse,
 My word I keep—my reasons I produce.

[*Here the three children were discovered.*]

'Tis these that thus attract me from your side,
 Where I was rooted—where I could have died!
 Stand forth, my children, plead your mother's cause,
 Ye little magnets, whose strong influence draws
 Me from a point, where ev'ry gentle breeze
 Wafted my bark to happiness and ease—
 Sends me, adventurous, on a larger main,
 In hopes that you may profit by my gain.
 Have I been hasty? Am I, then, to blame?
 Answer, all ye who own a parent's name.
 Thus have I tir'd you with an untaught muse,
 Who for a favour still most humbly sues;
 That you, for classic learning, will receive
 My soul's best wishes, which I freely give;
 For polish'd periods, round, and touch'd with art,
 The fervent offerings of my grateful heart."

On the 10th October, 1782, Mrs. Siddons re-appeared at Drury-lane, in the character of Isabella, in the *Fatal Marriage*. She was then in her twenty-seventh year, in the full bloom of her beauty, and the matured perfection of her talents. She took the town by storm. There was no qualified criticism, no insinuations that she had provincial faults to unlearn, or metropolitan refinements to acquire. Like a torrent, she bore down all before her, and at once seized the chair of Melpomene, from which no one ever approached to dislodge her until she retired, after an undisputed reign of thirty years. It was no uncommon occurrence for females to be carried out of the house in fits, during some of her most impassioned scenes, and the actors declared, that the best comedians, in the richest farces, could not revive the spirits of the audience to mirth, so totally had she depressed them. Mrs. Clive came up from her retirement to see her act, and exclaimed, enthusiastically—"It is all truth and beauty from beginning to end!"

Dr. Johnson paid her several elegant compliments when she visited him in Bolt Court. After she had retired, he loudly expressed his admiration to Dr. Glover, who was present! "Sir," said he, "she is a prodigious fine woman!" "Yes, sir," replied Dr. Glover; "but do you not think she is

much finer on the stage, when adorned by art?" "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "on the stage art does not adorn; nature adorns her there, and art glorifies her." Mrs. Siddons retired from the stage on the 29th June, 1812, selecting for her last appearance a character in which she has never been equalled—Lady Macbeth. The audience would not allow the play to be finished, but insisted on the curtain dropping at her final exit. There were some dissentient voices from those who disapproved of an extravagant compliment, which certainly savoured of absurdity, and looked like sacrificing Shakspeare to his representative; thus, if she had selected the Lady Constance for her leave-taking, King John must have been cut short at the termination of the third act.*

Mrs. Siddons was unquestionably the greatest tragic actress that ever trod the boards of any stage, or adorned the theatre of any country. As an artist she was fully equal to Garrick, and fell short of him only in want of versatility. She had no comic powers, and never added to her fame by any intrusions on the domains of Thalia. Even for sentimental comedy she was too grand and overpowering. Perhaps the greatest triumph of her genius was the importance and interest with which she contrived to invest the repulsive mistress of Pizarro, in Sheridan's in-

* Mrs. Siddons performed in Edinburgh, after her London retirement, and several times at Covent-Garden, on benefits and insulated occasions. Her *very last* appearance was for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble, on June 9th, 1819, when she enacted Lady Randolph.

flated melo-drama. Here she had nothing to work upon, and was reduced to supply all from the stores of her own consummate ability. James Ballantyne, the friend and printer of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the ablest theatrical writers of his day, in a notice of what was then supposed to be her last appearance in Edinburgh, on March the 13th, 1812, thus sums up his eulogy, and those who never saw Mrs. Siddons may be assured that it is not in the slightest degree exaggerated — “We have lost, and for ever, an artist, whose performances rendered appropriate praise either difficult or unnecessary, and adequate praise impossible. Future times may wonder at, and perhaps doubt, in their honest love of some contemporary favourite, the magic wonders delivered to them by the present age, of the powers of Siddons; but we can only say, and we think truly say, that no sculptor or painter, in the sublimest flights of his fancy, ever embodied—no poet, in the most luxuriant indulgence of his imagination, ever described a creature so formed, so gifted, to agitate, to awe, and astonish mankind by her professional powers as her, whose matchless form, face, voice and, eye, are now finally withdrawn from our public admiration.”

Mrs. Siddons died in Upper Baker-street, Portman-square, on June the 8th, 1831, aged 75 years, and was buried in Paddington Church, on the 15th. In reverting to the career of this great actress, we have almost lost sight of her portraits. Here she is, by Harlowe, in two different scenes of *Lady Macbeth*—the first and the last. Look attentively on them, for you see before you an exact resemblance; and the longer you pause and examine, the more you will be impressed with the idea that you are gazing on a mighty genius, and a woman of surpassing beauty. But the finest likeness that ever was painted of Mrs. Siddons is that by the same artist, in the celebrated Trial-scene of *Queen Katharine*, in *Henry the Eighth*. What has become of this picture, which contains also portraits of Stephen, John, and Charles Kemble, as the King, Wolsey, and Cromwell? The last time we saw it, was many years ago, at the Argyle House, in Regent-street. It should be disinterred, and, if possible, added to the gallery of the Garrick Club, where

it will be seen to great advantage. There is also here a fine proof of the engraving, presented by Mr. Cribb, the publisher. The painting is one of extraordinary merit, exclusive of the faithful likenesses. The artist had to contend with the same difficulty which beset Benjamin West, in his “death of General Wolfe,” a fearful predominance of red. “I have got a red picture here,” he exclaimed, “and shall be smothered under it.” Nevertheless he has so blended and harmonised the different shades of red, that a gazer will scarcely detect the supposed blemish, unless pointed out by a very fastidious connoisseur. Harlowe bade fair to become a first-rate painter, but was cut off at the early age of thirty-one. He affected in conversation a sort of dandified, drawling, lisping tone (as did also Monk Lewis), making people set him down as a mass of affectation, which in real fact he was not. His conversation illustrated the principles of the anti-climax as remarkably as any of the instances quoted by Martinus Scribleus the younger. Once he entered a drawing-room in a state of excitement, which made him almost inarticulate for some minutes, and being asked to explain, at length said—“I have just left a dinner-table, where a monster absolutely abused John Kemble, the god of my idolatry; and some of the company seemed much disposed to adopt his opinion. This was too much to bear, and I determined to pulverise the detractor in a manner that should silence him for ever. Watching my opportunity until I caught the attention of the whole table, I rose, and, looking him full in the face, said, in the most emphatic tone, ‘Sir, you have expressed rather an unfavourable opinion of the greatest actor on the stage. I therefore feel called upon to declare that—I differ from you entirely.’”

Here are no less than eleven portraits of John Kemble, the founder, or rather the reviver of the same dignified classical school, of which Charles Young was afterwards the most illustrious disciple. Look well at him as Cato, painted by Sir T. Lawrence. This picture, a reduced duplicate of the original, formerly in the collection of the Earl of Blessington, was the fulfilment of a promise, long made by the great painter to the late Charles Mathew. It

represents the actor at the opening of the fifth act, in the celebrated soliloquy, not in "long gown, loose wig, and lacquered chair," as Booth gladdened the eyes of his generation, when Bolingbroke from the stage box led the applause, and at the end of the play sent him a purse of fifty guineas, for defending so ably the cause of liberty against a perpetual dictator (where was our friend Burchell to exclaim, "Fudge?")—but historically correct, down to the ornament on the candle, the shape of the lamp, and the colour of the papyrus, on which he is reading the lucubrations of Plato. Kemble's Romans were embodied reality, in look, in movement, in figure, in costume. There is no bust of antique sculpture which can exceed the classical contour of that noble head. We do not recollect his Cato; but his Brutus and Coriolanus are present to our recollection, as vividly impressed as if we witnessed them yesterday. The first time we ever saw him was in King John, in 1816, on which occasion Miss O'Neill appeared as Constance, Charles Kemble as Falconbridge, and Mrs. Siddons sat in a stage-box. She applauded the young and lovely actress who supplied her place, with marked delight, to which the audience responded in the warmest manner, although the Lady Constance fell by no means within the range of parts in which Miss O'Neill approached the nearest to her illustrious predecessor.

Here are two other earlier pictures of Kemble, not in character, by Sir T. Lawrence, and a more finished one by Sir W. Beechey, which has been often engraved; also a sketch by Harlowe, from recollection, in Coriolanus, with others by Westall and De Wilde. The fame and success of Mrs. Siddons heralded the way for her brother, who made his first appearance at Drury-lane as Hamlet on the 30th of September, 1783, seven years after the retirement of Garrick, and while Henderson, then at Covent-garden, was supposed in many characters to have supplied his place. His success was undoubted and his progress gradual; but he was not then considered more than a sound, judicious actor, and had to bide his time and opportunity before he rose to the height he afterwards attained. In those days a new performer had to wait for vacancies, and only succeeded to leading

characters in regular routine. Mrs. Siddons, by her great and unusual influence, obtained engagements for Miss Kemble and another of her sisters, with some good parts, but she could not make them great actresses. Perhaps they would have been thought better had they not been overshadowed by the gigantic fame of their relative. John Kemble retired on the 23rd of June, 1817, and died at Lausanne in 1823, aged sixty-six. His fortune was much injured by the burning of Covent-garden, and he was far from being as rich as might have been expected. His widow, by whom he had no children, survived him for many years. Like Garrick, he married for happiness rather than ambition, and made a most fortunate selection. Many ridiculous stories have been told of the immediate cause and manner of his courtship, as well as the total absence of his mind as to the important change of condition on his wedding-day; but some are exaggerated, and others have been repeated *ad nauseam*. Kemble in tragedy was, beyond all doubt, an actor of the highest order. It was impossible to conceive anything finer than his appearance in the Roman costume, although with all his laborious research and classical acquirements, his toga has been repudiated for that of Talma, and his revivals of Shakspeare have been surpassed in accuracy of detail by those of more recent managers; but he led the way to many of the reforms which are now flourishing with increased vigour. Sometimes, from physical weakness, he became languid and monotonous; but when he acted his best, in his peculiar line, comparison was left behind at an immeasurable distance. His greatest triumphs may be considered—Coriolanus, Brutus, Cato, Hamlet, King John, Wolsey, Jacques, Leontes, Macbeth, Hotspur, Leon, Zanga, Octavian, Penruddock, the Stranger, Rolla, and De Montfort. The actor who could play seventeen characters such as these better than any other living artist is a rare exception, which seldom occurs above once in a century.

John Kemble was convivial in his habits, fond of late hours, and a humourist after a peculiar fashion. But his jokes were somewhat sepulchral; and even when under the influence of Bacchus, he never relaxed from his

habitual solemnity and importance of manner. When a young actor, he fancied, by a strange delusion, that he possessed the attributes of gay, dashing comedy. Tate Wilkinson tells us that he selected Plume, Doricourt, Archer, and such parts, to please himself, and not by the desire of the manager. A smile on his countenance appeared to wonder how it got there. As Croker says, in the "Familiar Epistles," it resembled the plating on a coffin. He then observes—

"Young Mirabel by Kemble play'd,
Look'd like Macbeth in masquerade ;"

and adds, in a note, "I have had the misfortune to see this exhibition; truly it was, as Shakspeare says, 'most tragical mirth.'" Reynolds tells an amusing anecdote, for which he quotes the authority of Kemble himself. In 1791, the great tragedian chose to act Charles Surface. Some time afterwards, Reynolds and Kemble met at a dinner. The flattering host asserted that Charles Surface had been lost to the stage since the days of Smith, and added, that Kemble's performance of the part should be considered as *Charles's Restoration*. On this, a less complimentary guest observed, in an under tone, that it should rather be considered as *Charles's Martyrdom*. Kemble overheard the remark, and said, with much good humour, "I will tell you a story about this, which proves that you are right. Some few months ago I happened to be in liquor, and quarrelled with a gentleman in the street. On the next morning, when I came to my senses, I felt that I was in the wrong, and offered to make him any reasonable reparation. 'Sir,' interrupted the gentleman, 'at once I meet your proposal, and name one—promise me never to play Charles Surface again, and I shall be perfectly satisfied.' I gave the promise, and have kept it; for though Mr. Sheridan was pleased to say he liked me in the part, I certainly do not like myself in it." Kemble when he told his story, had seen his error, and put the best face he could on it; but certain it is, that when he first acted Charles, he was very desirous of having his performance puffed off in the papers. Mrs. Wells has printed a letter from Kemble to Topham, in which he says, "I hope you will have the goodness to give

orders to your people to speak favourably of the Charles, as more depends on that than you can possibly be aware of." Mrs. Wells sent the letter to Topham, who, in reply, declared that he would not sacrifice the credit of his paper by puffing either Mrs. Siddons or Kemble in comedy. Mrs. Siddons used sometimes to sing comic songs in private (we have been told that "Billy Taylor" was her favourite) with admirable effect; but on the stage she was out of her element entirely when she laid down the bowl and dagger of *Melpomene*. The author of "Familiar Epistles" again says, with humour which atones for the satire, "I have heard of a lady who wept plentifully throughout the whole of *As You Like It*, from an unhappy opinion that Rosalind was Jane Shore. I am glad to relate the anecdote, that so much good tears should not go for nothing." Promiscuous audiences are capable of very rich flights in erudition. The same writer tells us, that, witnessing a performance of Betty, the Young Roscius, as he was called, his neighbours in the pit began to argue as to who this Roscius could be. Some said it was one Garrick's Christian name, but the general voice decided that he was a French actor who had been guillotined in the early days of the Revolution. We ourselves once overheard a sapient critic inform an inquiring brother, that the *Merchant of Venice* was written by Sheridan, and the *School for Scandal* conjointly by Beaumont and Fletcher. Boaden, in 1825, published "A Life of John Philip Kemble," in 2 vols. 8vo. His intimacy with the subject of his biography enabled him to give some information which few other persons could have obtained; but this information is little in quantity, and less in value. Garrick and Kemble have been unfortunate in their historians, of whom it is difficult to decide which is the worst.

We have here two portraits of Stephen Kemble, (by De Wilde), as Bajazet and Falstaff. He was a year older than his brother John; a remarkably handsome man, and a good actor—he also weighed thirty stone, and played Falstaff without stuffing, which was usually announced in the bills, as an additional attraction. He owed his first engagement in London to a mistake. Mr. Harris, of Covent

Garden, wishing to anticipate the designs of his rival managers of Drury-lane, who had made overtures to John, then a prodigious favourite in Dublin, despatched a secret messenger to the Irish metropolis, with instructions to secure the *great* Kemble on any terms. The envoy was a man of literal interpretation, and seeing the two brothers together, selected Stephen as the object of his search. It was too late when the error was detected. Accordingly, he made his *entré* as Othello, at Covent Garden, on the 24th September, 1783, a few days only before the real Kemble appeared at Drury-lane, in Hamlet. It does not appear that he repeated the character; but on the 8th October, he acted Sea-land, in the *Conscious Lovers*; and on the 4th November, Bajazet, to the Tamerlane of Henderson, on which night also O'Keeffe's far-famed farce of the *Poor Soldier* was produced for the first time. In 1802, Stephen Kemble appeared as Falstaff, at Drury-lane Theatre. Before the play, an occasional address, written by himself, was spoken by Jack Bannister, which contained the following lines, in allusion to his unusual bulk—

"A Falstaff here to-night, by nature made,
Lends to your favourite bard his ponderous aid;
No man in buckram, he! no stuffing gear,
No feather bed, nor e'en a pillow-bier;
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing, more or less, some *thirty* stone."

The address then went on to say, that if rejected by the audience, he should put himself into one of the coal vessels, and go back to Newcastle, as ballast. He was very well received, though not considered rich in humour or equal to Henderson, who, without a single personal requisite, was looked upon as the best Falstaff since the days of Quin.

Charles Kemble, by many years the youngest of the brothers, and the only survivor, came out as Malcolm, in 1794. Here are three portraits of him, besides the fine full-length, in Macbeth, by Briggs, presented to the Club by the late E. Walpole, Esq. Charles Kemble was originally intended for one of the learned professions, and was sent at a very early age, by his brother John, to the College of Douay. He afterwards obtained a situation in the Post-office; but finding the duties irksome and monotonous, resolved to follow the family bent, and try his fortunes on the stage. His

progress was slow, but by time and perseverance he succeeded in placing himself in the highest rank. A more elegant and accomplished performer never graced the boards. Those who remember him in his full vigour in such parts as Falconbridge, Marc Antony, Jaffier, Benedict, Mirabel, Mercutio, Charles Surface, and Don Felix, have seen specimens of acting, in the best school, which have never been surpassed, and which they may despair of seeing equalled in these degenerate days, when the young aspirants of the stage hold themselves superior to the trammels of study or experience, and expect to achieve sudden fame and fortune by a sort of impromptu inspiration.

Here are no less than five portraits of Jack Bannister, the last pupil of Garrick, and a scholar well worthy of his master. Observe him in Scout, the Village Lawyer, with Parsons as Sheepface; and again, as Sylvester Daggerwood, with the incomparable Dicky Suett as Fustian. There are no such actors now — no, not even the shadows of them. Of Bannister, it has been truly said that he combined the serious with the comic, in a manner difficult to understand. Those who recollect his Walter, in the *Children in the Wood*, have seen him elicit smiles and tears almost at the same moment. He had a noble countenance, capable of the most varied and rapid expression, and a strong, flexible voice. His power of assuming distinct characters was almost equal to that of Garrick. Of this, his Colonel Feignwell, in *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, may be singled out as a remarkable instance. The part contains a compound of many different passions, and requires for each distinct assumption, an opposite cast of features, manners, and action. All these Bannister exhibited, with such consummate effect that spectators unacquainted with the comedy would be led to believe that the various individuals he represented were not performed by one, but successively personified by different persons. This happy union of ease and variety requires executive power even more rarely accorded than mental conception. If an actor is able to assume youth, age, love, hatred, revenge, jealousy, joyous mirth, gloomy despair, and all the passions inherent in the human composition; if he can so completely change his voice, alter

his features, and with the aid of dress, persuade an audience that he is the identical character drawn by the author,—then, indeed, the perfection of his art is attained. But to communicate all the little delicate, but important touches of nature, which are the physical qualities of every man, often becomes too difficult for the most accomplished actor to pourtray, though his hourly intercourse with society calls forth all those feelings, which he, nevertheless, is unable to depict with equal fidelity when required to assume them on the stage. The obvious reason appears to be, that what is most natural is the most difficult to imitate; and as Quintilian observes of eloquence, “Nothing is harder than what everyone imagines to be so easy that he could have done it himself.” The same remark applies to a beautiful composition which the reader often thinks he could have expressed with equal elegance. We speak not here of the inherent vanity which lurks in the corner of every heart, and which induced honest Goldsmith to exclaim, in a burst of indignation, when the dancing of the Fantoccini was praised, “Why, I can jump higher than that little fellow myself!”—or of the professional jealousy of Johnson, the machinist of Drury-lane, who, when by an unheard-of innovation, the real Chuncce was introduced into a pantomime, growled out, as the animal made his entrance, “I should be very sorry if I could not make a better elephant than that!” When Imlac in “Rasselas,” under the excitement of enthusiasm, describes a great poet, we may, without much exaggeration, apply his description to an accomplished actor. The ingredients requisite to constitute either are nearly the same. Before the man of learning had enumerated half of them, the Prince of Abyssinia exclaimed, impatiently, “Enough!—thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet.” “To be a poet,” said Imlac, “is, indeed, very difficult.” “So difficult,” returned the Prince, “that I will at present hear no more of his labours. Proceed with thy narration.”

Bannister retired, in 1815, a martyr to the gout, which forced him to relinquish his public duties long before his powers were otherwise impaired. He lived many years in elegant retirement, the delight of a large circle, and

one of the most convivial hosts that ever dispensed hospitality. When he had passed his seventieth year, the following lines were addressed to “The Young Veteran,” by an old friend:—

“With seventy years upon his back,
Still is my honest friend, ‘Young Jack;’
Nor spirits check’d, nor fancy slack,
But fresh as any daisy.
Though time has knock’d his stumps about,
He cannot bowl his temper out,
And all the *Bannister* is stout,
Although the steps be crazy.”

Here are two fair ladies, Miss Farren and Miss Bolton. These, with Miss Brunton (whose portrait we do not find here), form three theatrical graces, who, by their beauty and accomplishments, won the coronets they afterwards so long adorned by their virtues. They married, respectively, the Earl of Derby, Lord Thurlow, and the Earl of Craven. Miss Bolton was not the first “Polly” who captivated the heart of a noble lord. The original performer of that character Lavinia Fenton, became no less a person than Duchess of Bolton, a title which has since disappeared from the peerage. Here is another very lovely “Polly,” Mrs. Crouch, whose portraits convey but a faint idea of her beauty. And here is yet a fourth, Miss Stephens, equal to any of her predecessors, and also the wearer of a Countess’s coronet.

Sweet is the remembrance of those days when we first heard her warble “her native wood notes wild,” at Covent-garden, before the invasion of foreign cadenzas and interminable flourishes, which have since completely superseded the charms of simple melody. Her voice still vibrates in our ears, clear and ringing as the early carol of the lark, rich and spontaneous as the strings of pearls and diamonds, flowing from the lips of the damsel in the fable, when rewarded for her good-nature by the benevolent fairy.

Those who have never seen Mrs. Jordan will obtain but a very inadequate impression of what she was, from these two portraits by De Wilde. Her face had small pretensions to beauty, and was more expressive than handsome; but her figure, in early life, was faultless, and her voice most exquisitely modulated. She was equally skilled in the delineation of pathos or humour. Her fine ladies and elegant heroines of comedy lacked the grace and chastened manner of Abington and

Farren. It would, perhaps, have been better for her reputation if she had never attempted them; but in hoydens and romps, in scheming chambermaids, and characters of broad exuberant humour, not Clive or Woffington, in their best days, could claim the superiority. Her laugh was irresistible, and carried all before it. We have sometimes thought we heard it revived in Mrs. Nesbitt. Her manner was perfectly original, and her articulation so distinct, that not a sentence she uttered was ever lost, but the most insignificant passage acquired importance, and stole upon the feelings of the audience from her exquisite delivery. Her attitudes and actions were so expressive of the passion she delineated, that even had she not spoken, her story would have been perfectly intelligible to the audience. We have no wish to touch on the sorrows and mysteries of her private history, and its melancholy close; yet it is sad to think that a being so gifted, who had so often gladdened the hearts of admiring thousands, should die in poverty, in obscurity, and extreme mental misery, in a foreign land, having only reached the age of fifty; and that the humble stone which covers her remains at St. Cloud, should be scarcely recognisable when looked for by a sympathising tourist. Hazlitt who, when not under the influence of prejudice or affectation, could indite a good critical analysis, thus concisely sums up her theatrical attractions—"Her face, her tones, her manner, were irresistible; her smile had the effect of sunshine, and her laugh did one good to hear it. Her voice was eloquence itself; it seemed as if her heart was always at her mouth—she was all gaiety, openness, and good nature. She rioted in her fine animal spirits, and gave more pleasure than any other actress, because she had the greatest spirit of enjoyment in herself."

This fine painting is Mrs. Hartley, by Angelica Kauffmann, the only specimen in the collection by that celebrated artist. Mrs. Hartley was, as here represented, a very beautiful woman, and a fine tragic actress in parts not beyond her powers. She filled a sort of intermediate space between Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Siddons, left the stage in 1780, being then only twenty-nine years of age. She survived until 1824, and was seventy-three when

she died. Her forte was tenderness, not rage; her personal appearance particularly well qualified her for such parts as Juliet, Statira, Rosamond, Andromache, Lady Jane Grey, and Mary of Scotland, in the *Albion Queens*. Here is a great comic actor, William Thomas Lewis, painted by a great artist, Sir M. A. Shee. You will see him again in another room, as Mercutio (a character in which he was held in high repute), by De Wilde, the last portrait ever taken of him. His son, the late Thomas Lewis, many years lessee of the Liverpool Theatre, bequeathed, in an evil moment, a celebrated full-length portrait of his father, as the Marquis, in the *Midnight Hour*, and an admirable likeness, to the National Gallery. Who has ever seen it there? And in what dark lumber-room or damp cellar is it allowed to rot? Far better would it have been to have left it to the Garrick Club, where it would have been hung in light and warmth, equally safe from the rats and the remorseless restorer. Lewis had a natural animation, an overflowing exuberance of spirits, which never tired, and of which modern audiences and actors have not the most remote conception. Were he to be suddenly produced now, he would be thought outrageously extravagant, and set down as a lunatic escaped from Bedlam. We have heard recent light comedians take more time with a sentence than he usually allowed to a scene. The first sound of his voice behind the scenes was the signal for mirth and increased pulsation, which flagged not until the curtain fell. He was never quiet for a moment. His speed anticipated the express trains and the electric telegraph. He was here, there, and everywhere in a moment—always doing something; and although it must be admitted that he not unfrequently "o'erstepped the modesty of nature," yet there was a grace and charm in his extravagance which belonged to himself alone; and long before the audience had time to think whether he was right or wrong, or whether they ought to laugh or appear shocked, he was off to something else, which carried them along with him, and drowned criticism in a tempestuous whirlwind of applause. "Push on! keep moving!" was his perpetual shibboleth; and to be tame or prosy when by his side on the stage

was utterly impossible. Lewis filled, for above twenty years, the arduous office of stage-manager at Covent-garden, during the bright period which eulogists, who we presume understand what they mean, delight to designate "the proud and palmy days of the British drama;" and no man ever discharged a difficult and complicated duty with more perfect knowledge of his business and a more conciliating manner. He was well versed in every minute point connected with the mechanism of the dramatic art, and the means of producing the most certain effects. One of his favourite axioms was, that no change of dress, however important or elegant, no excellence in acting, could restore the good temper of the audience, or keep alive their excitement, if either was interrupted by a long wait between the acts. Perhaps he learned this during his early acquaintance with our old friends of the Dublin gallery, who were wont of yore to cry "up with the rag," even before the act-drop, so classically designated, had time to reach the ground. Reader, you probably remember and have often seen the late Richard Jones. He was a lively, agreeable, gentlemanlike, animated actor, but be assured that he was not William Thomas Lewis, who has never had a legitimate successor or an equal in his peculiar walk,—unless, perhaps, we may, with some allowance, be induced to consider Elliston as entitled to the inheritance. Lewis retired in 1809, and died within two years after, aged 63. Amongst his best characters may be reckoned — Belcour, Rover, Ranger, Mercutio, Petruchio, the Copper Captain, Millamour, Atall, Marplot, Lackland, Vapid, Goldfinch, Tom Shuffleton, and Jeremy Diddler.

Here are no less than six different portraits of Holman, who made his first appearance at Covent-garden as Romeo, in 1784. On this occasion an address was spoken by Hull, in which the new candidate was introduced as a Young Oxonian, who had fled from the pedantic fetters of logic and the cold and cumbrous rules of Aristotle—

"To Shakspeare's gentler muse and sprightlier scene."

Holman had a remarkably fine person (until he grew fat), and a very handsome face; but he injured his growing fame by an injudicious imitation of John Kemble, which he adopted with little judgment, and by too frequently suffering passion to evaporate in rant. After leaving London, he acted many years in Dublin, where he established himself as a general favourite, and became for a time joint manager with Mr. Frederick Jones. From thence he sought increase of fortune across the Atlantic, and repaired to the United States, where he died in 1817, aged 53. Holman was a reasonably good scholar, and the author of several dramatic pieces of average merit. He was once announced by Watson, the well-known Cheltenham manager, as "The best actor and the handsomest man in the world," and we are assured that the consequent attraction was prodigious. A selection from provincial play-bills would make an amusing volume. We have seen Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice* further recommended by the second title of "The Inexorable Jew;" and Colman's *Iron Chest* with the addendum of, "Or, the Man in the Wrong Box." A bill printed a great many years ago at Ludlow, in Shropshire, was nearly as large as their principal painted scene. It was for a benefit, and contained "The doleful History of King Lear and his Three Daughters, with the merry conceits of his Majesty's Fool, and the valorous exploits of the Duke of Gloucester's bastard, all written by one William Shakspeare, a mighty great poet, who was born in Warwickshire, and held horses for gentlemen at the sign of the 'Red Bull' in St. John's-street, where was just such another play-house as this, at which we hope the company of all friends round the welkin—

"All you who wish to cry or laugh
Had better spend your money here than in the
ale-house by half;
And if you wish more about these things to know,
Come at six o'clock to the barn, in the High-street,
Ludlow,
Where, presented by *live actors*, the whole may
be seen;
So *Vivant Rex*, God save the King, not forgetting
the Queen."

J. W. C.

THE DISMAL MUTE—A ROMAUNT.

'Tis the Baron of Meux's funeral day,
He lies in the eastern tower ;
His brow it is dark, his limbs they are stark,
And he waits the burying hour.

The black mass hath been slowly sung,
And the bell doth sadly toll ;
Each stroke I ween had long span between—
O ! pray for the Baron's soul.

The guests are feasting in the hall,
And they drink to the dead man gone ;
And, sadder than all, those to bear the pall
Drink mournfully alone.

In the court below, decked in weeds of woe,
Warders there were kept guard ;
When the clock strikes ten shall set forth the train
To Croydon's grim churchyard.

There was hail that night, and storm and rain,
And dank was the castle sward—
The clock strikes ten, and the sable train
Sets forth to the grim churchyard.

Through the moss-grown arch did the mourners march,
A doleful companie,
And torches blazed, and the bier was raised,
A fearful thing to see.

And, two and two, through the avenue,
In a long, thin line they wound ;
And the Priests they sung, and the censers swung,
And the hymn it did resound !

And as they walked, before them stalked
With steps of wanton glee,
Him they called the Mute, of ill-omened foot ;
And a fearful Mute was he :

With his checks so lean, and his hands so thin,
And his eyes all sunk and bleared,
And his lanky hair, besprinkled spare,
Like some unholy weird.

And his clothes so old smelt of churchyard mould,
And his skin it was sere and wan ;
And he trembled ever as with cold—
He seemed a fearful man.

O, shield us from the dismal mute,
Where'er we may be lain ;
Nor let him draw near to our funeral bier,
Nor walk in our burial train.

They passed them by the slimy pond,
With its weeds so rotten and foul,
Where the man was drowned, and his corse ne'er found,
But lies in a fathomless hole !

And they passed by the yew of such dismal hue,
Where clanked the rusty chain ;
And he had been hung, who had used his tongue,
To scorn of his suzerain !

And they passed the retreat where the witches meet,
And raise their unearthly strain ;
When the infant in glee, on its mother's knee,
At morn would be sought in vain.

And as they came by the road of ill-name,
The moon in a cloud hid her ray ;
Blue lightnings gleamed, and a raven screamed,
And the raven was heard to say—

“ Beware ! beware ! of the dismal mute !
He cometh one year in ten ;
And this is the day that he holds his sway
O'er the mortal mould of men.

“ To peace, farewell ! to peace, farewell !
He shall know unrest this night ;
And lay him not in a holy spot,
’Twould anger the dismal sprite.”

Then ravens screamed, blue lightnings gleamed,
And a fox ran across the path ;
The wolf and the bear then howled from their lair,
The owl flapped his wing in wrath.

Then they turned them to the dismal mute,
And, shuddering, bade him begone ;
But he heeded not, nor stirred from the spot,
As though he were turned to stone.

Three times he skipped, three times he tripped
Round the corpse of the stark Baron ;
And the sable pall from the corse he stripped,
And the pall he put it on !

There the bier they did lay, and fled them away,
And the dismal mute was alone ;
But he waved a stave just plucked from a grave—
A dead man's dried thigh-bone.

And one there espied the mute astride
On the corse of the stark Baron ;
But short was the tide he dared to abide,
But sped him shrieking on !

For he raised his stave just plucked from a grave ;
He rattled his teeth in mirth ;
And his head quivered bright in the blue moonlight,
Like a skull just dug from earth !

Yes, his skull how it shone, and the dead man's bone,
 How it glanced in his skinny hand !
 And the pall it rolled, in many a fold,
 As he shook his grisly wand !

And none can tell what wo befel
 That corse so lonely and bare ;
 Through the live-long night, in the pale moonlight,
 It lay untended there.

At the cold grey dawn of early morn
 Two shuddering figures came,
 No prayer they said—in a lone spot was laid
 The corse of the knight in shame.

No priest was there to breathe the deep prayer,
 And mourners there were none ;
 With shrouded head in the earth they laid
 The corse of the grim Baron !

O ! shield us from the dismal mute !
 Where'er we may be lain ;
 Nor let him draw near to our funeral bier,
 Nor walk in our burial train.

PHILOBIPLION.

BRITISH AND IRISH ORNITHOLOGY.*

THERE are men who assume the office of historians of Nature, and who yet, on being interrogated as to what they had seen and heard in the material universe, would find themselves miserably at fault ; men whose whole range of observation is bounded by the walls of their study, whose world of organisation is comprised in a collection of dried skins, of impaled insects, of shells carefully freed of their rightful owners, of beings once vivid in their movements, bright in their hues, graceful in their forms, wonderful in their instincts, now lifeless, and faded, and distorted, crowded together in bottles of spirit, or shrivelled into parched and shapeless mummies. These men have written books, and have founded new genera, and characterised new species, and

framed systems of classification, and concocted laws in their zoological catacombs, to which, forsooth, we are expected to yield all due obedience.

There are other men who cannot patiently endure any roof between them and the canopy of heaven but that of the wild wood and the blackening ocean-cave ; who love the mist of the mountain and the depths of the forest ; men whose companions are the wild creatures of the earth, who know the haunt of the sea bird, and will scale the eyry of the eagle ; who can hold converse with all God's creatures, as though they were their fellow-men, and learn from them many a lesson of deep philosophy, and many a truth of grand significance. These men act under no false colours, they have a

* "A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory." By William Macgillivray, A.M. 5 vols., 8vo. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

"The Natural History of the Birds of Ireland, Indigenous and Migratory ; containing descriptions of the Habits, Migrations, Occurrence, and Economy of the 261 species contained in the Fauna." By John J. Watters, Associate of the University Zoological Association. Dublin: James McGlashan, Sackville-street. London: W. S. Orr and Co. 1858.

genuine commission to legislate in the republic of science, and to them we freely offer our hearty allegiance.

Among the class of real, enthusiastic, and truthful observers of nature, of thorough "field naturalists," was William Macgillivray; at one time blessed with robust health, endowed with great physical endurance and with untiring patience, he made the living creatures around him an object of close and unremitting study. Though the organised world generally claimed his attention, yet birds were his special favourites, and he never allowed an opportunity to escape him of becoming acquainted with them in every possible point of view, in their varied forms, their cries, their nesting-places, their habits, their changes, from age, locality, or season, and the structure of their internal organisation as discovered by careful and repeated dissections. The results of an experience more extensive perhaps than that of any other ornithologist of our times, if we except that of his friend Audubon, he has given to us, in five thick 8vo. volumes, a library in themselves of ornithological information, and which no one desirous of making the feathered tribes his study can henceforth do without.

Macgillivray was born in Old Aberdeen, and from an early age manifested an unconquerable love of Nature. After spending a portion of his youth in the humble capacity of a parish schoolmaster, in a remote region of the Hebrides, he returned to his native place and became a student in the University of Aberdeen. Here he completed the general undergraduate course, and obtained the degree of M.A.; but though he studied medicine in this university and in Edinburgh, he never sought for a medical degree. Some time afterwards he was offered the appointment of assistant-secretary to Dr. Jamieson, Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, an office which enabled him to devote his time and energies to those pursuits which were to become the great business of his life. He was subsequently appointed conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Edin-

burgh; and finally, on a vacancy occurring in the Chair of Natural History in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, he was in 1841 elected by the Crown to the vacant professorship. This appointment he held for about ten years, when his health began to give way, the result most probably of the exposure and excessive fatigue, and the constant struggle with the *res angusta domi* of which his earlier life was the scene. It was hoped that he would receive benefit from a residence during the colder season in the south of England; but this, as well as every other attempt to retard the progress of disease, proved fruitless, and he died at Aberdeen in September, 1852, at the age of 56.* He was simple and unobtrusive in his manners, warm in his affections, conscientious in the discharge of all his duties, uncompromising in his love of truth, and a thoroughly honest man.

Few writers have left behind them so large an amount of writing as Macgillivray. His works consist of separate publications, memoirs printed in the transactions of scientific societies, and contributions to various scientific journals of the day; but his great work—that on which his fame will chiefly rest is, his "History of British Birds."

The "History of British Birds" is, in many respects, a work altogether peculiar—profusely rich in observations of habits and external form, it contains, besides, a multitude of anatomical and physiological facts of the highest value. The connexion between anatomical structure and external form and habits is carefully and truthfully treated, and new views of affinity and classification are thence deduced. Though we do not agree with our author in all his details of classification, we yet think he has done good service in opening up the way to a more natural classification of birds than has been yet accomplished. There is, perhaps, in the whole animal kingdom no class so distinctly defined and so thoroughly *natural* as that of birds; yet this very definiteness becomes a source of perplexity, and when we proceed to compare the feathered tribes among themselves, with the view of

* See a "Biographical Account of the late Wm. Macgillivray." By Alexander Thompson, Esq., of Banchony, Aberdeen. Published in the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal," for April, 1853.

discovering characters on which to found subordinate grouping, we are at once met by innumerable difficulties. When a class is so distinctly defined as that of birds, we must expect unusual similarity among the species composing it, an absence of those characters which cause certain species to depart from the typical forms of the class, and which, by approximating these species to those of some other class, destroy the distinctness of the boundary line. Now, this great similarity among the different species of birds, renders it almost impossible to find any one character, or any assemblage of characters, so strictly confined to any one group of the class, that we can absolutely deny it to every other. While the difficulty is thus so great as to have rendered every classification of birds hitherto attempted more or less imperfect, we yet believe that it is not absolutely insurmountable; and our author appears to us to have indicated the right direction when he pointed out the digestive system as affording, when employed in conjunction with external form, the most available characters in a natural classification.

We do not mean to assert that by the employment of characters derived from the digestive system the whole difficulty is got over, but we still think that the characters thus derived are among the best. It cannot be denied that the influence exercised by the digestive system over the habits and general form of the bird, is greater than that exercised by any other part of the structure. We believe, moreover, that of groups founded upon the modifications of this system, we can make more *important general assertions* than of such as are founded upon mere differences of external form, or, indeed, upon any other peculiarities of organisation; and this is, after all, the true test of the value of a classificatory group.

Linnæus himself was well aware of the importance of the digestive system as the basis of his classification, but then he fell into the mistake of assuming the bill and feet to be the unerring index of the whole digestive apparatus; and deriving his characters almost exclusively from these, many of his groups are of necessity eminently artificial; and even such naturalness as his classification presents, is frequently effected by bringing together really allied

forms, in direct violation of his own rules.

We have not yet arrived at the time when a thoroughly natural classification of birds is possible; but we believe that if it is ever to be accomplished, it is only by him who, like our author, unites laborious and long-continued observation of external form and habits, with a knowledge of internal structure. His study, however, must not be confined to the birds of any one region, no matter how extensive, but must embrace the entire class wherever found upon the surface of the earth. In this latter point, Macgillivray was deficient. He seems to have had too little acquaintance with foreign collections and with the birds of distant regions of the globe, to have ever constructed a thoroughly comprehensive and truly natural system; and it is therefore we think, that that contained in the "History of British Birds," however well adapted for the fauna of a limited region, will meet with but little support from the general ornithologist.

The orders into which our author divides the class of birds are named in accordance with the habits which necessarily arise out of the peculiarities of organisation on which he founds his divisions. Thus, we have, among others, *raptores*, or plunderers, as vultures and eagles; *excursores*, or snatchers, as shrikes; *rasores*, or scrapers, as pheasants and grouse; *vagatores*, or wanderers, as crows; *cantatores*, or songsters, as thrushes or warblers; *spoliatores*, or robbers, as the jagers. Our space will not permit us to enter into a detailed criticism of the system—it has its merits as well as its defects; but, as we think we cannot do better than introduce our author to the reader, in one of his merry moods, we will let him speak for himself. In his chapter on crows, after giving some account of the order *vagatores*, or wanderers, he thus proceeds:—

"Joyous in action, pining in idleness, ever on the alert, even in sleep pursuing, as the hound dreams of the chase, irregularly migratory, and settling for a time only to narrate their adventures, there is a tribe of naturalists very similar in character to these sagacious and enterprising birds. A friend of mine, for example, who writes to me from Charleston, that he is about setting out to explore the shores of the Mexican Gulf and the south-western limits of the United

States, and return to Edinburgh by the end of autumn, is typical of this family. Hunting by sight, not by scent, now sweeping along the Alleghanies, anon searching the mud-flats of the Mississippi, feasting to-day on an old gobbler on the banks of the Red River, to-morrow picking up a water-hen from among the reeds of the St. John's, he represents, as Le Vaillant formerly represented, the dark-winged raven, *corvus corax*. The carrion crow, *corvus corone*, has its analogue in some other wanderer, who is fond of kicking alligators' ribs, and strangling rattle-snakes. The hooded crow, *corvus cornix*, clamorous before rain, feeding on small fry, keeping a good look-out when pilfering, but, being pied, easily recognised, represents another; while a fourth resembles the industrious rook, *corvus frugilegus*, that gleams in the fields, on the hills, and by the shores, finding in common and neglected objects much that is not less nutritious than savoury. The jackdaw, pert, and fond of perching on pinnacles, has many representatives; and the chattering, thievish, and handsome magpie, is not without admirers and imitators. Indeed, it affords a striking proof of the perfect naturality of the arrangement proposed by me at p. 17, that in the human species individuals and families may be found that form a complete counterpart in all essential respects to the species and orders of the feathered tribes. Plunderers, robbers, snatchers, scrapers, watchers, gropers, coosers, and songsters, are characters well known to everybody. Nothing, in fact, can be more beautiful than the accordance thus presented between men and birds; but as it is unnecessary to insist upon what all enlightened naturalists must at once admit, I leave my theory in their hands, confident that they will readily perceive many curious analogies, which it would not be complimentary to their sagacity in me to explain." —pp. 481, 482.

From the passage here quoted, we see that Macgillivray can indulge in humour when he likes—in humour, too, not altogether unmixed with sarcasm; for it must be borne in mind, that he has the most sovereign contempt for all those fanciful and far-fetched analogies with which certain ornithological schools delight to amuse themselves. We shall presently meet him in a more serious mood.

That Macgillivray possessed rare qualifications for the historian of the birds of his native country, is abundantly apparent. Enthusiastic, intrepid, patient of cold, and hunger, and fatigue, and with an unquenchable love of nature, both organic and inorganic, he would spend whole weeks amid the savage scenery of the Grampians, and

when overtaken by night in those wild solitudes, would watch for the dawn, with nothing beneath him but the wet peat, and nothing above but the cold October sky, and a scanty covering of moss or heather torn from the mountain-side. But the reader will form the best idea of his enthusiasm and endurance, when in pursuit of his favourite science, from the following account of one of his ornithological excursions:

"It is pleasant to hear the bold challenge of the Gor-cock at early dawn on the wild moor remote from human habitation, where, however, few ornithologists have ever listened to it. I remember with delight the cheering influence of its cry on a cold morning in September, when, wet to the knees, and with a sprained ankle, I had passed the night in a peat bog, in the midst of the Grampians, between the sources of the Tummel and the Dee. Many years ago, when I was of opinion, as I still am, that there is little pleasure in passing through life dry-shod and ever comfortable, I was returning to Aberdeen from a botanical excursion through the Hebrides and the south of Scotland. At Blair Atholl I was directed to a road that leads over the hill, and which I was informed was much shorter than the highway. By it I proceeded until I reached Blair Lodge, where I obtained some refreshment, of which I stood greatly in need. The good-woman very benevolently exerted herself to persuade me to remain all night, the hills being, as she said, bleak and dreary, entirely destitute of everything that could afford pleasure to a traveller, and even without human habitation, the nearest house being fifteen miles north. It was now six o'clock, and I was certain of being benighted; but I had promised to be at the source of the Dee by noon of next day, and all the dragons of darkness could not have prevented me from at least striving to fulfil my engagement. They had never heard of the spring in question, nor even of the river; no Cairngorm could be seen; and a woman just arrived from the Spey informed me that I should be under the necessity of going through Badenoch before I could get to it. I placed more confidence in my travelling map. All, however, shook their heads when I disclosed my plan, which was to proceed eastward, cross a stream, get to the summit of a ridge of mountains, and so forth, until I should reach the first burn of the Dee, where I expected to meet my friend Craigie. It was sunset when I got to the top of the first hill, whence I struck directly east, judging by the place where the sun disappeared behind the rugged and desolate mountains. After traversing a mile of boggy heath, I found myself put out of my course by a long deep rocky val-

ley or ravine, which I was obliged to double; and before I had accomplished this, night fell. I travelled on, however, about two miles farther, and coming upon another but smaller valley, in which I was apprehensive of breaking my neck if I should venture through it, I sat down by a rock, weary and covered with perspiration. Rest is pleasant, even in such a place as this; and when I had experienced a little of its sweets, I resolved to take up my abode there for the night. So, thrusting my stick into the peat between me and the ravine below, I extended myself on the ground, and presently fell into a reverie, reviewed my life, gave vent to the sorrow of my soul in a thousand reflections on the folly of my conduct, and ended with resolving to amend! Around me were the black masses of the granite hills rising to heaven like the giant barriers of an enchanted land; above, the cloudless sky, spangled with stars; beneath, a cold bed of wet turf; within, a human spirit tortured with wild imaginings and the pangs of a sprained foot. 'In such a place, at such a time,' and in such a mood, what are the vanities of the world, the pomp of power, the pride of renown, and even the pleasures of bird-nesting! Having, in a short time, become keenly sensible that a great portion of vital heat had oozed out of me, I looked out for a warmer situation: but, alas, with little success; for, although I pulled some stunted heath and white moss, with which I covered my feet, and laid me down by another crag that afforded more shelter, I could not sleep. After a while, having experienced a fit of shivering, I got up to gather more heath, with which I formed a sort of bed, and lay down again. But even heath was not to be obtained in sufficient quantity, so that for a covering I was obliged to bury myself in moss and turf, with the soil adhering. At long, long length, the sky began to brighten in what I supposed to be the north-east, and I was anxiously looking for the approach of morn, when, gradually, the pale unwelcome moon rose over a distant hill. It was piercing cold, and I perceived that a strolling naturalist, however fervid his temperament, could hardly, if scantily clad, feel comfortable even among moss, in a bog of the Grampians. What a blessing a jug of hot water would have been to such a stomach as mine, aching with emptiness, and nothing, not even tripe-de-roche, to be got to thrust into it. However, morning actually came at last, and I started up to renew my journey. It was now that I got a view of my lodging, which was an amphitheatre formed of bare craggy hills, covered with fragments of stone and white moss, and separated by patches of peat bog. Not a house was to be seen, nor a sheep, nor even a tree, nor so much as a blade of green grass. Not a vestige of life can be found here, thought I; but I was reproved by a cry that startled

me. The scarlet crest and bright eye of a moorcock were suddenly protruded from a tuft of heather, and I heard with delight the well-known *kok, kok*, of the 'blessed bird,' as the Highlanders call him. It was a good omen; the night and dulness had fled, and I limped along as cheerily as I could. My half-frozen blood soon regained its proper temperature; ere long I reached the base of the rocky ridge, and after passing some hills, traversing a long valley, and ascending a mountain of considerable height, I took out my map, and looking eastward below me, saw, to my great satisfaction, a rivulet running for several miles directly in the course marked. I was assured that this stream, whether the source or not, ran into the Dee, as it proceeded eastward; and therefore I directed my steps towards it. But here too a scene occurred which gave me great pleasure. Some low croaking sounds came from among the stones around me, and presently after a splendid flock of Grey Ptarmigans, about fifty in number, rose into the air, and whirred past me, on their way to the opposite eminence. On the brow of the hill I found two large fountains, the sources of the stream below, of each of which I drank a mouthful, and proceeded. My friend, however, was not to be seen; but it was too early; and so to pass the time I explored another of the sources of the rivulet, that rose farther up in the glen. But at length, the scene became too dreary to be endured:—desolate mountains, on whose rugged sides lay patches of snow that the summer's sun had failed to melt; wild glens, scantily covered with coarse grass, heath, and lichens; dark brown streams, gushing among crags and blocks, unenlivened even by a clump of stunted willows;—and I followed the rivulet, judging that it would lead to the river, and the river to the sea. For seven long miles I trudged along, faint enough, as you may suppose, having obtained no refreshment for eighteen hours, excepting two mouthfuls of cold water; so that even the multitudes of grouse that sprung up around me, ceased to give much pleasure, although I had never before started so many, even with a dog, in a space of equal extent. At one o'clock, however, I came to a hut, tenanted by a person named Mac Hardy, who, expressing his concern at my having been out all night, treated me to a glass of whiskey, and some bread and milk. At this place, Dubrach, stood three half-blasted firs, and about a mile and a half farther down I came upon a wood, the first that I had seen since I left Blair. The silver Dee now rolled pleasantly along the wooded valley, and in the evening I reached Castleton of Braemar, where, while seated in the inn, at a little round table, reading Zimmerman on Solitude, which, to my great joy I had found there, and sipping my tea, I heard a rap at the door. 'Come in,' said I;—it was my best friend, with whom I

spent a happy evening, in which, I believe, little mention was made of Ptarmigans, grey or brown."—pp. 175-9.

It is a great mistake to imagine, as is sometimes done, that the study of natural history is opposed to the development of the æsthetical element in man, or that the minute examination of the structure of the external world is inconsistent with the appreciation of its beauty and grandeur when viewed as a whole. Now, so far from this being true, the very opposite will be found to be the fact; and nothing is more certain, than that he who looks upon nature with the eye of a poet or of a painter rather than of a naturalist, will find his sources of pleasure vastly enlarged, and a far wider field thrown open to his imagination, when he first becomes acquainted with the wonderful mechanism with which life has been inseparably linked, and with those laws which science has revealed as operating incessantly through the organic and the inorganic creation. We venture to assert, that no man on earth can feel more deeply than the real naturalist the beauty of external nature—even the very habits of observation which are essential to him will allow nothing of the grand and beautiful which surrounds him to remain unheeded; and, when once the poet has become a naturalist, the plover's nest upon the solitary moorland, or the frail zoophyte rooted to the ocean rock, will only endow with a fresh source of poetic feeling the heathery mountain or the storm-beaten cliff with which the objects of his study are associated.

In proof of our position, little more is needed than to point to Macgillivray—for a deeper sense and a warmer appreciation of all that is beautiful in the material world, could not be found in any man. Take any one of his numerous picturesque descriptions of scenery, or the following account of the ring-plover (*charadrius hiaticula*):

"Were I to describe the manners of this gentle creature under the influence of the delightful emotions which the view of it has often excited in me, I should probably appear to the grave admirer of nature an enthusiast, or an imitator of other men's musings. Well, let him think as he lists; but yet lives there the man, calling himself an ornithologist, who, quietly strolling along the bright sandy beach just left bare by the retiring tide, and aroused from his pleasing reveries by the

mellow whistle of the Ring-Plover, would not gaze with delight on the pleasant little thing that speeds away before him with twinkling feet, now stops, pipes its clear cry, runs, spreads its beautiful wings, glides close over the sand, and alights on some not distant tuft. What are primaries and secondaries, cœcums and duodenums, types and analogies, squares or circles, to him who thus watches the living bird? There is the broad blue sea, on that hand the green pasture, under foot and around the pure sand, above the sunny sky. Frown not upon the cheerfulness of nature; shout aloud, run, leap, make the Sand Lark thy playmate. Why mayest thou not be drunk with draughts of pure ether? Are the gambols of a merry naturalist less innocent than the mad freaks, the howlings, the ravings of sapient men assembled to deliberate about corn-laws, or party zealots upholding their creed by palpably demonstrating their total want of charity?"—pp. 119, 120.

One of the most striking features in the work before us—and certainly one which must render it eminently popular—is what are called "Lessons in Practical Ornithology." These are copiously scattered through the volume; each is intended to describe an ornithological excursion taken by our author in company with his pupils. The various birds met with on such occasions are noted—their modes of flight, cries, haunts, &c., carefully observed, and facts connected with migration and other habits pleasingly narrated. There is something quite new in the idea of these "Lessons"—they are eminently instructive, full of picturesque description and amusing incident. The ornithology of the field is, indeed, a thing so totally different from that of the closet, that we deem it almost an abuse of language to call them both by the same name. The dried skin, no matter how thoroughly imbued with moth-repelling arsenic, no matter how skilfully the taxidermist has endowed it with life-simulating attitude, is still a dried skin and nothing more. With the systems founded upon such materials, our author wages a perpetual war. He feels that the phenomena of life are as essential as mere form in leading us to a knowledge of natural affinity, and he sees in the psychological manifestations of animals, characters too significant to be passed by unnoticed. And why should it not be so? Do not these wonderful manifestations point to something that lies deep in the mighty scheme of life—something which may

yet give us the clue to the great mystery of thought? Do they not show strange points of union between the lowest and the highest of God's organised creation? What is the true import in the universe of mind of that unrivalled constructiveness, those passions and emotions—joy, mirthfulness, sorrow, courage, timidity, affection, deceit—which a wounded self-esteem alone prevents our designating as human? Observe the stratagem of the plover as she endeavours to distract the intruder's attention from her nest:—

“The habits of the Cursorial birds are little known; but those of the Tentatorial are patent to the observation of all who traverse our fields and moors, or have occasion to visit the sandy shores of the sea. The Lapwing, the Golden Plover, and the common Ring-Plover, fly up to an intruder, keep hovering over and around him, or alight, and manifest the greatest anxiety and anger. The males sometimes, but generally the females, will move crouchingly to some distance, and flutter on the ground, as if mortally wounded, limp as if one of their legs were broken, or show a fractured or dislocated wing, hanging or whirling about in a most surprisingly simulative manner. The object of all this pretended distress is obviously to withdraw the attention of men, dogs, polecats, weasels, foxes, crows, or other animals from their nests, and attract it to themselves. If you come up to one of these birds fluttering apparently in extreme agony, it will not cease its display of suffering until you are very near it, when it will limp away with drooping wings, keeping so little ahead that you feel sure of catching it; but gradually as it removes from the nest, it revives, and when it has drawn you far enough to render it difficult for you to find again the spot whence you were enticed, it will fly off exultingly, emitting perhaps a merry note, as if conscious of the success of its stratagem. The unsophisticated bird, ‘pure from the hand of nature,’ and with morals uncontaminated, actually practises deceit. It sees an enemy approaching its young; it feels alarmed for their safety, and, knowing that it has not strength to drive off the aggressor, it essays to mislead and bewilder him. Knowing that the intruder has a propensity to seize or destroy even a poor little innocent bird, it runs away a little, and then shows a broken leg and a shattered wing, as if it said, ‘See, how easy it is for you to catch me, when I can neither run fast nor fly at all.’ Then it pretends to try to rise on wing, and falls over on one side, but is up again, and limps along. ‘Come, you may be quite sure of me if you follow. No need of salt; but if

you have some, you see how easy it is to put it on my tail.’ So the chase commences, and soon ends in disappointment to the pursuer, who cannot help laughing at himself.” —pp. 62, 63.

In the work under review there is one character which cannot but impress the reader. We allude to the deep sense of religion with which the author is imbued, and which, thoroughly destitute of cant, and never in the least obtrusive, breathes forth in his pages a pure incense to the Creator, the study of whose glorious works was the business and the joy of his life. The devotional sentiment—that fairest and most certain of all the characters by which man stands out distinct from the rest of the sentient creation—was largely developed in Macgillivray, and the beautiful universe around him never appealed to it in vain.

“It is delightful,” says he, “to wander far away from the haunts and even the solitary huts of men, and, ascending the steep mountain, seat one's self on the ruinous cairn that crowns its summit, where, amid the grey stones, the ptarmigan gleans its Alpine food. There, communing with his own heart in the wilderness, the lover of nature cannot fail to look up to nature's God. I believe it in fact impossible in such a situation, on the height of Ben-na-muic-duit or Ben Nevis, for example, not to be sensible not merely of the existence, but also of the presence of a Divinity. . . . To me the ascent of a lofty mountain has always induced a frame of mind similar to that inspired by entering a temple; and I cannot but look upon it as a gross profanation, to enact, in the midst of the sublimities of creation, a convivial scene, such as is usually got up by parties from our large towns, who seem to have no higher aim in climbing to the top of Benlomond or Benledi, than to feast there upon cold chicken and ‘mountain dew,’ and toss as many stones as they can find over the precipices.”—Vol. i. p. 204.

“The History of British Birds” was commenced in 1837; the last volume was published just before the author's death in September, 1852. In the interval between its commencement and its completion, he had passed through strongly contrasting phases of physical health. While engaged on the early volumes, he was still able to endure cold, and hunger, and fatigue. “The naturalist,” he tells us, in his first volume, “must not confine his observa-

tion to objects that can be contemplated under circumstances conducive to personal comfort, nor shut himself up in his study when the wintry winds sweep fiercely over the blasted heath." And again:—"Let us sally forth into the fields now that the snow has been two days on the ground, and the cold blasts of the north-east wind howl among the leafless twigs." But, alas! how soon did the joyous buoyancy of health disappear before the prospect of approaching death! "As the wounded bird," says he, in the preface written with the fourth volume, "seeks some quiet retreat where, freed from the persecution of the pitiless 'owler, it may pass the time of its anguish in forgetfulness of the outer world; so have I, assailed by disease, betaken myself to a sheltered nook, where, unannoyed by the piercing blasts of the North Sea, I had been led to hope that my life might be protracted beyond the most dangerous season of the year. It is thus that I issue from Devonshire the present volume." And in the concluding words of his last volume, we have the story of his labours thus mournfully brought to a close:—

"Commenced in hope, and carried on with zeal, though ended in sorrow and sickness, I can look upon my work without much regard to the opinions which contemporary writers may form of it, assured that what is useful in it will not be forgotten, and knowing that already it has had a beneficial effect on many of the present, and will more powerfully influence the next generation of our home-ornithologists. I had been led to think that I had occasionally been somewhat rude, or at least blunt, in my criticisms; but I do not perceive wherein I have much erred in that respect, and I feel no inclination to apologise. I have been honest and sincere in my endeavours to promote the truth. With death, apparently not distant, before my eyes, I am pleased to think that I have not countenanced error, through fear of favour. Neither have I in any case modified my sentiments so as to endeavour thereby to conceal or palliate my faults. Though I might have accomplished more, I am thankful for having been permitted to add very considerably to the knowledge previously obtained of a very pleasant subject. If I have not very frequently indulged in reflections on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as suggested by even my imperfect understanding of his wonderful works, it is not because I have not ever been sensible of the relation between the Creator and his creatures, nor because my chief enjoyment when

wandering among the hills and valleys, exploring the rugged shores of the ocean, or searching the cultivated fields, has not been in a sense of His presence. 'To Him who alone doeth great wonders,' be all glory and praise. Reader, farewell."—p. 677.

Farewell to thee, too, thou gifted and single-hearted man; we feel ourselves the better for thy honest pages.

—
In Mr. Watters's book we have a useful contribution to the natural history literature of Ireland. The cost of it is small, and we heartily recommend it to every one desirous of making the birds of Ireland his study. Few countries possess for the ornithologist more interest than Ireland; there is scarcely a habitat which is not somewhere or another afforded by its richly-varied physical structure. Vast precipices, exposed to the full brunt of the Atlantic wave and the western storm; smooth tracts of sand, laid bare by the retiring tide; level sweeps of heathery moor, extending like a sea to the very horizon; noble rivers, and estuaries, and lakes; rocky streams, and fern-clothed glens, and mighty mountain chains—all, in short, that the feathered hosts can love and long for are there; and yet not all, there is one exception—Ireland is deficient in wood, and a sad deficiency it is. It is true, there are some favoured spots to which this assertion does not apply—the exquisite wooding of Killarney and Glengarriffe, and certain noble domains scattered through the country, may vie with some of the most richly-wooded districts of England; but, upon the whole, Ireland, when compared with the sister island, is miserably destitute of trees. This we cannot but view as a terrible defect. There is in the climate of Ireland everything to promote the growth of wood; and, with its beautifully-varied and undulating surface, there is, perhaps, no country in the world better fitted to give pictorial effect to this prime element of the landscape. The paucity of wood in Ireland shows itself in a marked manner upon the fauna; and many of the deficiencies both in birds and mammals may be plainly traced to this source.

Mr. Watters is, perhaps, known to many of our readers as the owner of a most valuable and extensive collection of Irish birds, whose beautifully-preserved skins formed one of the attrac-

tive features of the great Irish Exhibition of Industry. His book is a small, unpretending volume, containing a large amount of original observation; while the care its author has taken to make himself acquainted with the labours of others in the same field, has added greatly to its value. Not intended for the determination of the mere names of birds, its pages are not taken up with dry diagnoses and descriptions of plumage, which the reader must seek from other sources, but, under each species, we have a short and pleasantly-written account of its habits and principal Irish haunts, its scientific and English names, and some of its more important synonymes. Many of the facts recorded are interesting, and often quite new to us; take, for instance, the following curious trait in the habits of the short-eared owl (*otus brachyotus*):—

“A bird at one time in my possession, which had been slightly wounded, employed a curious place for stowing away his provender. On the occasion of a mouse being flung to him, in most cases it was instantly caught by the bill, and held there whilst he was aware of being watched; on the head being averted, the mouse disappeared in an instant between the wing and body, and his orange irides, with the nictitating peculiarities of the owl, appeared almost as if winking at his own success. A second mouse was disposed of under the other wing, whilst a third lay neglected before him until he was left undisturbed to dispose of his hidden spoil.”—p. 25.

Our readers are probably accustomed to associate with the winter months nothing but ideas of dreariness and desolation—not only of gardens deprived of flowers, but of woods destitute of song. If they had wandered with the author on some cold day in January, to the haunts of the missel thrush—a bird more abundant in Ireland than is generally supposed—they would have arrived at a very different conclusion:—

“Exceeding in size our European song-birds, the song of the missel thrush is very beautiful; and although it may not equal the deep mellowness of the blackbird, or the more varied notes of the thrush, yet it is one of the wildest in its character, and, at the same time, softest in its modulation of the various songs for which the entire family is remarkable.

“Well known for the habit of singing im-

mediately preceding a storm or high wind, it has obtained, in some parts of the country, the appellation, ‘storm cock.’ But even beautiful as is the song then, it is far exceeded by the combined melody of a flock, perhaps consisting of eighty or a hundred birds, all singing in harmonious unison, as if murmuring some low, sweet melody, which comes more acceptable to us at a season when snow and frost hold everything confined.”—p. 31.

We fully sympathise with Mr. Waters, when he deplores the slight development in Ireland of a taste for natural history—a taste which, if it depended on the natural facilities for its cultivation afforded by the country, should have become one of the national characteristics of the people:—

“It must be a matter of regret that, with the exception of an honoured few, the light emanating from natural history has not as yet dawned in Ireland. Many are these neglected opportunities, which are found amid the gray, mist-clad summits of our mountain ranges, where the silence is alone broken by the ‘kleeking’ of the golden eagle, or the inspiring challenging of the grouse. Along the towering precipices of the west,—Europe’s first barrier against the fury of the Atlantic; tenanted during summer by myriads of sea-fowl, whose confused cries alone equal the frothing of the waves, rushing half-way up each cliff; localities where the sea-eagle sails past as if in wonder at our intrusion, and where the raven, topping the pinnacle of the rock, stands stately as if on the mast of some old Norse viking. But we have yet fair plains inland, where the skylark seems untiring in its melody; where far below, at the brook side, the heron wades watchful and silent, his course marked with the air-bubbles floating downwards upon the stream; whilst, on some moss-grown cairn, the cuckoo sways itself, uttering the joyous call that, some few days before, had sounded gleefully under the acacias of a more favoured land. Again, we have great rivers rolling to the sea, whose only argosies are the wild fowl congregated in thousands upon their surface. All are there!—the stately and snow-white hooper; the bernacle crowded together in a countless multitude; the long strings of the various ducks calling clamorously in their flight; whilst, glancing through the uncertain haze, immense flocks of shore birds are momentarily seen ere they as suddenly disappear. Truly Spenser said rightly, ‘It is yet a most beautifull and sweete countrey as any under heaven.’”—*Introduction*, p. xiii.

It is pleasant, however, to see here

and there symptoms of improvement ; and we perceive from the title-page that Mr. Watters is himself an associate member of a society, recently established among the students in the University of Dublin, for the express encouragement of zoological studies. From such a society we augur much good ; it cannot but excite and extend a taste for natural history pursuits, which, when once properly awakened, must necessarily lead to the cultivation of biological science in its highest sense, to the philosophical investigation of the laws which preside over the forms, functions, and manifold relations of organised existence.

To the descriptive powers of the author, the little book before us bears abundant testimony ; and in his pic-

tures of various ornithological haunts, we have evidence of fine feeling and vivid painting. It is true that occasional oversights occur, and inaccuracies in the composition of his pictures, which indicate a haste we should like to have seen avoided—as, for instance, where he makes the primrose, “vestal lily” (white water-lily?) and fox-glove combine their flowers to adorn the abode of the kingfisher.

The style in which the book is brought out, leaves nothing to be desired. It is of a size exactly suited to the pocket ; and we doubt not that many a lover of nature, in his rambles by field, or shore, or mountain, will thank the publisher for having presented him with so pleasant a book in so companionable a form.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLV.

MARCH, 1854.

VOL. XLIII.

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WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

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roads should make farther operations practicable.

"We soon reached the town of Widdin," says our author, as he sailed down the Danube, "the capital of Upper Bulgaria on the right bank, and the straggling village of Kalafat on the left. The minarets and cypress trees of the former offered a striking contrast with the bare and wretched appearance of the latter. . . . The fortifications of Widdin were low and weak in many points; the parapets, being of wattles filled with earth, the line between the stones of the ramparts being worn away, and their slope too great; they might easily be escalated from the river, if they were attacked by surprise."—*Frontier Lands*, p. 198.

The author had afterwards an opportunity of inspecting the defences of Widdin, of which he thus speaks:—

"The fortifications were built by Sultan Ahmed about three centuries ago, and I should think their defences would not prove efficient in modern warfare, as the ramparts were low, the curtains so long that they were out of all proportion, and the bastions apparently weak; the great breadth of the ditch, however, and the plentiful supply of water from the Danube by which the walls were completely surrounded, would give them a degree of strength in any assault not directed by skilful engineers—and the impossibility of mining, which is the great resource of sieges in the East, would render the place defensible in an insurrection of the natives, though it could not stand a day before the attack of a regular army with heavy artillery, and a good corps of sappers."—p. 235.

On passing from Widdin to Kalafat, he was obliged to remain longer than was agreeable to him, having been immediately consigned to the lazaretto, where he was imprisoned for four days. His account of this enforced visit is interesting, as it gives a practical illustration of the unscrupulous means resorted to by the Russians to pave the way to the occupation of the Principalities:—

"At Kalafat, I was received by the director of the quarantine establishment (a Russian functionary, be it remarked), and consigned to a room in the lazaretto for four days, but we could not even enter this little prison without undergoing the barba-

rous process of the *spoglio*, which consists in leaving the suspected wardrobe in the hands of the gaolers to be aired, while other more innocent clothing is provided by them. . . .

"In conversing with the director, I remarked, that I supposed he had not often much to do. 'On the contrary,' he replied, 'although we have not many passengers, the trouble of examining minutely into the circumstances of them, and of reading all the letters that cross the Danube, in order to send a detailed report to Bucharest, keeps me constantly occupied!'

"This was letting the cat out of the bag with a vengeance, for the Russian quarantine system on the Danube has no other object than that which the simple-minded official at Kalafat confessed to be his chief occupation. This fact suffices to convey an adequate notion of the unwarrantable manner in which power is here assumed by Russia. A sanitary cordon was established along the left bank of the Danube, and, by the treaty of Adrianople, Russia acquired the right of co-operation to a certain extent in its organisation, but that right is now exercised in a manner which withdraws it from all control of the local government, and converts it into a series of police offices, with prisons attached to them for the greater facilitation of their operations; which operations, though admirably conducted as a system of political espionage and surveillance, are in some respects totally at variance with the generally received principles of quarantine establishments. Thus persons arriving in the country from the right bank of the river, or by the Black Sea, from the south, are detained for four days in close confinement, nominally to perform a quarantine which is no longer necessary, and which has been abolished even by Austria, but virtually for the purpose of undergoing the most searching scrutiny; all the papers they may have about them are examined under the pretext of fumigation, notwithstanding that these papers perform quarantine with their owners, and every letter that enters the Principalities through their ports is opened and read by the directors of the lazarettos, in order that their contents, when important, may be transmitted, not to the native official authorities, nor to the Wallachian or Moldavian Princes, nor to the Commissioner of the Sovereign, but to the Russian agents. This is tolerated, although it is not sanctioned by any legal claim to such undue interference and control; and the Princes seem to consider themselves obliged to connive at it as well as at many other encroachments on the part of Russia, who takes this novel view of the legitimate mode of guaranteeing treaties."—p. 271, &c.

* Both Widdin and Kalafat have lately been strongly fortified by the Turks; and since the foregoing pages were written, an important victory has been gained by them in the neighbourhood of Kalafat, in which the guns of that fort did great execution.

The following extract gives an account of two fortified places on different sides of the Danube, the names of which will probably, ere long, be often brought before the public. The author's *précis* of the war, which terminated by the treaty of Bucharest, possesses a peculiar interest at this moment, as the conduct of Russia, in commencing and continuing that war, is precisely analogous to her conduct in the late unprincipled aggression. *Then, as now*, the hypocritical pretext of the Czar was, that the "Greek Church was in danger." *Then, as now*, without a complaint on the part of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, he flew to arms to *protect* their rights, as he alleged, but solely for his own aggrandisement. Never, surely, was the fable of the wolf quarrelling with the lamb for muddying the stream at which she was drinking below him, so well exemplified. The Czar has proved, that in the face of public opinion, and in contempt of truth, justice, and morality, he can make anything or everything a pretence for seizing by force the objects which he covets; and the plea of a "Protectorate" has long been a stalking-horse in his family, whenever they meditated an atrocious attempt on the liberty of a weaker neighbour:—

"At last we reached the towns of Rustshuk and Giurgevo, facing each other, and both important in the history of the Danubian provinces; often besieged and destroyed, but still existing, to play a prominent part in any future war that may take place between Turkey and her great northern rival.

"Rustshuk is a town of 30,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by strong military works; but the fortifications of Giurgevo were dismantled by the Russians, as well as all the other forts of the left bank, when they last evacuated the principalities, and, as they there stipulated by treaty that they should not be repaired, we found them in a state of complete ruin.

"The historical importance of these two towns commenced shortly after the conclusion of the treaty of Siston, which had the effect of withdrawing Austria from the ranks of the Sultan's enemies, but which by no means impeded the aggression of Russia. The latter power first succeeded in wresting Georgia from his grasp, and then attempted to obtain possession of Moldavia and Wallachia.

"The Czar commenced by giving the widest possible interpretation to the relative clause of the treaty of Kainardjik, which classed him as a guarantee for the religious

rights of the Sultan's Christian subjects in these provinces; and he usurped the functions of an active protector, regardless of the logical distinction between these two qualities, and dispensing with the necessary conditions of his intervention — namely, a palpable invasion of those rights, and a public appeal to him as a guarantee. This conduct became at last so violent, that the Ottoman Porte retaliated by closing the Bosphorus against the Russian ships; and an army immediately advanced, under General Michelson, to demand satisfaction. Yassi, the capital of Moldavia, was taken; and Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, was threatened. The Turkish army, commanded by Mustapha Bairactar, opposed the progress of the Russians, and was beaten.

"The inhabitants of Bucharest, lured by the fair promises of the invaders, revolted against the Turks, and joining the advanced guard of Michelson's army, drove them out of the town.

"The Sultan assembled another force at Hadrianople, and attempted to regain his lost territory; but his efforts were in vain, for the military vigour of his empire had been undermined by the insubordination of the Janissaries, who, after founding the Ottoman power by their valour and discipline, were on the verge of overthrowing it by their turbulence and corruption.

"The Russians then crossed the Danube, and endeavoured to storm Rustshuk and Shumla; but these two places were well defended, and the assailants were repulsed with a heavy loss on both occasions, but principally at Rustshuk, where they lost 6,000 men.

"The Turks were enticed from their fortresses, and fought a pitched battle, in which they were defeated, and they were obliged to retreat behind the Balkans, leaving the whole of Eastern Bulgaria in the hands of the Russians.

"But Sultan Mahomed II. was endowed with a character of too vigorous a stamp to admit of his giving up any part of his territory without another struggle; and he levied a powerful army under the command of his best general Kavanosoglu Ahmed Aga, which he sent to attack the well-known Kutusoff at Rustshuk. He succeeded; the Russians were driven across the river to Giurgevo, whither they carried also the inhabitants of Rustshuk, and they set fire to that town in evacuating it. The Turks extinguished the flames, however, and pursued the Russians into Wallachia. Kutusoff out-manceuvred them by a flank movement, to attack their camp; and seeing his communications intercepted, Ahmed Aga was forced to offer terms, which were gladly accepted, on account of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, which required that the army engaged with the Turks should return, for the defence of the country. The treaty of Bucharest was then concluded, and the treachery of the Greek Murusi, who was in the

Turkish service, and secretly in the pay of Russia, deprived the Sultan of the whole of Bessarabia, for which conduct in that negotiation the traitor was beheaded. Rustshuk is one of the fortresses strengthening the outer line of defence of Turkey against Russia — Widdin and Nicopoli being the two others toward the west, and Silistra toward the east.”—p. 205.

At the breaking out of this contest an opinion was entertained by many politicians in this country, that the Turkish soldiers, both in discipline and *materiel*, were greatly inferior to the Russians, and would have no chance whatever with them in the field, except by an overwhelming superiority of force. No one was at greater pains to inculcate this opinion than the *Times*, which, day after day, during the wearisome negotiations in the summer months, laboured to convince its readers of the utter impossibility for the Ottomans to resist, in the long run, their powerful enemy; and that the pretended prophecy that the Russians would one day become masters of Constantinople, must, from the very nature of things, be accomplished. According to this journal, one would have supposed, that while the other nations of Europe were advancing in the arts of life, the Turks alone were retrograding, or remaining stationary; and that at the present day they were still the same brave, but rude barbarians, as when, under Mahomet II., they stormed and took Constantinople, in the middle of the fifteenth century. This attempt to *write down* the Turks was so very palpable that many of the political opponents of the *Times* did not scruple to ascribe it to Russian influence. The tone of this journal has, it is well known, been greatly altered of late in regard to the Turkish question; but should any of its readers continue of the same opinion as it formerly mooted, we would strongly recommend to them an attentive perusal of the fourteenth chapter of the “Frontier Lands,” which treats of the respective composition of the Turkish and Russian armies. The truth is as was stated by Lord Palmerston, in his crushing reply to Mr. Cobden, Turkey, during the last thirty years, has progressed more rapidly than almost any other country in Europe. We know that many of her sons have been sent to this country to acquire a practical knowledge of mechanics and of engineering. Most of her leading states-

men and generals have resided both in London and in Paris, and are intimately acquainted with European politics. Some pleasing and interesting examples of this fact are given by the author, who, in various places, had the good fortune to be personally introduced to the Pashas, and uniformly represents them as men of highly polished manners, keenly alive to the true interests of their own country, and perfectly cognizant of all that was passing in the great world around them. But the best reply to the allegations of the *Times* is, to point to the dignified course which the Porte has pursued in the late negotiations, and the wisdom which enabled it to discern at a glance the weak points of the unfortunate Vienna note, in the composition of which the ingenuity of some of the most practised diplomatists had been employed. The acuteness of the Turkish statesmen in detecting these political blunders—their firmness in rejecting such conditions as would have been surrendering to Russia the whole subject in dispute; above all, the consummate prudence and moderation which distinguished their declaration of war, as contrasted with the mendacious bluster of the Czar’s manifesto: all these will form a memorable chapter in the future history of this struggle, and vindicate for Turkey a higher rank in the scale of nations than has been hitherto assigned to it.

The following extract gives a lively picture of Turkish military life, and a better insight into the routine of their camps than any late publication we are acquainted with:—

“The best hospital I saw at Bucharest was that of the Turkish army of occupation. In cleanliness and ventilation it surpassed anything of the kind that has as yet come under my notice; and it was so well ordered in every respect, that there are few regimental surgeons of my acquaintance in her Majesty’s service, who would not derive advantage from the study of its arrangements. I also had an opportunity of seeing the Turkish troops reviewed.

“There was a regiment of dragoons, six battalions of infantry, and a field battery of six guns. The cavalry was of the lightest description, and the horses seemed to be too highly fed, and too spirited, to admit of great regularity in their movements; but to counterbalance these defects, they displayed a degree of quickness of evolution, which would astonish our lancers with their tall chargers.

"The infantry was steady, and manœuvred well; but the men were most remarkably young; their average age could hardly exceed twenty-three, and their height about five feet eight; they formed line three deep, and were rather old-fashioned in their manual exercise; but their file-firing of blank cartridge was excellent, and in general their greatest merit seemed to be rapidity rather than precision.

"The artillery were beyond all praise. A better *materiel* could not exist, and it would be impossible to handle it more perfectly. I went to see the barracks. The men, as well as the horses, are too well fed; their dinner was as tempting, as the sort of overgrown gentleman's stables, in which I saw the cavalry chargers and artillery horses, were neat and airy.

"The soldiers' rooms had neither tables nor benches, and the beds being arranged along the floors, they looked very different from our barracks; but they were quite as comfortable, according to the oriental ideas of comfort.

"The officers treated me with the greatest urbanity, showed me everything, and took me into their rooms to smoke long pipes, and drink thimblefuls of coffee. I met several of them afterwards, at the hospitable table of the Turkish commissioner, Ahmed Vefyd Effendi. There was Halim Pasha, the lieutenant-general commanding—a little man, full of fun, and most affable with his inferiors, though considered somewhat severe on matters of duty. Mahmed Pasha was the major-general, rather too stout to be much of a soldier, but good-humoured, and by no means affecting a warlike bearing, which his military services would not have warranted, as those of Halim Pasha did. Then there were Colonel Ismael Bey, a gallant soldier, a thoroughly good officer, and an excellent fellow, who commands the 4th regiment of the guards; and Colonel Emin Bey, a most amusing man, and an experienced artillery officer, but qualified by his comrades as a fastidious disciplinarian, which little failing, if it be one, is excusable in a colonel who has his detachment in such tiptop order; Muhemid Bey, the town-major, a most gentlemanly young man, and said to be a promising officer; and Akif Bey, the surgeon-major, a medical man, who talked well on professional subjects, both in French and German, and a great favourite with the garrison. And then, there was my own particular chum, good old Yusuf Bey, the colonel who had behaved so well in Bulgaria shortly before I went there. Though past sixty years of age, he had the health and spirits of a boy—a Georgian by birth, and as black as a mulatto, but a fine-looking man, and the very picture of a sterling soldier, true to the back-bone, and bold as a lion. He was the very life and soul of many a friendly party thus composed."—p. 340.

While the author was at Buchares, the Russian troops, which then occupied part of the town, had frequent field-days, which enabled him to judge of their skill in manœuvring. In some respects, he speaks favourably of their appearance, particularly of the manner in which they advanced *in line*; but in others, such as skirmishing, he thinks their drill very defective. "Our rifle brigade would make short work of such skirmishers; every one of them would be picked off as soon as they extended."

In some excellent general remarks on the composition of the Russian armies, the incompetency of their commissariat department is pointed out as being the radical defect in their military system, which told against them with tremendous force, when serving abroad:—

"It is not in a two months' campaign in Hungary that Russia meets with any real difficulties, for she has men, and they fight; but when they fall on the resources of her corrupt and incompetent commissariat department, it is then that her armies melt away like hoarfrost before the rising sun. I, for one, saw enough of the Russian troops at Bucharest, to explain most fully to me how the Emperor lost 150,000 men, and 50,000 horses in the war of 1828 and 1829—only a small proportion of these having been killed in battle, or having died of their wounds."—p. 345.

Farther on, the reason why Russia, with all her resources, has never been able to organise a commissariat department, is explained in a few but significant words:—

"Every colonel speculates on the food and clothing of his regiment, so much so, that his promotion to the rank of major-general is regarded as a positive misfortune; and every surgeon makes handsome profits on the supply of medicines for his corps. Hunger, cold, and sickness thus become the allies of any power at war with Russia; for no army in the world suffers so much hardship as the poor, emaciated creatures who fight for the Czar abroad. I had ample proof of the fact at Bucharest, where I saw two Russian brigades that had served in the Hungarian campaign."—p. 349.

The policy of Russia, in regard to those nations which have had the misfortune to fall under her influence, has generally worked well for the objects which she had in view; for her schemes have been matured by far-sighted but

unscrupulous politicians, who knew well the character of the parties they had to deal with. Their plan has usually been to invent a specious pretext for interference; and when that pretext has once been allowed, to convert the *permission* into a *right*, which, in every case, has been made subservient to Russian interests. In no instance has this been more glaringly evinced than in the arrangement for a "SANITARY CORDON," which, taking advantage of Turkish weakness, the Russian diplomatists had the skill to persuade the Porte to allow them to introduce into the treaty of Adrianople. The effect which this has had in increasing the political influence of the Russians in the Danubian principalities has already been pointed out. But Russian policy has extended the principle much further than to the mere *espionage* over strangers, and engrafted upon it their own system of quarantine—the most barbarous, certainly, of any in existence—from which none has suffered more than the shipping interest and mercantile community of Great Britain. It is well known that, in consequence of the extent of land thrown out of cultivation in this country soon after protection was abolished, we have been obliged to derive a great part of our supplies of grain from other countries, particularly from those which are situated on the banks of the Danube and on the shores of the Black Sea. Now, in consequence of the arrangement which we have mentioned, for all vessels clearing out from London or Liverpool with cargoes for the Danubian principalities very high fees must be paid to the Russian consuls in this country—for what? why, for permission to trade with our own ancient allies! Nor does the grievance stop here. As every vessel must pass Constantinople, where it is convenient for the Russians to suppose that the plague is always lurking, the captain and crew, before being permitted to land a single bale of goods, are obliged to comply with a set of minute and galling quarantine regulations, all of which are attended with great expense of time and money, and sometimes even with fatal consequences. "In cases of sickness, no medical assistance can be obtained on board a ship; and however ill a sailor may be, he must come on shore to the office of the captain of the port to be seen by the medi-

cal officer, or die on board without help if he be unable to move." The lives of many British sailors have, we are assured, been sacrificed by a strict adherence to this savage rule. "The Protestant cemetery of Galatz is abundantly eloquent on this subject."

On the subject of the Russian quarantine, the author supplies ample particulars, which will be read with interest by such as are engaged in the Black Sea trade. To show the practical working of the system, we subjoin the following examples:—

"The captain of an English brig, that lately performed quarantine at Galatz, declared that this elaborate process cost him no less than 260 piastres; and it was undergone when no apprehension of the plague could possibly be entertained. Another captain of an English vessel paid, a few months ago, at Galatz, 135 piastres for the quarantine tax on nine persons, composing his crew; 2½ piastres for the ticket given him; 435 piastres for the pay of the guard, who remained on board during the term of observation; 150 piastres for the pay of two guards, charged with watching his ship during the time of expurgation; and 90 piastres for the hire of a carriage to bring the inspector to visit the vessel daily; in all, 820 piastres. The ship was kept sixty-five days in quarantine, merely because she had a cargo on board; and consequently, could not go through the process of smoking her sails and running rigging, &c., &c., in her hold.

"The manufactured goods which she carried, and which were classed as susceptible of conveying contagion, were enclosed in tarpaulin covers, with certificates from the Russian consul at the shipping port. She was furnished with a clean bill of health from Constantinople, and she was thirty days under the observation of the local authorities before her quarantine commenced, as she went from Galatz to Ibraila, and thence to Ziglina, where a guard was placed on board. She was in a most hazardous position during her quarantine, as the sudden breaking up of the ice on the Danube might have endangered the lives of her crew, as well as the property of the shippers, which was worth £8,000. A survey of her condition was made officially by two British masters, who reported that her safety imperatively required the landing of her cargo before the ice should break up, which was daily expected to take place. Every possible remonstrance was made by the competent authorities, and yet the Russian quarantine department of this Turkish province refused to give her *pratique*, or even let the cargo be landed until the stated term had expired." —p. 365.

Another serious grievance, connected with the trade of the Danubian principalities, which the British merchant has had to complain of is, the obstructions to the navigation of the Sulina mouth of the Danube, arising from Russia having failed to perform the duty which she had undertaken, to keep the channel clear, and *for which she continues to charge very heavy dues* on all foreign vessels frequenting the river.

Both Mr. Oliphant and the author of the work from which we have hitherto quoted so largely, have expatiated on this grievance, and pointed out many aggravating circumstances attending it. The subject was last July brought before Parliament by Mr. Liddell, and replied to by Lord Palmerston. We subjoin his lordship's answer, not only as being a very clear and concise statement of the case, but as also possessing the weight of ministerial authority. Mr. Liddell having asked, "Whether any instructions had been sent out by her Majesty's Government to inquire into the case of British vessels at present detained in the Danube, owing to the imperfect state of the navigation of that river," Lord Palmerston, after explaining that the recent obstructions in the Sulina mouth of the Danube had been greatly increased by accidental circumstances of weather, thus continued:—

"But I am bound to say that, for a great many years past, her Majesty's Government have had great reason to complain of the neglect of the Government of Russia to perform those duties which belong to it as the possessor of the territory where the delta of the Danube is situate, to clear and maintain that particular branch. It was my duty, when Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to make frequent representations to the Russian Government on this matter; *and they always agreed it was their duty to do so.* They admitted that which we assert, that as they had thought fit by the treaty of Adrianople to possess themselves of the mouths of the Danube—the great watercourse—the great highway of nations—leading to the centre of Germany—it was their duty to see that it was always maintained, free and accessible, according to the terms of the treaty of Vienna. The Government of Russia did not dispute that obligation, but asserted that *they were always using the means* for remedying this inconvenience. The grievance is, that while the mouths of the Danube formed part of the Turkish territory, the depth of the water was sixteen feet over the bar, it is now, by the neglect of the Russian au-

thorities, decreased to eleven feet, and even that eleven feet is reduced to so narrow a channel in consequence of obstructions on each side, *from the quantity of vessels wrecked, and allowed to remain there, forming sand banks*, that it is very difficult for ships to pass out, except in very calm weather, and with a very skilful pilot. There were local interests, of which we were cognisant to thwart what, we are bound to believe, were the intentions of the Russian Government; the rivalry on the part of Odessa, which leads very likely to a desire to obstruct the exports of commerce by the Danube to increase the exports of Odessa; and also, that little local interest which arises from the profits which bargemen and lightermen make in unloading vessels which come down the Danube, and loading them afterwards when they are outside the bar. These local feelings and interests certainly must have been allowed to obstruct, without probably their being aware of it, the good intentions of the Russian Government; for they *promised* to take all effectual means, and said they would send a steam-dredge to clear all obstructions at the bar. *That steam-dredge came; that steam-dredge in two hours was put out of gear, from some accident or other, and that steam-dredge had to go back to Odessa for repairs.* We recommend that the Russian Government should pursue the method by which the Turkish Government kept the channel clear. That method was a very simple one: to require every vessel that went out, to drag astern a good iron rake. It kept the channel clear; and the depth of sixteen feet was constantly kept up. I understand that, in addition to the representations which it was my duty to make when in the Foreign Office, constant complaints and representations have been made to the Russian Government; and I hope that Government will at last break through the trammels which hitherto seem to have impeded its proper action, and see that it is a positive duty which it owes to Europe to maintain free that passage which it obtained by force of arms, and which they believe themselves justified in retaining by the treaty of Adrianople."

This speech is a memorable one in several respects. It is an authoritative exposition of the mean, paltry artifices which Russia does not scruple to stoop to, in order to gain her own selfish ends. In the present case we see that, not content with the political influence which the direction of a sanitary cordon had given her in the Danubian principalities, she takes every means in her power to ruin their trade with this country; for she calculates that every quarter of corn shipped at Galatz is so much loss to Odessa.

But in inflicting an injury on her too

confiding neighbours, she has a keen eye to the interests of her own people. We infer from Lord Palmerston's speech that all the "bargemen and lightermen" employed in unloading and reloading the vessels, inside and outside the bar, are Russians; and we know that they charge pretty smartly for their trouble. His lordship's idea, therefore, that all these local interests had "obstructed the *good intentions* of the Russian Government, probably without their being aware of it," must be considered one of those graceful rhetorical flourishes, which pass in Parliament for precisely what they are worth. But we learn from the author of "The Frontier Lands," and from Mr. Oliphant, that in allowing those obstructions to navigation to accumulate at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, the Russians have a much deeper aim in view than merely thwarting a commercial rival. They wish that the only navigable outlet of the Danube should be the *Kilia* mouth, which being on their own territory, would give them the complete command of the whole trade of the river. Considering the immense supplies of grain which France as well as this country have for some time past drawn from the Black Sea, both powers are equally interested in resisting this project.

After seeing the manner in which Russia has made use of the treaty of Adrianople to establish an influence in the very heart of the Turkish empire—an *imperium in imperio* which is not only opposed to the interests of Turkey, but is exceedingly prejudicial to British commerce, there cannot exist a doubt that it is the bounden duty of British statesmen to oppose the re-enactment of this treaty, unless greatly modified. Lord Palmerston has himself clearly defined the right of such interference. By the treaty of Vienna the Danube was declared to be the "*highway of nations*," and this is now an established point in the international laws of Europe. No power, therefore, has a right to obstruct others in navigating this mighty stream, which has thus been declared open to all nations.

By an arrangement concluded in 1840, betwixt Austria and Russia, the latter power undertook to keep the Sulina mouth of the river free from obstruction, on payment of certain dues, which, as we have seen, have been rigidly exacted, while the duty has

been neglected. The indisputable inference, therefore, is, that it would be for the interest of all the other nations in Europe, except Russia, that the Sulina mouth of the Danube should again be placed under the *surveillance* of Turkey, which had heretofore so well discharged the trust, by the simple method mentioned by Lord Palmerston.

This measure would effectually abrogate the sanitary cordon of Russia, with its vexatious system of quarantine, and its other monstrous anomalies. Combined with the Black Sea being thrown open to all nations, instead of being shut up as a Russian lake, it would be a boon of unspeakable importance to the shipping interests of this country, and would be accepted by the nation at large as some compensation for the expenses of the war.

During the lull of hostilities on the Danube imposed by the state of the weather, the public mind was painfully directed to the Euxine, by an event of deep atrocity—the massacre at Sinope. It will never be forgotten in this country; and it will be recorded in history that this bloody deed was perpetrated almost within sight of the most powerful naval armaments ever known, fitted out at an enormous expense by France and England, for the express purpose of protecting a tried and faithful ally, but were then floating idly in the waters of the Bosphorus—their officers engaged at the time in feasting the Turkish admiral. It was at this moment of fatal security that the Russian, spying his opportunity (and when did *he* ever neglect an opportunity?), dealt with remorseless fury a terrible blow against the Turkish navy, from which, like the "untoward event" at Navarino, it will require many years to recover. The cowardly atrocity of sacrificing so many victims, when all resistance on the part of these brave men was hopeless, is unparalleled in modern history, except by the same people, at the sack of Ismael, in Dec., 1790, under Suwarrow, when that able but cruel warrior ordered many thousands of the Turkish soldiers to be butchered in cold blood, for no other crime than that they dared to oppose a lawless invader. While this event brands with an ineffaceable stigma the *remissness* of the allies, it will, we trust, be an incitement to exertions in some degree suited to the mighty pre-

parations they have made, which will otherwise be a laughingstock to future ages.

The Euxine (originally called *Axenus*, the *Inhospitable*) was the sea infamous above all others among the ancient Greeks for its storms and shipwrecks, and the savage disposition of the natives who peopled its shores. The *Tauri*, who inhabited the Taurico-Chersonesus, now the Crimea, were particularly distinguished for their cruelty. "All strangers shipwrecked on their coasts," we are informed by Herodotus, "and particularly every Greek who falls into their hands, they sacrifice to a virgin. The sacred personage to whom this sacrifice is offered, the Taurians themselves assert to be Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon."

In the fourteenth century the Crimea was held by the Genoese, and was the centre of their immense commerce with the East:—

"The waters of the Oxus, the Caspian, the Wolga, and the Don, opened a rare and laborious passage for the gems and spices of India; and, after three months' march, the caravans of Carizme met the Italian vessels in the harbours of Krimea. These various branches of trade were monopolised by the diligence and power of the Genoese. Their rivals of Venice and Pisa were forcibly expelled; the natives were awed by the castles and cities, which arose on the foundations of their humble factories; and their principal establishment of Caffa was besieged without effect by the Tartar powers. Destitute of a navy, the Greeks were oppressed by these haughty merchants, who fed or famished Constantinople according to their interest. They proceeded to usurp the customs, the fishery, and even the toll of the Bosphorus; and while they derived from these objects a revenue of 200,000 pieces of gold, a remnant of 30,000 was allowed to the Emperor."*

The Crimea has been called the Garden of Southern Russia. All modern travellers who have visited this enchanting region, from Professor Pallas and Dr. Clarke down to Köhl and Oliphant, vie with each other in their glowing descriptions of its beautiful scenery, which is said to equal or excel anything of the kind in Europe.

Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Heber, whose MS. notes form the most valuable part of Dr. Clarke's "Travels,"

calls this peninsula a "paradise," which he leaves with a sigh, when he reflects on the interminable steppes of the Don Cossacks, which he and his companions were about to traverse.

To this Garden of Eden Mr. Oliphant, in the work before us, conducts his readers. Starting from St. Petersburg, this traveller went by the railroad to Moscow, from thence to Nijni Novogorod, where he had the good fortune to arrive at the period of the fair, which he describes with liveliness and spirit. He then embarked in a steamer on the Volga; thus travelling in the same track as "Old John Bell of Antermoney," who accompanied from St. Petersburg the Russian embassy sent by Peter the Great to Astrachan, in the year 1715. Manners and customs in the East never change; and Mr. Oliphant bears testimony to the fidelity of the description of this author, whose plain, unaffected style and manly good sense have produced one of the most delightful books of travels in the language. Mr. Oliphant, leaving the steamer at Dubouka, travelled through the steppes of the Don Cossacks. His observations on this primitive people will be read with interest at present, as they form the very best soldiers in the Russian army, and are the great nursery whence the troops, then employed against the Circassians particularly, were recruited. Leaving the steppes, he embarked in a steamer at the sea of Azoph, which, after a tedious passage, brought him down to Yénikale and Kertch, whence he proceeded to the Peninsula, the principal places in which he visited. Mr. Oliphant has a good eye and keen relish for fine scenery, which he describes *con amore*, and confirms the favourable accounts of his predecessors. It is not, however, as a specimen of fine writing that we at present use his testimony, and we therefore proceed at once to his account of Sebastopol, infinitely the most interesting object in the Black Sea at the present moment:—

"The population of Sebastopol, including military and marine, amounts to forty thousand. The town is, in fact, an immense garrison, and looks imposing, because so many of the buildings are barracks or Government offices. Still I was much struck with the

substantial appearance of many of the private houses; and, indeed, the main street was handsomer than any I had seen since leaving Moscow, while it owed its extreme cleanliness to large gangs of military prisoners, who were employed in perpetually sweeping. New houses were springing up in every direction, Government works were still going forward vigorously, and Sebastopol bids fair to rank high among Russian cities. The magnificent arm of the sea upon which it is situate, is an object worthy the millions which have been lavished in rendering it a fitting receptacle for the Russian navy.

"As I stood upon the handsome stairs that lead down to the water's edge, I counted thirteen sail of the line anchored in the principal harbour. The newest of these, a noble three-decker, was lying within pistol-shot of the quay. The average breadth of this inlet is one thousand yards. Two creeks branch off from it, intersecting the town in a southerly direction, and containing steamers and smaller craft, besides a long row of hulks, which have been converted into magazines or prison ships.

"The hard service which has reduced so many of the handsomest ships of the Russian navy to this condition, consists in lying for eight or ten years upon the sleeping bosom of the harbour. . . . After the expiration of that period, their timbers, composed of fir or pine wood never properly seasoned, become perfectly rotten. This result is chiefly owing to inherent decay, and, in some degree, to the ravages of a worm that abounds in the muddy waters of the Tchernoi Retchka, a stream which, traversing the valley of Izkerman, and into the upper part of the main harbour. It is said that this pernicious insect, which is equally destructive in salt water as in fresh, costs the Russian Government many thousands, and is one of the most serious obstacles to the formation of an efficient navy on the Black Sea.

"It is difficult to see, however, why this should be the case, if the ships are copper-bottomed; and a more intimate acquaintance with the real state of matters would lead one to suspect that the attacks of the naval employés are more formidable to the coffers of the Government than the attacks of this worm, which is used as a convenient scapegoat when the present rotten state of the Black Sea fleet cannot be otherwise accounted for. In contradiction to this, we may be referred to the infinitely more efficient state of the Baltic fleet; but that may arise rather from their proximity to head-quarters, than from the absence of the worm in the Northern seas.

"The wages of the seamen are so low—about sixteen rubles a-year—that it is not unnatural they should desire to increase so miserable a pittance by any means in their power. The consequence is, that from the members of the naval board to the boys that blow the smiths' bellows in the dock-

yard, everybody shares the spoils obtained by an elaborately devised system of plunder, carried on somewhat in this way: A certain quantity of well-seasoned oak being required, Government issues tenders for the supply of the requisite amount. A number of contractors submit their tenders to a board appointed for the purpose of receiving them, who are regulated in their choice of a contractor, not by the amount of his tender, but of his bribe. The fortunate individual selected immediately sub-contracts upon a somewhat similar principle. Arranging to be supplied with the timber for half the amount of his tender, the sub-contractor carries on the game; and, perhaps, the eighth link in this contracting chain is the man who, for an absurdly low figure, undertakes to produce the seasoned wood.

"His agents in the central provinces, accordingly, float a quantity of green pines and firs down the Dnieper and Bog to Nicholaieff, which are duly handed up to the head contractor, each man pocketing the difference between his contract and that of his neighbour. When the wood is produced before the board appointed to inspect it, another bribe seasons it; and the Government, after paying the price of well-seasoned oak, is surprised that the 120 gun ship of which it has been built, is unfit for service in five years.

"The rich harvest that is reaped by those employed in building and fitting her up is easily obtained; and to such an extent did the dockyard workmen trade in Government stores, &c., that merchant vessels were for a long time prohibited from entering the harbour. I was not surprised, after obtaining this interesting description of Russian ingenuity, to learn that, out of the imposing array before us, there were only two ships in a condition to undertake a voyage round the Cape.

"If, therefore, in estimating the strength of the Russian navy, we deduct the ships which, for all practical purposes, are unseaworthy, it will appear that the Black Sea fleet—that standing bugbear of the unfortunate Porte—will dwindle into a force more in proportion to its limited sphere of action, and to the enemy which, in the absence of any other European power, it would encounter. There is no reason to suppose that the navy forms an exception to the rule, that all the great national institutions of Russia are artificial. The Emperor and the army are not to be regarded in that light, though the latter will doubtless be glad of an early opportunity of redeeming its character, which has been somewhat shaken by the unsatisfactory displays of prowess daily exhibited in the Caucasus, and the absurd misadventures of one of the divisions which ultimately failed, in taking part in the last Hungarian campaign, for lack of a properly organised commissariat. . . .

"Nothing can be more formidable than

the appearance of Sebastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery: fortunately for a hostile fleet, we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they were placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. We were, of course, unable to do more than take a very general survey of these celebrated fortifications, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion, that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow and ill-ventilated, that the artillerymen would be inevitably stifled in the attempt to discharge their guns and their duty; but of one fact there was no doubt, that however well fortified may be the approaches to Sebastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Kerson, is indented, and marching down the main-street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town, and burn the fleet."—p. 260, &c.

Our readers will recollect that it was the treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, which first brought this magnificent territory within the grasp, and exposed it to the cupidity of the Empress Catherine II. With the stealthy cautiousness which characterises the Russians, she first forced the Turks to acknowledge the independence of the Khans, who had been subject to them for 300 years; she then, under the usual pretext of PROTECTION, interfered in a dispute which had arisen in the family of the Khans—deposed one of the brothers, and put up another in his stead; and afterwards fomented a cabal against her own puppet, which drove him into banishment, and finally into the hands of the Turks, who put him to death. Lastly, when she thought the pear was ripe, this unprincipled woman (but not without much bloodshed of the Tartars) annexed this beautiful country to the imperial crown, of which it now forms the brightest gem.

It was in this treaty that the famous Russian claim of a Protectorate over the Greek Church was craftily introduced; and however blind to their danger the Turks were in allowing it,

there was one foreign diplomatist at Constantinople at the time who was fully alive to the use which the Cabinet of St. Petersburg would make of this instrument for promoting its ambitious designs. From some important documents lately published by M. Poujoulat,* we learn that, pending the negotiations for this treaty, Baron Thirgort, who was at that time the Austrian Envoy at Constantinople, thus wrote to the Court of Vienna:—"I have no doubt that, notwithstanding the insignificant declarations of the Reis Effendi against the pretensions of the Russians, who *claim the right of protection over their Greek co-religionaires, the Russian plenipotentiaries will prove their skill, and know how to attain their object by some more or less distinct stipulation of the treaty.*"

Several months after the conclusion of the treaty, the Baron, after stating the incalculable advantages which Russia had gained by this treaty, in the possession of Kinburn, and the mouths and banks of the Dneiper on one side, and the eastern part of the Crimea, and the noble harbour of Kerch on the other, proceeds to say, in a despatch dated 3rd September, 1774: "As those countries produce in abundance timber, iron, hemp, and all the materials needed for the construction of ships, it will be easy for her to build at Kerch, in a short time and at little expense, a fleet of twelve or fifteen line-of-battleships, and in the other ports which she has recently acquired, a number of smaller vessels, and thus to have always ready the means for transporting a large number of troops over the Black Sea. It follows that, whenever the Cabinet of St. Petersburg shall choose, Russia will always be able, without making previously any extraordinary armaments, to effect a landing on the coasts of the Black Sea, and to conduct, with a favourable wind, in thirty-six or forty-eight hours, twenty thousand men from Kerch to the very walls of Constantinople. *In such a case, a conspiracy, arranged beforehand with the leaders of the schismatic religion, will infallibly break out.* The most delicate and dangerous part of all this business is, that the existence of the Porte appears henceforward to depend on the will of other courts. As soon as the works which are to be

* "La France et la Russie à Constantinople." Par M. Poujoulat. Paris, 1858

executed in the new Russian establishments shall be completed, we may expect any day the capture of Constantinople by the Russians. *This capital may be conquered by an unexpected attack, before the news of the Russian army will have reached the frontiers of other Christian powers.* Finally, as Russia will be henceforward able to dictate to the Sultan, and as she has the means of compelling him to yield, *she may, perhaps, be satisfied for some years to come, by reigning in his name, until she thinks that the favourable moment is come to take complete possession of his dominions."*

It is impossible not to admire the sagacity of this far-seeing statesman, which enabled him to penetrate the Machiavelian policy of the Court of St. Petersburg at this time, and to describe, as by a kind of inspiration, the course which it would most likely pursue in regard to the acquisition of Turkey. In the concluding part of the above quotation, we see the germ of the wily politics which Russia has pursued from the date of the treaty of Kainardji to the breaking out of the present war.

Three important state papers have been lately laid before the public. On the last day of the year, the *Times*, in a semi-official article, warned its readers in very impressive language, that they might now look forward to a general war. The change of tone in this journal was remarkable, compared, at least, with the course which it had adopted during many months of the Turkish contest, and it was obvious that it now spoke under the influence of Downing-street. Shortly afterwards a circular, addressed by the French Government to its diplomatic agents, appeared in this country. This document was dated 30th December, and must have been penned at the same time as the above leading-article in the *Times*. It gives a clear and temperate statement of the Turkish question, from the period of the misunderstanding about the Holy Places down to the massacre of Sinope, which it calls a "deplorable event." Before this event took place, the French Government had "thought their reserve would be imitated by Russia, and that her admirals would avoid with equal care the occasion for a *rencontre*, in abstaining from proceeding to aggressive measures: *when, had we supposed the Russian Cabinet to be animated by diffe-*

rent sentiments, our fleet would certainly have exercised a more active vigilance."

Besides the papers which we have mentioned, another document has been published, which possesses incomparably more importance than either. It is the Note which has been drawn up and signed by the four Powers as their ultimatum, and sent to Petersburg for the Czar's acceptance. Well may it be called the *ultimatum*, for it gave up virtually all the points in dispute. To such as have studied the bearings of the Turkish question, it must have excited feelings of shame and indignation—shame that a British Cabinet should have become a party to a measure by which the interests of British subjects are *knowingly* sacrificed; and indignation, that all the money which has been expended by the nation in fitting out a costly naval armament might as well, for all the benefit it has produced, been ingulfed in the waters of the Black Sea.

The Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament was decidedly warlike, and the din of preparations at the dock-yards—the active recruiting for the army throughout the country—the destination of a brigade of the Guards and other troops for the Mediterranean—all tended to convince the public that a general war could not be avoided. But what made assurance doubly sure was the fact, that the Czar had *rejected* the ultimatum of the Four Powers. The autocrat's refusal to comply with the terms offered to him was followed by a proposal of his own so utterly extravagant, and containing conditions so inadmissible, that the representatives of the Four Powers at Vienna, by direction of their respective Governments, refused to entertain it, or to forward it to Constantinople. The terms proposed by the Czar were—that a Turkish Plenipotentiary should proceed to the head-quarters of the army, or to St. Petersburg, to open direct negotiations with Russia, but with liberty to refer to the ministers of the Four Powers; that the former treaties between Russia and the Porte should be renewed; that Turkey should enter into an engagement not to give an asylum to political refugees; and that the Porte should recognise, by a declaration, the Russian Protectorate of the Greek Christians, which was the origin of the quarrel.

Comment on such terms as these were a waste of words. Had the Sultan been required to lay his neck at

Nicholas's feet to be trampled upon at the Imperial pleasure, the demand had been scarcely more degrading. On the other hand, when we consider the terms which (foolishly, we think) were offered by the allied Powers to the Czar, but which he has rejected, and weigh the possible consequences of his refusal, we are strongly reminded of the old adage—" *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" If he were truly of "sound mind" when he dictated this arrogant proposal, we must acknowledge that no form of words could more thoroughly convey the profound contempt which he entertains for the Porte and its allies; none could have been more indicative of his fixed determination to accomplish his designs, *per fas et nefas*.

With these prospects before us—not "looming in the distance," but close at hand—one statesman amongst us, and he at the head of our Government, still clings to the *hope against hope*, that peace may be preserved. In the House of Peers, Lord Aberdeen lately declared that we are not at war, and that he had not abandoned the hope that peace would be maintained. On this, Lord Derby said, "that he believed his lordship was the only man in the country who did not believe that war was imminent." Lord Derby's observation was cheered in the House, and we believe will be pretty generally assented to out of doors. "Peace, peace," even where there is "no peace," seems to be the "dominant idea" of Lord Aberdeen. It is an amiable *feeling* or *feeling* of the venerable premier; but the question for Parliament and the country to determine is, have the proper means been taken to preserve peace? If we are not at war with Russia, we are certainly aiding and assisting her enemy, as much as if we were at war, by conveying Turkish transports, loaded with troops and munitions of war, from one port of the Black Sea to another—while we tell the Russians "your ships shall remain in harbour, otherwise we shall force them." That Nicholas reads this conduct on the part of the allies in a very different light from Lord Aberdeen, he has lately given a pretty decisive proof. On learning from authority that the allied fleets had not been sent into the Black Sea as a mere police guard for preventing collision between two rivals, and ad-

ministering an equal degree of justice to either party—but that they were there for the single purpose of protecting the Turks—the Czar immediately recalled his ambassadors from the English and French courts. This, as a matter of course, was followed by the recall of the English and French Embassies at St. Petersburg. In the note from Count Nesselrode to M. Brunow, announcing his recall, it is amusing to see the same system of deception and disregard of truth, which has too often characterised the diplomatic productions on the Turkish question of this celebrated minister, carried on to the very last—*constans sibi—ad imum*.

Alluding to the probability of a collision taking place in the Black Sea, which might lead to a general conflagration, Count Nesselrode coolly adds:—"The Emperor will not take upon himself the responsibility (1) of such an event." In other words, the *responsibility* of kindling a war in Europe rests wholly on the shoulders of the Western Powers. The Emperor—good worthy man—is totally innocent of such an event! The transparent falsehood of such a charge is so perfectly ludicrous, that it might safely have been left to its own refutation. It appears, however, to have excited the indignation of Lord Clarendon—hitherto sufficiently lenient to Russian misstatements—who in a spirited note addressed to Sir Hamilton Seymour, for the purpose of being shown to M. Nesselrode, flings back the charge of responsibility in the face of the Czar, and denounces *him* as the violator of the peace of Europe.

Shortly after the proposal of the Czar which we have examined had been communicated to the Four Powers, Count Orloff, a nobleman of the first rank in Russia, was despatched on a special mission to Vienna and Berlin, his object being, as was reported, to receive assurances of a strict neutrality on the part of the German princes in the event of a general war. His overtures to Prussia seem to have totally failed, and he did not proceed to Berlin. Some of our contemporaries have feared that he may have been more successful at Vienna, considering the obligations which the Czar had laid the Emperor under during the Hungarian insurrection; but we cannot believe that even the inexperience of Francis, with such counsellors at hand

as the veteran Metternich and Count Buol to advise with, would hazard his crown, perhaps his life, to promote the insane projects of Russia.

In the event of a "general conflagration," should the Four Powers continue united, the war would be virtually at an end almost as soon as begun. This may be proved by referring to an analogous case in 1791. The Empress Catherine of Russia was that year in the full career of Turkish conquest, and had she not been opposed by a stronger power, would in all probability have accomplished the darling wish of her heart, to become mistress of Constantinople. The master-mind of Pitt, at that time Prime Minister of Great Britain, saw the danger to the liberties of Europe which such an event would occasion, aided by Prussia, interposed with a strong arm, and obliged the Empress to sign the treaty of Jassy. It had been the original intention of the allies to insist that the peace now made should be on the principle of the *status quo*, before the treaty of Kainardji. But this resolution was unfortunately not adhered to, and Russia, which has ever gained more acquisitions by diplomacy than in the field, was allowed to extend her frontier to the Dneister, which opened the Black Sea to her Polish subjects. Such was the consequence of renewing former treaties with Russia.

The public attention is now intensely fixed on the progress of the Turkish war, both in Europe and Asia. Up to the period when we write, the latest accounts state that a large Russian army, computed about 65,000 men, were assembled near Khalafat, and that Prince Gortschakoff had received the most positive orders to drive the Turks out of Little Wallachia, *coute qui coute*.

It is also stated that General Guyon, an Englishman, had again taken the field in Asia, with 25,000 infantry, and 5,000 cavalry. From both quarters, therefore, we may daily look for news of importance.

Meantime, our daily journals teem with accounts of the immense preparations for war, which are now going on at our naval and military arsenals—of the readiness with which seamen are offering their services to man the fleets, and the enthusiasm which pervades all classes. It does seem wonderful, that a people who have known nothing of war for forty years, should evince so much warlike spirit. But such has ever been the case in this country. Many are still alive who recollect the enthusiasm displayed by our merchants, when the resumption of hostilities, in May, 1803, after the short peace of Amiens, was announced at the Royal Exchange of London. The same feeling was shown five years afterwards at the breaking out of the Peninsular war.

It is gratifying to learn that our French ally is most actively employed in making similar preparations—naval and military—for the Turkish war, commensurate for the occasion.

Indeed, there is something truly ennobling in the attitude which both countries have assumed. Their respective Governments have entered into bonds of the strictest alliance, not for the purposes of selfish ambition—not to promote the commercial interests of their own subjects—but to protect the injured, to humble the tyrant, to assert and maintain the rights of humanity. Search the annals of the world, you will not find a more beautiful example of MIGHT devoted to the cause of RIGHT.

BRITISH SPINSTERHOOD ABROAD.

Among the various advantages derived by our compatriots from the peace we so long enjoyed, and the facility of wandering over the Continent, may be reckoned the extension of privilege conferred on that class which in Ireland is denominated "elderly young ladies." The more we advance in civilisation, rationality, and sound morals, the more will the unmarried portion of our countrywomen command our respect and consideration. The age is passed when the term "old maid" was one of reproach. I once heard a distinguished ornament of our aristocracy, the father of a large family of young and beautiful daughters, declare that there should be a law requiring every household to retain one of its female members unmarried, for the benefit of the community. Judging, however, by the number we meet wandering abroad in single blessedness, such a law seems unnecessary; for every haunt of the English on the Continent has been distinguished as the abode of one or more amiable spinsters, whose houses have generally been the *rendezvous* of talent, and the centre of social enjoyment. There was that estimable lady, the Honourable Frances Mackenzie, of Seaforth, long the object of Thorwaldson's admiration and love. How many had to deplore her loss, besides the little Josephine, the Spanish child of refugee parents, whom she adopted and provided for!

And there was another daughter of Scotia, worthy and good, but of rougher grain than her more refined countrywoman. I cannot forget our first *rencontre* abroad. It was at an evening party at Naples, that a tall, stiff, bony spinster stalked up to me, with these abrupt words—

"I met you at Walter Scott's."

Seeing me trying to recall the fact, she proceeded—

"Yes, I did; and you sang *Bonny Notty*."

"Madam," I replied, "you surely are mistaken; I never could have had the presumption to attempt 'a Scotch song in Scotland.'"

"Oh, that's not Scotch, it's Italian," she replied.

I then discovered that the lady meant the little Venetian ballad of "*Buona Notte*."

When tired of Naples, she settled at Florence; but she never advanced a step farther in the "*Lingua Toscana*," though she considered herself quite a Florentine, talking of "*our* Grand Duke and *our* Court," as if it were exclusively her own, while she snuffed the Tramontane on the bridges, and declared the climate was as bracing as on the Mound in Edinburgh.

The only smile I ever remember eliciting from our lamented friend, Sir Walter Scott, during the few days he passed at Florence, on his sad homeward-bound journey, was when I told him how his countrywoman had put me to a *nonplus* with her *Bonny Notty*. He was amazed to hear how the freedom of continental life had drawn her out of her corner, where he remembered her for many a year, sitting in solitary dulness in her brother's drawing-room, and never speaking but when she was spoken to, according to the good old maxim impressed on young ladies in the good old times. "However, she must always have been a spirited person," said one of the party, "for she is supposed to be the original of Miss Pratt, in the novel of '*Inheritance*;' " and we all appealed to Sir Walter, to know if he thought his acquaintance really took refuge in a passing hearse, when the post-chaise in which she was journeying through the snow could go no farther?

"I cannot aver," said he, "that my friend's sister ever had such an opportunity of showing her prowess, but I can declare that if *she* were *not* the heroine of that whimsical adventure, I am acquainted with no other lady capable of the achievement."

There was another fair Caledonian, if fair she could be called, whose fiery face and sturdy form might be taken for the figure-head of a merchantman, fresh painted for a voyage. This unprepossessing exterior obtained her among the Italians the sobriquet of "*Malora di Chiaja*," or bane of the ———, a misfortune in a country like Naples, where the belief in the evil eye pre-

vails. The lady was, notwithstanding, neither baneful nor uncharitable. Finding herself alone in the world, *le besoin de l'ame tendre* — the want, I suppose, of something to love, prompted her to adopt a little Palermitan boy, and to set about teaching “the young idea how to shoot;” but the soil was unpropitious, or the cultivator unskilful. Little master cared neither for fool’s cap nor birch; he would neither learn nor tell the truth. His protectress, in despair, sent him, at great cost, to an English seminary near Boulogne-sur-Mer. Before a year had expired, a letter came from the master, desiring that the young Sicilian might be immediately removed — “he was corrupting the whole school.”

I remember his return from that long journey. There was nothing in his appearance to bespeak the bad boy; he was, in fact, a pretty, mild-looking, little fellow. However, his patroness, after another effort to make him diligent and truthful, found the case was hopeless; and no resource was left for her, but to send back her ill-starred *protégé* to his father, a macaroni-maker, at Palermo, who refused to receive his son without a considerable premium in money as indemnification for his lost services!

Lydia White, of bas-blue celebrity, was, I believe, a daughter of Albion. Harmless records of her eccentricities were also to be found at Naples. On one occasion, wishing to entertain her compatriots, she sent for the nearest confectioner, to order a cake. She was too blue to know much of modern tongues, and could only tell him she wanted *un gâteau*. The pastry-cook being Italian, understood *gâteau* to mean *gatto*, a cat; and, shrugging his shoulders, told the lady he had no cats in his house. “But you will make me one,” she cried, and continued vociferating, “*voglio un gatto*” — literally a tom cat, till the man, out of patience, began to storm, thinking she was mad, and would likewise render him so. Miss Lydia White’s apartment was fortunately on the ground floor, in the Chiaja, and some English acquaintances passing at the moment, heard the uproar, and rushed in: they propitiated the offended confectioner by telling him, the lady only desired to have, “*un bel pasticcio*,” as cakes and pies are indifferently denominated. He might have retorted, “the signora has herself made one;” for a *pasticcio* also

means conventionally, a blunder, a fuss, a *contre-temps*, or getting into a mess; such as a lady dropping a stitch in her knitting, which I once heard an amiable Florentine, a descendant of the illustrious Michael Angelo, who was deemed a good English scholar, translate thus, while taking up the fallen stitches — “Oh, dear me, I’ve made a little pie.”

I cannot complete the virgin constellation which shone at Naples, without recalling another Miss White, also an Englishwoman; but her name was not Lydia, neither was she blue, though a cultivated and accomplished woman. Her great popularity drove her from the gay city; her fragile constitution could not endure the excitement of the large, intellectual society which her talents drew around her. She retired to a noble villa, at La Cava, where she received her friends as inmates, when health permitted.

We were, some years ago, traversing that beautiful vale, *en route* for Pæstum, with our own horses. We had started too late: finding night coming on rapidly, we stopped to inquire the distance to Vietri, and heard with dismay that we had yet some miles to go, on a road none of the safest, without hope of accommodation nearer. Happily we remembered that we could not be far from Miss White’s residence; we had, in fact, unconsciously halted at her gate. The discovery seemed propitious; we did not hesitate to let the lady of the mansion know our predicament; though personally strangers to her, we were acquainted through mutual friends. I can never forget the cordial welcome she gave the intruders, and the happy hours we passed with her the following day. We never saw her more; but we enjoyed her delightful correspondence till death terminated her career of usefulness. In this instance I have no eccentricities to relate. Miss White pursued the even tenor of her way, dispensing around her, to poor and rich, such kindnesses as piety and refinement alone know how to dispense. Like a beautiful star, she shone benignly on all.

The Green Isle has also sent forth its noble spinsters to astonish the world. There was, before our time in Italy, the Honourable Fanny Talbot, renowned as well for a variety of estimable qualities, as for the achievements of having swum across the Hellespont and

ascended in a balloon. She has since inhabited Vienna for many a-year, and has been everywhere popular. Confident of favour, and having survived all love of personal admiration, the little Chanoinesse was, to a proverb, neglectful of her toilet. Her head-gear, especially, was rarely better than a red printed handkerchief—a constant subject of ridicule to her mere acquaintances, while to her more intimate friends it was one of regret and concern. One lady, hoping to produce a reform, showed her a handsome piece of tissue, having resolved in her own mind if Miss Talbot admired the stuff, to have it made into a “turban proper,” by a fashionable milliner; but the eccentric spinster no sooner understood the friendly intention, than she snatched up the tissue, and declaring it to be beautiful, stuffed it like a handkerchief into her pocket, warmly expressing her thanks, and was gone before her friend had recovered her surprise and disappointment sufficiently to expostulate. Miss Talbot wore the turban season after season; but it was rolled round her gray locks much after the fashion in which a *poissarde* encircles her brows with her blue check apron, the better to carry her basket of fresh mackerel. The amiable Viennese finding reform impracticable, was obliged to content herself with the fact, that at Vienna every one knew Miss Talbot, and every one liked her, in spite of her ugly turbans. Another strange propensity of this independent maiden was never using a carriage, night or day, though the equipages of her friends were always at her disposal; but when the stately rout or brilliant ball was over, she never hesitated to pin up her petticoats, at least as short as those of “the little woman” of whom “we have heard tell,” in the old song, who fell asleep by the wayside, and had them “cut round about.” The operation always went on in the lobby, if not in the *portécochère*, amidst powdered lackeys and feathered chasseurs, through whom she hurried into the street, in spite of wind or weather, and walked home, equally reckless of distance or appearance.

One who knew well the eccentric Chanoinesse, assures me that she went to court, covered with diamonds and orders, in the same independent manner; and, on one occasion, forgetting to leave her great snow-shoes in the cloak-room, she approached royalty

with the tread of an elephant, to the amusement of the whole court—the prodigious foot quite apparent to all beholders, from beneath her velvet and satin. With all this, Miss Talbot was as amiable as she was noble, and was beloved by all whom she approached. Her charities at Vienna live in remembrance, and her name is never mentioned without calling forth a tribute to her worth.

I could enumerate several other wandering maidens who have enjoyed their liberty abroad, and to whom harmless eccentricities are attributed, if I were not in haste to arrive at the climax of spinster supremacy, and present you to Mrs. Marianne Starke, the most remarkable of her class, and the one to whom travellers are most indebted.

We knew Mrs. Starke well, and had much reason to like her, for she was indefatigably kind to us. It is the fashion now to depreciate her work; nevertheless, she has been the travellers' benefactress for many a year; and I know not what the English could have done in Italy, when the Continent was first re-opened to them, without the benefit of her experience. She had herself come abroad for health at the peace of Amiens, and fearlessly remained throughout the war which raged afterwards. She used to say, in 1830, that she had been nearly thirty years in Italy. Her work was first a volume of entertaining letters, addressed to a friend in England, and written probably before the last peace; she afterwards added itineraries, and that kind of local information which travellers in a strange land most require. Her list of essential comforts seems absurd now, because the inns are better furnished, and most cities supplied with English commodities; but at the period she wrote, even tea was only to be procured at the chemists, which to this day is the case in Romagna; her counsel will always be important to invalids. It is on record, in proof that she adopted what she recommended, that she was often met in her travelling landaulette up to her neck in essential comforts!—the carriage so full that she could with difficulty get in or out. It is also reported that, in one of her journeys, she was actually obliged, for the same cogent reason, to take her place in the driver's seat, and leave her “essential comforts” in full enjoyment of the close carriage.

More probably, she had good taste enough to prefer the open air, and see the country. I remember she disliked a carriage, and never kept horses at Sorrento. I often asked her to drive out with us, but she always said she was never happy but on her legs, pointing to her great leathern boots. Mrs. Marianne Starke used to carry an umbrella in all weathers, and never changed her costume — a plain black dress, and a black silk hat, which gave her tall, bony figure rather a masculine air. Though so many years a resident at Sorrento, and yecept its queen, Mrs. Starke never aspired to a better seat of government than an indifferent apartment at the top of an old Jesuit convent, which had been converted into a lodging-house, and had nothing to boast of, except a large open terrace with an awning, and a splendid view of the whole bay. There her majesty received her guests, and entertained them with the tarantella, danced with castanets by two clumsy Terpsichores from the village, to the sound of the tambourine and a hollow black stick with a hole in it, which did duty for a flute. These she used to point out to the company as the most ancient of musical instruments. I have always wondered she had not fitted up a villa for herself, for nothing could be more scantily furnished and ill-arranged than her suite of rooms: bare bricks, rush chairs, and even her own dormitory a mere comfortless convent cell. Her dining-hall, for want of a better, was a long passage, which forced her to the expedient of having a narrow table. This she dignified with the name of Triclinium, making her guests sit next the wall, and her attendants serve from the other side, as we see on the Etruscan vases, and at the funeral suppers in the tombs — with this difference, that Mrs. Starke's *convitati* sat upon rush chairs, instead of reclining in luxurious ease on sofas; and the attendants, instead of wearing classical drapery, or none, figured in gold lace and red plush — ! Whatever was deficient in furniture and outward decoration was more than compensated by the lady's hospitality and excellent cheer; her dinners were thoroughly English, and served in the good old style, worthy of Christmas. The wines also circulated freely, and John's reiterated "*Marsala if you please, sir,*" was varied with red and white Lachrymæ, which she called Falernian;

and on one occasion, with something very rich and rare from Torre del Greco (a village under Vesuvius), of which her guests drank deeply, supposing it to be Greek wine, and classical to quaff.

Amongst Mrs. Starke's peculiarities was her being contented with her proficiency in the classics and dead languages, and never taking the trouble to learn the living ones. She had no fluency in French, and I have been assured she could scarcely read Italian. Speaking it was always, I remember, a difficulty. One evening she had a large party on her terrace; a circle had formed *a-veile*, in the midst of which the tarantella was being danced, when two Irish heiresses, with their duenna, were announced. Some foreigners politely rose, to retire and make room for the new guests, but our hostess opposed their retreat, with "*Arretêz, arretêz, il y-a-assez de chambre!*" Another of her oddities was, not going to see places she wanted to write about. She must have passed through, or near Lucca again and again, in her frequent journeys to and from England; yet she never visited the baths, and all she has written was supplied by others. Lady Sinnot's account of the mountaineers was worthy of one who had lived long in Italy, and had learned to love and appreciate the country and its inhabitants; but there was much more to say, even then, had Mrs. Starke taken the trouble to seek for herself. It was the same with Capri, though the island was not two hours' sail from Sorrento; and she was continually boating about with pic-nic parties, when we were there. She wanted to describe the Blue-cavern, yet she would not go with us to see it, but desired we should bring her some of the stone of which the grotto is composed, because she was quite certain that the cavern was lined, if not painted, with lapis-lazuli. We obeyed, and after a day of amazement and admiration in the Grotta Azzurra, we brought her Majesty of Sorrento, as in duty bound, several fragments of the wondrous dome, which she was obliged to admit were stalactites, and as purely white as lime and water could produce. Still she could not understand how they could ever appear blue. So we taxed our powers of description to the utmost to do justice to the beautiful cavern, and to persuade her the effect was produced wholly by natu-

ral causes; but lest our eloquence should prove unavailing, one of our party made her a very pretty little oil-painting, which well represented the azure grotto, and the attention was kindly acknowledged by a present of four beautiful silver coins of Magna Grecia. But our efforts to enlighten her went for nothing, so difficult is it to see with the eyes of others. The following winter in Rome Mrs. Starke sent her running-footman to us one day, with a packet. It contained a portion of the "*Appendix to the Ad-denda* of her New Edition," and a description of the Grotta Azzurra, for our approval. I was never more perplexed; it was as like Pool's Hole, in Derbyshire, as the beautiful Blue-cavern. What was to be done? Must I be sincere, and tell her so; or should we let the article go to press, and mislead, or be laughed at? There was but one honest course, so I seized a pen, described the grotto once more, told her the sea flowed into it by a large opening under the narrow entrance, and, acting as a lens, carried light and colour within, illuminating the dome and every object around the grotto with the brightest hue of the Italian sky—heaven's own blue. And to give her an idea of the radiance the colour acquires through the medium of its watery lens, I asked her to recall to mind the dazzling glare of a vitriol-bottle in a chemist's window, with a lamp behind it, and she would at once understand the marvellous effect. Our expedient succeeded, homely as was the comparison. The good lady wrote a fair account of the cavern, quoting the whimsical simile, and sent us a beautiful Etruscan vase, now the pride of our little museum. It had been found at Mola, in a tomb, of which Mrs. Starke had purchased nearly all the contents.

The plain of Sorrento extends, for three miles, along a range of cliffs, which rise perpendicularly two hundred feet above the sea. They are excavated beneath in many places, and present what now appear to be yawning caverns. These are supposed to have been formerly temples, and at some distance from the ocean. The water now flows into many of them, and laves the rude steps of all. We

occupied the Villa Angeli, in the orange grove of the Cucomella, Mrs. Starke's residence. This was built on the very edge of the cliff, and a stone dropped from our windows or terrace fell into deep water. A great cave, with a groined roof and pointed arch, was immediately beneath. We had access to it from above, for the purpose of bathing, through a passage and steps cut in the rock. As a classical scholar, Mrs. Starke indulged many fancies respecting the localities around her. This cave she declared to be the very one where the giant-shepherd Polyphemus shut up Ulysses. The identical great stone by which the Cyclop closed its mouth still lies there, looking as if it had been hewn by the Titans expressly to fill the arch. Knowing nothing of the matter but what we had read in the *Odyssey*, one might say the locality is strikingly similar to that described. *The Isle of Goats* (Capri), opposite, still retains its name; but classical scholars, I believe, maintain the coast of Sicily to have been the scene of Ulysses' shipwreck. Men laughed at Mrs. Starke's antiquarian fancies. She always said the Canaanites had colonised the coast, that they had erected the temples at Pæstum, and taught the Sorrentines to make junkets, having learned the art in Devonshire, when they traded to Cornwall for tin. Sir William Gell ridiculed the idea; but Mrs. Starke was not very far wrong, I believe; and it is certain, at least, that the Phœnicians went there: and there is reason to suppose that the people of Tyre did colonise, and brought their language to Italy. As to the junkets, Sorrento is famous for a curd, called *quincata*,* which is served on fern leaves; and Mrs. Starke, as a Devonshire woman, at once recognised her country's commodity. That wicked wight, Sir William Gell, whose satirical organ was ever in activity, boasted how he used to play on her credulity. He invited us one morning to breakfast, at his pretty little mansion behind the Chiaja. Besides the usual English fare, he gave us macaroni, *à la Milanese*—that is, dressed with cream, and eggs poached in buffalo's milk, served in little earthen plates, like the patera of the ancient sacrifices. He introduced these to us as of old Neapolitan

* This word in both countries is evidently derived from *joncus*, a rush—the curd, or cream, being always spread on rushes to drain.

usage. Mrs. Starke's antiquarianism was then discussed. He complained of her calling the Papyrus a river near Syracuse, instead of saying, as he had told her, that the plant grew on the banks of the Alfio. He made no secret of having mystified her on various subjects, and told us the result, as a good story. We accused him of being jealous of her literary fame, which only provoked a new sally of witty ridicule.

Speaking of the Margravine of Anspach, we remembered having heard of a piece of mischief of his, and asked him if it were true. He pleaded guilty, and said the lady was eloquent, and apt to give scope to her imagination in enthusiastic descriptions of persons and places; but her fancy outstripping her vocabulary, she often stopped short, even at the climax, for want of a word, which, in the plenitude of his good-nature, he never failed to supply; and in the ardour of narration she always seized whatever he offered. At a large English dinner-party, the Margravine was eloquently describing the effect of a sun-set in the Bay of Naples. "The golden orb had just hid its face in the lap of Thetis, the sky was a blaze of refulgent light, and the sea was all over— all over — all over —" "red plush breeches," whispered Sir William, "red plush breeches," re-echoed the Margravine. The effect on the company need not be described. The lady and the knight were excellent friends, notwithstanding, and her son was his Fidus Achates. It was to Mr. Keppel Craven, he told us, he had once written, when he wished his house at Naples to be put in order for his reception. Knowing the post-office there has the vice of opening English letters, and that the Abbé who perpetrates the foul deed, and is pensioned for the purpose, keeps the missives from day to day awaiting his leisure, the witty knight commenced:—

"CARISSIMO ABATE, — Please to read and forward this without delay, or my house will not be ready.—In haste, your humble servant,
"GELL."

The remainder contained his orders for his friend, who duly received the letter.

To give you another specimen of the witty knight, and a proof that he spared no one, I transcribe a portion of a letter he sent us to Rome from Naples, in January, 1881, when the conclave was shut up, and their councils had been long protracted:—

"Why won't you make your Pope? — It will never do to hesitate when the world is in flames, and no one knows what may happen. Don't you think it would be a good thing for her Majesty of Sorrento to declare her sex, abjure English errors, and mount the chair of St. Peter? Propose it to her minister Don C——, and let him execute the project. I hear that gentleman does not think the Via-Latina* quite so pleasant as her Majesty does, and did not find the numerous and splendid hotels quite so well attended as he expected. What a number of mistakes will that journey give rise to, some day or other. The Prussian minister says Don C—— told him I had published a memoir on Veii at Paris, which I had before promised to the Roman Archæological Institute, in consequence of which the founder was in a fever. I have answered that the Don has seen the Queen of Sorrento in a dream, but that I am quite innocent, and that I will send the map and memoir to Rome in a few days. The gout in one's hands is no good helpmate in such matters. However there is a very amiable person just arrived here, named Blanchard, a fat man, and not an aëronaut, who has undertaken to cure me by means of raw eggs, from which I expect astonishing results—after death.

"You cannot have been to my garden lately, or you would have found there the Princess of Butera, once the handsomest woman in Italy, and yet magnificent, to whom I had lent it. It rained the whole time of her stay, poor woman! so she remained a prisoner in that little shell. Mr. Irwin will tell you that my garden, when the roses come out, affords beautiful bowers and scenes for your future melodrama of *Armida*—should you ever write one. Mr. Talbot, at Rome, has translated certain parts of Dante, which will not do in blank verse, so pray if you write anything in poetry, let it be in rhyme, and Don Michel Angelo Gaetani will make you several vignettes. I told you he was a most amiable, agreeable, good-for-nothing person, and so you will find him. I don't know how I am to get to the Holy City before March,—age, infirmity, finance, and the rest of the royal family pressing hard upon my locomotive powers. We have all sorts of gaities here; and the King,

* The new road from Naples to Rome, through the Abruzzi, where letters of recommendation to convents and private houses to procure beds or a bivouac, were then the only alternatives. The great Benedictine convent at Monte Cassino received travellers in its Foresteria—the library and manuscripts would compensate for even more indifferent accommodation.

besides having a Court one day, took the city by storm the next, and entered it at the head of 20,000 men. He rode himself, like 'Earl Douglas, on a milk white steed,' first in front, and received the hurrahs and blessings of the people, which really he deserves, with great and affecting grace. Then Lady Drummond gave a ball which I hear (being ill myself) was very fine. Lord Hertford is to be the great feature, but my illness has not yet permitted me to see him. The dogs are well, and desire their kind regards—Grandmamma, particularly. We have again fine weather, after frightful tempests of wind and rain. We are also quiet, and do not see what is to disturb us at present."

As he wrote, so he talked. Sir William Gell's conversation was an unceasing flow of witty raillery and playful ridicule, even when writhing with the gout. He was at that time deeply engaged with his fine work on Pompeii, and we had the advantage of seeing the beautiful original drawings which he finished like miniatures. It was an immense undertaking for an invalid. He told us, he kept a wheel chair at the gate, and was rolled about to steal a sketch wherever he could achieve one. He had then obtained no permission from the government to draw in the unburied city, and was dependant on the caprice or avarice of the guards for being undisturbed.

His villa at Naples, in a garden at the rere of the Chiaja, was a pretty little cottage-like tenement, with a porch. It was full of objects of art, arranged with much taste, though only a hired house; which Lady Drummond observing, she most generously purchased the fee-simple, and sent Sir William the title-deeds. He had also a *pied-à-terre* in Rome, a little villa in the midst of more ample ground, near the Pope's Mews. The first winter we were going to Rome, the knight gallantly offered us the use of it, but we only accepted the privilege of walking in his garden, and gathering his flowers. His good taste was also conspicuous in that domicile, and Don Michael Angelo Gaetani, to whom he alludes in his letter, painted an Etruscan frieze in Arabesques, around the cornice of his saloon, and assisted in its classical decorations. Now, this accomplished person, then Duke of Sermoneta, and his brother, Don Filippo, are the most gifted of the Roman aristocracy, and the most entertaining, agreeable companions, abounding in Attic salt, and that caustic wit for which the house

of Gaetani is celebrated. They are both good artists. We have a beautiful little statuette by the duke, "Cupid bound," and various inimitable sketches by both brothers, full of humour and character.

Sir William Gell's villas, like Abbotsford, were the paradise of dogs. His grand favourite he called Nix. It was of rare sagacity, and if I remember right, of Russian race. Sir William declared Mr. Nix could even speak French, and to prove the fact, he never failed to ask the dog, "Who is this lady," chucking him under the chin at the same moment, which elicited from the animal a mumbling sound, not very unlike "*Grandmamma*."

When we had a lottery at Naples, of some paintings, for the benefit of a poor family, Sir William charitably took tickets, and put down *Mr. Nix's* name for one. The dog absolutely won one of our best miniatures, a copy of the Manfrini Giorgioni at Venice, which Byron has immortalised in "*Beppo*," and called "*Love in Life*."

The witty, the agreeable, "the classic Gell" is now no more; his career of literary usefulness was cut short by an inveterate gout, which he bore to the last with a patience and buoyancy of spirit that seemed scarcely human. This favourite dog was never satisfied without being in close contact with his master, until his last illness, when nothing could induce the poor animal to remain on his knees, as if conscious the weight would hurt him, but he tried to be on a chair by his side to the last. When Sir William was no more, the dog would not be comforted, and for three days ate nothing. Mr. Keppel Craven then carried the affectionate creature home, and with great difficulty prevailed on him to take a little food; he seemed to yield as if he thought he should not be ungrateful to his lost master's best friend; but he still pined, and refused all consolation. He died the day month after Sir William had closed his earthly career.

I must now return to Mrs. Starke, from whom I digressed, to make my readers acquainted with her witty archæological antagonist. Like him she was a member of the Roman Arcadia, and of many literary societies. I regret having forgotten her euphaneous pastoral appellation as a shepherdess; her seal, I remember, was a Pan's pipe.

The English owe much to Mrs. Starke's hospitable spirit. I have already spoken of her fondness for picnic parties. I should rather have said she was herself the Amphitryon of every social entertainment. She frequently invited a train of guests, thirty or forty in number, to Pompeii—sent a band of music and an excellent dinner beforehand, and while it was spreading in the hall of Sallust, or some other classical arena, she had excavations made, at considerable expense, for the rational entertainment of her guests. Her long residence at Naples procured for her this privilege. In Rome she inhabited a handsome and spacious apartment in the Palazzo Albani. There, besides dinners and music-parties, she gave tableaux. Once she exhibited the Parnassus of Raphael, composed of from forty to fifty figures, selecting the fairest of her compatriots to personify the Queen of Beauty, the Graces, and Heavenly Nine. She was annoyed and offended when any of her young acquaintances shrank from the exhibition. I wish we had been in Rome at the time, to give a better description of it. Mrs. Starke also carried a party every winter to the Vatican, to see the statues by torch light, and entertained them at dinner afterwards. She was independent, had a noble spirit, and deserved well of her compatriots.

Mrs. Starke conveyed us in her boat one evening to the cliff where Pollio's villa is supposed to have stood. The *peschiera*, or preserves for fish, still exist. I tried to stimulate her to an excavation, in search of the crystal vessels. My readers will remember that when Augustus dined with his favourite, a luckless slave broke a crystal vase, and was ordered by the cruel Pollio to be thrown into the pond to fatten the fish. He was only saved by the interference of the Emperor, who reproved his protégé by desiring the whole service to be thrown there. Some authors report that Augustus also ordered the ponds to be filled up; but they still exist, and are very deep.

Amongst Mrs. Starke's neighbours and votaries at Sorrento, was a little old soldier and improvisatore, yeleft Captain Staracæ. It was through his management she was crowned queen, while he extemporised the coronation ode. The Cave of Polyphemus, illu-

minated, was the Campidoglio of the occasion. The revel finished with a good supper. He was one of those starch, bolt-upright little men, whose very look seemed to say, "Heads up, soldiers." He deserved well of his country, for he saved Sorrento from being burnt, when the French General condemned it to the flames for having resisted him, and bravely held out too long. "What!" cried the poet, "will Frenchmen burn the birthplace of the immortal Tasso?" The appeal succeeded, and the town was spared. Its deliverer invited the General and staff to dinner. A large portrait of Torquato was placed in the centre of the table, encircled with laurel, and the day finished gloriously. The French, entertained into good humour, showed the Sorrentines favour. When we knew the valorous little Captain, he was a man of peace, kept a cow, and often sent us a junket.

Mrs. Starke had many devoted friends amongst the Italian nobles, and was deeply regretted at Sorrento. Her health, when we knew her, seemed proof against all the ills that flesh is heir to. It was only the last year she suffered from asthma. One of our party saw her in Rome, just before she started for England, on her last journey, and tried to dissuade her from attempting it. She died after only a few hours' increase of illness, and a few minutes after her arrival at Lodi, in an inn, alas! and alone! Her servants only were with her, but I believe they were faithful and attached. Her death is supposed to have been accelerated by grief for a nephew, whose loss she thought might have been averted, had she been aware of his danger in time. I have some of Mrs. Starke's letters, and many characteristic notes. The daily bulletins she used to send us with her newspapers, during the attempt at Revolution in Rome, in 1831, kindly sharing with us her best information, are now become interesting historical documents.

It was a curious position to feel one's self in Rome, expecting a besieging army, and to know that there was not a goose in the capital to save the city.

The Prince of Tesero assured us, with well-assumed gravity, that the panic had extended even to the lamp-lighters, who lit the lamps by day, fearing to be out after sunset.

A VOYAGE TO VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.—PART II.

THERE is an old proverb which says, that "the longest way round is the shortest way home;" it is likewise the shortest way to the Cape of Good Hope.

Any uninformed navigator who attempted to make a short cut in a straight line from the Cape de Verde to the southern extremity of Africa, would almost certainly find himself bothered with calms and bedevilled by currents, and thus be at last drawn into

———"The Bight of Benin,
Where one comes out for two that go in."

The principal thing to be looked to is the direction and force of the winds, and not the number of miles to be traversed. The experienced navigator, therefore, sails boldly down before the N. E. trade-wind to about W. long., 23° on the equator, and then gets as soon as possible into the S. E. trade, with which he continues his course down along the coast of South America, as if he were going to Cape Horn, till he comes into S. lat. 30°, when he may reckon upon meeting suddenly with a strong breeze from the west; and he then simply puts his ship's head round, and runs away before this at right angles to his former course for the Cape of Good Hope.

It was in following this great highway of shipping in the south Atlantic, that we came in sight, early one morning, of the lonely little island of Trinidad. This must not be confounded with the West Indian island of that name—it is a small, solitary spot of earth in about lat. 20°, and some three hundred miles from the coast of Brazil. We hove to on the western side of it, and a party of us landed on the rocks, just where a tall column of rock, which has, of course, been christened the "Nine-pin," rises suddenly out of the sea.

The island itself, which is not more than five miles in diameter, rises abruptly from the sea to a height of some 1,200 feet, quite environed by almost inaccessible cliffs, except on its south-east side, where the Portuguese once had a small settlement, long since abandoned. There are no marks of any recent volcanic action about it; but the rocks are nearly all volcanic,

with the exception of some sandstones, containing recent shells that seem either interstratified with them, or caught up among them. In the hollows of the rocks on the beach that are washed by the tide, many lovely corals grew, and beautiful little fish—banded, yellow, and black, or blue and green with red spots—were darting about the pools. Multitudes of small conger-eels, with snake-like bodies and fierce-looking heads, crawled and twined through the holes and crevices of the rocks, and seemed as if inclined to spring at and bite us when we approached them.

Black echini in abundance were half-buried in the holes of the basaltic rocks, which they seemed by some wonderful and quite inexplicable process to have excavated for themselves; while in the shallow pools I met, for the first time, with examples of that curious tribe of small fish that do not fear to jump from a pool of water on to the ground, and by means of their strong pectoral fins hop along by springs of one or two feet at a time, till they get within reach of a fresh hole, or of the sea.

Before leaving the tropics, let me recall one lovely aspect of nature, which is, perhaps, more common in the wider and calmer seas of the Indian and Pacific Oceans than in the Atlantic, but which is often perceivable there:—just after sunset, two or three minutes after the red orb has descended below the dark line of the horizon, broad, radiating bands of colour become perceptible in the sky, shooting from the position of the sun in all directions—they are alternately of delicate rose colour and the most pearly and exquisite green. In approaching the zenith they gradually fade away, till right overhead they are scarcely perceptible; but, if followed by the eye, they gradually become stronger again as they descend towards the east, in which direction they converge towards a point exactly opposite the sun, where is produced in the east an exact reflex of all the glowing colours of the sunset in the west. So perfect is the illusion, that often on coming on deck just at the right moment, it would have been scarcely possible to tell which was the real sunset, and which its reflection, without look-

ing at the compass in order to know the east from the west. It must be reckoned among the advantages of tropical life, that every one is a daily spectator, not only of sunset, but of sunrise—they are the two most enjoyable and delicious portions of the day, which no one would willingly lose. Everybody there leaps from his slenderly-covered couch to rejoice in the newness and vigour of the dawn, as every one hails the cool dews and pleasant airs of evening refreshing his wearied frame after the exhausting heat of the day. Then the depth and black darkness of the night—when the air, made transparent with moisture, seems to open to the view the uttermost vaults of heaven, and the eye roves from flaming star to star, growing visibly less as they recede into the immensity of space, like lamps hung along the heavenly road to still farther systems, too remote for human eye to reach; while the uncovered head and opened breast fear no evil from damp, and cold, but woo the gentle airs and dripping dew-drops to refresh them. Ah! my kind indulgent reader, our bleak skies and wintry winds may, perhaps, be the better and the healthier for us all, but for physical and sensuous enjoyment of the beauties of earth, and sea, and sky, there is no place like the tropics.

What sight can be more glorious than to lean over the dark side of the ship when every surge of every wave over the whole visible expanse breaks into sparkles of light, when the ship seems to be ploughing up great furrows of light out of the water, and leaves a long glimmering trail behind her like an illuminated path along the sea, with here and there, deep under the water, dim orbs of phosphorescence like drowned moons, proceeding from some great excited medusa or other sea animal; and the dolphins and porpoises, as they shoot and dart about the vessel, betray themselves by the vivid gleams of greenish light that envelop them like a flowing veil, making their swift course like that of a submarine rocket.

Or what say you of a hot sunny day, with not a cloud in the sky, seeing Venus at some 20° from the sun, as distinctly visible in the sky, about two o'clock in the afternoon, as she is here often of a summer night? This I have liseen more than once within 10° of the one in the Indian archipelago.

Let us, however, dismiss these recollections, and get on with our voyage to Van Diemen's Land. We have not yet touched at the Cape.

I never saw any description of the Cape that gave me any idea of it until I had actually been at the place. Let me, therefore, try to give you a notion of it.

In approaching the Cape from the west, you see a line of very bold coast, rising directly from the water in perpendicular cliffs, and reaching at one spot an altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea. This near piece of ground seems some thirty or thirty-five miles long; and some distance beyond it, on the northern side, may be seen on a clear day another great mountainous country much further off, and fading away into the blue horizon. We might mistake the nearest mass of land for an island standing in front of the other land, and so it doubtless was formerly. Inside it there are now two bays—Table Bay on the north, and False Bay on the south, with a low sandy plain, some fifteen miles across in every direction, lying between them. This plain it is which connects the first-named rocky peninsula with the main land of Africa. This lofty peninsula is highest near its northern end, where it has a great tabular plateau, the well known Table Mountain, which is, I believe, about 4,200 feet above the sea. It is composed of great horizontal strata of thick-bedded white sandstone, reposing on granite, which forms the lower half of the mountain. These decline gently towards the south, and the land gradually declines with them, still retaining the same forms of abruptly swelling rounded slopes about the base, capped by flat-topped eminences having vertical sides, furrowed and traversed by rugged and precipitous ravines. Finally, on approaching the Cape, the land slopes down to an elevation not exceeding a thousand feet, and ends in broken rocks and hummocks of still lower elevation, forming the actual Cape of Good Hope. Of the two bays inside the peninsula, the northern one is the shallowest and openest, but is partially protected by Rottenest Island in its centre. On the S.W. side of this bay, close under the foot of Table Mountain, which seems almost to hang over it, is the very attractive city of Cape Town, with its wide, straight streets, and lines of white, flat-topped houses, its public square and principal

street lined with rows of trees, and a rapid channel of clear water coursing down the centre of it.

I will not stop to speak of its motley inhabitants, its Babel of tongues, its entangled droves of bullocks all harnessed to one waggon, which, at the sound of their driver's voice, and the crack of his whip, unwind themselves from the form of a small assembled herd into a regular procession of sixteen or twenty pair, and proceed upon their journey; of its vines and its fruits; its pleasant places, its pretty faces, and its balls and parties. I must leave these to the reader's imagination, or, perhaps, to his recollection.

The southern bay, called False Bay, has, likewise in its north-west corner, a little indentation, affording some shelter and security; and this is the naval station of these seas, surrounded by a small town called Simonstown, boasting of its little dockyard, and its admiral's residence, where often little men assume the airs of very big ones.

When the wind blows into either of these open bays, it is clear it must knock up a devil of a sea therein; and I do not know that I ever saw a grander surf than that which falls upon their wide sandy beaches, when a strong wind urges upon them rank after rank of huge long-rolling waves, miles in unbroken length, and many feet in height, each wave several hundred yards behind the other, and some ten or a dozen of them at once perpetually travelling over the sandy shoals, and breaking into long cataracts of foam, with a roar that would deaden the noise of a thunder-clap. It is the action of this great surf washing up sand, now from the north and now again from the south, which has doubtless, in the lapse of uncounted ages, contributed to form the sandy plain that now spreads between the bays.

On the east shore of False Bay is a wide-spread expanse of very mountainous and very barren and desolate-looking country, called Hottentot Holland. There may be some resemblance between a Hottentot and a Hollander in certain portions of the human frame, when sufficiently developed; but what resemblance this lofty and broken country can have to Holland, it is difficult to perceive.

Barren as it looks, its broken mountains, with their furrowed sides, often appear very beautiful from the other side of the bay, some twenty miles off,

especially when softened by the warm haze of a sunny day. They end in the perpendicular or overhanging precipice of Cape Hanglip and Cape Agulhas, the latter being the extreme southern point of the African continent. As we sail away to the east, and this great headland fades from our sight, we may be struck with the colour of the water, which even, when out of sight of land, and where it is more than one hundred fathoms deep, retains the green hue which it has in our shallow seas around Great Britain, so different from the dark blue of the open ocean. This green water, doubtless, marks the course of the great Agulhas current, which is always sweeping round the southern end of Africa, out of the Indian into the Atlantic Ocean. It is one part of the great oceanic river, *ποταμοῦ μὴν ὁνομαζομένου*, which winds across the South Atlantic into the Gulf of Mexico, and issuing thence under the name of the Gulf Stream, travels even to our shores and those of Norway, bringing mild airs from the balmy south, and giving warmth, and verdure, and fertility to us in a higher latitude than they are to be found, to anything like similar amount, in any other portion of the globe. Without the Gulf Stream, Ireland would have the climate of Labrador.

Far away now to the south-east, before a fresh westerly breeze, we may career over somewhat dark and stormy seas, across the southern part of the great Indian Ocean. Dark and stormy as it may be, however, there is no ocean in which the navigator is more constantly surrounded by animal life, especially in the beautiful form of birds. The speckled petrel, called the "cape pigeon," surrounds the ship in flocks, while two or three species of albatross are almost always in sight. Of these the most frequent, in certain portions of the sea, is the dusky albatross, a dark-brown bird; but the widest range, as well as the greatest size, and most beautiful presence, belongs to the great white albatross, called by naturalists *diomedea exulans*. These huge birds, gigantic petrels as they may be roughly called, whose wings sometimes measure nearly twelve feet from tip to tip, have a soft and rounded form, with plumage of delicate white, with black patches on the wings. They appear to float rather than fly; you may watch one for an hour without seeing a single flap or quiver of his wings.

Keeping them steadily extended like great horizontal sails, he careers at will around the ship — rising and falling in graceful curves; now wheeling as if by a mere act of volition, he sweeps around the poop, within a few feet of you, and, looking you steadily in the face with unwinking eye as he passes, he glides ahead apparently without an effort, and perhaps disappears in the distance in a minute or two, as if he had left you at anchor.

When the vessel is going not more than three or four knots through the water, it is a common amusement to fish with a small hook, baited with a bit of pork, for the cape pigeons; and sometimes into the flock of these pretty birds, about the size of gulls, that are fighting and squabbling over the line and its bait, as it drags through the water, down settles, after a swooping curve or two, one of these lordly albatrosses, before whom the pigeons give way. He gives a harsh croak as he touches the water, as a sort of command for their absence, and seizes hold at once upon the bait, which, however, being suddenly snatched from his mouth without hooking him, his lordship is astonished thereat and turns about his head with a puzzled expression, as if he wondered what could possibly have become of that tempting little morsel. Then catching sight of it before him, dragging along the slope of a wave, he squatters after it, half flying and half walking, and taking a good mouthful at it, he finds himself hooked. By careful management, avoiding breaking the line, we once or twice succeeded in bringing one of these noble birds upon deck, from which we found them apparently quite unable to fly, unless by jumping off some elevation.

One afternoon being a perfect calm, which had succeeded to a gale of wind, two or three of us went out shooting in the dingy. We were tolerably successful; but what interested me most in the excursion was the appearance of the sea, when seen from such a point of view. It does not often happen to a man to be afloat in a little cock-boat in the centre of a great ocean, with a heavy swell on. There was, of course, no danger, as we were never more than a quarter of a mile from the ship, and the weather was beautiful, but the swell of the sea, consequent on the previous gale, was still tremendous. Long glassy undulations,

the crests of whose eminences were apparently a hundred yards apart, rolled past us with a slow, steady, and majestic march, that had something grand and almost awe-inspiring about it. From the broad summit of one of these great waves our little boat seemed to slide down the slope into a deep valley, in which we were surrounded by lofty mounds of water, that shut out not only the horizon, but even the mast-heads of our vessel from our sight. Out of that depth we were as gradually raised again by the slope of the on-coming wave, till we looked abroad from its summit to the distant horizon. It seemed ridiculous to attempt to row with our little paddles against what appeared such moving masses of water, and as if we must be irretrievably carried away in the direction that the swell was travelling in; nevertheless they caused no opposition to our progress, for, as is obvious, there was no real motion in the water, which merely rose and fell perpendicularly, the form and outline only of the wave moving on, just as undulations pass over a field of corn, each head rising and falling under the wind without being carried by it onward in its course.

It was on the 5th of August, about daylight in the morning, that we came in sight of the lonely little island of St. Paul, one of two submarine volcanic mountains that just rear their heads above the sea within fifty miles of each other, and about two thousand miles from any other land, except the desolate Kerguelen's Land, which lies about eight hundred miles to the southward. We anchored to leeward, or on the eastern side of the island, about half-a-mile from it. It may be described as a ring of land surrounding a volcanic crater, perfect all round except on the east, on which side the land has been eaten away to the depth of twenty or thirty fathoms below the level of the sea, thus forming the anchorage. The land just around the crater rises to a height of eight hundred feet, being nearly level at that height for the greater portion of the ring, but descending precipitously into the crater on one side, and sloping more gradually down on the other, for about a mile and a-half, ending in low, rocky cliffs. The island is thus about three miles in diameter, with a circular crater in the middle of its eastern side of about half a-mile in diameter. Into this crater

we rowed in a boat, the bar at the entrance having not more than a foot or two of water on it. Inside, its depth was about thirty fathoms, with a bottom of black mud. The broken wall that borders the crater on the east, was on the south side of the entrance worn away to the merest shell, and forming a knife-edged ridge that led up to the top of the island. The rocks were all black hornblendic lava, and at one or two points along the beach, inside the crater, steam might be seen to issue, arising from a stream of hot water that trickled through the stones. At one of these spots the water had a temperature of 138° , but on removing some of the stones, and plunging the thermometer to a greater depth, it rose to 150° . Notwithstanding this, the water in the crater, both at the surface and at the bottom, only showed a temperature of 54° , which was that of the sea outside, and for two or three days before and after we arrived at the island.

Near the entrance were the remains of a small hut and garden, the temporary habitation of some whalers, that occasionally remain upon the island for a month or two to catch seals. Wild pigs appeared numerous, being doubtless the progeny of some left upon the island, and we shot one of these among the long grass on the slope at the foot of the precipices. In going off to our ship we had to make a detour to avoid coming in contact with two great whales, that were then basking together just off the entrance; first, their heads, then their broad backs, and then their tails, rising and falling with the gentle swell, while an occasional puff proceeded from their blow-holes.

As soon as we came to anchor in the morning, we began to catch fish as fast as possible, and before we sailed there was enough caught to last the whole ship's company for three days. This was a great luxury, as I need hardly say that one of the last places to expect fish is when you are at sea.

Just twenty days after leaving this solitary little spot of earth we came in sight of Van Diemen's Land. The south-western coast of this great island has a singularly stern, wild, and savage aspect. Mountains, whose tops are hoary and whitened with the perpetual blasts of storms of westerly wind

and rain, impend over the sea, their steep, cliffy sides, and rugged precipices, and ravines, shagged with sombre and dark woods, while sentinel-like stand here and there some lofty rocky islets, their bases, as well as those of the main cliffs, everlastingly beaten and worn by as furious a surge as ever raged upon any coast. Landing hereabouts is impossible, and the sterile aspect of the country almost precludes the hope of this portion of it ever being inhabited. Farther east it is broken by several deep bays and inlets, one of which is named, appropriately enough, Storm Bay. The land is lower hereabouts, though still sufficiently lofty; and on the east side of Storm Bay are great cliffs of huge columns of greenstone, their structure being perceptible for miles off. The head of Storm Bay sends a multitude of winding bays and arms of the sea into the land, and into one of these falls the river Derwent. The neighbourhood of Hobarton, and the valley of this river, with the grand feature of Mount Wellington rising immediately at the back of the town, to a height of 4,200 feet, much resembling Table Mountain at the Cape, has been already sufficiently described when reviewing Mrs. Meredith's "*Tasmania*."

Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, is a mass of mountains, varying from one to five thousand feet in height, with two principal valleys—that of the Derwent on the south, and the Tamar on the north, the height of the dividing range, or water-shed between them being about 1,500 to 2,000 feet. Inosculating ranges, called "tiers," of dark greenstone and other igneous rocks embrace a number of shallow valleys in every direction, which are commonly called plains. One vast sea of gum-tree forest spreads over the whole country, with its sombre and monotonous wilderness of straight, ragged stems, and scanty and shadeless foliage. Here and there only have these profitless and unsightly woods been felled, and green fields, and settlements, forming sunny openings, been formed in them. One very excellent road, about 120 miles in length, crosses the island from Hobarton to Launceston, with substantial stone-built hotels at almost every stage, and a daily coach throughout the year. Other

* See "*DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*," Vol. XLI.

roads are more or less complete or incomplete.

Some fourteen years ago a new system with regard to the convicts was introduced, and remained up to the present time. In a few years it will have passed away, and therefore, as a record of the past, I will give a brief description of it.

When a man was transported to Van Diemen's Land, he was sent to a "probation station," where he had to remain from two to five or seven years, according to the length of his original sentence, and his behaviour in the colony. He then had a ticket of leave given him, which enabled him to go and seek for service, and hire himself out in any capacity to any one who would take him, within a certain district. He was, however, obliged, every half-year, to present himself before the authorities, at a certain mustering place, and be inspected. After a certain period passed under this surveillance, he became free within the colony; and latterly was enabled to pass into any of the neighbouring colonies, under the name of an "Exile."

The probation station consisted of a party of about 200 convicts, under a superintendent and other officers, with or without a small guard of soldiers. This party were located at a certain spot, where they were to make a settlement first of all, building their own huts, houses, and offices, and enclosing them, digging gardens, and cultivating them, and so on; and then turning to to make roads, work in mines, or any other public works that might be wanted.

It was in October, 1842, that I was invited by the Governor — poor Sir John and Lady Franklin — to accompany them in the Government schooner, "The Eliza," on a visit of inspection to the probation stations of Norfolk Bay. Norfolk Bay is a land-locked sheet of water, having a narrow winding entrance out of the N.E. arm of Storm Bay, lying like a lake in the centre of some woody hills, about 600 or 800 feet high, and dividing them by its various arms into several peninsulas, two of which are called Tasman's and Forrestier's peninsulas.

In this excursion, I passed several most pleasant days, sailing about this marine lake, landing at many pretty parts of its shores, and seeing much that was interesting in several ways.

The probation stations were all nearly alike. The two hundred convicts were mustered in their canary-coloured dresses, and formed three sides of a square, of which the governor and his suite occupied the centre of the fourth. Books were produced and inspected; questions asked and answered; a few remarks made, and the "prisoners" dismissed.

At Cascade, one of these stations on the south side of Norfolk Bay, we saw some immense eucalypti; one of these was thirty-one feet in circumference at five feet from the ground, and tapered very gradually in one huge straight column of timber, at least a hundred feet, before it branched. A mile or two into the interior was a similar tree, said to be forty-two feet in circumference. Large areas of the bush were covered with a dense undergrowth of epacris, growing full four feet high, and now covered with blossom, looking like gigantic heather. So dense was this scrub, that it seemed utterly impenetrable; and Captain Booth, the commandant of Port Arthur, the great penal settlement, was once lost in it for five days, within three or four miles of his own house, and utterly unable to extricate himself. One or two companies of soldiers, besides other persons, were searching for him for three days before he was discovered, by means of two dogs he had with him, just before he perished of hunger and exhaustion.

Port Arthur is a bay on the south side of Tasman's Peninsula, about five miles from the southern extremity of Norfolk Bay; and Captain Booth had devised and constructed a wooden tramroad from one to the other, by which a party of us travelled across. Previously to doing so, however, we paid a visit to Eagle Hawk Neck, one of the established lions of Van Diemen's Land. This is an isthmus of low sand-hills, at the head of a long, narrow inlet of Norfolk Bay, by which it is separated from the ocean, and Tasman's peninsula joined to Forrestier's. An open bay, called Pirates' Bay, on the east side of Eagle Hawk Neck, is exposed to the full swell of the Pacific Ocean, which has piled up the sand-hills, and thus converted what was once an island into a peninsula.

Advantage had been taken of this narrow neck of land to convert the whole of Tasman's peninsula into one great prison, by establishing at it a

strong guard of dogs and men, together with a chain of constables' stations, a mile apart from each other, down the south side of the inlet. Each of these constables' stations has a dog perched upon a platform that enables him to look over the epacris scrub, and thus give notice of any strange sound or motion that may be heard or seen in it.

At the neck is a chain of fourteen posts, stretching from beach to beach, to each of which is tied a large and fierce dog, by a chain that allows him almost but not quite to touch his neighbour. Each post has a large lantern, which at night throws a strong light on the prison or south side of the line; and in the centre is an elevated sentry-box, where a sentinel is always on duty. North of the line is a guard-house, where a sergeant's party is always stationed, and a hundred yards behind that again are some wooden barracks, where are subaltern's quarters, and those of his men. The dogs are regularly entered on the commissary's books, and receive regular rations along with the men. Each one in turn was loosed every day, and taken a walk by the convict who had charge of them, and who was the only man that could venture to approach most of them.

On the shores of Pirates' Bay some very regularly stratified rocks jut out in ledges along the beach, and are traversed by remarkably close and straight joints at right angles to each other. The place is well known in Van Diemen's Land under the name of the "Tesselated Pavement."

Returning to the *Eliza*, I prepared to go across to Port Arthur, where I was to rejoin my ship; and, with many thanks for their kindness, took leave of Sir John and Lady Franklin. Poor Sir John! It was a final adieu to him in this world. Who can tell in what "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice," or in the floor of which portion of the Arctic sea are his bones and those of his gallant companions now whitening. If all things were known, I believe it would be seen that his fate was owing to the crooked policy of the Colonial Office and the mistaken economy of the Admiralty. On his return home from his government he had so many and so just grievances to redress at the hands of the Colonial Office, that this Arctic expedition was got up by the government of the day mainly to

evade a troublesome investigation. His stores of preserved meats were supplied from that tainted source which afterwards caused such an outcry to be raised, and so much putrid matter to be condemned and cast into the sea. Every man-of-war, for some years before and after the sending of Franklin's expedition, found a large proportion of their "preserved meats," supplied for the use of the sick, and for boat and other detached service, in the same beastly condition. In the very vessel in which I made the voyage I am now describing to you, reader, quantities of the preserved meats belonging to the public stores had to be "condemned and cast into the sea." The opening of one of the bad cases on the lower deck was the signal for all hands to rush aloft, so deadly, and sickening, and penetrating was the stench. At the very same time, among the officers' private stock, purchased from Gamble at a fair price, we had not one single instance of a tainted case.

If it so happened that the *Erebus* and *Terror* pushed on into some remote winter harbour, trusting to their stock of preserved meats—perhaps husbanded for the occasion—and when irretrievably fast in their dreary quarters, found them to be putrid garbage, fearful, indeed, is the responsibility resting on some one's head—fearful the crime resting on his heart. Brave, kindly, honest Sir John, whatever was thy fate in this world, happy and peaceful will be thy lot in the next.

Let us, however, take a peep at Port Arthur. Arrived at the railway-station (a little wooden hut), we found the train awaiting us, consisting of small, open trucks, with seats in each for four people. The motive power consisted of four convicts, in their canary-coloured clothes, to each truck; and, as soon as we were seated, they pushed us forward. In a mile or two we came on a long inclined plane, where, of course, we got out and walked. Everything was wood—sleepers, rails, carriages, and all, roughly put together, but answering the purpose quite well enough. Arrived at the top of the ridge which separated the two bays, and which might be some 300 or 400 feet in height, we again got into our carriages, and then our four "canary birds," giving a sharp impetus to the carriage, sprang up themselves upon its sides, and away we shot down an inclined plane by the side of a little ravine,

turning one or two sharpish corners, but traversing one or two flattenings in the descent, which checked our velocity a little, till we came at last flying down into a long wooden pier projecting into the waters of Port Arthur. Here we found a boat and men lying alongside ready to take us off; and, after a pull of about three miles, we landed at the famous penal settlement of Port Arthur. Here, and at the little Norfolk Island, nine hundred or a thousand miles away in the Pacific Ocean, is the double-distilled and concentrated villany of the British Empire.

At a little distance, the settlement had a pretty and cheerful aspect, for all that, with the white houses and flower-gardens of the officers, the wooden-spired church, and the great convict barracks, that might have been taken for manufactories or warehouses. To this place were sent the worst criminals, and those that had been reconvicted in the colony, to undergo a portion of their sentence, and if well conducted there to be afterwards removed to a probation station, and thus gradually work their way to freedom. The discipline and privations they had here to undergo were most irksome and severe, and attempts at escape were frequent. A chain of telegraph posts spread over the whole peninsula, and extended to Hobarton, so that an escape was instantly notified, and all the posts were guarded with renewed vigilance. Parties of soldiers and constables, armed with muskets, were stationed at every post, and patrolled at many intervals; yet, in spite of all precautions, in spite of the rugged, difficult nature of the ground, and the impenetrable character of the woods; in spite of rocks, and sea, and danger, and starvation, escapes did occur from time to time, and little groups of men got free into the body of the colony, and by turning bushrangers, kept it often in a state of terror and dismay.

The system is now happily coming to an end, and we need not stop to minutely describe that which is already beginning to be a thing of the past.

Let us turn from the contemplation of the depravity of man, and take a look at one of the most beautiful of the objects of nature—and that is, a group of tree ferns which had been just hit upon when I reached Port

Arthur in the making of a new road. In a little dell in the recesses of the bush, under a rocky cliff, where the dank moisture constantly hung, was a little grove of these beautiful plants. A thick, soft, fibrous stem, about a foot in diameter, and ten or fifteen feet high, was crowned and surrounded by a drooping canopy of leaves, just like gigantic fronds of our own common brakes, but sweeping in an elegant curve till in many instances they touched the ground. From the top of this canopy, in several plants, young fronds were springing, forming downy, light-green stems, partially uncoiled, but the ends having still an elegant volute, and looking like bishops' croziers. A coronal of these crozier-like stems springing from the tent-like canopy of dark leaves below, with the mossy-looking trunk in the centre, formed one of the most elegant of nature's productions, and when grouped in numbers of all shapes and sizes, as they were in this grove, the assemblage had a wonderful and strange, as well as most beautiful aspect.

After partaking of the hospitality of Captain Booth (now alas! no more), and enjoying his society for some days, we left Port Arthur, and sailed into the dark and stormy sea that perpetually beats against the embattled and columnar cliffs that environ the shores of Tasman's peninsula.

Gallant Tasman! brave precursor of the many explorers that have issued first from your own country, and latterly from ours, it is pleasant to think that on your return from your arduous voyage, 200 years ago, you were rewarded with the hand, as you had, doubtless, long before gained the heart of Maria Van Diemen, whose Christian name you had fixed on the pretty little island we passed upon the eastern shore, and of whom it may be doubted, whether you were not thinking most when you politely appended her surname, or that of her haughty father, Governor of the Netherlands' East Indies, to the large island that seems ultimately destined to bear your own.

Reader, should you ever visit Tasmania, whether known by that or by its old name of Van Diemen's Land, may you have as pleasant a voyage out, and spend as happy a time while there, as that of which the brief record has now been laid before you.

READINGS FROM THE "COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS."

COLLOQUY THE FOURTH.

"CONVIVIVM FABULOSUM;" OR, THE BANQUET OF STORY-TELLERS.

HAVE you ever seen, gentle reader, a good portrait of our quaint, satirical, amiable, merry-hearted old author. If you have, you can, we dare say, easily discover why it is that in his famous "Colloquies" he so much delights to represent his characters as socially collected at table, enjoying at once the substantial pleasures of dishes of grateful odour and sparkling wine, and, fit seasoners for such an entertainment, the graceful, spiritual, soul-enlivening influences of wit, erudition, and philosophy. That benignant, good-natured, eccentric, old-bachelor-like physiognomy; those deeply-sunk, expressive eyes, half languid from ailments and age, within whose wrinkled corners lie as though esconced in ambuscade, and ever ready to sally forth to the attack, an entire host of waggish leers, and gibes, and foe-annihilating sarcasms; those spare and bony cheeks; that straight, prim, and uncompromisingly satiric nasal organ; those thin and closely-pressed lips, whose lean and expressively-moulded muscles seem with a sort of twitching eagerness to be ever on the brink of utterance—all those eminently intellectual, benign, and engaging features, nay, even the outlandish triangular cap above, and the twofold amplitude of fur collar beneath—all those peculiarly distinguishing traits, we say, unmistakably proclaim to us Erasmus as what he was—the kind, the amiable, the witty, the refined, temperate himself, the chosen friend of social joys and hospitality, the veteran captain of good companions, the lord and patron of generous mirth, and ornament of the genial board. In fact, out of the entire number of the "Colloquies," a very considerable proportion bear in the *locale* of their scenes, or in their subject-matter, a direct reference to such agreeable socialities, as inns and taverns, and dinner-tables, and the like; and no less than five of the most lengthy and important bear the express designation of "*Convivium*," or "Banquet,"

representing, as they do, goodly arrays of blithesome, jolly-hearted, boon companions, young and old, enjoying themselves over choice cates and mellowing stingo, nourishing their inward man with the best of the good things of the material world, and, at the same time, both feasting their ears and sharpening their wits with luxurious appliances of a more etherial character; the most select and engaging oddities of the most erudite erudition, philosophical hairsplittings the most microscopically metaphysical, profound disquisitions and problems in gastronomic science, and anecdotes, and droll stories, and gibes, and jests, from the broadest to the most acute and Attic—in short, with all sorts of queer, eccentric, old-fashioned tittle-tattle and out-of-the-way whimsies and comicalities of table-talk.

We have, then, in this place thought proper to select for the inspection of our readers one of the five aforesaid peculiarly festive colloquies—the "*Convivium Fabulosum*," or, as we may fairly translate it, "the Banquet of Story-tellers"—a remarkably amusing dialogue, consisting, as its title denotes, of a series of stories told in regular succession by the members of a convivial party. It was a saying of the old Roman Varro, that an entertainment should be composed of the number of the Graces or of that of the Muses; and Erasmus, in the dialogue before us, has adopted the latter part of the alternative, making his festive party consist of nine. These—whose names are ingeniously coined from Greek derivatives, meaning storytelling, laughing, joking, &c.—are as follows:—Polymythus, Gelasinus, Eutrapelus, Astæus, Philythus, Philogelos, Euglottus, Lerochares, and Adolesches.

At the opening of the dialogue we find Polymythus, who is the host, proposing that a "king of the banquet," or, as we would say, a chairman, should be appointed: his motion is seconded

by Gelasinus, and carried *nem. con.*: dice are accordingly produced, and by their decision Eutrapelus is called to the chair. Our newly-appointed chairman makes it the first act of his office to issue a solemn proclamation, commanding every one present to tell a story.

"I hereby proclaim it," says he, "to be my sovereign pleasure, that no one shall narrate any, save and except a laughable story; whosoever fails to tell such, let him be fined in the sum of one drachm, the money to be laid out in the purchase of wine. Should an endurable story, however, be told by each person present, in that case I ordain, that the narrator of the best and the narrator of the worst story shall, share and share alike, defray the cost of the wine. Our host, however, shall be free from all risk in that regard, and is to be down only for the damage of the eatables. Should there be any one unwilling to obey this edict, he is hereby commanded to depart, with this understanding, however, that on tomorrow it will be lawful for him once again to join our circle."

The edict of Eutrapelus meets with universal approval; and matters being thus far arranged, two important questions come before him for his decision as chairman—viz., who shall commence the series of stories, and how is the wine to be distributed. As to the first question, he decides that their host, Polymythus, shall tell the first story; and as to the second, he will follow, he says, the example of Agesilaus, the King of Sparta, who, under similar circumstances, commanded, that if there was abundance of wine every one should be left to himself, but if the wine was scanty that it should be equally divided.

At the end of some further discussion and chat, good Master Polymythus is at length called upon for his story, which Erasmus, sly old Hollander that he is, makes him preface by saying, that if the company should not like it, he is sure they will pardon him on the ground of it being a Dutch one.

"Some of you," says he, "I fancy have heard of a certain queer blade named Maccus. On one occasion, you must know, he visited Leyden, and, as he had never been there before, he wished (for he was that sort of a fellow) to play off some practical joke or other which would make him the talk

of the whole city. With this end in view he steps into a shoemaker's shop, and there encountering the proprietor, makes him a low bow; whereupon the latter, desiring to dispose of his wares, asks him does he want anything in his line. Observing Maccus to cast his eyes upon some boots which were hanging up, the shoemaker begs to inquire whether he would like a pair of boots. Maccus nods assentingly. The shoemaker looks about for a pair of the proper size; having found such, produces them with a vast deal of alacrity and bustle, and draws them on in the manner ordinarily practised by the craft. When Maccus was now most elegantly booted, 'How capitally,' says the shoemaker, 'would a pair of shoes with double soles match with those boots.' He asks Maccus would he like a pair. Maccus nods; and forthwith a pair was made out and fitted on. Maccus was eloquent in his praises of the boots—he was eloquent in his praises of the shoes; while the shoemaker, on the other hand, corroborated his eulogiums, brimful of satisfaction, and determining to saddle his customer with a fine, thumping price, because he fancied the articles. They went on chatting in a friendly way for some time, when, at length, Maccus proposed this question: 'Tell me, now,' says he, 'truly, did it never happen to you in your business, when you had fitted a fellow out with boots and shoes, as you have just fitted out me, that he went off without paying you?' 'Never,' replied the other. 'But if such an occurrence,' says Maccus, 'were by chance to happen, what would you do?' 'I would pursue the fellow,' responded the shoemaker. 'Do you say that seriously, now,' says Maccus, 'or are you only joking?' 'I say it quite seriously,' replied the other, 'and I would do it quite as seriously into the bargain.' 'You would?' says Maccus; 'I'll try you.' 'Come, let us have a race for the boots and shoes; I'll run first, and do you follow me.' So said, so done; and forth he bolted at full speed. The shoemaker on the instant gave chase as fast as he could, shouting, 'Stop, thief; stop, thief.' At this outcry the people on all sides rushed into the street, but Maccus, most adroitly prevented them from laying grips on him, exclaiming as he ran, and laughing meantime in

the most innocent way imaginable, 'Don't stop us, good people, we are running for a pot of cordials.' Whereupon they all stood aside, eager spectators of the race, firmly persuaded that the shoemaker's shouting was a mere dodge for the purpose of getting foremost. At length, clean outrun, breathless, and soaking in sweat, the vanquished shoemaker had to return home, and Maccus bore off the prize."

Here good Polymythus pauses in his narrative, leaving the company, of course, in the fidgets to know how Maccus and the shoemaker squared matters in the end. At length, however, he proceeds to inform them that the latter, speedily making out his runaway customer, instituted legal proceedings of a most desperate character against him, arraigning him as nothing short of an out-and-out unmitigated robber; whereat Maccus, not content with demolishing the charge, set elaborately about turning the tables on his luckless opponent, threatening him with an action for defamation, and sundry other terrors of the law by way of supplement.

"He denied," he said, "that he had appropriated anything against the will and consent of the prosecutor, who had offered him the goods without any solicitation whatever on his part; nor had there been, he averred, any, the slightest mention made of purchase or price between them. He had," he said, "solicited the shoemaker to contend against him in a foot-race. The latter had accepted the challenge; nor could it be perceived what just grounds he had for complaint if, under such circumstances, he was beaten. The judges before whom the matter was tried," continues Polymythus, "were ready to faint with laughing. One of them asked Maccus as a particular favour to come home to dine with him; and on the spot, out of his own pocket, paid the shoemaker the value of his boots and shoes."

The story of the worthy host, honest Master Polymythus, thus coming to an end, and receiving, of course, all due honours of applause from the assembled company, the next person in order is called upon for his story; and it is now, in consequence, the turn of Master Gelasinus to have his say.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, "you shall have my story — one not altogether unlike that which you have just

now heard, nor indeed, I think, inferior to it, save, perhaps, in this respect, that its hero is not quite as celebrated a personage as that same Maccus. Pythagoras, they say, divided the frequenters of the market-place into three classes — those who came to sell, those who came to buy (both of whom, occupied with their business, could derive no gratification from the scene), and lastly, those who came merely to see what was going on; and who, free from care, and examining everything at their ease, were, of the entire three, those alone who had any enjoyment: and, as this third class of simple spectators were occupied in the market-place, so did he consider philosophers to be occupied in the world. But our marts of commerce are wont to be perambulated by a fourth class besides, who neither buy nor sell, nor idle about as mere spectators, but who are ever most solicitously on the look-out for opportunities for robbery. Of these rascals some, in particular, are to be found of an adroitness truly marvellous, and of whom you would be inclined to say that, upon their nativity, the planet of the god of thieves beamed with its most auspicious influences. This much premised, you shall now hear what lately took place at Antwerp. A certain priest of that city had just been getting payment of a tolerably large sum of money; and this sum, which it so happened, was all in silver pieces, and consequently of no small bulk, he deposited in a large purse, which he made fast in his girdle. This interesting object did not fail to attract the admiration of a certain ingenious thief who was passing by. He steps up to the priest, salutes him with great courtesy, and humbly solicits his attention. 'His fellow-parishioners in the country had commissioned him,' he said, 'to purchase a suit of vestments for their parish priest; and he would esteem it as a most particular favour if the reverend gentleman whom he had taken the liberty of addressing, would afford him a little — nay, ever so little, of his time and aid in this critical piece of business; if he would, in fact, accompany him for a moment to a shop where sacred garments of the kind were for sale;' and further added, that the height and figure of his reverence exactly accorded with the height and figure of the parish priest in question; so that, in his reverence's company, he

would be able on the instant to tell whether a vestment was too big or too little, or just exactly of the requisite size. A request so moderate and reasonable was, of course, not to be refused; and both forthwith repair to a shop where church vestments were sold. Several suits of vestments are produced; and at length one, which appeared to answer, is fitted upon the priest. This the vestment-seller solemnly averred to be both a beautiful fit and a beautiful article; but our light-fingered acquaintance was not so easily satisfied. He examined the vestment with the most careful scrutiny—now in the front, and now in the rear; admitted that it was, indeed, a fair article enough, but it had one defect, he said, which he could not avoid making special objection to—it was, in fact, too short in the front. The vestment-seller, on the other hand, pushing a sale with all the skill he could, stoutly denied that there was any such fault in the article; the appearance in question being caused, he said, by the large purse which his reverence carried in his girdle. To make a long story short, the priest lays down his purse, and they proceed to examine the vestment anew. Whereupon the thief, seizing his opportunity when the priest's back was turned, pounces upon the purse and takes to his heels. The priest, attired in the vestment as he was, instantly rushes forth in pursuit; and in pursuit of the priest, in turn, forth rushes the vestment-seller. The priest cries out, 'Stop the thief;' the vestment-seller, 'Stop the priest,' and the thief, 'Stop the mad priest;' and mad, indeed, did the people believe him to be when they saw him dashing through the streets dressed in full canonicals. A precious scene of confusion arose—everybody running in everybody else's way, in the midst of which, and with ease, the ingenious thief escaped with his prize."

Good Master Gelasinus having concluded his story, some desultory chat ensues, which is at length broken in upon by the voice of the chairman, Eutrapelus, recalling the attention of the convivial assembly to the transaction of its appointed business—story-telling. He is, however, reminded that it is now his own turn and duty to play the narrator; unless, indeed, as Astæus observes, he should, as "king of the banquet," unconstitutionally set himself above the law, and become a tyrant.

Eutrapelus, like a good, sound-hearted, constitutional monarch, who is proud to obey the laws which he promulgates, unhesitatingly complies, and proceeds to recount his story; but it may be interesting to observe, that he does not do so without first delivering himself of sundry wholesome homilies and maxims upon the rights and duties of princes, which, issuing from the pen of a Hollander, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, seem, in their indication of the spirit of the time, fraught with omens gloomily prognostic of that contest at the close of the same century wherein the "Seven United Provinces" by glorious sacrifices vindicated civil and religious freedom against the brutal despotism of Spain. The pages of our author are, indeed, abundantly fertile in passages interesting in the implicative point of view thus indicated.

Eutrapelus commences his story by saying in a jocular mood, that as "king of the banquet," it becomes him to tell a royal one, and he accordingly announces as his contribution to the fund of entertainment an anecdote of the celebrated Louis XI. of France. The generality of our readers are not unfamiliar with the leading peculiarities of that princely paragon of craft and eccentricity, so well and so faithfully portrayed in the pages of "Quentin Durward," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The relentless, witty, superstitious monarch, in his threadbare cloak and doublet, his felt hat stuck round with little pewter images of his patron saints, with the terrible accessories in the background of Tristan l'Hermite and Olivier le Daim, and their attendant hangmen and archers—this, indeed, is an historic portrait not easily forgotten. Eutrapelus produces us the same old character—the same to a hair that meets us thus in the chapters of Scott and Victor Hugo; and presents him to us in the relation which that monarch, the sworn foe and subverter of aristocratic power, was for his purposes so solicitous of assuming—that of friend, associate, and boon companion of the humblest of the people—the class upon whom he calculated for successful support, in a hard pinch, were the nobility to turn out against him. The story is, indeed, forcibly characteristic, not less even of the man than of the time, and may well remind us of the

old legend of "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," which belongs to the same epoch and the same political order of society.

"Louis King of France, the eleventh of that name," proceeds Eutrapelus, "when in the midst of his disasters he was sojourning in Burgundy, beguiled some of his tedious hours in the pleasures of the chase, and chanced in this way to fall in with a certain peasant named Conon, of singular sincerity and simplicity of heart, qualities which in men of his class were peculiarly esteemed by the King. At the cottage of the peasant in question, Louis used often, in his hunting excursions, halt to refresh himself; and as great princes are often pleased to amuse themselves with the ways of the lowly, he was wont to partake, with great *gout* and satisfaction, of a dish of radishes, served up with all due honours by the peasant's wife. When, some time afterwards, Louis was reinstated, and reigned over his fair kingdom of France without a competitor, Conon's wife was continually urging him to remind the King of their old ties of hospitality, and insisting that he ought, in fact, to repair to the court at Paris, bringing with him a basket of magnificent radishes as a present. The husband reprobated the project, saying that kings had no memory for services such as theirs, and that he would be merely throwing away his time to no purpose. The wife, however, in the end prevailed, and having selected a number of the finest and largest radishes he could procure, Conon sets out on his expedition. On his journey, however, he was singularly captivated by the charms of his burden, and by degrees, one after another, he swallowed all the radishes, one alone excepted, which was of enormous size. Arrived at Court, Conon stations himself in a hall, where his Majesty was about to pass, and is immediately recognised, and summoned to the royal presence. With a vast show of satisfaction, he produces his present, which the King receives with a show of satisfaction greater still, commanding one of his officers in waiting to have it deposited with care among his choicest rarities. He requests Conon to dine with him; after dinner, thanks him in the most marked and impressive manner; and finding him anxious to return home to his little farm, orders him to be paid down,

in return for his radish, the sum of one thousand golden crowns. When the report of this transaction had spread throughout the Court, one of the courtiers bethought of making the King a present of a magnificent horse. The King, clearly perceiving that the donor, stimulated by his munificence towards Conon, was merely on the watch for something better in return, accepted the gift with much pretended gratification; and summoning together his chief nobles and officials, he asked their counsel as to what fitting present he could make in return for so splendid and so valuable a horse. In the meantime, the bestower of the animal had his hopes raised to the utmost, calculating thus with himself: 'If for a mere rascally radish, given by a common peasant, he has made so bounteous a return, what will not his munificence be towards me, a noble of his Court, presenting him with such a horse?' The King, as if he had been holding a council upon some grand affairs of state, took first the opinion of one, and then the opinion of another, protracting as long as he could the anxiety of the expectant courtier, till at length—'I have just exactly hit,' he exclaimed, 'upon the thing fit for my purpose;' and calling one of the lords in waiting, he directed him, in a whisper, to bring him from the royal bedchamber what he would find in a particular place, wrapped up in a piece of silk. The radish—for such, of course, it was—is produced in its wrapper of silk, and the King, with his own hands, presents it to the bestower of the horse, adding, that even for such a horse he considered he was making no mean or inadequate return, in parting with a rarity which he vastly prized, and which had cost him a thousand golden crowns. The recipient of the royal favour retires with his present, and, unfolding the wrapper, discovers, instead of the rich reward which he had been anticipating, nothing but a half-dried radish; and thus was the would-be biter himself bitten, to the intense laughter and ridicule of the entire Court!"

Thus ends the story of "The King of the Banquet." Astæus, whose turn it now is to enliven the company with a tale, does not wait for his mandate to begin. He has been reminded, by his friend's anecdote of Louis XI., of another characteristic one of the same

monarch; and, eager to relate it, he addresses the chairman as follows:—

"If, O worthy King of the Banquet, it be lawful for me, who am but a simple plebeian, to speak about matters pertaining to kings, I will relate somewhat concerning this same Louis XI., which your narrative has called into my mind. A servant of that monarch perceiving, on some particular occasion, a certain insect which shall be nameless, creeping on the King's doublet, fell upon his knee, and, stretching out his hand, signified that he desired to do his lord and master a peculiar service. The King complied, placing himself in the posture which the other required, who thereupon expeditiously removed the crawler, and threw it away without letting it be seen. The King asked what it was, but the attendant was ashamed to tell, until at last, as his Majesty insisted upon knowing, he frankly admitted that it was a l—c. 'An auspicious omen,' exclaimed the King; 'it proclaims that I am a *man*; for this race of insects is to be found only among men, and especially in the vigorous period of youth.' So saying, he commanded that the attendant should be rewarded for his service with a gratuity of forty crowns. Some days subsequently, another of the King's suite, who had observed how prosperously so petty a piece of service had succeeded with the former, and not reflecting on what a vast difference there is between what is done on the spur of the moment and the same thing done by design, accosted the King in the fashion before described, and pretended to remove something from his Majesty's doublet, and instantly to throw it away. The King desired to know what it was, but the attendant, with a mighty show of modesty, pretended that he was ever so loath to tell, until at length he confessed that it was—a flea. The King saw right well what the trickster was at. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'do you take me for a *dog*?—whereupon he ordered that the fellow should be forthwith tied up, and for the forty crowns upon which he had been calculating, that he should be paid off with forty sound lashes instead."

The success which, in the eyes of the company, has attended this and the previous anecdote of Louis XI., prompts good Master Philythlus, whose

turn now comes on, to add a third to the number. It is, like its precedent fellows, singularly characteristic, and represents the King in one of his merriest moods, engaged in amusing his satiric spirit with the baffled cupidity of his courtiers.

"Louis XI.," says Philythlus, "was very fond of disappointing gaping crows, as the saying is. You shall have an instance. He had just received as a gift from some source or other, which I do not now remember, the sum of ten thousand golden crowns. Now, we know that as often as princes procure any fresh supplies of money, all the Court officials get keenly upon the scent, coveting a share of the spoil, a fact of which his Majesty was far from being ignorant. In order, then, to stimulate the hopes of all his courtiers as much as possible, he had the money counted up, and regularly arranged upon a table before him. Then addressing them, as they all stood round him, 'Well,' says he, 'do we not appear in your eyes to be a very wealthy king? How shall we bestow such a mighty sum of money? It has come into our hands by way of gift, and it seems but proper that it should be distributed in a like manner. Where now are those good friends of ours to whom we stand indebted for their kind offices? Let them approach us before all this treasure is exhausted.' At these words, a great number thronged closely round him, every one expecting a share. The King observing one peculiarly eager, and devouring, as it were, the money with his eyes, turned towards him and said—'Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?' Then he, in turn, informed the King that he had for a long while maintained his Majesty's falcons with the utmost zeal and fidelity, and not without considerable expense to himself. One said one thing, and one another, each magnifying his own services with all the eloquence he could command, and no small amount of mendacity into the bargain. Meanwhile the King listened to them all most graciously, warmly approving of the harangue of each as he heard it delivered, and protracting the scene as much as possible, that he might tantalise them the more. It so happened that among them was standing his chancellor, who, more prudent than the rest, made no speech about

his services, but merely played the looker-on. 'Turning at length towards him, the King exclaimed — 'What has our chancellor to say? He is the only one who has not solicited us for anything, and he alone has delivered no eulogium on his own services. 'I, sire,' replied the chancellor, 'have received from your royal bounty more than I have deserved, and so far am I from desiring to solicit your Majesty's favours any further in my own regard, that my greatest anxiety is to render myself in some measure worthy of your Majesty's past munificence towards me.' 'What!' says the King, 'are you the only person here who does not want money?' 'Your Majesty's liberality,' replied the chancellor, 'has long precluded me from that necessity.' Then turning to the rest of his courtiers — 'What! says he, 'am not I the most magnificent of all kings, who have so wealthy a chancellor?' The expectations of the courtiers were now highly inflamed, and they calculated that their shares would be the larger, because the chancellor declined to accept of anything. When the King, however, had in this manner amused himself to the utmost at their expense, he ordered his chancellor to remove the entire sum; and then addressing the chopfallen expectants around him — 'You must wait, gentlemen,' says he, 'for some other opportunity.'"

It now becomes the turn of Philogelos to tell his tale, which, so great a fancy does our author seem to have conceived for old Louis XI., is another and concluding anecdote of that monarch. Having premised some remarks which we pass over, this sixth convivial worthy enlightens his auditory as follows:—

"A certain man one day approached this same Louis XI., praying that an office in the town in which he dwelt, and which then chanced to be vacant, should be conferred upon him. The King heard the petition through, and at once replied — 'You won't do:' thereby at once cutting off all hope of the petition being granted; whereupon the man thanked his Majesty most heartily, and took his departure. The King perceiving by the man's physiognomy that he was an honest sort of fellow, and suspecting that his reply to the petition had been misunderstood, orders him to be called back. He returns, and the King asks him—'Did

you understand, my friend, the answer which I just now gave you?' 'I did, sire,' was the reply. 'What was it?' 'That I would not do, may it please your Majesty.' 'Why, then, did you thank me?' inquired the King. 'Because, sire,' replied the man, 'I have a deal of business on hands at home, and it would have been a serious inconvenience and loss, were I obliged to remain here in the pursuit of an uncertainty; and I cannot but consider that your Majesty has conferred upon me a positive favour in at once denying my petition.' The King, judging from this answer that he was a man of promptness and ability, and having asked him a few more questions — 'You shall have,' says he, 'the post you sought for, so that you may thank me a *second* time;' and turning to his officers-in-waiting—'Let the requisite patent of office be got ready on the instant, for *this* man must not be kept away from his business.'"

Master Euglottus comes next in order as story-teller, his subject being an anecdote of Maximilian the First, Emperor of Germany. This, which is the least interesting and the lengthiest story in the entire set, is a narrative of peculation on the part of a young noble, and of the pardon of that peculation on the part of the Emperor. Erasmus, in this place, gives us to understand that fraudulent appropriation of the public money was quite the order of the day in the empire, in those times; but, in any case, there can be no doubt that the character of statesmen, in pecuniary relations, has by marked degrees been improving from mediæval times up to the present. Europe, during that interval, has not been emerging from barbarism, merely in the sciences, the arts, literature, and politics—she has also been emerging in a moral point of view. All drawbacks considered, the public mind is more humanised than it ever was in previous ages. Impeachments for peculation are unknown among us of the present day, and we may reasonably believe that if the great Bacon were Lord Chancellor of England at present, he would shrink with horror from pollutions which, though common enough among his contemporaries, are foreign and unknown to ours.

With these remarks, we pass over the tale of Euglottus, and come to that of Lerochares, his successor, who en-

liven the company with a very droll and out-of-the-way sort of story, which he commences as follows:—

"Now, gentlemen, that we have been conversing so long about kings and emperors, it is time for us to descend to more ordinary folk. I will accordingly in this place speak of a certain Anthony, a priest of Louvain, who was held in great favour by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. Of this man, numbers of capital stories are told, both of his witticisms and of his practical jokes; and one of these, which just now occurs to me, I will relate to the company. One day, falling in with some acquaintances in the street, he invited them to dinner. When he came home, however, he found the kitchen-fire black out, and, to mend matters, not a single copper in the house—a fact, by the way, which was by no means unusual. Here, indeed, was need for something to be done and quickly. He slips out without saying a word, and introduces himself into the kitchen of a neighbouring pawnbroker, with whom he had an acquaintance arising out of a long series of certain little transactions. Seizing his opportunity, when the cook's back was turned, he removed from the fire a brass pot, full of meat, which was just done, and concealing it under his cloak, succeeded in carrying it off. Returning home with his prize, he hands it to his servant, telling her instantly to turn the meat and broth out into an earthen-ware vessel, and then to scour up the brazen pot until it shone. This done, he sends it by an errand-boy to the pawnbroker's, with directions to have it pawned, and to bring back a special receipt for it in the pawnbroker's own hand. The pawnbroker, not recognising the pot, so much was its appearance improved by the scrubbing and polishing, at once takes it in pawn, gives the required receipt, and pays down the money. With this money the boy purchases wine, and thus was the ingenious Anthony provided with the requisite materials for his entertainment. When, however, in the pawnbroker's establishment, the hour for serving up dinner had arrived, the pot was missed, and a torrent of abuse was poured upon the cook, who, being questioned on the point, persistently affirmed that not a soul had entered the kitchen during the day, except Anthony. To suspect a clergyman in the

case, appeared something like an impiety. At length, however, they send to his house in quest of the pot; but, of course, not a trace of it was to be found. To make a long story short, they at last positively insist upon his giving it up, flatly telling him that he was the only visitor to the kitchen at the time of its disappearance. Upon this he frankly admitted that he had indeed taken a loan of a certain pot, but he was positive, he said, that he had returned it. This, of course, the others utterly denied, and a squabble arose. And now, Anthony calling in several persons to be his witnesses—'Behold,' he exclaimed, 'how dangerous it is to have any dealings with the men of this vile age without arming one's-self with documentary proofs. These people would actually accuse me of theft, and all but prosecute me, were I not here provided with a receipt, under the proper party's own hand;' and, so saying, he produced the pawnbroker's ticket. The stratagem which he had played off became thus at once apparent, and to the infinite amusement and laughter of the entire province, the story went about of how the pawnbroker had been duped into taking his own pot in pawn."

"Why," exclaims Adolesches, as Lerochaes thus concludes, "you have, in speaking of Anthony of Louvain, opened for our exploration an entire mine of stories." And hereupon he proceeds to tell, as his narrational contribution, another anecdote of the same odd character. The substance of this is, that Anthony being foiled in a game of jokes, takes a ridiculous revenge, for the purpose of regaining his temporarily forfeited supremacy. It does not, however, exactly suit our purpose to give a more particular account of the story in question, which is the last in the amusing series. In fact, it is somewhat too coarse for ears polite, and we accordingly leave it undisturbed under its veil of learned Latin.

The company having thus delivered themselves of their round of stories, a decision is called for, and Gelasius, who has been appointed by the chairman critical arbiter, proclaims that he will deliver judgment; but not until every man present has emptied his glass—no decision by him in the presence of "heel-taps." And now a clearance of vinous fluid being made, Gelasius is about to pass sentence, when

Levinus Panagathus, a much-prized comrade, steps in, with the object of inviting them all to dine with him on the ensuing day. He inquires, and is informed how they have been amusing themselves, applauds their ingenious plan of competition story-telling, and winds up with the observation, that "nothing in the world is more amusing than the transaction of

trifles under forms of seriousness and importance."

Erasmus here closes the dialogue with his usual judgment and skill—leaving us in the dark as regards Gelasinus' decision, throwing the reader's faculty of criticism on its own resources, and constraining him to decide for himself, upon the respective merits of the story-tellers.

COLLOQUY THE FIFTH.

"Ἰππεὺς Ἀριππος;" OR, THE SHAM KNIGHT.

SUCH is the next Colloquy—and a most admirable, satiric one it is—which we select for the entertainment of our readers. The characters are a certain flunkey-minded, snobbish, jackanapes, named "Harpalus," and a sagacious, satirical old fellow, an acquaintance of his, long and profoundly versed in the world's ways, and rejoicing in the Homeric appellation of "Nestor." The former is ambitious of investing himself, he cares not by what methods, with a somewhat of the honours of an aristocratic position. He desires, in fact, to play, with due effect and success, the part of an aced and titled swell; and, entertaining a high opinion of the abilities in general, and faculty of advising in particular, of his acquaintance Nestor, he determines to consult him as to the best means for attaining his object.

Nestor is, at the outset, disposed to give good advice; but this is not well received by Harpalus.

"Although you have not been born noble," observes Nestor, "you may, nevertheless, by your honourable deeds, render yourself the first gentleman of your family."

"A very tedious process that," replies Harpalus.

Whereupon Nestor silyly rejoins—

"If you desire a more expeditious one, why, at a very moderate charge, the Emperor will sell you a title."

"Alas!" exclaims Harpalus, "the world scoffs at such cash-derived titles."

"But if," quoth Nestor, "dignities of this factitious character are, as you say, ridiculous, is it not strange that you so eagerly aspire after being thought a man of rank?"

We may observe that our author, in this place, has taken occasion to make

a bold, effective, and meritorious attack upon a certain notable and most scandalous fiscal device of the time—a device which, however extravagant it may appear to us of the present day, was resorted to, as a regular source of revenue, some centuries ago, by several of the monarchs of Europe, the said device being the *bona fide* sale of minor titles of nobility. Erasmus ridicules the practice in question, in the case of the German Imperial Government; but for us, denizens of the United Kingdom, there is no need of travelling so far for an instance, as the creation and sale of baronetcies by James the First abundantly testify. That needy princes, "hard up" for funds, should have turned to account their unquestioned prerogative, as fountains of honour, this is comprehensible enough—this, we can easily understand; but that even in those earlier days, men should be found foolish enough to derive gratification and pride from titular distinctions, the product and sign of nothing but money paid into the king's exchequer, is what, had we not historic proof of the fact, we could hardly believe to be possible.

An explanatory word or two, in addition, may not be out of place, ere we quit the parallel we have been drawing between our baronetcies at home and the saleable countships and orders of knighthood of the empire. James the First, wanting money for the subjugation of the O'Neills of Ulster, proposed to raise a million of pounds sterling by the sale of a thousand patents of baronetcy—a title contrived for the occasion—at the price of one thousand pounds per patent. As a memorial of the object towards which the funds thus raised were to be ap-

plied, each baronet was to bear—as each baronet at present actually does—the arms of the O’Neills, “the bloody hand” blazoned on the shield of his own proper arms. The project succeeded—thanks to the appetite which mankind so largely possess for distinctions, and titles, and long-handled names. When baronets were first created, the knights, whose dignities were conferred for other reasons than mere cash, looked down upon them with a vast deal of scorn, considering them as a set of interlopers on their knightly prerogatives; and each particular knight, when setting his name before the public, was careful, like our friend, Sir Jasper Carew, to clap a “Knt.” at the tail of it, lest the world should by any mistake suppose him to be only a baronet. But modes change in politics no less than in fashion: and now that the pecuniary origin of the title has been lost sight of, and that it is conferred no longer upon pecuniary grounds, the baronet and his perennial dignity have unmistakably obtained the upper hand, and he writes “Bart.” after his name, lest you should take him for a mere knight.

Harpalus, in reply to the inquiries of Nestor, informs him that he has weighty reasons for desiring to pass as a man of rank, reasons which he will communicate in confidence, as soon as Nestor on his part has informed him of the methods whereby he may so palm himself off. He goes on thus for some time persisting in his solicitations, till Nestor at length, in sarcastic compliance, proceeds to illuminate him with his counsel, and to exhibit at no small length the choicest maxims for the guidance of the “swell gent,” or sharper, or as the French call that character, the “*chevalier d’industrie.*” Extensive and remarkable indeed is the acquaintance with human nature and the ways of the world which Erasmus, in the sequel of this dialogue, displays, in the character of Nestor.

“Since such is your wish,” says Nestor, “you shall hear whatever it is in my power to advise. In the first place, then, in order to palm yourself off as you say, you must make a point of removing from your own country.”

Harpalus.—“I won’t forget that.”

Nestor.—“You must, in the next place, insinuate yourself into the company of young fellows of undoubted means and station.”

Harpalus.—“I understand.”

Nestor.—“In this way it will, of course, come to be taken for granted that you are of the same high grade and condition with your associates.”

Harpalus.—“A capital idea.”

Nestor.—“You must make it an especial point to steer clear of shabbiness.”

Harpalus.—“I don’t exactly comprehend you.”

Nestor.—“I allude to your habiliments. Thus, for instance, you must discard from your wardrobe anything in the shape of plain broad-cloth, as beneath your dignity. Silk, my good sir, is your proper wear; but if your credit should fail you at the mercer’s, I would advise you rather than appear in the slightest degree seedy, to make out some cheap, flimsy thing or other that is in the fashion.”

Harpalus.—“Your suggestion is admirable.”

In the course of his further criticisms and counsels on the point of costume, Nestor takes occasion to let fly from his antique, satiric crossbow a couple of spiteful bolts, capitally levelled at that odd, extraordinary, and most ungainly item in the then existing modes of tailors, milliners, and mantua-makers, to wit, “slashing,” as it was termed; a fashion which was at one period carried, as absurd fashions indeed usually are, to a length the most exaggeratory and extravagant; to such an excess, in short, that almost every portion of the dress, male as well as female, was literally scarred and gashed all over in the most motley and fantastical piecemeal method imaginable. Nestor specially advises his consultant friend to have everything he wears slashed to the uttermost.

“Don’t let there,” says he, “be a single ungashed shred about you. Let your hat be slashed, your doublet be slashed, your breeches be slashed, your shoes be slashed; nay,” he adds, “if you could manage to slash your very nails, I would by all means advise you to do so.”

“You must make a point,” continues Nestor, “always to speak in a lofty and dashing style. Thus should you happen to fall in with a gentleman who has just arrived from Spain, ask him how matters are standing at present between the Emperor and the Pope—how your cousin the Prince of Nassau is getting on; and how, in like man-

ner, all the other grandees, your old friends and cronies."*

Harpalus. — "Everything shall be done as you suggest."

"You must, moreover," proceeds Nestor, "sport a ring, with a fine stone bearing your arms."

Harpalus. — "You do not ask if my purse will bear the expense."

Nestor. — "Oh, as for that, a ring of gilt copper, with a mock gem, will cost you next to nothing."

If heraldic topics so largely interest at the present day, the two grand and widely-ramifying classes of the "nobs" and "snobs" of society, as the tax on armorial bearings among our cousins of England, and the "Answers to Correspondents" in their cheap Sunday literature so largely attest, what then, it may be asked, were their interest and importance when heraldry was as yet an actual, living, world-marshalling body of "art," or as certain gentlemen of the herald's college, audacious in terminology, have not scrupled to designate it—"science." Armorial bearings were indeed, in these days, something more than mere matters of parade and form—the revered insignia of monarchs, nobles, the Church, and chivalry; so that Harpalus, aspiring as he does to a rank among his betters in high places, cannot of course dispense with a regular escutcheon, crest, supporters, and motto, all of which, in a discussion of considerable length, are supplied to him by the easy imagination of his sagacious adviser. Thus far furnished forth as a gallant knight, it remains to be decided what his title shall be. That most important question is solved in the following fashion:—

Nestor. — "Do you happen to have any little scrap of an estate, whose name might serve you for a title?"

Harpalus. — "Not an inch of ground in the world."

Nestor. — "You were born, perhaps, in some eminent city or other?"

Harpalus. — "When in quest of a remedy we must not tell lies to the physician. No; in a most despicable and paltry little hamlet."

Nestor. — "I approve of your maxim; but, in the neighbourhood of

this hamlet of yours, is there such a thing as a mountain or hill?"

Harpalus. — "There is, indeed."

Nestor. — "Any rocks about it?"

Harpalus. — "Plenty! — most tremendous rocks."

Nestor. — "I have it; — you must henceforth cause yourself to be designated as 'Sir Harpalus, Knight of the Golden Rock.'"

We may observe, that an English rendering of the proposed title of Harpalus, hardly gives the general reader the idea intended to be conveyed by the original. Titles of this fantastic character were comparatively unknown to the chivalry of these kingdoms. Not so as regards Spain, France, and other realms of Western Europe. If, accordingly, we turn the original, "*Eques ab Aurea Rupe*," into French, we have a rendering at once adequate and expressive—viz., "*Le Chevalier de la Roche d'Or*." This has the ring of the true metal.

Our "unknightly cavalier," thus decorated with his sounding title and heraldic honours, is favoured with a continuation of his friend's ingenious counsels.

"One excellent way," says Nestor, "of throwing dust in people's eyes, and fortifying you in their good opinion, is this: write sham letters to yourself, purporting to come from personages of great rank, in which you will be addressed with such titles as 'Most Illustrious Sir,' &c.; and let them be filled up with matters of importance and splendour — estates, chateaus, enormous sums of money, high posts of government, and rich marriages. You will contrive to throw these letters in the way of people — dropping them as if by chance, or pretending to forget them behind you. Should you send your clothes to be mended, you can leave some of them in the pockets, or concealed inside the lining: the tailors will be sure to read them, and will puff you in all quarters. But, on your part, as soon as you have, as it were, made the matter out, you must appear greatly chagrined and vexed with yourself for your inadvertence."

In the course of some subsequent

* At the period when this Colloquy was written, the Emperor, Charles V., united the sovereignty of the Netherlands to that of Spain. The noble families of the Netherlands became, in consequence, *à l'Irlandais*, absentees, taking up their quarters at the Spanish Court; a fact to which we have in this place an interesting allusion.

edifying counsel of the sage Nestor, our good old author seizes an opportunity for levelling some admirable satire against the system of vile adulatory dedications, which then so widely prevailed, and which, to the disgrace of no small portion of modern literature, has come down almost to our own time.

"This region of ours," says Nestor, "swarms with puny, puerile, ill-lettered literati, who burn with an extravagant desire, an unappeasable itch for writing; nor are there wanting to back them certain sets of hungry and daring printers, ripe and ready for anything, provided gain is to follow. A number of these folk you can contrive to win over to your service; they will dedicate their books to you, blazoning you forth in large letters as 'the pillar of the state,' and so forth. And, let me tell you, that printed books scatter about their stories more quickly, and tell them further, than ordinary tongues and rumours ever can, or even than tattling servants, however experienced as gad-about and gossippers."

Bravo! say we, good old Desiderius—bravo! most admirable Erasmus—bravo!—most droll, entertaining, and freakish satirist of Rotterdam. We could clap thee on the back, but that, alas for our day, *that* is impossible—we could clap thee on the back, we say, for *this*—this most effective and devastating volley of shot which thou hast poured in upon the rascally and heaven-aborred crew of dedicatory parasites—caitiff scribblers, who for cash, posts, and expectancies, dared to degrade the noble craft of authorship by baser than "base, spaniel-fawning"—panegyric abominations, compounded of a patron's name, *plus* lies, *plus* bombast. Even up to the times of our fathers, were not the mob of authors the cringing clients of the great and the wealthy?—nay, were not even some of the noble oligarchs of intellect such clients also? Thanks to high Apollo, there is an end of that enormity: even the Laureat is no longer a court poet.

It is, of course, not simply sufficient for a "gent" of the "swell" tribe to be self-dubbed "My Lord Jack" or "Sir Harry:" he must have some flash appearances to back his pretensions; he must perforce indulge, or the murder will out, in a variety of "little elegant

expenses," and some great ones also—or, in other words, to quote the well-known popular "*chanson*," he must not merely "consider himself a gentleman," but moreover "behave himself as *sich*." But then, serious consideration, all expenses, be they elegant or otherwise, in their innermost and most indispensable essence, necessarily imply—*money*. The world, literally, does nothing for nothing; and a squandering sharper, however extemporaneous his resources, must perforce have his budget on something like a solvent footing, no less than our Right Honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer, or any other minister of finance. On both these topics of expenditure and revenue—of the flare out and flash on the one hand, and the cash on the other—our bold Nestor of the cunning brain is prodigal of counsel; and while he gallantly advises Harpalus to keep up his gentility by spending money "like a brick," he prudently backs his suggestion with a number of first-rate receipts for raising the wind.

"Unless," says he, "you are an accomplished shake at the ivories—a sweeping hand at the card-table—an out-and-out devil of a fellow after the girls—an unfloorable carouser—a dare-all, dreadnought spendthrift—of enviable adroitness at the coaxing and chousing of creditors—and adorned, into the bargain, with fashionable distempers;—unless, I say, you are all this, you will find it very hard to pass for a man of rank."

"I have been up to all these things this many a day," replies Harpalus; "but where am I to get money?"

"That," rejoins Nestor, "is the very point I was coming to. You have got some property?—eh?"

"A mere shadow."

"Never mind," continues Nestor. "When folk in general are confirmed in the idea of your rank, you will find plenty of fools to lend you their money; and some people will be ashamed, and others even afraid to refuse you. Besides, to baffle and play off your creditors, there are a thousand artifices you may make use of."

"I am no greenhorn at tricks of the kind," responds Harpalus, "but at last they will all pounce down upon me, when they find that I pay them only with words."

"Pshaw!" exclaims Nestor, "there

is nothing that stands a man so much in stead as owing plenty of money."

"How is that?" inquires Harpalus.

"In the first place," continues Nestor, "a creditor will be as complaisant towards you as if you had actually done him some great service. He fears to affront you, lest he should thereby afford you an opportunity for doing him out of his money. A man's creditors are really his most gracious and obedient servants; and if you, upon occasion, pay them a small portion of their money, they will be more obliged to you than if you had actually made them a present of it.

"That's a fact," observes Harpalus. "I have often remarked it."

"But be cautious," continues Nestor, "how you have anything to do with mean people. The needy wretches, seeking payment of their paltry little accounts, kick up the most infernal riots. People of substance are much more easily led by the nose. They are readily fed up with hopes, and restrained by shame; and by fear, also, let me tell you, for they know that men of rank are not to be trifled with. When, however, at length, your accumulated debts are on the point of overwhelming you, you must, upon some sham grounds or other, shift your quarters somewhere else; whence, in order to save yourself from being traced, you will immediately remove to a third locality. Nor is there anything in all this, let me tell you, that you need be ashamed of, for who are there at the present day that owe so much money as our kings and emperors? If it be some country bumpkin that presses you, you can pretend to be enraged at his impertinence. You ought, however, occasionally pay something; but not to every one, and never to the extent of an entire claim. Of one thing, moreover, you should remember to take especial care—never to let it be discovered that all your money is run out. Always let money be seen with you."

"But how," inquires Harpalus, "show what I have not?"

"If a friend," replies Nestor, "has given you some money to keep for him, display it as if it were your own. But you must manage the trick dexterously, so that there may appear to be no design in it. For the same purpose, you can occasionally borrow money, and pay it back immediately afterwards. You may likewise swell out

your purse with a lot of copper, and put a couple of gold pieces on the top, which you can take out before company. You can contrive stratagems of this sort to no end. But can there," he indignantly exclaims, "be anything more provoking, than that a rascally caitiff merchant should have his pockets crammed with pistoles, and that a gentleman should not have a denier wherewith to play at dice or to treat a lady whom he fancies?"

And now follows at some length Nestor's counsel as to the maintenance and management of the servants who are to constitute the suite of his friend—fellows who, although tricked out in smart liveries, are to be nothing short of pickpockets, shoplifters, and thieves in general. They are to "pick up anything which may be lying about, in a hotel, a ship, or a private house;" and are to "remember that it is not for nothing that nature has blessed man with ten fingers." Neither is their master himself, in his exertions to "make out the cause," to be above practices of the sort. A purse, an open portmanteau, and the like, are godsend, which should be turned to account.

Harpalus is somewhat startled at this counsel, but his fears are at once scouted by his friend.

"Pshaw!" says Nestor, "what are you afraid of? Who would suspect a gentleman of your appearance, who speaks in so grand and pompous a style?—who, in a word, will dare to suspect the Chevalier de la Roche d'Or?—or if, perchance, some rascal should suspect you, will he dare, think you, to give breath to his suspicions? Suspicion will be directed to some person who has been in the place before you. But if the theft has been committed upon some sheepfaced, easy-going sort of a fellow, he will not say a syllable about it, lest in addition to his loss, he find himself laughed at for keeping such a slippery hold of his property."

But we are not yet done with the knavish *finesses* of Nestor.

"You must," says he, "contrive to pick quarrels with people of substance. One will have made a jest of, or even spat upon your coat of arms; another will have spoken disrespectfully of you; a third has written something which you are pleased to interpret as a slander. Against these you will proclaim

an undying hostility. Skilfully let drop here and there frightful menaces of slaughter, havoc, and utter annihilation. Seized with apprehension, they will seek you out for the purpose of compounding matters. Then, indeed, is your time for demonstrating what a high value you set upon your dignity. You will insist upon a monstrous sum, with the object of securing something fair. Thus, if you make a demand of three thousand gold pieces, they will be ashamed to offer you less than two hundred."

"I will threaten some of them," quoth Harpalus, "with an action at law."

"That," replies Nestor, "would be going rather upon the shabby tack—although, indeed, such a course might sometimes be of service."

A new prospect is now, however, on the point of opening to the eyes of our inquisitive sharper. The chief and cardinal resource of every *chevalier d'industrie*—what every rascal of Master Harpalus's kidney proposes to himself as a grand means in reserve for the replenishing of his exchequer, is a *mariage de convenance*—a marriage of pounds, shillings, and pence, whereby, in the simplest manner imaginable, a fellow becomes the proprietor of, let us say, a wallet of guineas, a flourishing account at the bank, a sheaf of shares and debentures, or a goodly array of "dirty acres," without any other drawback or condition than the mere maintenance of a single ugly woman, who is humoured by being allowed to call herself "lady-wife" and "mistress." Our worldly-wise and most sagacious Nestor would, indeed, be strangely wanting to himself were a consideration so all-important as this to escape him.

"Hark you, Harpalus," says he, "one point I had well nigh forgotten, which indeed I ought to have told you of long before. You must contrive to hook some rich heiress or other. You are possessed, so to speak, of the true philtre of love. You are young—a fine, dashing fellow—have a most admirable wit, and a courtly, captivating smile. Put but abundance of lying reports in circulation as to the mighty favours and lofty promotions which await you at Court, and your business is done. Women love, of all things, to marry grandees and high officials."

The apprehensions of our mock knight are, however, constantly cast-

ing a cloud betwixt him and the air-built castles of Nestor. Although he has, he says, known devices of the sort to succeed in some instances, yet his creditors he is sure will come down from all quarters full souse upon him, and for pretending to be a grandee they will serve him, he says, "as if he had robbed a church."

But Nestor has an answer for every difficulty. "It is, *then*," says he, "that you are especially to pluck up your courage, and put a bold face upon matters. You will, moreover, always be able to count plenty of people on your side—simple, honest folk, who will swallow every syllable of your stories, and your people of polish and gentility, who will not like to say openly that you are a humbug. If everything else fails, you can, as a last resource, turn soldier and be off to the wars; and at this present moment there is not, let me tell you, a single clever general in Europe who has not passed through an apprenticeship in shifts, dodges, and scampishness, such as we have been discussing."

That most remarkable and amusing of differences between a great city and a small town—a difference, by the way, peculiarly provoking to those who have been used to dwell in the former—has not escaped the observation of the censorious and caustic Nestor.

"Carefully avoid," says he, "paltry little towns, in which a man cannot as much as blow his nose without everybody knowing it. In large, crowded cities there is far more privacy and freedom of action, unless indeed we make exception of Marseilles and some other rascally cities like it."

The councils of the eccentric Nestor now draw to a close. The concluding ones are not inferior in satiric point to those which we have already quoted.

"Without seeming to mind what is going on, always," says he, "have your ears open to everything that is said about you; and when you overhear such questions as these often repeated, 'What is his business here?' 'Why the deuce is he staying so long?' 'Does he never think of going home?' 'Why does he make such little account of his estates and chateaus?' 'Of what family is he?' 'Where does all the money he spends come from?'—when, I say, you find talk of this kind on the increase, you must thereupon think

seriously of shifting your quarters. But take care to make a respectable retreat — not with precipitate pusillanimity, like the hare, but haughtily, and at leisure, like the lion. You can pretend that you are summoned to the Emperor's Court on affairs of great consequence, and that you will shortly return the same way at the head of an army. People who have anything to lose will not dare to say a word against you in your absence."

The last word — the parting advice of such an oracle as Nestor, must, of course, possess a value, as well as merit an attention altogether peculiar. We need not wonder, then, at finding it to consist of a special and solemn caution, urged with impressive emphasis, as a matter of the last and most momentous consequence. But what, let us ask, may be this same most imposing caution of Nestor's? — we shall hear. He tells Harpalus, above all

things, to "have a care of that awful, irascible, inexorable set of fellows the poets."

"Woe be to you indeed," says he, "if you chance to get into a squabble with them. They will scribble shocking lampoons about you, and have copies of them distributed all over the world."

The edifying counsels of Nestor thus brought to a close, our friend Harpalus breaks into a warm expression both of his satisfaction and of his thanks.

"May I perish," he exclaims, "if your advice does not charm me most amazingly; and both as a proof of my aptness as a scholar, as well as a testimony of my gratitude, I hereby make you a present of the very first fine horse which I find at grass."

Amid some further bantering on both sides, the characters respectively make their exits, and the Colloquy gracefully and naturally ends.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA—MR. MANSFIELD PARKYNS.*

As Bruce was describing to a West-End *reunion* the various lyres of Abyssinia, Johnson observed to those about him, that "there was one lyre (*liar*) the less in that country since the honourable gentleman left it." This sarcastic sally spoke not only the Doctor's prejudices, which, as is well known, were easily evoked, but those too of the universal public of his day; and we refer to their distrust of travellers' tales with something of self-contentment, as it serves to show, in *alto relievo*, the more becoming confidence extended to them in our time. Bruce had to bear, to his dying hour, the worst stigma of reproach, and yet every European who followed in his track has vindicated his truth. Since his death there has been a long series of voyage-narratives, each equal to or exceeding his in apparent improbabilities, still their sober accuracy has never been impeached. Burckhardt, dressed like an Arab of the lowest class, drove a donkey through the forbidden deserts of Idumea, and was the

first who made known to us the ruins of Petra. Again, robed as an Egyptian merchant, he adventured through the Hedjaz, and intruded on the Moslem sanctities of Mecca. No doubt was breathed either in reference to the hazards he encountered, or to the more marvellous acquirements in Eastern languages and manners which were needed to evade them. Cochrane made what he called his "Pedestrian Tour," from St. Petersburg, through Siberia, crossing the frontier into China, and thence north again to the territory of the Tchuktchi, near that *ultima thule* of the north, Behring's Straits; but no once called in question either the feats he performed, or the fact that he performed all, at the charge of some few pounds, going, for example, from Moscow to Irkutsk—a distance, by the route he took, of six thousand miles—for less than a guinea. Thus, too, when Waterton told of his having bridled a crocodile and rode him; when Colonel Campbell published his elephant exploits and monster battues

* "Life in Abyssinia." By Mansfield Parkyns. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1858.

in Ceylon;* and, more lately, when Mr. Gordon Cumming brought forward his lion tidings from Southern Africa, no newspaper, no review, and, we believe, no reader, ever uttered one infidel surmise in the least affecting the veracity of their statements. The work before us is of this achievement class, and may fairly vie with any of its number in the value as well as the variety of its matters. We, then, congratulate our author on having fallen on more gentlemanly times, instead of living or dying some eighty years ago, when his story would have ruined his reputation. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, however, says, like the "needy knife-grinder," that he has "no story." "I haven't got anything marvellous to tell—I wish I had." This is manifestly a mistake. The man who has been for four years in tropical climates, without wearing a hat or any other covering on his head; who, while in Abyssinia, knew neither shoe nor sandal, but tracked its deserts, trod its plains, and crossed its rocky hills with naked feet; who, adopting the habits of the natives, lived unconscious of a shirt, and never used a bed; the man, we say, who, like Mr. Parkyns, can tell all this without taint of boast, has surely enough of marvel to bespeak attention; and attention once gained, he has what are better than marvels, facts, and fresh knowledge to hold and to reward it.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns is a Nottinghamshire gentleman, who was enabled to indulge his taste for travel at an unusually early period, for he has been nine years abroad, and is still young. Eighteen months of this voluntary exile fled rapidly in Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor; three years were passed in Abyssinia, of which these volumes are the record; and the rest was spent in Nubia, Kordofan, and Egypt, and may supply materials for a future work, should the success of the present one encourage him to print it. Mr. Parkyns is no tourist, but a genuine traveller of the order we have referred to, and combines in his own person something of each of its memorable men. In ac-

quaintance with Eastern languages and manners he is a Buckhardt. His "Life in Abyssinia" may better claim the title of a "Pedestrian Tour" than Cochrane's book. His liking for natural history and assiduity as a collector, remind us of Waterton; while in his passion for the chase, and occasional introduction of elephants, giraffes, and lions, he bears an obvious likeness to Campbell and Cumming. To all this we add, that, in common with the other varieties of the species, he shows that physical attribute of their type, the intrepidity of Bruce.

Mr. Parkyns' work makes some important additions to our geographical knowledge. He is the first who has given us an account of Tigrè, one of the three great kingdoms of modern Abyssinia, the other two being Amhara and Shoa. Amhara was described by Bruce, who left it, after a two years' stay, in 1771; and again by the Bishop of Jerusalem, who, as the Rev. Samuel Gobat, was stationed by the Church Missionary Society for three years at Gondar. Shoa† was sketched by Messrs. Isenbergh and Kraff in 1843, and in the following year painted in detail, both by Major, afterwards Sir Cornwall, Harris, and by Dr. Johnson. Tigrè, the least healthy of the three, alone remained unknown until the publication of the present volumes, which are almost wholly devoted to it, the exceptions being the opening pages of the first volume, and a large fraction of the second, which last describes another journey, altogether new—that is, our author's route from Adona, the capital of Tigrè, to Abou Kharraz, on the Blue Nile, no European having ever been that way before him.

Mr. Parkyns glances at Greece, Turkey, and Asia Minor, as too well known to be noticed; stops for a page at Alexandria; halts for a couple more at Cairo, where, on the 25th of March, 1843, he for the first time mounts a camel, and feels the fresh air of the desert as he crosses to Suez. The camel threw him, but he observes, that when next he visited the desert of Suez, nine years afterwards, he was the owner of seven dromedaries, three

* "Adventures and Field Sports in Ceylon." By Lieut.-Colonel J. Campbell. 2 vols. London: Boone. 1843.

† These works on Shoa were all reviewed in Vol. XXIV. of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE—Article, "Mission to Shoa."

of his own breaking; and that he would have been much annoyed if any one had said he knew even an Arab who could ride them farther or better than he could.

On an expedition of the kind our traveller was contemplating, the description and quality of his arms are of consequence. He was equipped with a double-barrelled gun, a small single rifle carrying an ounce ball, a pair of double-barrelled pistols, and a bowie knife. The knife was warranted to chop off a tiger's head at a blow. The blade was fourteen inches long, more than two broad, and nearly half an inch thick. We are told, however, that a smaller knife and an axe would have been more useful. The arms were made by Westley Richards, to whom, it would appear, that all who have occasion to rely upon them, will do well to go. The locks could not be surpassed, and the woodwork stood all trials. The wood of another rifle—also by a good London maker—was so much warped by the heat of Senar, that he found it useless.

After being detained in Suez for three weeks—an age in such a place—our author embarked on board an Arab boat, bound for Jedda, on the 25th of June, 1843. These boats are not ship-shape, the after part being much out of the water, while their bows are close to it. They have two masts, the foremast being larger than the mizen, and they carry a great lateen sail in light weather; but when it blows a little—that is, if there be anything more than a moderate breeze—they make for shore and anchor. Such seamanship promised but a slow voyage, and, accordingly, it took them twenty-five days to make Jedda, while a fair steamer would have done it in three. With all their caution, it seems strange that they ever come safe. They have neither charts, sounding-lines, nor other means of knowing their whereabouts, and are compelled to keep close in shore and trust to landmarks, and this in a sea the coasts of which are bordered with coral shoals! Let, then, no one who cares for his life—which we are half disposed to think Mr. Parkyns did not much—ever trust to an Arab boat in the Red Sea.

The incidents of the voyage were few. On nearing Djebel Hassan they passed a couple of turtles. An Arab

instantly jumped over-board, though they were running at a great pace, with a fine breeze blowing. The man, who was a splendid swimmer, soon reaching the turtles, kept them from diving by turning their fore-flappers upwards, till one or two more hands came to his assistance. All were got safe on board; and the turtle proving of good size, soon supplied a soup or stew, of which our author was invited to partake. The fashion in which he did so gave him a new lesson in Eastern manners:—

“It was in one large wooden bowl, round which sat about twenty convives. My own black servant sat next to me, and every one dipped his hand, armed with a piece of bread, into the same dish. At the time of my voyage to Jedda, this sort of communism in feeding was rather extraordinary to me; but since that time I have for years been in the constant habit of ‘dipping my finger in the dish’ with niggers, and think even now that that mode of eating is far more convenient, and, as it is practised in the East, quite as cleanly as the use of knives and forks; and, after all, ‘fingers were made first.’”

On nearing Rabba, on the frontier of the holy land of the Mohammedans, called the Hedjaz, the pilgrims who were on board cast off their old garments, and with them, as was supposed, their worldly thoughts, and put on white robes. The next day they reached Jedda. It would seem that at this time our author had no settled purpose as to where he would go, for he was arranging a plan for visiting Mecca in company with some of his friends of the boat, but the English consul at Jedda dissuaded him, saying that the hazard of being kept there until he professed Mohammedanism was far too great to be repaid by anything he could see.

The country around Jedda is a barren desert, but hills are seen in the direction of Mecca. It is a good station for the study of eastern costumes, as natives of every Mahomedan nation flock there to the pilgrimage. On leaving Jedda, our author embarked in another native boat for Souàkin, and as he approached that place he received a melancholy intimation of the dangers of the climate he was about to visit. A boat came off, requesting that he would come at once to see a French gentleman, who was lying on board a

vessel in fever. He went directly, and found it was a M. Vignon, who had been sometime in Abyssinia as draughtsman to an expedition sent there to make commercial and other inquiries. He had already lost three of his companions, one only, besides himself, then surviving of a party of five. Mr. Parkyns found him in a hopeless state, gave him medicines and some other comforts, and left him late, promising to return in the morning. This, to his grief, he was prevented doing. He kept watch all night, lest he should oversleep himself, but at three in the morning saw Vignon's vessel making sail, while his own boat was, since the previous evening, ashore with the skipper. The poor sick man died at Jedda a day or two after. "When his vessel left us," says Mr. Parkyns, "I could have mourned him as an old friend, though I had seen but little of him; his wretched fate had awakened in my breast strong feelings of sympathy; for I reflected that such would probably be my end also, sooner or later; such being the lot of most of those whom science, curiosity, or a wandering taste lures under the fatal branches of that most deadly of all upas-trees, 'African discovery.'"

Mr. Parkyns, as will be seen, soon had other instances of the fatal influence of these regions on the constitution of Europeans. So large a proportion of those who visited Tigre have perished there, that we may well call it "the bourne from which no traveller returns."

At the close of May our voyager lands at last at Massawa, a coral island off, and almost on, the western shore of the Red Sea. Owing to its position the heat there is extreme. On one side it is open to the sea; on the other, shut in by hills, which both keep off the air and concentrate the rays of the sun. Pondicherry is said to be the hottest place in India, but nothing to Aden, while Aden is a trifle to Massawa. Here Mr. Parkyns remained frying, or as the purists of our day would write, "being fried," for ten days, completing his arrangements before starting for the interior. A main part of these was, to leave his stores in a safe place, divesting himself of every sort of needless incumbrance. Accordingly, he made presents of every part of his European dress, having previously given away the chief portion

of his stock at Cairo. His new wardrobe had the desideratum of being very portable, consisting only of three Turkish shirts, three pairs of drawers, one suit of Turkish clothes for best occasions, a pair of sandals, and a red cap.

"From the day I left Suez (March 25, 1848), till about the same time in the year 1849, I never wore any article of European dress, nor indeed ever slept on a bed of any sort — not even a mattress; the utmost extent of luxury which I enjoyed, even when all but dying of a pestilential fever that kept me five months on my beam-ends at Khartoum, was a coverlid under a rug. The red cap I wore on leaving Massawa was soon *borrowed* of me, and the sandals after a month were given up; and so, as I have before said in the Introduction, for more than three years (that is till I reached Khartoum) I wore no covering to my head, except a little butter, when I could get it; nor to my feet, except the horny sole which a few months' rough usage placed under them. During the whole of this time I never had a headache, though exposed to the sun at all hours of the day, and was never foot-sore, though I walked constantly in the roughest imaginable places."

His arrangements all complete, our traveller starts for the interior, his immediate object being the village of Ailat, much famed for its sanitary springs, to which invalids resort from the remotest parts of Abyssinia, from the islands of the Red Sea, and from Arabia. As he walked on, alone, in advance of his camels, he was enjoying the novelties of the scene, the bright sun-birds, the wondrous insects with which the air was filled, the beauty of the light mimosus, for in this district they are not very high, when he was startled by feeling something cold glide over his foot, and, turning, saw a snake stealing off. It was the *cerastes*, or horned viper, about a foot and a-half long, rather thick for its length, and of a dirty, dusty colour, one of the most venomous of the snake tribe, and numerous in this neighbourhood. Soon afterwards he killed two snakes, one a horned viper, the other remarkable for its beauty. The latter was about fifteen feet long, very thin, with a long tail, tapering to a point. It was of a bright, golden yellow colour, with a dark, green back. "The viper wriggled his dusty body along the ground, with a horizontal movement; whereas the other, as if afraid of soil.

ing his bright green-and-gold uniform, moved in graceful, spiral undulations." These are almost the only snake adventures he speaks of, not that they were unfrequent, but that by habit they became so commonplace as hardly to be noticed.

Ailat, the Cheltenham of these districts, is a village composed of scattered huts, built of a framework of wood, filled in with branches of trees, straw, &c., and thatched. It stands on the edge of a sandy plain, covered with bushes, and surrounded by hills of no great size. No neighbourhood is better stocked with game. "One cannot go a hundred yards from the house without seeing something." The cry of the guinea-fowl is the first note of morning. Grouse, partridge, wild boar, gazelle, and antelope, of every size and sort, abound; while elephants, rhinoceros, ostriches, and sometimes giraffes, are in the proper season found a short way off, and beasts of prey are constantly to be met with. The hot spring, which is at some distance from the village, is a favourite haunt of the lion, and one had been killed on the road, close by it, just before our author's arrival. Next morning he made his visit to the springs. "The site," he says, "is picturesque, but the baths are rather too open to public view, and the bathers are not over delicate in their ideas." He therefore walked up the valley, and returning in a couple of hours, found, as he expected, that the people were gone, and that the water had had time to settle. He bathed without disturbance from man or beast, but the water was so hot, that, notwithstanding the great heat of the atmosphere, and the warmth of his body from walking, he, at first could hardly bear his foot in it. The bases of these springs, are, he thinks, sulphur and iron.

In the Shoho district, through which we are now travelling, as in other Arab countries, strangers, on arriving at a camp or town, inquire for the chief man's residence, where there is usually a hut or shed set apart for them. Such accommodation, however, is not always to be counted on, and Mr. Parkyns had frequently to rough it *al fresco*.

Our author remained some weeks at Ailat, shooting and collecting specimens of natural history, when he received a letter from a Mr. Plowden,

who was lying in a state of great weakness, at Kiàquor, a village some three days' journey off. Both Mr. Plowden and his companion, Mr. Bell, had been attacked by fever. The latter had gone on to Adowa to bespeak a place for his friend, who, however, found himself unable to proceed, and, having accidentally heard of the arrival of Mr. Parkyns, wrote to beg that he would come to him. Our traveller determined to set out for Kiàquor that evening; but before starting he had to procure a supper, and for the edification of our readers of the gun, we shall show what bag he brought home in about an hour, and at the same time give them his views on the *rationale* of sporting:—

"My first shot brought down four guinea-fowl; my second five ditto; third, a female of the little Ben Israel gazelle; fourth, her male companion; and fifth, a brace of grouse; so that in five shots I had as good a bag as in England one would get in an average day's shooting, and after expending half a pound of powder and a proportionate quantity of shot, caps, and wads. But I feel it my duty to explain that *I never shoot flying*, considering that unsportsmanlike. A true sportsman shows his skill by getting up to his game unperceived, when, putting the muzzle of his gun as close to the tail feathers as he possibly can, he blazes away into the thick of the covey, always choosing the direction in which he sees three or four heads picking in a row! At any rate this is the only way you can shoot in a country where if you entirely expend your powder and shot you must starve, or else make more, as I have been obliged to do many a time. I cannot understand how people in Europe can enjoy shooting, where one is dependent on a crowd of keepers, beaters, dogs, sandwiches, grog, &c. You wound a hare, and anxiously move forward to stop its getting away by another barrel, when your friend calls you to order—'For God's sake, my dear fellow, stand still and load, or you'll spoil the dogs!' Hang the dogs, say I, if they are worth three penn'orth of cord. Then the vast excitement of walking up and down a turnip or cabbage-garden, varied with a stubble-field or a potato-bed! You see nothing. Your dog smells something, and points it to you. You walk straight on in a line, and up get the birds within twenty yards of you. Bang, bang! Bagged a brace of tame partridges. Fine sport, verily! Or you find a hare sitting quietly at your feet; so you administer a kick on her posteriors, and then shoot her when she attempts to escape, thereby adding injury to insult. Although I may lay myself open to a vast deal of ridicule, yet I cannot help saying that it appears to me the height

of folly and wanton cruelty to slaughter some fifty brace of inoffensive animals for the mere sake of boasting of it as a feat. No sport would ever induce me to kill more than was required for the kitchen."

In these countries there are no roads, but, at best, narrow tracks, more or less beaten, and not always these. The way to Kiàquor proved rough, and became more difficult as Mr. Parkyns and his men advanced, till, at last, they found themselves ascending and descending almost perpendicular hills covered with large loose pebbles, and garnished with thorny trees, ill suited to console a bare-footed pedestrian in one of the hottest climates in the world. Mr. Parkyns on divesting himself of his European dress, had abandoned shoes and stockings, but instead of going bare-foot, he adopted the golden mean of wearing sandals. On leaving the plains for the stony hills, these were found to be worse than nothing, for, instead of protecting the feet, they were the cause of his getting some ugly knocks by tripping him up, and making him slip. So, following the example of his companions, he took them off. Before his feet got hardened he suffered a good deal, yet less than might be expected, as the wearing of sandals is a good preparation for doing without them, the sand getting between them and the feet. From this time he went bare-foot for four years, and now his deliberate judgment is against shoes, which, as he conceives, only serve to confine, pain, and deform the feet.

Antelopes, gazelles, baboons, monkeys, and wild boars passed close to them on their march. Africa is the country for zoologists, and for those who love the chase, but it has one serious want, that of water. As they arrived tired at their halting-place, their first eager question was—Where is the water? The guide replied by scraping a hole with his hands in the sand, which soon became half full of a "dingy, suspicious-looking aqueous matter," which however he assured them, "would (like many young men in Europe) become respectable when settled."

The Shohos, through whose country they had been passing, are Mohammedans; their language resembles neither the Abyssinian nor the Arabic, but has some affinities to that of the

Galla tribes, especially in those traits of longest duration, the numerals. This is singular, as between the Gallas and the Shohos there is a vast tract with dialects distinct from those of either. The Shohos have huts instead of tents, but like other nomadic tribes remain in one place only as long as there is good pasture for their cattle. In common with all migratory tribes, they refuse to have any hand in the cultivation of the soil, and, though averse to the religion of their neighbours of Abyssinia, there exists between them an understanding which is much to the advantage of both. The Abyssinians are agricultural, and rich owners of oxen among them entrust these animals, when no longer required for the plough, to the charge of a Shoho, who pastures them for the remainder of the year, receiving his payment in corn on their safe return. On the other hand, Shoho owners of vast herds of cattle, lend out their oxen to poor Christians who cannot afford to buy them for themselves. Thus the Abyssinian rears the crop, while the Shoho cattle-keeper shares the harvest. This is an elementary instance of free-trade, and the most perfect one we know of.

On reaching Kiàquor they exchanged the frail hut of the Shoho for the rude but more lasting cabin of the Abyssinian, built with stones and mud, thatched, and sometimes plastered inside. A difference in costume is also observable. The hair of the Abyssinian is tressed, while that of the Shoho forms a woolly wig, arranged in two large tufts, one of which is on the top of the head, the other behind. The Abyssinian, too, wears drawers, and a cotton belt or kilt swathed round him, while the Shoho's kilt, falling low, does the duty of both coat and trowsers.

Abyssinia, which we have now entered, once formed a part of the *Ethiopia sapra Ægyptum* of the ancients. The term "Ethiopia," is, as is well known, of Greek origin, and is still recognised in the language of the country. That of "Abyssinia," by which only this remote empire is known in Europe, was, it is believed, first given it by the Mohammedans of the middle ages, and is derived from the word, "habash," which in the Giz, the ancient language of the country, means "mixtures." It is supposed to have reference to their mixed descent, and

was, on that account, long unpopular but is now fixed amongst them. The name "Amhara," taken from their most extensive and powerful district, is applied by themselves to their race and language, but *Habash* and *Habashi* are the common designations of the country and people amongst the Mohammedans and the surrounding tribes. It was long a vexed question, whether the Ethiopians were of African or Arabian origin; however this may be, there can be no doubt that the Abyssinians of our day are a mixed race. Their traditions tell that a large number of Jews followed the Queen of Sheba on her return from her visit to Solomon, and that on the destruction of the Temple an extensive colony of that nation settled in the country. The prevalence of Jewish practices amongst the Christians of Abyssinia appears to countenance this statement. Subsequently, Greek settlers are said to have been numerous, and, at a later period, many of the Portuguese troops remained in the country. The indications of mixture are, at all events, striking. In colour some are jet black, but the majority are brown, or of a very light copper or nut colour. In some districts certain complexions predominate. Mr. Parkyns says, that he has never seen any district, and seldom any family, in which one could trace uniformity of colour. On the contrary, you may see a brother almost white, with a soot-black sister, or *vice versa*, as in the case of a servant of his, who was black as a coal, and had a sister as fair as a European.

In their voyage to India by the Red Sea, before the passage by the Cape was known, the Portuguese heard of Abyssinia, and its Christian monarch, supposed to be that *Prester* or Presbyter John, of whose wealth and virtues such romantic stories were then afloat. They accordingly sent out more than one embassy to this far-off land, and acquired great influence there, but lost it all by attempting to bring over the nation to their faith, and were finally excluded from the empire in an era memorable for a like anti-papal feeling in the West, 1688. From that period until the visit of Bruce, in 1771, no-

thing was known of this country. In 1810, Mr. Salt travelled there. In 1829, the Rev. Mr. Gobat went out to Gondar, and in 1839-1841, the visits and embassy to Shoa, referred to in a previous page, were made. These are the sources of our knowledge of Abyssinia, and they refer only to Amhara and Shoa, two out of the three kingdoms into which the modern empire is divided, while Tigrè, the third, is, for the first time, made known to the public in the work before us.

Tigrè is now a feudal kingdom, ruled by its Ras* or Chief, who, though he bears the title of Viceroy, is in fact its independent monarch. The name of Tigrè, formerly that of only a small district, is now applied to the whole country east of the Tacazzy, where the Tigrè language is spoken, in the same manner as that of Amhara, once the designation of a province, is now extended to a great kingdom, embracing the wide regions west of that river. These were the events of a revolutionary cycle, which commenced in Abyssinia about the period of Bruce's visit, and is still in progress. A rebellion then took place, by which the ancient empire was broken up; and though Amhara is the most powerful of the three divisions into which it fell, and is, in appearance, governed by the Emperor, with his ancient title, that title is but the shadow of a name, as the real ruler is another person, the Ras of Amhara, who does not take the name of Emperor, only because it is a deep-seated feeling of the people, that no man can bear that title unless he be of the imperial family of Ethiopia, which traces its origin to the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The present Emperor is accorded some forms of respect, but he has no power, and is so poor that he is even said to make parasols for sale.

Tigrè has, for about twenty years past, been ruled by a wild yet wary chief, of the inauspicious name of Oubi, whose life and adventures are given with much spirit in the work before us. The resources of his kingdom are undeveloped—not that he is devoid of administrative talents, but because it has long been, and still is, the theatre

* The Abyssinian "Ras" is apparently akin to the word "Rosh," in Ezekiel, xxxviii. 5, rendered, in our translation, "chief;" but by the LXX. as a proper name, and supposed by several commentators to designate the Russians.

of that greatest of all scourges, civil war.

This much was needful to our understanding the position and condition of the new country which we are entering.

At Kiàquor our party found Mr. Plowden better; and thinking that change of air might serve him, they determined to start as soon as possible for Adoua, the capital of the kingdom. This they did next morning. They had with them several servants, and eight luggage-porters; and their route lay through a populous district, mostly through the fine province of Hama-sayn, a vast table-land varied with beautiful hill and valley scenery. They were struck with the richness of the soil; but villages burnt down, and lands laid waste, told why it was but little cultivated. Their first halt was at noon, under a large sycamore, near a ruined village; and here they dined on bread, honey, and cayenne pepper. Here, too, they, for the first time, observed the quolquol, a species of euphorbia, which yields freely a poisonous milky sap. This is made use of by the natives for intoxicating fish. The rivulets being dammed above and below the holes where the fish lie, the quolquol juice is thrown in, and in a short time the fish are seen to float insensible on the surface. It has also a gummy property, and is used both as glue, and also for waterproofing their fine-wrought baskets, which, when so prepared, answer to carry milk in. These quolquol trees grow to a considerable height; and have pink, and, in some varieties, yellow blossoms on the upper edges of their leaves.

After some days' journeying, and twice crossing the river Mareb, they came in sight of Adoua. As this city is the capital of a powerful kingdom, Mr. Parkyns was looking out for obelisks, or columns, or buildings in the Greek or Moorish style. Adoua, however, was only a large village of straggling huts, some flat-roofed, but mostly thatched with straw; and the walls of all of them were built of rough stones and mud. The rain fell heavily as they entered the town; and they had to wade through streets filled with green mud nearly a foot deep, and only broad enough to allow a man to pass mounted, before they reached the house prepared for them by Mr. Bell. They had hardly time to rest here, when they found themselves obliged to make a

visit to the Viceroy Oubi's camp, which was a good way off. The impressions which they made or received on their arrival are thus described:—

"We had to wait a considerable time in the outer court and doorway before his Majesty was pleased to admit us. A crowd of soldiers collected round us, and amused themselves with many facetious remarks on our appearance, such as 'cat's eyes,' 'monkey's hair,' 'what nice red morocco their skin would make for a sword-sheath!' &c. These expressions were afterwards made known to me; for in those days I was in a state of ignorance as regarded the language; and having myself a tolerably good opinion of my appearance, I judged that their remarks must be highly complimentary. I remember some years after this asking a person with whom I had become intimate, and who had never seen any white man but myself, what impression my first appearance had made on him? He answered me very simply, that I resembled a rather good-looking Abyssinian who had lost his skin. But I must own that our appearance at the time of our first visit to Howzayn was calculated to excite much amusement. We had only recently adopted the Abyssinian costume, and as yet were not altogether well practised in the mode of putting on the cloth. Besides which, our straight hair, not yet long enough to be tressed, was plastered back with butter, and the faces of those of our party who were incased in a thin skin, which I am happy to say never was my fate, were as red as a fresh capsicum."—pp. 178, 179.

After long waiting they entered Oubi's tent. It was round, and about thirty feet in diameter, with a large wood fire flaming on the floor. Each of them on entering made his bow. The natives, prostrating themselves, put their foreheads to the ground, but from foreigners this mark of humility is not required. Oubi, in a patronising tone, asked them how they were? and an humble bow was, as is customary, the answer:—

"Oubi was seated, reclining on a stretcher, which was covered with a common Smyrna rug, and furnished with a couple of chintz cushions, from beneath one of which appeared the hilt of a Turkish sabre. We found him a rather good-looking, slight-made man, of about forty-five years of age, with bushy hair, which was fast turning grey. His physiognomy did not at all prepossess me in his favour. It struck me as indicative of much cunning, pride, and falsity; and I judged him to be a man of some talent, but with more of the fox than the lion in his nature. Our presents were brought

in covered with cloths, and carried by our servants. They consisted of a Turkey rug, two European light cavalry swords, four pieces of muslin for turbans, and two or three yards of red cloth for a cloak. He examined each article as it was presented to him, making on almost every one some complimentary remark. After having inspected them all he said, 'God return it to you,' and ordered his steward to give us a cow. On our asking for a 'balderàbba' he named Negousy, who had already acted for us in that capacity. We then requested permission to retire, which being granted, we bowed and took our departure, glad enough to re-enter our huts, and prepare for our return to Adoua on the morrow."—Vol. i. pp. 180–1.

During this visit to the camp, Mr. Parkyns made the acquaintance of Oubi's sons, Lemma and Shétou; the former his eldest, feeble in health and character, and his father's favourite; the other bold, generous, and with, apparently, some military talents. A few years ago, when he was but eighteen, the gallantry and decision of this youth saved a detachment which he even then commanded, in a night attack by a superior force:—

"Shétou, seeing his men so much taken aback, sprang on his horse, and galloped about amongst them, striking some of the fugitives with the flat of his sword, upbraiding others, encouraging those who appeared most ready to do their duty, and reminding all that, surrounded as they were, those who fled were more sure of death than those who remained to fight; and 'if we are to die,' he added, 'had it not better be on the field of battle, like men, than be butchered like sheep?' He at the same time turned and charged the enemy, accompanied by a few of the bravest of his followers. Such language and conduct from a youth of only eighteen brought his panic-stricken soldiers to their senses. They rallied, and, fighting desperately, maintained their ground."—Vol. i. pp. 184–5.

Notwithstanding this and some subsequent successes, Shétou was hardly dealt with by his father. We introduce him, both because he became our author's friend, and because he is the only native character who has at all engaged our interest.

Our party returned to Adoua, but soon afterwards separated. Plowden and Bell went on a visit to Mr. Coffin, an Englishman who had obtained the government of a district* in Abyssinia, and our author settled for a while in Adoua. He describes his house and establishment there—their cooking, baking, and daily routine—to all which we refer; but he says no more of the exterior of the town, save that he mentions its churches, one of which is called St. Michael, another St. Gabriel. Although the city has no showy buildings, yet many of the upper ranks of the Tigréans, and some merchants, mostly Mussulmans, live there, and it exerts on the country something of the influence of a capital,—for example, it sets the fashions. From the paucity of their dress, the field of change is small, yet the rule of fashion, especially among males, is as imperial and more capricious than in Paris. The men wear trousers of a soft cotton stuff, made in the country, a belt or kilt from fifteen to sixty yards long, and a "quarry" or mantle of the same material. The trousers at present reach half-way down the leg, and are worn tight. The changes of fashion are most shown in them—in their length and tightness. Mr. Parkyns and his friend Shétou set the example of having them so tight, that it took an hour to draw them over the heel. This, we are told, gave them a very "fast" look, and was much patronised by "young Abyssinia."

The Abyssinians are of middle stature—averaging about five feet seven inches, though sometimes above six feet. Men and women are well formed, and in general handsome. We subjoin a portrait—the inspiration, we suspect, of some Abyssinian maid:—

"In feature, as in form, the young Abyssinian women are perhaps among the most beautiful of any on the earth. They must not, however, be confounded with the Galla slaves who are sold in Egypt under the name of Abyssinians, but who are of a very inferior caste. On the contrary, they have a face nearly European, with a colour not often dark enough to be disagreeable, but suffi-

* The name of the province is Antichau; but Coffin having afforded some assistance to an enemy of Oubi's, has been since deprived of his government, which has been handed over to a Mr. Schimper, a German. Mr. Plowden, we may add, is her Majesty's Consul for Abyssinia; and Mr. Bell is on a visit with Ras Ali, a native chief, whose name occurs in the "Life in Abyssinia."

ently so to prevent too great a contrast with their large black eyes—a defect which I have often noticed in some Asiatics, and even southern Europeans, especially where, as is often the case in the East, the complexion is sallow, or pure white, with little or no colour. They possess, to an eminent degree, the size and beauty of eye usually attributed to the inhabitants of the more sunny climes—sometimes, indeed, so large that, if drawn accurately, the picture would undoubtedly appear exaggerated to persons unaccustomed to them. Homer seems to have assigned such eyes to Juno when he calls her *Bœœris* (or ox-eyed), and Moore describes the fair Georgian, in 'The Light of the Harem,' as having

———“ ‘ An eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark—Oh! he who knows
His heart is weak, of heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those.’ ”

One of Oubi's strongholds on the good opinion of his people, arises from his being “indifferent honest” in the administration of justice; and his common-law procedure may in these times of change suggest a hint. The litigants appear before him, with an attendant placed between them to preclude their giving way to excited feeling. The accuser begins; and, until he is done, the defendant must not gesticulate or interrupt him, unless he would pay the “sabbar,” or patience fine, which, as it goes to the chief, is strictly enforced. At last his turn comes, and the accuser is in like manner silenced. Witnesses are called; documents, if there be any, are examined, and judgment is given. With so hot-tempered a people as the Abyssinians this regulation probably works well; but there is another, a sporting feature, in their system, which, as far as we know, is original, and to which we must advert:—

“But we have forgotten one part of the business, which is, perhaps, the most absurd of any, and at the same time the most lucrative to the chief. Bets, or rather forfeits, are made during the trial of the cause. For instance, if the subject of dispute be the ownership of a piece of land (by no means an uncommon cause of litigation in a country where title-deeds are traditionary), one party will say, ‘This land was held by my father, my grandfather, great-grandfather, &c, since the days of such and such a king! On it, a mule!’ Or sometimes even ten mules, each of which is reckoned at ten dollars. If the other accepts the challenge, the loser pays over the sum to the chief. Sometimes, however, when one of the parties is poorer than the other who offers the bet, he will say, ‘I cannot afford so much as ten mules, I make

it a cow.’ This amendment is almost always agreed upon. Horses, guns, or any other article of value may be substituted; but the absurd part of the business is, that these wagers frequently exceed in value the article about which the dispute originated. I myself was once present when ten mules, equivalent to £20 16s. 8d. of our money, which, of course, is a large sum in Abyssinia, were lost in a dispute between two farmers, as to which had to pay in tribute a small quantity of corn of the value of a shilling or two. The loser of any of these wagers or forfeits is required to produce a surety for their payment; and, should he be unable to do so, he is imprisoned, or rather chained by the arm to some servant of the chief.”

Their criminal code, like that of all the uncivilised, or half-civilised nations of the East, is marked by ferocity; but their punishment of theft is effectual, and might be incorporated by ourselves with advantage. It is flogging. The whip used is enormously long and heavy, and is well named “the giraffe.” The culprit is brought into the market-place, stripped of all but his drawers, while a man on each side holds him with a long cord tied to his hands; another, brandishing the “giraffe,” walks behind him. As they move on among the people, the fearful blows fall at regular intervals, the culprit after each exclaiming, “All ye who see me thus, profit by my example.”

The main cause of our interest in Abyssinia is its religion. This country, through the vicissitudes of ages, has professed and retained its Christianity. This they claim to have received from the treasurer of Queen Candace, mentioned in the Acts, although some among them ascribe its introduction to St. Matthew and St. Bartholomew. Their own records trace their Church history no further than to A. D. 330, when Frumentius, a Christian merchant of Tyre, was shipwrecked on their shores, and brought a prisoner to their emperor. He converted the monarch and his court, and was consecrated by the patriarch of Alexandria as the aboon (from the same root as the word “abba,” father) or patriarch of Ethiopia. From that time their aboon has invariably derived his authority from Alexandria. They hold, in common with the other Eastern Churches, the procession of the Holy Spirit from the Father only. They regard the Scriptures as the only rule of faith, but include in them the Apocrypha. On the subject of the Eucharist, Mr. Parkyns says,

that some of them, but not all, believe in transubstantiation; and on that of the celibacy of the clergy, they allow a priest, if married previously to his ordination, to remain so; but no one can marry after having entered the priesthood. They hold the invocation of the saints and of the Virgin, and have fasts, penances, and confession. In fasting they do not, we are told, "get off as easily as the Roman Catholics." They neither eat nor drink till late in the afternoon, and then take only some light liguminous fare. Their fasts, too, are so numerous as to occupy two-thirds of the year; and they are, for the most part, observed. For these they try to compensate by their feasts, which are many and joyous. One, the feast of St. John, is the only cleanly day in their calendar. In the evening the whole population bathe; but beyond washing their hands before and after meals, and their feet after a journey, few of them ever trouble the water again until that day next year. Our author's habit of washing in European fashion gave rise, for a time, to some scandal. "Is he," it was indignantly asked, "a Mussulman that he washes, and so often?"

These circumstances show that the discipline of the Church in Tigré is strict, and it is so generally enforced, that a man who has been known to disobey or neglect it, is looked upon as almost an infidel; and should he die in such a state of disobedience, his body would be denied what they call Christian burial. As to actual religion, priests or people know little about it. Between the loud heresies of Orientalism, Romanism, and, we must add, Judaism, the glad tidings are unheard. They have the Levitical distinction of clean and unclean, wash their cups as a duty, and practise circumcision. Their churches, which, with few exceptions, are circular, are divided into three parts—the innermost being called the holy of holies, in which there is always an ark, presumed to contain some sacred relic, and uniformly an object of the utmost veneration. In fine, the Tigréans are extremely superstitious, especially in their credulity of miracles and the interposition of saints. Our author gives a chapter on this subject.

We cull but a single story, and one that may be shortly told. A boa, forty feet long, had been killed by a hunter in the neighbourhood of a village where Mr. Parkyns lived for some time. The hunter, instead of being praised, was sorely reprimanded by the priests, who said that this snake was the guardian angel of the place. Such, alas! is Christian Abyssinia, which, as Bishop Gobat informs us, is, at the same time, divided on a single point of theology (the unction of our Lord) into three parties, all so hostile that they curse each other, and will not partake of the sacrament together.

In connexion with the subject of religion, we must notice Mr. Parkyns' chapter on the missionaries. It is the only one in all his work which indicates the haste with which, he says, it was put together. The tone of his observations is disparaging; but the charges when examined amount to this, that, "in nine cases out of ten, their converts are only converts to Muslin and Maria Teresa dollars,"* and that certain statements are made against them which impeach their discretion. As to the first, it is enough to say that it is language which all who are acquainted with missions are accustomed to, and which they know how to estimate. In regard to the other statements, it is quite enough to observe, that they rest not in a single instance on the knowledge of Mr. Parkyns, but on evidence which would not be listened to by any tribunal—hearsay evidence; the hearsay, too, of an ignorant and prejudiced people, who, we are told, look upon the missionaries "as infidels, worse than Turks." It is, however, clear that no complaint has been made against the morals of the missionaries beyond the customary rumour of their bribing converts, and that the characters of some of them have made a deep impression. "Even to the present day," says Mr. Parkyns, on naming the Bishop of Jerusalem, "Samouel Gobat is spoken of by all who knew him in Tigré with the greatest possible respect and affection." We cannot, then, from the premises of his own chapter adopt our author's inference, that the money expended on missions in Abyssinia has been thrown away. It is something to

* The only European coin in circulation there. Their own money is, as is well known, made of salt.

have sent among the people of that country Christian ministers against whom they could find "no occasion," except concerning the law of their God. It is something to have circulated the Scriptures freely among them, even though many copies of the sacred volume have been defaced and torn. It is something, too, to have aided in the least in the advancement of civilisation there.

Who can doubt but that the long residence of our embassy in Shoa had, even in this respect, a beneficial influence? That embassy originated, we know, with the missionary Krapf.* Who can doubt that the presence of such men as Gobat was attended with like advantages in their respective spheres? It is right, also, to bear in mind that missions do not always fail, when they are broken up without having results to point at. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," is the precept. The promise is, "Thou shalt find it" — not immediately, but "after many days." The marvellous movement now going forward in China has been traced to a native† who had learned of the missionary Morrison, long since gone to the unseen land. In the commencement of the chapter on which we have been observing (c. xii. vol. 1), Mr. Parkyns takes pains to say, "I must by no means be understood to vouch for the truth of these anecdotes. I take no such responsibility in the matter." On closing it, he states that at the time his notes were collected, he was a mere lad, and that his remarks are offered "only in the hope of their conveying some useful hint, which, by his affecting diffidence, might be lost." We admit his pleas and accept his good intentions, but honestly advise him, in the next edition of his work, (which has the staple of a permanent favourite), to omit this delinquent dissertation, and leave the missionaries alone.

The liking of the Abyssinians for raw meat is a well-established fact. "What!" said a lady in Shoa, to one of our embassy, who was broiling a chop, and toasting his half-baked bread, "burn the King's meat, and his bread, too! I could never have believed it. It is the same in Tigrè":—

"Almost before the death-struggle is over persons are ready to flay the carcass, and pieces of the raw meat are cut off, and served up before this operation is completed; in fact, as each part presents itself, it is cut off, and eaten while yet warm and quivering. In this state it is considered, and justly so, to be very superior in taste to what it is when cold. Raw meat, if kept a little time, gets tough; whereas if eaten fresh and warm, it is far tenderer than the most tender joint that has been hung a week in England. The taste is, perhaps, from imagination — rather disagreeable at first, but far otherwise when one gets accustomed to it; and I can readily believe that raw meat would be preferred to cooked meat by a man who from childhood had been accustomed to it."— Vol. i. p. 372.

The cow, and different varieties of the gazelle and antelope tribe, are the only animals which it is usual to eat raw in Tigrè; but these are their best meats. The flesh of oxen or bulls is not liked; and mutton, which never has a particle of fat on it, is only available when made into a curry. Bruce's story of taking a steak from a live cow is thus brought within range of easy belief. This was the tale which tried his credit most. "It is too bad," it was said, "to ask us to believe that the Abyssinian takes his dinner off a cow, and then sends her to grass." Mr. Parkyns has not actually seen this done, but he has no doubt about it:—

"I have been often asked about 'the steak cut from the live cow,' and have only to say, once for all, *I firmly believe that Bruce saw what he stated.* While I was in Abyssinia, a soldier, in conversation with

* In addition to the benefits conferred by missions, we might adduce those derived to ourselves, commercial and scientific, by the geographical discoveries of missionaries. The accuracy of some of their observations has been called in question, but erroneously, in a late work, which has, nevertheless, a high character amongst students of African discovery. We mean the "Inner Africa Laid Open," by Mr. William Desborough Cooley. London: Longman. 1852. Mr. Cooley is an ardent and laborious inquirer; and although his only "voyage" has been "autour de sa chambre," and he is consequently no match for the missionaries, he has brought together in a short space from Portuguese writers, and others, much rare and highly-valuable information.

† We state this on the authority of the Bishop of Victoria, in his recent charge delivered at Shanghai.

me and several others, volunteered a story quite similar to Bruce's, both as regards the manner of the operation, and the reasons why it was performed. On inquiry, he said that such a practice was not uncommon among the Gallas, and even occasionally occurred among themselves, when, as in the case Bruce relates, a cow had been stolen or taken in foray. The men who drive her, being hungry, have no alternative but to go on fasting, kill the cow, or act as described. The first they will not do; the second would imply the necessity of carrying home the residue of the meat, or leaving it to the jackals—neither of which would suit their inclinations; so the third is adopted."—Vol. i. p. 2.

Our author's head-quarters were at Adoua, but he made journeys to other parts of Tigrè; to Axum, its ancient capital; to Addy Abo, a province on its northern frontier, then so little known as not to be placed on any map; and he resided for nine months in the remote mountain-district of Rohabaita. Axum, which, until about sixty years ago, was the capital of Tigrè, is more imposing in its appearance than its modern rival. It is situated in an amphitheatre of hills, has a well-built church, which, from its being square, is probably of Portuguese construction, and an obelisk of great beauty, of the date or history of which Mr. Parkyns says, and we suppose knows, nothing. The church is well placed among large trees, and near it are rustic, but neatly-built huts. The obelisk is of great height, and forms the most conspicuous feature of the town. Another striking object is a sycamore-tree, also of great height. Its branches cast their dark shade over a space of ground sufficient for the camp of the largest caravan. Beneath this venerable tree are five or six smaller obelisks; and not far from it, columns and broken pedestals lie scattered for some hundred yards. To the east of the town there is a tank, which is supplied by a stream from the hills during the rainy season, and which, with some wells, supplies the inhabitants with water. The houses in Axum are, in the old Abyssinian style, circular; while those at Adoua are for the most part square.

Mr. Parkyns' object in going to Ady Abo was the chase, and to learn something of their neighbours, the Barea or Shangalla people, the great enemies of the Tigréans, and consequently in bad repute among them. But the

period of his life in Abyssinia to which he looks back with most pleasure is, his nine months' residence in Rohabaita, an Alpine district, some twenty miles north of Adaro, the chief-town of Ady Abo. The country through which he passed was gay with flowers. Among these was a scarlet aloe, met with everywhere in Tigrè, and almost always in bloom. Many varieties of the mimosas, too, with pink, yellow, and white flowers, were spread in all directions and some of them emitting a fragrance so powerful as to render the whole neighbourhood "as odorous as a perfumer's shop." The jessamine was seen in profusion, and a splendid creeper (an *æschynanthus*), with rich green, fleshy leaf, and brilliant scarlet flowers. So much for the botany of this route; now for a single sample of its zoology. In a well-wooded ravine he observed that the trees were filled with the "tota," or waag, a beautiful little greenish monkey, with black face and white whiskers. Mr. Parkyns followed a troop of them for some time, while his porters and servants were resting. By approaching with care, he was allowed to come near, and saw them quarrelling, making love, mothers taking care of their children, combing their hair, nursing and suckling them; and he had full leisure to observe that they have a language as distinct to them as ours is to us:—

"The monkeya, especially the cynoccephali, who are astonishingly clever fellows, have their chiefs, whom they obey implicitly, and a regular system of tactics in war, pillaging expeditions, robbing corn-fields, &c. These monkey-forays are managed with the utmost regularity and precaution. A tribe, coming down to feed from their village on the mountain (usually a cleft in the face of some cliff), brings with it all its members, male and female, old and young. Some, the elders of the tribe, distinguishable by the quantity of mane which covers their shoulders, like a lion's, take the lead, peering cautiously over each precipice before they descend, and climbing to the top of every rock or stone which may afford them a better view of the road before them. Others have their posts as scouts on the flanks or rear; and all fulfil their duties with the utmost vigilance, calling out at times, apparently to keep order among the motley pack which forms the main body, or to give notice of the approach of any real or imagined danger. Their tones of voice on these occasions are so distinctly varied, that a person much accustomed to watch their movements

will at length fancy, and perhaps with some truth, that he can understand their signals.

"The main body is composed of females, inexperienced males, and young people of the tribe. Those of the females who have small children carry them on their back. Unlike the dignified march of the leaders, the rabble go along in a most disorderly manner, trotting on and chattering, without taking the least heed of anything, apparently confiding in the vigilance of their scouts. Here a few of the youth linger behind to pick the berries off some tree, but not long, for the rear guard coming up forces them to regain their places. There a matron pauses for a moment to suckle her offspring, and, not to lose time, dresses its hair while it is taking its meal. Another younger lady, probably excited by jealousy, or by some sneering look or word, pulls an ugly mouth at her neighbour, and then uttering a shrill squeal, highly expressive of rage, vindictively snatches at her rival's leg or tail with her hand, and gives her, perhaps, a bite in the hind quarters. This provokes a retort, and a most unladylike quarrel ensues, till a loud bark of command from one of the chiefs calls them to order. A single cry of alarm makes them all halt, and remain on the *qui vive*, till another bark in a different tone reassures them, and they then proceed on their march.

"Arrived at the corn-fields, the scouts take their position on the eminences all round, while the remainder of the tribe collect provisions with the utmost expedition, filling their cheek-pouches as full as they can hold, and then tucking the heads of corn under their armpits. Now, unless there be a partition of the collected spoil, how do the scouts feed? — for I have watched them several times, and never observed them to quit for a moment their post of duty till it was time for the tribe to return, or till some indication of danger induced them to take flight. They show also the same sagacity in searching for water, discovering at once the places where it is most readily found in the sand, and then digging for it with their hands, just as men would, relieving one another in the work, if the quantity of sand to be removed be considerable."—Vol. i. p. 228–30.

The great enemy of these monkeys is the leopard, who climbs nearly as well as they, and occasionally steals a young one, but very rarely ventures to attack a full-grown ape. The ape's great strength, his activity, and his powerful canine teeth render him a formidable opponent when driven to defend himself. It is well that their courage is only of that quality which inclines them to act on the defensive. They come in bodies of two or three hundred, and were their combativeness

proportioned to their strength, they would form a very troublesome guerilla force. Mr. Parkyns has a store of monkey tales, gathered either from his own observation, or from a friend of his, a showman in Upper Nubia, with whom he travelled for some days, acting as his assistant, his duty being to keep the ring, and collect the contributions.

On his way to Rohabaita, Mr. Parkyns found himself more than ever a man of mark, few of the people having ever seen a white man before, as, with the exception of two French gentlemen, who had passed through some years ago, no European had ever visited the neighbourhood. These gentlemen were Messrs. Dillon and Petat, and they both perished, the former from fever, in this neighbourhood, the other from being carried off by a crocodile in the Abbai, or Nile of Gojam. He was picked out by the animal from the colour of his skin, while swimming between two blacks. We may here observe, that our author afterwards found the phrase, "crocodile's tears," as well established among the Arabs of the Nile, as with us. They assert that the beast, having drowned its victim, tucks him under its arm, and carries him off to some lonely bank, where, previous to eating him, it sheds tears of sorrow.

Crossing the river Mareb, our author arrived at the base of the Rohabaita mountain, by which it is on one side "walled in." He chose this expression to convey an idea of the abruptness of the hills here. Rohabaita is a small province, consisting chiefly of a clustre of hills, having the valley of the Mareb on its western side, and the country of the hostile Barca tribe on the north. The district, though far from fertile, is picturesque, the slopes of the mountains being unusually steep, and covered with mixed rock and bush, from out of which a huge dima tree occasionally rears its head. The valleys are narrow, with watercourses a few feet broad, but the torrents which fill them in the rainy season soon dry up, leaving only a few pools visible. The inhabitants, however, by a providential arrangement, always find a supply of water by digging into the sand. In so hot a climate, it is hardly possible that any quantity of water could be found at so great an elevation, if exposed to atmospheric influence. The bot-

tom is rock, over which the torrents, as they passed, have for centuries deposited a coating of sand, now many feet deep, which imbibes and retains a fair portion of the water that yearly flows over it, the rock below preventing its soaking through, the sand delaying its evaporation, and at the same time submitting it to a process of filtration, which leaves it clear and fresh for the seeker. The villages are built mostly near the summits of the hills, to protect them from sudden hostile attacks, and from that fatal malaria which at certain seasons prevails about the valleys. The people are rough, bold, and hospitable, but their climate is, at times, wretchedly bad, and they are constantly on the verge of famine. For whole months our author tasted nothing but game and honey, with a little coarse bread and capsicum. Milk was scarce, as there was but one cow in the neighbourhood when he went there, and she left it; and the accommodation is pictured as rather inferior to that possessed by our gypsies. This is the district to which Mr. Parkyns looks as surpassing the "Happy Valley" of Johnson's Abyssinian prince. In some of the points alluded to he admits its inferiority, but says that in the innocent, peaceful life led by the inhabitants towards one another, they are equal, while in liberty and excitement, the people of Rohabaita have much the advantage. During a nine months' stay in this neighbourhood, Mr. Parkyns found no difficulty in identifying himself with the natives, entering with zeal into all their proceedings. He was at every feast and funeral; no foray was undertaken, no hunting party formed without him, and he took his turn in scoutings and outlyings, in watch and ward. On one occasion he procured for them a supply of corn, when they were on the verge of starving; on more than one his rifle and guns did them good service against the Barea; and in a jungle-fire, which is among the incidents of life there, he greatly assisted in arresting the conflagration. This last affair, which is well described, he can never forget. He was not only disabled from wearing clothes for a time, and had the hair of the right side of his head, eyebrow, eyelash, and mustache, singed off, but suffered a serious injury in the optic nerve of his right eye, which has

totally spoiled his rifle-shooting, "a loss," he adds, "much felt by me, as it was about the only thing in the world I could do well." He can, however, still do it from the left shoulder, although not, perhaps, so well.

We can easily believe that our author was beloved by the mountaineers, and that the affection he feels for them lends its colouring to his "Happy Valley." But this is not its only charm; it is a first-rate station for a collector in natural history, in which character our author was indefatigable. Parts of the Mareb are favourite drinking-places of the wild beasts, and in the sand near them the traces of animals of almost every species may be seen, from the elephant, lion, and buffalo, to the tiny foot-prints of the smaller varieties of gazelle; and so numerous, we are told, that it would appear as if they had been driven down in herds. Trails of serpents, also, may be seen, from the boa to the smallest viper. The ornithologist, too, may find in this river many varieties of water-birds, while the trees and bushes on the higher ground supply specimens of the other orders. While on the duty of scouting or hunting, our author says that the lions almost always prowled about them at night, and they were so well accustomed to them, that their usual desire was that they should stop near them, and not disturb their game.

One of the felicities of the people of Rohabaita is, that they don't pay taxes. When pressed, they fly across the frontier with their moveables, and it would take a large force to follow them with any effect, as a small one would assuredly be murdered. Thus, though in no country whatever is taxation more rigidly enforced, these mountaineers contribute nothing. We mention this state of things, as it much facilitated a negotiation into which Mr. Parkyns had entered for obtaining the government of Rohabaita and another neighbouring district. After waiting for two years without receiving supplies or communications from Europe, he began to think that he should be compelled to remain for, at all events, a long period in Abyssinia, and on his return to Adoua, entered into a treaty for a government, stipulating not only to secure a regular tribute, but to keep the frontier without inconvenience to the Viceroy. The

arrangement was pending, and would have been, no doubt, concluded, had not the arrival of his supplies induced him to withdraw from it. Had they been delayed only a little longer, until he had entered on the government, he would have remained, and invested his money in the improvement of the district. Part would have gone to buy ploughs, oxen, and seeds, which would have been supplied to poor peasants at a charge of about £2 each. One or two good harvests would have enabled them to refund the money, and at the expiration of two years, during which time he would have required no taxes, the people would have been, as he calculated, in comfortable circumstances. His plans are briefly given, and they would, in all probability, have resulted in rendering the inhabitants of Rohabaita a thriving population. One was, to develop, on a larger scale, the main resources of these provinces—their ivory, buffalo hides, &c. ; by hiring out guns and ammunition, the spoil being, according to the custom of the country, divisible between the hunters and himself, as owner. This, in the elephant countries of Abyssinia, is, he says, a good speculation, and he has known of large profits having been made by it. He could have tried it on a comprehensive scale, and with peculiar safety, from the influence of his position, and his means of knowing the characters of the men he would have employed. One morning, on his return to Adoua, as he was pondering those affairs of state—1845 was the “tide,” and late in May the “hour”—he was congratulated on the arrival at Massawa of papers

and parcels for him. He had been often disappointed by such reports, having, on some occasions before, sent messengers to the coast on like intelligence, and found, after a fortnight's suspense, that he had to pay the couriers without receiving anything. He was not, therefore, at first disposed to credit the report, but at length sent, and in due time his cases and supplies appeared. The rains were setting in, and he must choose whether to leave Abyssinia, or wait for another remittance. He took the former alternative, but could not get away from Adoua till the close of June. He then started, not for the coast, and so by the Red Sea home, which would have been easily done, but on a new journey, more arduous than that we have described—a route unattempted by any European, that is, for Abou Kharraz, on the Blue Nile, and thence to Khartoum, the capital of Upper Nubia, where that river joins the White Nile. The difficulties of this undertaking were increased by the facts, that (after paying all demands upon him at Adoua) his purse was light, and the rainy season was at hand. This portion of the narrative is far too interesting to be disposed of in our present article, but may possibly form the subject of another. Meanwhile, we make our farewell to Mr. Parkyns, thanking him with all sincerity for the interest and information he has afforded us, and never doubting that the meed of fame won by his present work will encourage him to tell us of his adventures in Nubia and Kordofan.

THE STUDENT OF LOUVAINE.

I.

It is midnight!—it is moonlight!
And the College of Louvaine,
With its red-tiled roof and gables,
Weathercock and gilded vane,
Stands against the clear sky plain;
While chimneys tall and manifold,
And turrets quaint, with carvings old,
Fling their shadows on the square,
Tracing on it outline fair.
It is midnight!—there is silence
O'er the college and the town,
Save the distant watch-dogs barking,
And the song of tipsy clown.
Reeling homeward, out he sallies
From the wine-shop, in yon alleys,
Drunk as any burgomaster.
Hark! as echo to it tallies,
How his shouting peals out faster;
Round the building are deep shadows,
Hung like curtains from the walls,
Save where moonlight, calm and yellow,
On the casement lozenge-panell'd falls.
Then they glitter, as if dighted
For a monarch's visit, lighted
With ten thousand tapers shining;
High above the belfry loometh,
Dim and goul-like, ivy twining
With leafy fetters, as if hands
Of cunning workmen wove the bands.

II.

A silent scene of autumn quiet,
From the College, Strauss, and street,
To the white mist on the meadows,
With the breath of harvest sweet;
All seems sleeping in the splendour
Of the moonlight, soft and tender.
No!—the garret of yon dwelling,
Westward from the fountain turning,
Hath a lamp within it burning,
Of a student's vigil telling.

III.

Sleepless yet, with hand on forehead,
His brown curls falling over
On that faded volume, gazing
As eager as a lover,
Reading there the deathless story
Of the men of ancient glory—
Heroes, seers, and sages,
Who left behind them words immortal,
Heart-spoken throughout ages—

~~Words~~! soul rulers! potentates,
~~With~~ empire o'er men's hearts and fates.
~~They~~ are nigh him, with their voices
 Breathing to his inmost soul
 Words of comfort, words of cheering,
 Hopes that spurn earth's dull control.
 And thus he, the scholar, friendless,
 Hath a consolation endless,
 And high thoughts his heart embolden,
 Communing with those souls sublime
 Who walked the earth in olden time,
 Until his garret hath a bevy
 Of mighty spirits, like a levee
 In a monarch's palace holden.
 And in the silence of that hour,
 There comes upon his mind a power
 To see, and feel, and penetrate
 All that mystery seem'd of late;
 And learns him patience, self-reliance,
 And nourishes the will and daring
 To climb his way up fortune's summit,
 When coward souls might sink despairing;
 Striving with the world boldly,
 Battling with its sneers and pride,
 And its pity, flung so coldly,
 That with scorn it seems allied;
 For the sake of knowledge bearing
 Toil and want, and lightly caring
 For the joys of youthful pleasure,
 Dwelling 'mid his books—esteeming
 Their revealings as a treasure
 Dearer far than gold or wassail:
 Thus he readeth—learning's vassal!

IV.

Grave and silent, seldom joining
 In his comrades' sports and glee,
 Was the pale and dark-eyed stranger
 From an island o'er the sea.
 Poor and proud he seemed to be,
 Yet coin or aid he sought not any,
 Living on his student's fee.
 Some few years past, wan and weary,
 With dust-soil'd garments here he came;
 And as was the ancient custom
 Of the good College of Louvaine,
 On its broad gate hung a challenge,
 And summoned all its doctors rare
 To dispute with him the thesis
 Which thus he placed before them there.
 And well and clerkly he contended;
 And when a three days' trial ended,
 By their votes he won admittance,
 And a scholar's fee and pittance,
 In the bourse De Burgo founded
 In College of Saint Anthony,
 And since then ever there dwelt he;
 And of himself but little said,
 Save that his parents both were dead—
 That from a far, distant land he came,
 And Walter of Desmond was his name.

Since then the years that came and went
 Had brought no change or accident ;
 They found and left him at his books,
 Or pacing grave the cloister nooks,
 Or thus at midnight poring o'er
 Some treasured tome of antique lore.

v.

And now that page he closes,
 And, his studies silent ending,
 To his God in prayer is bending,
 Then on his couch reposes ;
 And the moonlight, still and lonely,
 In that garret shineth only,
 And with a quiet progress falls
 Along the lattice and the walls ;
 Slowly o'er the bed 'tis creeping,
 Where that student pale is sleeping ;
 On his forehead, like caressing,
 Kisses soft and sad is pressing
 O'er his features and his hair,
 Hanging long in ringlets fair—
 Slowly, slowly, it is sweeping
 Thro' the casement, in a shower,
 Falling on him, with a power !

vi.

Then that student—lo, he dreameth
 Of distant places in his land,
 Of a broad lake, and high mountains,
 And a dwelling on its strand :
 And by his couch-side, gazing sadly,
 Then both his parents seem to stand,
 And his father bends above him,
 With a visage grave and mild ;
 And his mother breathes a blessing
 Fondly o'er her orphaned child.
 And while with tears his eyelids tremble
 He standeth in a forest wild !
 With sear branches o'erhead meeting,
 And twilight darkness girt around ;
 On his path the wood-snake coileth,
 And toads and adders strew the ground ;
 But as he parts a spreading cypress,
 Behold ! he hath a desert found—
 A desert broad, of yellow sand,
 Without a leaf, or shrub, or tree—
 A desert broad, of yellow sand,
 That stretches far as eye can see,
 And on it nought alive but he :
 And he toils athwart it slowly,
 Until he sees a city rise,
 With walls, and gates, and towers o'erthrown,
 A mighty skeleton of stone—
 Before him there that city lies ;
 And monster shapes stare, dusk and dim,
 High in the moonlight o'er his head,
 While halls of feasting, domes of prayer,
 With none to kneel or banquet there,
 Re-echo to his passing tread,
 A silent city of the dead !

And on his track, around him sees
 Huge fragments carved with mysteries,
 Sarcophagi, in sand half hid,
 And obelisk, and pyramid,
 With avenues of sphynxes, leading
 In long defiles to some lost shrine,
 Whose fluted columns of white marble
 Are ranged in symmetry divine ;
 And as he steps beneath a portal,
 Before him glides the winding Rhine !
 With its mighty current flowing,
 And its waves in sunshine going
 Thro' verdant banks, where blooms the vine ;
 Girt with mountains, girt with crags,
 Upon whose summits castles frown,
 Whose robber-chiefs, like water-eagles,
 Gaze for their prey and plunder down ;
 And stately towns, with white walls gleaming,
 And sloping hills, and islands lone,
 And farm lands, rich with golden corn,
 And forests, whence the hunter's horn
 Pours o'er the tide its mellow tone.
 And by its primal springs he wanders—
 Its mother-founts, and streamlets three,
 As they, blended, rush by Reichenau,*
 Unto the lovely Boden Zee.
 And as he sails those pleasant waters,
 And coasteth by the Switzer land—
 Lo ! he views the lake and mountains,
 And the castle on the strand—
 And by his couch-side, gazing sadly,
 There both his parents seem to stand.

It is midnight !—it is moonlight !
 And the College of Louvaine,
 With its red-tiled roofs and gables,
 Weather-cock, and gilded vane,
 Stands against the clear sky plain ;
 While chimneys tall, and manifold,
 And turrets quaint, with carvings old,
 Fling their shadows on the square,
 Tracing on it outline fair.

• • •

* The Rhine has its origin in three small streams, in the Swiss canton of the Grisons. Of these streams one is called the Fore Rhine, another the Middle Rhine, and the third the Hinder Rhine : this last, being united to the others, at Reichenau (which will be remembered as having been the place where the unfortunate Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans, found a refuge), flows along a valley for about fifty miles, passes Coire, and expands into a lake, anciently named by the Romans, Lacus Brigantius—by the modern Germans, the Boden Zee, and known to us as the Lake of Constance.—CHAMBERS.

THE FOOD OF THE IRISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IRISH POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS."

"The land is fortunate in soil, surpassingly fertile, and producing fruits in abundance; its fields yielding rich crops, its mountains abounding in cattle."—*Giraldus Cambrensis, Topographia Hibernia*, 1300.

"Perhaps there is no country in the world which, in proportion to its number of acres, contains so many cattle, or, perhaps, so extensive a trade in cattle and their produce, as Ireland does."—*Youatt on Cattle, their Breeds and Management*, &c., 1837.

CHAPTER II.—ANIMAL FOOD IN EARLY TIMES—DEER, GOATS, SHEEP, AND SWINE.

First Colonisation of Ireland—Habitations of its Early People—The Duns, Raths, Forts, and Cluans—The Military, Domestic, and Ecclesiastical Structures—Booies—The Ancient Fauna of Ireland—The Ransom of Finn Mac Cool; an Unpublished Poem—Zoology of Giraldus Cambrensis and of K'Eogh—The Fossil and Extinct Animal Remains—The Cervine Tribe—The Great Irish Deer—The Red Deer—Goats and Sheep—Swine: The Wild Boar and the Domestic Pig—Ancient Bacon.

THE history of Ireland has yet to be written. Its social, moral, civil, military, and religious state in early times has yet to be faithfully and honestly described; and until it is, and all the various sources from which such knowledge is derived are laid bare, the ephemeral writer cannot be expected to enter very minutely into the habits of its primitive people. Materials are, however, being collected fast, owing to the labours of Dr. Petrie; by the patronage of the Royal Irish Academy—by the influence of the Ordnance Survey; by the publication of the country's annals, translated and annotated, topographically and historically, by Dr. O'Donovan; and by the labours of Mr. Eugene Curry, and the exertions of the Archæological and Celtic Societies. In an island abounding with lakes and rivers which supply abundance of fish, and surrounded by a coast literally swarming with the same means of sustenance, with many of its hills and plains affording rich pasturage; with forests thick and extensive, spreading over much of that great surface now occupied with bog, and offering a retreat for game, and extensive hunting-grounds, one can naturally suppose that the early settlers in Ireland, if they possessed any portion of skill, daring, or ingenuity in fishing or the chase, must have been amply supplied with animal food.

When, and from whence, the original settlers came, we can at present only conjecture. Civilised, however, to a certain extent they were; and of this we may be assured,

that several colonies, possibly from different countries, migrated to Ireland. Let us in imagination transport ourselves back to those very early times prior to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, when the island possessed inhabitants, and a large portion of the country was overspread with thick wood, extensive tracts of red bog, and numerous swamps and deep morasses, but presenting here and there wide extensive plains, such as those of Tipperary, Meath, and Roscommon, which afforded pasturage to numerous herds of horned cattle, and some sheep and goats; while wild hogs and pigs roamed through the forests, feeding upon acorns and beech-mast; and the rocks and mountains afforded secure shelter and abundant prey for troops of wolves, and also of foxes, badgers, and martins. Herds of deer occupied the margins of the woods, and an abundance of fish, particularly salmon and eels, inhabited or passed through its rivers. Speaking of the difference between France and Ireland, and the difficulty of carrying on the war in the two countries, Giraldus, in his "Conquest of Ireland," thus writes in the end of the thirteenth century—"These Normans, although they were verie good soldiers, and well appointed, yet the manner of the warres in France far differeth from that which is useth in Ireland and Wales; for the soil and country in France is plain, open, and champaign, but in these parts it is rough, rockie, full of hills, and woods, and bogs."* And, in the "Topographia Hibernia," he writes—"Ireland

* "Hibernia Expugnata"—Hooker's Translation.

is indeed an uneven, mountainous country; temperate, and inclined to moisture; moory and marshy, and truly a lonely land, badly provided with roads, but well watered. . . .

It has, however, in many places very beautiful level spots, but, in comparison with the woods, moderate in extent." And again—"The land is fortunate in a soil surpassingly fertile, and producing fruits in abundance; its fields yielding rich crops, its mountains abounding in cattle." — *Cap. iv. p. 700, Camden's Edition.*

The population was comparatively small, yet owing to the rivalry of petty chieftains, and the incursions of the Danes and other foreigners, men were obliged to herd together in small communities, and defend themselves and their cattle against the incursions of their enemies in intrenched forts, generally of a circular shape (but some few quadrangular), and varying in size from a rood to several acres in extent. A breastwork of earth, from six to ten feet high, surrounded the enclosure, being the material most at hand and most readily worked. Upon the plains and hill-sides, stone fortresses were occasionally erected, where such material abounded loose on the surface, or could be procured in the neighbourhood without being quarried or worked, and put together without dressing or cement. Of these we have still remaining in most rocky districts, and in the islands of Arran in particular, numerous examples — the most perfect and gigantic military remains (with one or two exceptions in Greece) which can be found in Europe, perhaps, we might say, in the world. In the circle of many of these forts, both stone and earthen, there existed chambers and galleries, which probably served as granaries or places of security for the preservation of valuables, and to which the young and weak might retreat in times of invasion. They were formed by large upright stones, and covered in with flags laid across the top. In them have been found many relics of past times, particularly old pipes, and also the heads and other bones of goats and deer. Several of these caves and passages

are now open, and they, as well as the forts themselves, are regarded with superstitious veneration by the peasantry. They are said to be the particular haunts of the fairies, concerning whom there are still many legends afloat throughout the country. Wild strains of unearthly music have, it is said, been heard to issue from them; and many romantic tales are told concerning cattle which entered them, and passed underground for great distances to remote parts of the country, where they again appeared. The veneration in which these raths were held by the people tended, in no small degree, to their preservation, and all that were in existence at the time of the Ordnance Survey were accurately marked upon the Government maps.* It may with the greatest safety be asserted, that in no other country in Europe are the traces of its ancient habitations so numerous or so well marked as in Ireland. To each of these forts, duns, raths, or lisses, were attached names which, with some modifications, have descended to modern times — as, for instance, Dun-Dermott, Dunmore, Dungannon, Dunamon, Dunboyne, Dunlavin, Dun-Dealgan, now Dundalk; Lismore, Listowel: Rathcormac, Rathcore, Rath-Croghan, Rathowen, &c. In these forts resided single families, or chieftains and their clans, and in the more extensive ones, kings and their retainers and soldiers. To this latter class belonged the royal forts of Tara, Emania, Croghan, Uisneach, Teltown, or Tailteann, Grenane, Ailigh, Tlachtgha, Cashel, &c.

The people lived in wooden houses or log-huts of tempered clay and wattles within these enclosures, and in times of threatened danger or invasion, drove in their cattle from the neighbouring plains and pastures. In the fort of Duvcaher, in Arranmore, when we examined it some years ago, might be seen the whole arrangement of the cabins, or stone-houses, called *cloughans*, in which the people lived, and a few of which then had their roofs perfect. These military and domiciliary forts are to be carefully distinguished from the raised earthen mounds which still likewise exist, and which were un-

* Let it never be forgotten, that to the Ordnance Survey, under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Larcom, is the country largely indebted for the elucidation of its ancient topography, and a vast deal of its archæology also. The impulse then given has not, and we hope never will cease to act, until the past history of Ireland is complete.

doubtedly sepulchral. In some instances, however, we find the tumulus within the circle of the rath—the chieftain, or hero, having been buried within the fort, where he was born, or which he had died in defending, as in the great rath of Dun-Aillinne, near old Kilcullen, and in the Giant's Ring, near Belfast. Here resided the skin-clad hunters and warriors—within these enclosures the old Tuatha da Danann, sons of Vulcan, plied their trade, and smelted the antique bronze into swords and javelins, or with the charcoal of the surrounding woods, forged the ductile iron into metal weapons, which in process of time succeeded to the sling-stones and flint-arrows, and javelins of a somewhat earlier time. The priests of this people were the Druids; their temples the stone circles, the remains of many of which still exist; and their religion was a description of paganism—that which worshipped the sun, moon, and stars, and the elements visible and invisible, and also the spirits of deified heroes; but their exact ceremonies are not recorded. They had petty Kings for their rulers, Brehons for their lawgivers, and wandering bards and minstrels for their historians. What music they possessed, or whether letters were known to them, we have no means of determining. To form an idea of the social state of that very early people, we must look abroad through the world at the present day for something approaching the condition our people were in at the time to which we refer; and here we find a difficulty, as we know of no Celtic nation in a state of semi-barbarism at present—and none of the other races of the world or the countries they inhabit—offer a parallel to what Ireland and the Irish must have been two thousand years ago. In investigating this subject, we must, however, always bear in mind that Ireland was a colony, not of Britain, but of some other, and at that time more advanced country, and that the condition of its early people must have been a good deal influenced by the amount of civilisation and the knowledge of the arts carried from the parent country. Music and dancing, tale-telling and poetic recitation, would, however, without any previously-introduced knowledge thereof, soon spring up even among a people less imaginative or less versatile

in genius and enthusiastic than the primitive Celtic inhabitants of Ireland. Of these games and pastimes we have many traditions, and also several historic descriptions, as of those at Tailteann, &c.

Around these forts must in process of time have been cultivated the corn and other similar kinds of vegetable food, which usually succeed in the order of civilisation to the hunting and cattle-feeding man; and thus in the process of time, by necessity, native ingenuity, or the imitation of foreigners, various arts were introduced, which constituted these forts centres of civilisation, and around them we still find some of the finest pasture land in Ireland. The people have a tradition that the rich land around the old bawns and forts was fertilised by the fat, blood, and offal of the great quantity of cattle thrown upon it from the slaughter-houses of their ancestors. We know from ancient records that hive-bees were propagated within these enclosures.

Besides the foregoing, there was another form of mound—the Cairn—erected to commemorate some remarkable event, or to note some memorable locality, such as a treaty between chieftains, or the site of a battle. Of this latter kind of cairn, chiefly composed of small stones, there are several in Ireland. We possess the history of one in particular—that of the “Cairn Mail” preserved in the Book of Lecan, and printed among the “Tracts relating to the Genealogy of Corca Laidhe,” by the Celtic Society. When Lughaidh engaged the Leinster men, “every man that came into battle with Lughaidh carried a stone, and thus the cairn was formed, and it was on it Lughaidh was standing while the battle was fought.” From this it would appear that the mound formed a double purpose—that of elevating the general and marking the locality. Many other such battle-mounds exist, from that of Marathon to the tumulus of Waterloo. Even yet the practice is not quite obsolete in Ireland, as the people mark the site of a murder, or a sudden death, by the erection of a “monnament” often formed with the stones taken from a neighbouring wall. Smaller wayside cairns of a funeral character were formed by “good Christians,” saying a prayer for the soul of the departed, and throwing a pebble upon

the heap commemorate of the good deeds of a deceased neighbour.

From a natural desire to preserve the memory of the illustrious dead, huge stone structures were erected over their remains, and of these we have many examples in the different cairns and cromlechs spread over the whole face of the country. These, with the great military forts to which we have already alluded, were most probably the first stone-buildings seen in Ireland; and as it would have been unsafe for individuals or isolated families to have resided except in those ancient intrenched villages, we find but few remains of single dwellings belonging to the inhabitants of that period. Some peasants, while probing a bog in the county Donegal for timber, a few years ago, discovered a perfect wooden house, buried sixteen feet below the surface. It was entirely composed of oak planks, and the interior was accurately filled with firm bog. A model of this very interesting relic is preserved in the Royal Irish Academy. Even in the time of King Henry II., wattled houses were common, and that monarch entertained the native chieftains in one erected for the purpose in Dublin, to which we shall refer further on, in describing the feasts of the Irish.

Besides the enclosed camps and villages formed of clay or stone, the remains of other human habitations, chiefly composed of great beams of timber morticed together, and presenting all the appearance of stockades, have been found in some of the bogs and swamps in Ireland, of which one of the most remarkable was that discovered in the vicinity of Dunshaughlin, to which we shall presently refer. Others have been found at Lough Gur, and also at Clonfree, near Strokestown, and in different parts of the country, in later years. These, no doubt, were originally erected upon Cluans—dry isolated meadows, or mounds, surrounded by morass or bog, which latter in process of time grew up around and over the island on which these structures stood. The number of Cluans, or cloons, which still give modern names to townlands in Ireland is remarkable, such as Cloonard, Cloonfree, Clooncontrast, &c.

The sites of these ancient raths and forts were not chosen indiscriminately, nor were these mounds thrown up hastily, or at the mere will of a parcel of rude

people, for they are admirably placed, and we read of the trade of a rath-builder being, in ancient times, one of considerable importance and honour. Some of the royal raths were roofed over, as that of the Teach Midhechuarta, or banqueting hall at Tara. In considering the subject of the ancient dwellings of the Irish, modern writers cannot too frequently correct the error into which some of the antiquaries of the last century fell, in attributing the construction of the ancient raths and mounds to the Danes—an error chiefly propagated by Ware, Mac Curtin, Molyneux, Harris, and other writers, who attempted to describe and account for the antiquities of this country, not by an examination of the Irish writings, but according to the description given of Danish remains in other countries by Olaus Wormius. This popular fallacy was exposed in “*The Beauties of the Boyne*” (see page 70), yet as we still hear this error expressed in society by those who should be better informed, we do not think we can too frequently allude to it. In the Rev. A. D. Rowan’s charming little work, “*Lake Lore; or an Antiquarian Guide to some of the Ruins and Recollections of Killarney*,” recently published, we read with great pleasure a graphic illustration of the truth of our former remarks upon this subject. Alluding to Rosse Castle having been said to be erected by one of the O’Donohoe chieftains, the author adds:—

“This easy, decisive way of disposing of the subject reminds one of the stereotyped answer which the peasant has ever ready for a question concerning old nondescript Irish buildings of all kinds, and all ages—‘They were built by the Danes long ago;’ or, perhaps, if the querist proceeds closer to ask, When, and by what Danes? the answer may be shaped to some such conglomeration of absurdity as this: ‘Oh, your honour, I mean the old *Swedish* Danes, that came over with *Julius Cæsar*.’—the truth being that the respondent knows nothing at all about the matter.”

Some of these raths became in more modern times, long after they ceased to be inhabited, the places of assembly to which the people resorted, even in the days of Spenser (1596), to “parlie about matters and wrongs betweene township and township, or one privat person and another.” Beside these

raths, other habitations were occasionally used in more modern, and, probably, in ancient times also, denominated *boolies*, or summer residences, to which the inhabitants of the plains resorted with their flocks in summer, and in which, as described by an ancient writer, the people lived the most part of the year “pasturing upon the mountaine, and waste wilde places, and removing still to fresh land as they had depastured the former, driving their cattle continually with them, and feeding only on their milke and white meats”—(probably, milk, curds, cheese, and calves’ flesh). When this system was first introduced, we cannot say, but it continued to be practised in some parts of the west until within the last few years. Immediately after the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in the autumn of 1835, we met, in one of the wild passes of Achill, with one of these *boolies*, or dairies. The inhabitants of a neighbouring village on the coast having planted their potatoes, and sown their corn, left them to the merciful influence of heaven and the goodwill of their neighbours, and giving the house into the care of a granny, and driving their cattle before them, they thus proceeded to some of the mountain valleys, where the young grass promised a month’s pasturage for the cattle. Here they threw up temporary huts, roofed with wattles, which they carried for the purpose, and covered them with scraws, or thin sods cut from the adjoining turf. Sometimes the men planted a few potatoes, if not too far advanced in the season, and these they dug on their return to the village, about three months later, and, occasionally, they “shook a lock of corn” in early spring. This gipsy life they pursued, passing on from valley to valley, as shelter or pasturage offered, during the entire summer, living upon a little meal and the produce of the cattle. For aught we know, this state of society may still exist. A *duma*, or hunting shed, was, we find from the ancient poems, sometimes thrown up in a wood, or on a mountain, “in which the king or chief sat while his huntsmen and hounds were engaged around him in the chase.”* O’Flaherty, in his “Iar-Connaught,” says

of the inhabitants of Connemara and Joyce Country in his day:—

“They dwell, for the most part, next the borders of the country where commonly is the best land; and in summer time they drive their cattle to the mountains, where such as look to the cattle live in small cabins for that purpose.”

The tracks of these *boolies* has erroneously led some writers to the conclusion that even the tops of our mountains were cultivated in early times.

With the introduction of Christianity, in the fifth century, much of the social system of the country was altered; communities of ecclesiastics, some of them foreign, and all possessing more knowledge than the surrounding people, erected stone cashels, or enclosures, containing rudely constructed chapels and stone cells, in which these men lived. Besides these, small missionary churches were, as peace was established and art and knowledge progressed, erected in isolated spots, here and there, throughout the country, some remains of which still exist. As the country became more civilised and populated, hermits’ cells and the isolated dwellings of individuals began to appear; of these there are several still in Kerry, and a great number in Arranmore, called there *cloughans*, where they resemble the stone-domed houses within the forts. In process of time, round towers were erected, and extensive monasteries rose out of the rude cashels, and abbeys, and ornate cathedrals, sprung from the sites of the early missionary churches, built by those of whom the poet sung—

“Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise of heart, in wood, and stone,
Who rear’d, with firm and trusting hands,
The dark grey towers of days unknown.
They fill’d those aisles with many a
thought;
They bade each roof some truth recall;
The pillar’d arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall!”

The kings and chieftains erected castles with strong walls for their defence, and, in most cases, surrounded them with stone enclosures, containing, as in the forts of old, their vassals, retainers, and cattle. To these stono

* See The Dinnseanchus, quoted in Leabhar na g-Ceart, or Book of Rights, p. 117

enclosures was, in process of time, given the names of Bawnes; but even long after the erection of stone buildings, the old forts were inhabited, and the ancient royal residences used on state occasions, and in times of solemnity. Bridges were probably erected as early, or even antecedent, to stone houses. Fiachna, King of Ulidia, who flourished in 739, is said to have received the name of *Indrochet*, from the number of bridges he built.* The great bulk of the inhabitants, however, were spread over the face of the country in mud cabins, with the roof supported by a central post, which can have varied but little for many hundred years past. As trade increased, villages became towns; architecture, both native and introduced from other countries, was esteemed; art flourished, and the ordinary consequences to social life followed. After the English conquest, we find certain portions of the country studded over with the stiff, square, black castles of the Welch and Norman lords. We have thus traced the progress of house-building from its earliest period, as it is a necessary handmaid of cookery. Let us now return to the original subject, and see what the people ate in the early times in these old forts, castles, and monasteries.

It would form an interesting subject for a naturalist to direct his inquiries to the ancient fauna of Ireland; but such has not yet been attempted, although materials are not by any means wanting. The late Mr. W. Thompson, of Belfast, promised to publish a list of the Irish names of our native birds, but the untimely death of that distinguished naturalist prevented the fulfilment of that hope. There are many curious legends, both mythical and founded on fact, relating to the animals proper to this country in early times, to be found in the vast collection of Irish manuscripts now accessible to the learned. Many years ago, Mr. Eu-

gene Curry, with whose name every Irish scholar is familiar, discovered a very curious Irish manuscript of a zoological and topographical poem, believed to be as old as the ninth century, the history of which is as follows:—The celebrated Irish champion, Finn Mac Cool, was made prisoner by Cormac Mac Art, monarch of Erin, who, however, consents to liberate him for a ransom of *two of every wild animal in Ireland*, which were to be brought to him to the green of Tara. Cailte,† one of Finn's officers, undertook and succeeded in accomplishing this apparently hopeless task, and in the poem alluded to relates to St. Patrick the result of his mission. In this poem, the following translation of which was placed at our disposal some years ago by Mr. Curry, the names of several animals are untranslatable; either the animals themselves have become extinct in this country, or they are now known by other names than those employed in the original Irish. We give the poem, however, in full, not only as appertaining to the subject in hand—the ancient game and food of Ireland, and as a unique specimen of a very early catalogue of animals—but also in the hope that some of our zoological friends in the country may, by inquiry among the Irish-speaking people, ascertain what animals were meant by those untranslated names. Were this ancient production published in an archæological work, and not in a popular miscellany, more space might be profitably occupied with a lengthened topographical annotation of the various localities referred to, most of which have been determined. Cailte thus addresses the saint:

I then went forth to search the lands,
To see if I could redeem my chief,
And soon returned to noble Tara
With the ransom that Cormac required.

I brought with me the fierce *Geilt* ^a
And the tall *Grib* ^b (Osprey?) with talons,

* Cambrensis Eversus, cap. xxx. p. 307.

† "Cailte Mac Ronain, the foster-son and favourite of the celebrated Irish general, Finn Mac Cumhail."—*Annals of the Four Masters*, A.D. 286.

^a *Geilt*. According to O'Reilly, this word means, "a wild man or woman—one living in woods"—a maniac. It may, however, have been figuratively applied to some very fierce or untameable creature, either quadruped or bird, which inhabited the woods. But that the *simia*, or monkey tribe, were not likely to have at any time inhabited so cold a country, one would have seen, in the term, an exceedingly apt expression for "the wild man of the woods."

^b *Grib*. Swift, quick; also applied to "the feathers on the feet of birds." But for the term—tall and with talons—employed in the reference to this creature, it might at once be

And the two Ravens of Fid-dá-Beann,
And the two Ducks of Loch Saileann.^c

Two Foxes from Sliabh Cuilinn,^d
Two wild Oxen from Burren,^e
Two Swans from the wood of Gobhran,^f
And two Cuckoos from the wood of For-
drum.

Two *Toghmalls* from Fidh-Gaibhle,^g
Which is by the side of the two roads,
And two Otters^h after them,
From the brown white rock of Dovar.ⁱ

Two Gulls from Tralee hither,
Two *Ruilechs* from Port Lairge,^j
Four *Snags* (Cranes?) from the River
Brosna,^k

Anglicised into the Swift; but it is, in the poem, used in all probability to designate the Osprey, or sea-eagle. Cambrensis, in his "Topographia Hibernia," mentions among the birds of prey the Eagle, Osprey, Hawk, Falcon, and Sparrow-hawk: and his observations on natural history and the habits and manners of animals are curious and interesting, and in many respects truthful and original. In some instances, however, he fell into the usual popular delusions of the day—as, for example, when describing the Osprey in the chapter devoted to the consideration of birds of that description, he says it has one foot armed with talons wide open, and adapted to seizing prey, while the other is of a more peaceful nature, and used for swimming.

^c *Lough Sheelin*. A well-known lake on the borders of Cavan, Longford, and Meath. From the expression in the text, one is induced to think that two particular ducks were specified—such as, perhaps, the ducks of St. Colman, of Shanboth, enumerated among the wonders of Ireland in Nennius, which could not be boiled, "although all the woods of the earth were burnt under that pot." There are many similar legends related even at this day.

^d *Slieve Cuilinn*, or *Gullion*. A mountain in the barony of Upper Orier, in the county Armagh, which took its name from Cuileann, an artificer who lived here in the reign of Conchobar Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, and by whom the celebrated hero, Cuchulain, was fostered. This mountain, which is also mentioned in MacPherson's "Ossian," may be seen from the northern railway between Dundalk and Newry.

^e *Boirinn*, or *Burrin*. A wild district, in Thomond, county Clare, in which herds of cattle were very likely common at the time referred to. In the *Leabhar na g-Ceart* we read of "ten hundred oxen" from Boirinn being part of the tributes of Cashel to the kings of Erin. This locality is also mentioned in Hardiman's *Minstrelsy* as one of the "three impassable places in Ireland—Brefny, Burren, and Bearra." Achadhbo, the "oxen field," is sometimes called "Compulus Bovis." See *Vita Sancti Kannichi*, lately published and presented to the Kilkenny and South-east of Munster Archæological Society by the Marquis of Ormond.

^f *Gobhran*, now Gowran, in the county Kilkenny.

^g *Fidh Gaibhle*. The branching wood of Feegile, in the parish of Clonsast, near Portarlington, King's County. This was the celebrated wood of Leinster, sacred to St. Berchan, who states "that the wood derived its name from the River Gabhal, and that the river is called Gabhal from the Gabhal, or fork, which it forms at the junction of Cluain Sasta and Cluain Mor. The river is now called Fidh Gaible, though the wood has disappeared."—*Leabhar na g-Ceart*. Note by O'Donovan, p. 214. What the *Toghmall* was we cannot yet say; the meaning of the word is, "the slow bird." It was, besides, capable of domestication, or being made a pet of; thus, it is related that, when Cuchulain slung a stone at Queen Meave, he killed the *Toghmall* which was resting on her shoulder.

^h Otters, now called in Irish *maddie usque*, a water-dog, must have abounded in former times in Ireland, as we read of their skins being an article of commerce. In 1408 we find John, son of Dermot, charged with two otters' skins for his rent of Radon (Rathdown) for the same year; five otters' skins for the two years and a-half preceding; and one hundred and sixty-two otters' skins for the arrears of this rent for many years then past, making a total of one hundred and sixty-nine otters' skins. This, which is the last entry accessible relative to the family of Gillamocholmog, is recorded in an unpublished pipe roll of 10th Hen. IV. See "The Streets of Dublin," by J. T. Gilbert, Esq., in the *Irish Quarterly Review* for Dec. 1853, p. 943. Peltry formed a large portion of the exports of Ireland in very early times.

ⁱ *Dovar*. Probably Carrickdover, in the county Wexford.

^j *Port Lairge*. Waterford.

^k *Brosna*. The River Brosna, in the King's County, a tributary of the Shannon. It rises to the south-west of Mullingar, and passes through Lough Belvedere, the ancient Loch Ennel. The term snag is translated by O'Reilly, woodpecker, and *snag-breac*, the magpie; but the former is not an Irish bird, and the latter is of comparatively recent introduction. Moreover, woodpeckers do not frequent rivers, but woods, whereas the heron is still called a snag, and the term is applied to a tall, ill-made man. Inis-Snag, near Thomastown, in the county Kilkenny, is so named from this bird. In the west the crane is now styled in Irish *Cus Crefoy*, foot in the mud, a very apposite expression, as most of our native terms are—as, for instance, the curlew is called *Crithane*, from the manner in which it walks, with its shoulders humped or elevated; the woodcock *Creabhar*, or *Cullugh Ceach*, on account of the uncertain, blind manner in which it first flies out of cover.

Two *Feadogs* (Plovers) from the rock of Dunan.¹

Two *Echtges* from the lofty Echtge,^m
Two Thrushes from Letter Lingarie,
Two *Drenns*ⁿ from Dun Aife,^o
The two *Cainches* of Corraivte.

Two Herons from the hilly Corann,^p
The two *Errfiacs* of Magh Fobhair,
The two Eagles of Carrick-na-Cloch,
Two Hawks from the wood of Caenach.

Two *Peasans* from Loch Meilge,^q
Two Water-Hens from Loch Erne,

Two Heath-Hens (Grouse) from the bog of Mafa,^r

Two swift *Gairgs* (Divers) from Dubh Loch.

Two *Cricharans* from Cualaun,^s
Two *Miontans* from Magh Tuolang,^t
Two *Caechans* from Gleann Gaibhle,^u
Two Sparrows from the Shannon.

Two *Peata-Odhra*s (Cormorants) from Ath Cliath,^v

Two *Onchus* from Crotta Cliach,^w

Two *Caboges* (Jackdaws) from Druim Damh,

¹ *Dunan*. Carrickdornan. The grey plover is still called the *Feadog*, on account of its shrill whistle; and the lapwing, the *Phillibeen*.

^m *Echtge*. *Sliere Aughty*, on the borders of Clare and Galway, to the south of the town of Loughrea. From it rises the *Alhainn-da-Loilgheach*—i. e., the river of the two milk cows, now the *Owendalulagh*. "The name of this stream is accounted for by a legend in the *Dinnseanchus*, which states, that *Sliabh Echtghe*, the mountain in which it rises, derived its name from *Echtghe Uathach*, the daughter of *Ursothach*, son of *Tinde*, one of the *Tuatha de Danann* colony. She married *Fergus Lusca Mac Kindi*, who held this mountain in right of his office of cupbearer to the King of *Ulnegmacht*. He had no stock, but she had; and she came to him with her cows, according to the law entitled *Slabhradh furiher fosadh*, and he gave up the mountain to her. On this occasion, according to the legend, two cows were brought hither, of remarkable lactiferousness and equally fruitful; but on their removal hither, it turned out that one of them, which was placed to graze on the north side of the mountain, did not yield one-third as much milk as the one placed on the south side. This river forms the boundary between the fertile and barren regions of *Sliabh Echtghe*, alluded to in this legend."—*Annals of the Four Masters*, Note by *O'Donovan*. From the foregoing legend it is not improbable that the *Echtges* of the poem were the peculiar cows or horned cattle of the vicinity.

ⁿ *Drenns*. Probably wrens; the *droleen* is still a word applied to diminutive persons.

^o *Dun Aife*. Now *Dunecy* in the county Carlow.

^p *Corann*. Now *Keshcorann* in the county Sligo.

^q *Loch Meilge*. Now *Lough Melvine*, county Fermanagh.

^r *Mafa*. Unknown. *Cearca-free*, the grouse.

^s *Cualaun*. Powerscourt and the adjacent country in the counties Dublin and Wicklow, including the *Dargle*, the *Glen of the Downs*, and extending even to *Delgany*, all of which beautiful region was probably well wooded in the time of *Cailte*. We cannot at present decide with any degree of certainty as to what the *Cricharans* were: possibly they were squirrels, which, it is said, formerly abounded in that vicinity. *K'Eogh*, however, calls the squirrel the *Ira-rua*. The *Martin*, or *Maddii Cran*, the tree-dog, may have been meant by this term, which is still extant in the southwest.

^t *Miontans*—Titmice. *Magh Tuolang*—An ancient plain in Lower Ormond.

^u *Gleann Gaibhle*. Now *Glengavlin*, a wild valley in the barony of *Tullyhaw*, county Cavan, in which the *Shannon* rises. See "*Annals of the Four Masters*," A.D. 1890. It is a deep, circular hole, surrounded by rich, alluvial soil, and called by the country people "*The Shannon Pot*." A very small stream proceeds from it, which, descending through the hills, soon widens into a considerable river that enters *Lough Allen* near *Doutrais*, passes obliquely through the lake, and leaves it at the bridge of *Ballintra*, where it receives the *Arigna* river. Standing upon the side of *Slieve An-Ierin* mountain, or on any of the neighbouring elevations, we can, in particular states of the water and atmosphere, trace the stream of the *Shannon* passing through *Loch Allen*. *Giraldus* mentions a curious and what at first seems an incredible circumstance regarding this river—viz., that from its source it flows two ways, north and south—to *Limerick* on the one hand, and through *Lough Erne* to *Ballyshannon* on the other. If, however, one stands on the slight elevation which separates the *Pot* of the *Shannon* from the slopes above *Swanlinbar*, we see all the waters to the north of the ridge running to form the *Erne* water, and all those to the south-west passing towards the *Shannon*, so that, after all, the old *Welshman* was not so far astray.

^v *Ath Cliath*. Now *Dublin*; in the bay and river of which cormorants were common in former times. *Odharog* is a scrat, or young cormorant.

^w *Crotta Cliach*. The *Galtee Mountains*, county Tipperary. In the dictionaries *Ormchra* is the term for a leopard, but that animal did not exist here. *Mr. Curry* believes it was the old term for a boar-hound.

- Two *Riabhoges* (Larks) from Leathan Mhaigh.^x
- Two Rabbits from Dumho Duinn,
Two Wild Hogs from circular Cnoghbbha,^y
Two *Peutans* (Liverets?) from Creat Roe,
Two wild Boars from green-sided Tara.
- Two Pigeons out of Ceis Cor-ann,^z
Two *Lons* (Blackbirds) out of Leitir Finnchoill,
Two Blackbirds from the strand of Dabhan,
Two *Earboges* (Roebucks) from Luachair Deaghaidh.^a
- Two *Faenels* out of Sih Buidhe,
Two *Iaronns* from the wood of Luadhraidh,
Two *Gisechtachs* (Screamers?) from Magh Mall,
Two charming Robins from *Cnamh Choill*.^b
- Two *Fereidhins* from Ath Loich,^c
Two *Uisins* (Fawns) from Moin mor,
Two *Ialltans* (Bats) out of the cave of Cnoghbbha.^d
- Two *Porcs* from the lands of *Ollarbha*.^e
- Two Woodcocks from Coillruadh,
Two *Faidhirclins* from Lenn Uar,^f
Two *Bruacharans* from *Sliabh-da-Ean*,^g
Two *Cadhans* (Barnacles) from Turloch Bruigheoil.^h
- Two *Naescans* from Dun Daighre,ⁱ
Two *Buidheogs* (Yellow-hammers) from the brink of Bairne,
Two *Spireogs* (Sparrowhawks?) from *Sliabh Cleath*,^j
Two grey Mice from Luinineach.
- Two Corncrakes from the banks of Shannon,
Two *Glaiseogs* (Wagtails) from the brink of Biorra,^k
Two *Crotachs* (Curlews?) from the harbour of Galway.
Two *Sgreachoges* (the Screech-Owl) from Muirtheimhue.^l
- Two *Geilt Glinnes* from Glen-a-Smoil,^m
Two *Badhbhs* from great Ath Mogha,ⁿ
Two fleet *Onchus* (Otters) from Loch Con.^o

^x *Riabhoges*. The little bird which is the usual attendant of the cuckoo, and called "the cuckoo's waiting-maid," is so styled. This is still a living word in the west.

^y *Cnoghbbha*. The well-known mound of Knowth, on the Boyne, near Newgrange.

^z *Ceis Cor-ann*. Kesh-corrán, county Sligo.

^a *Luachair Deaghaidh*. Slieve Lougher, in Kerry.

^b *Cnamh Choill*. Now Cneamh Choill, a townland close to the town of Tipperary. It is curious to find the interest attaching to the Robin extending so far back as the date of this poem.

^c *Ath Loich*. At Dunlow, near Killarney, Kerry. The *Fereidhin* is mentioned in the account of the death of Dermot Mac Cerchail, monarch of Erin, in 590.

^d *Cnoghbbha*. From this it would appear that the cave under the mound of Knowth was open at the time of Cormac Mac Art; probably it had not been closed up after the rifling by the Danes. The modern Irish name for the bat is *Faltog*, or *Sciathan-leathair*, leather-wing.

^e *Ollarbha*. A river in the county Antrim. See "Reeves' Antiquities," &c.

^f *Lenn Uar*. The vale of the Uar, near Elphin.

^g *Sliabh-da-Ean*. Slieve-Daen, in the county Sligo.

^h *Cadhans*. This is still a living word, and is applied to the Barnacle, which migrates to this country from Shetland about the 15th October, and which was formerly so abundant at Wexford, Tralee, and along the coast of Kerry. The true Barnacle, or *Anas Erythropus*, is seldom seen at either of these places; but the Brent Goose, or *Anas Bernicla*, is still common. The locality here mentioned, Turloch Bruigheoil, which is very celebrated in Irish history, is the small lake of Bree-ole, in the barony of Athlone, county Roscommon. Turlochs, or collections of water which become nearly dry in summer, abound in that county—such as the Turloch of Carrokeel, the Turloch of Castleplunket, and that of Turlochmore, &c.

ⁱ *Daighre*. Dundagre, now Dun-Iry, county Galway.

^j *Sliabh Cleath*. Now Slieve-Glah—a hill near the town of Cavan. The term *Spireog* is still a living word in the very locality here referred to, and signifies the sparrow-hawk.

^k *Biorra*. Now Birr, in the King's county.

^l *Muirtheimhue*. A level plain along the sea, in the county of Louth, comprising Dundalk, &c.

^m *Glen-a-Smoil*. A glen beyond Rathfarnham, in the county Dublin. For *Geilt Glinne*, the maniac of the woods, see *Geilt*, page 322.

ⁿ *Ath Mogha*. Now Ballymoe, upon the river Suck, county Galway, near Castlereagh. *Badhbh*, the grey or scald crow.

^o *Loch Con*. One of the great chain of the Mayo lakes, still celebrated as a locality for the otter.

Two Cats out of the cave of Cruachain.^p

Two *Cadhlas* (Goats) from Sidh Gabhran,
Two Pigs out of Mac Lir's herd,^q
A Ram and Ewe both round and red,
I brought with me from Aengos.^r

I brought with me a Stallion and a Mare,
From the beautiful stud of Manannan,
A Bull and a white Cow from Druim Cain,^s
Which were presented to myself by Muirn Munchain.^t

To this poem we have added the topographical notes, chiefly for the purpose of directing special attention to the places therein referred to, as likely habitats for certain animals, and in the hope that some of our Irish-speaking people in their vicinity may still remember the as yet, to us, unknown names. Until we learn what animals were understood by these—many of which are as yet untranslated—we cannot say, with any degree of certainty, what creatures are wanting in the list.

It is, however, well worthy of note, that the localities specified, are just such as naturalists would expect to furnish these particular animals—thus, the wild oxen were sought for in the then impassable districts of Clare; the otters from beneath the overhanging rock; the cranes and wagtails from the river's brink; the cuckoos and hawks from the woods; the eagle from the tall cliff; the grouse from the bog; the fox from the rocky mountain; the ducks and waterhens from the inland lake; the gull and the curlew from the sea-margin; the lark from the broad plain; the corncrake from the Shannon's bank; the bat out of the dark cave—and so forth, all showing accuracy of observation, as many of these

places are still the most likely haunts for these very animals specified in the poem. There are a few apparent exceptions, such as that of the swans from the wood of Gowran, but they may yet be explained.

The Rev. Silvester Gerald Barry, the learned chaplain of King Henry II. of England, a man of noble birth, related to the Geraldines, and popularly known by the name of "Giraldus Cambrensis," owing to the circumstance of his Welsh origin, wrote a work, entitled "*Topographia Hibernia*," in which the different animals common to this country are enumerated, and to which work we have already referred, and shall presently allude more particularly, but as he did not give the Irish names, we find some difficulty in using his description as a commentary upon the foregoing poem. Another chaplain, likewise an ecclesiastic, the Rev. John K'Eogh, author of the "*Botanologia Universalis Hibernia*," also published, in 1739, "*Zoologia Medicinalis Hibernia*," in which he has given in the English character, and as they were pronounced to him, the Irish names of the "Birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects, which are commonly known and propagated in this kingdom;" but it is extremely defective as a list of animals, and far below the state of biological knowledge which then existed—being a mere enumeration of the various nonsensical cures and superstitious virtues attributed by old women, and old writers also, to the different parts and products of animals—as, for instance, of the fox, he says—"the lungs pulverized, taken in any proper vehicle, are pneumonic, powerfully curing most disorders of the lungs, such as colds, coughs, asthmas, phthises, rancidities, wheezing, difficulty in breathing," &c. The

^p *Cruachain*. The cave of Rathcroghan, now Rawcroghan, the site of the ancient palace of the Kings of Connaught, near Castlereagh, county Roscommon. The stone passage here alluded to still exists, and is the scene of many legends, both ancient and modern. We remember, when a boy, being warned by one of the old people against entering it, because it was said to have been inhabited by wild cats, and other venomous creatures of that description.

^q *Mac Lir*. Manannan Mac Lir, the Neptune, or sea-god, of the old Tuatha de Danann. See an account of this personage in the Biography of Captain M'Clure, the discoverer of the north-west passage, at page 358.

^r *Aengos*. The great Tuatha de Danann, magician of Brugh na Boinne. This name is sometimes applied to Angus in Scotland, where Cailte had sojourned before he arrived in Ireland.

^s *Druim Cain*. A hill near Tara, county Meath; but there are many places of the name in Ireland.

^t *Muirn Munchain*. The mother of Finn Mac Coul.

natural history of the flea is chiefly comprised in the following: — “Nine grains of wheat, taken up by a flea, are esteemed good to cure a chin-cough.” Bear’s grease, though not then set forth under the patronage of “Rowland and Son,” had its supporters a century and a-quarter ago; for although the animal did not then exist in Ireland, K’Eogh includes it in his “*Zoologica Hibernica*,” and says — “The fat or lard of a bear wonderfully cures an alopecia or baldness; it also eases pains, discusses and mollifies tumours.” As might be expected, he does not give any Irish name for this animal, nor for the nightingale, which he likewise enumerates and describes; but of the seal he says — “I have been credibly informed by a gentleman of my acquaintance, that if a piece of the skin of this *fish* be cut in the form of a heart, and hung about the neck, the sharp point thereof hanging down between the breasts, it will infallibly cure a colic, so that the patient will never be afflicted with it while it continues in this situation.” Now, this is pretty well for a Bachelor of Arts, and the Protestant chaplain to an Irish lord! What is this charm more than the “gospel” worn round the neck of the simple peasant child, and so much inveighed against by some of our modern missionaries? We will tell our readers. It is but part and parcel of that credulity, and that deference to authority, without reference either to common sense or the laws of nature, which have so frequently characterised churchmen of every creed, and which, in the present day, so pre-eminently distinguish some of the ministers and divines, and even dignitaries of the Reformed Church, who practise mesmerism, uphold table-turning, prescribe homœopathy, and have become missionaries for the propagation of electro-biology, spirit-rapping, and such other popular delusions, which have lately swayed the public mind — not of all, thank God, but of some women, and a few vain, weak-minded men, such as have, in every age, been either the unwitting tools of knaves, the blind and willing recipients of marvel, or deceivers of themselves.

The bones of mammiferous animals, and also birds, have been found in an incinerated state, in connexion with human remains, in tumuli and in terracotta sepulchral urns. Among those

may be recognised the bones of swine, oxen, and domestic fowl. This circumstance leads to the conclusion that several of our animals were used in pagan times for funereal sacrifice. Owing either to the want of research, or to fewer excavations and cuttings having been made for mining and railroad purposes, the remains of mammiferous animals which have been discovered in this country, are much less in number than those which have been described as found in England. In the year 1715, Mr. Nevil communicated the discovery of the remains of an elephant, near Mahery, in the county of Cavan, upon which Sir Thomas Molyneux wrote a valuable dissertation, and which, like everything that came from the pen of that distinguished man, exhibited an amount of knowledge far in advance of his time. The remains of the bear have likewise been found, and some say those of the rhinoceros also, but as yet this latter requires confirmation. Probably those of the wolf and hyena will be found. Without, however, referring to the evidence afforded by the researches of geologists, the traditions of the country lead us to believe that many changes may have taken place upon the surface of this island, even subsequent to its occupation by man. Modern writers are too much in the habit of throwing aside as fabulous the ancient myths and legends which float dimly upon the past. It will, however, generally be found that most of the supernatural accounts of any country are based upon some accountable natural phenomenon; that each myth has its meaning, and every legend has been founded upon fact, though such fact may, perhaps, be slender or obscure. Thus we may, to a certain extent, account for the tales told in the “*Dinnseanchus*” and in the “*Leabhar Gabhala*,” and related by O’Flaherty in his “*Ogygia*,” of the breaking out of Lough Neagh, and of the rise and origin of other lakes, which at least tend to show that some great change took place in the localities referred to, after this country was inhabited. There is no reason to doubt that some bogs have formed since that period.

DEER.—Whether the great Irish elk (*Cervus megacerus Hibernicus*), the monarch of its tribe, and whose splendid remains so much enhance our col-

lections, existed contemporaneously with man, is still doubtful. The scientific naturalists assert that it could not have lived here along with man, and ground their proofs upon the circumstance of the marl and tufa, in which its bones are usually found; but, on the other hand, several intelligent collectors say that it is found in bog, and along with the bones of smaller deer and oxen; and that at Lough Gûr, near Limerick, it was associated with antiquities and other traces of man. This creature has usually been denominated the fossil elk, from which the unscientific reader might imagine that it had been converted into stone, or some mineral substance. The word fossil was in former times applied to anything dug out of the earth, of an inorganic as well as an organic nature; but geologists and naturalists of the present day mean by the term fossil the remains of an animal or vegetable, which does not now exist in a living state in the locality in which such were found, and which bones or other remains were extracted from the earth. That, however, the great Irish deer is not fossil, is shown by the fact of its animal constituents being capable of analysis, as proved by Dr. Stokes many years ago; by the very marrow, and also the periostum, or bone-covering, being still found perfect; and by the fact of one of our learned societies having been regaled by a dish of soup made from these very bones! Wordsworth must have had the Irish gigantic deer before his mind's eye, when he wrote this fine description:—

"Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Sluggish and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The glorious creature stood."

Some few specimens of the bones and horns of the Reindeer (*Cervus Tarandus*) were discovered in the vicinity of the old shot-tower in the Dublin mountains not long since, and also at Lough Gûr. Whether this animal existed here after the island was inhabited, is likewise a mooted point. Other varieties of the deer tribe did, however, roam at large over the country in very early times, the bones of which have been found in quantities in those great osseous collections dis-

covered in our bogs, and by the margins of lakes, or upon the sites of ancient fortifications some years since, and also with antique carvings upon them in connexion with ancient weapons and ornaments. Of these cervine remains, the most remarkable are those of the Red-deer (*Cervus Elephas*), called in Irish *Fiagh*, and which surpass, in magnitude of horn and length of head, any of the modern race either in this country or in Scotland; and the beautiful heads found at Lough Gûr also presented a few slight anatomical differences. Some herds of this noble race of deer are still preserved by Mr. Herbert, at Killarney, and the Éarl of Howth has a fine herd at Howth Park. They also existed in Connemara and Erris within the last thirty years; and in the latter wild region a few were occasionally seen among the "Twelve Pins" of Benna Beola down to a more recent period; but we cannot now hail the

—"King of the wild, whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the
morn;
The joy of the happy, the strength of the free,"

for they have all been destroyed.

From the earliest periods of the world, deer and venison have entered largely into the domestic history of every nation, not merely as an article of food, or a subject upon which the poet could draw for the simile of grace, swiftness, and agility—but one with which has been linked many curious myths, as well as many remarkable tropes and metaphors; and in more modern times these references and reminiscences of the cervidiæ have formed pleasing and often historical subjects for the painter's and the sculptor's art. Long before the introduction of Christianity, the monarch, Eochardh Fiadhumine, pronounced Eochy Feamoney, or Eochaidh the Huntsman, was so named from his passion for that sport—"Quod illi cognomen Fiadhumine fecit fiadh nimirum cervum interpretamur et muin silvam."* And Nia Sedamin, another pagan sovereign, derived his appellation, because it was in his reign "that the cows and the does were alike milked,"† the word *Seada* meaning a hind or doe. This art of taming deer, and

* "Annals of the Four Masters," A.M. 4357.

† Ibid., A.M. 4387.

converting them into domestic cattle, is said to have been received from Flidisia, the king's mother. King Daire of old had a magical fawn as a familiar, of which some wonderful tales are related. The deer tribe occupy a high place in Irish hagiology, and were, it is said, the subjects of many miracles. Pet deer were frequent attendants upon some of our early saints. St. Etchen, who conferred the order of priesthood upon St. Columbkille, yoked a stag to the plough, instead of an ox. St. Attaracta, of Killaraght, near Boyle, yoked the stags to cars to carry timber, the animals having first licked her feet in token of obedience. Two stags, obeying the sound of the bell of St. Fintan, came to him and carried his satchel. A stag carried the satchel of St. Berach, or Barry, of Kilbarry. The wild stags carried stones and wood for St. Codocus, to build his monastery. St. Kieran, of Serkieran (King's County), had at his monastery a fox, a badger, a wolf, and a stag, so tame that they were called his monks. A doe licked the hands and feet of St. Cuanna, and remained with him during his (the saint's) life. A doe obeyed St. Gerald, of Mayo, and remained with him during her (the doe's) life. A wild doe came daily to St. Errina to be milked; others of the deer tribe obeyed the voice of St. Molagga. St. Patrick is said to have found a deer suckling her fawn in the spot where the Cathedral of Armagh stands, and upon his taking up the fawn, the dam followed him. A wild fawn obeyed the commands of St. Cairnuth, and was the cause of the death of an Irish king, Leurig. Deer were said to have been employed to carry timber to build the castle of the King of Connaught, and were used for other domestic purposes; and, it is said, a deer found the books of St. Columbkille which were lost.

The stag with the branching horns was celebrated among our ancient Irish poems, and venison formed a portion of the feast of our early Irish kings. Among the prerogatives of the kings of Tara we find the following in the Book of Rights, already referred to :

"The venison of Nas, the fish of the Boinn;
The cresses of the kingly Brosnach;
The water of the well of Tlachtgha, too;
And the swift deer of Luibneach."

And many other similar notices could be adduced. Giraldus Cambrensis says, that Ireland contained, in his time, all sorts of wild animals; and that "it possesses stags which, from their exceeding fatness, are not able to escape, and by as much as they are smaller in the size of their bodies, by so much are they the more surprisingly set off by the magnificence of their head and horns."—"Topographia Hibernia," cap. xix. And again, in reviewing the opinion of Bede, he says, "Bede also affirms that Ireland is remarkable for the hunting of stags and roes, whereas it is a place that has always been free from roes." In this he was probably correct, as the roe and fallow deer which we now have in Ireland, in the parks of some of our nobility and gentry, are evidently the English breed.

According to the "Returns of Agricultural Produce" for the year 1851, there were in Ireland 17,175 deer; but, as we have not had any return of this description of stock since, we cannot say if they have increased or decreased since that time. One of the finest parks in Ireland, both for extent and grandeur, as well as number of deer, was that of the Marquis of Sligo, near the foot of Crough-Patrick; but during the most urgent period of the famine, that excellent nobleman gave up his herd of deer to supply food to his starving tenantry.

Among the circumstances corroborative of the number of red deer in Ireland in former times, may be mentioned the discovery of immense quantities of the tips of stags' horns, both in the great moat of Dunshaughlin, and also within the last few months in sinking a sewer through High-street, in this city. These bits of bone, which are from three to five inches in length, were sawn off from the remainder of the horn, which was, in all probability, manufactured into sword and knife-handles. Bone bodkins, bone fibula, also combs, spindle-heads, dagger-hafts and other weapons, ornaments, and utensils, formed from the hard bones of mammals, abound in our antiquarian collections; and the antlers of the stag were also sharpened, and used as points for making holes, and for several other purposes.

O'Flaherty in his "Iar-Connaught," written in 1684, says, speaking of the Joyce Country mountains, "Next

Mam-en are the mountains of Corco-ga, in the confines of Ballynahynsy, Ross, and Moycullin countreys, where the fat decre is frequently hunted; whereof no high mountain in the barony of Ballynahynsy, or half barony of Ross, is destitute." And Molyneux, writing in 1715, has left on record the following remarkable passage:—"And here I cannot but observe, that the red deer in these our days is much more rare with us in Ireland than it has been formerly, even in the memory of man. And though I take it to be a creature naturally more peculiar to this country than to England, yet, unless there be some care to preserve it, I believe, in process of time, this kind may be lost also like the other sort we were now speaking of"—that is, the gigantic extinct deer, the loss of which he attributed to some great pestilence. Pococke said that the mountains of Erris "are full of red deer, which are very indifferent food, being never fat. However, the hunting of them affords good diversion to those who traverse the mountains on foot, but they frequently escape the dogs." Mr. Hardiman, the learned editor and commentator of O'Flaherty's work, says that he "heard from an old native of the barony of Ross, in Iar-Connaught, that in his youth large red deer were common there; that he frequently saw them grazing among the black cattle among the hills, and particularly remembers one which was caught by the horns in a thicket, where it was found dead."

GOATS. — In the ancient raths, and other domiciliary and military remains, so extensively spread over the face of the country, beneath the peat of our bogs, and particularly in the subterranean passages and small crypts within the interior of the raths, the head, horns, and other bones of the goat (*Gabhar*) have been discovered in great quantity. The head of the goat, it is well to tell our readers, may be always distinguished from that of the horned sheep by the circumstance, that "in the sheep, the greatest diameter of the horn is across the longitudinal axis of the head; in the goat, it runs almost parallel with it." The goat always gives way before the progress of civilisation, except in those regions which, from their peculiar mountainous and rocky nature, are its proper and natural location, and thus we find the goat gradually disap-

pearing in Ireland—giving place to the more profitable stock of sheep and oxen. The goat is very seldom alluded to in any of the Irish writings of antiquity, and it is remarkable that it is not enumerated among the animals which were given in tribute to the Kings of Erin. There are, however, countless hills, rocks, and mountains which derive their names from goats, such as Ceim-an-ghabhair, the Goat's Pass, now Keam-a-gower, in the west of the county Cork; Lis-nangabhar, the Goat's Fort, in the county of Monaghan; and the celebrated pass in Achill Island, called the Minaune, or Kid's Path.

St. Patrick had two buck-goats, which he employed for carrying water. A most interesting account of them will be found in Colgan's "*Trias Thaumturga*." They were stolen by three very wicked thieves, of the Ui-Torra, in the territory of Hy-Meith-tire, the now county of Monaghan. St. Patrick received information which enabled him to detect these thieves, who declared upon their oaths that they had not stolen the goats. The saint, however, worked a miracle on the occasion, and caused the animals, which they had killed and eaten, to bleat from their bellies, and this was not all, but he prayed that the descendants of the thieves should, throughout all time, be distinguished by producing and wearing on their chins the beards similar to those of buck-goats. "*Ad cujus miraculi augmentum et continuam memoriam accessit, quod imprecante Patricio tota posteritas istorum furum velut avitâ hereditate semper barbas, caprinis subsimiles habeant.*"—p. 150, c. 10.

The old Irish goat was small, in some instances white, but more usually of an iron-grey colour. Goats abounded in the West in former times, so that it was in Connaught an oath to swear by "all the goats in Connamara," but we seldom see a flock of them anywhere at present. According to the returns of stock and agriculture during the last seven years, we find that goats have increased from 164,043 in 1847, to 278,444 in 1852.

SHEEP. — It appears from the badly-translated fragments of the Brehon Laws in Vallancey's "*Collectanea*," that a woman could take lawful possession of a farm by stocking it with sheep, but that the man should

place cows upon it. Although there is no warrant from the osseous deposits for asserting that the sheep (*Cuira*) existed here in any quantity in very early times, the Irish writings are not silent on the subject. Among the vast collection of animal remains discovered in the bog of Dunshaughlin some years ago, and to which allusion has been already made, the head of the four-horned sheep, similar to that which still inhabits the Himalayas, was found. This specimen was described, and figured in Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Ireland" in 1846 (see vol. ii. p. 396), and to which notice of some of the animal remains of this country the reader is referred. The best specimens of the Dunshaughlin collection were presented to the Royal Irish Academy by the writer, and they may still be seen in the museum of that institution.

We had sheep in Ireland in the days of Conn and Cormac, prior to our Christian era, as we learn from the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or Book of Rights and Tributes of the Kings of Erin, a poem attributed to Benean, the favourite disciple of St. Patrick, and his successor in the see of Armagh, and said to be as old as the fifth century. In this curious work, translated and copiously annotated by Dr. O'Donovan, and published by the Celtic Society, the rights, tributes, and privileges of the Kings of Erin are set forth, a few extracts from which, as we have given them somewhat further on in this description, will afford us a tolerably fair idea of the stock of Ireland in which the tribute was chiefly paid. It will here suffice to state, that in the tribute of Cashel, mention is made of "sixty smooth black wethers," also "seven hundred wethers, not hornless;" again, "a thousand fine sheep," and "a thousand rams swelled out with wool," all showing that there were varieties of the ovine species in Ireland at a very early period.

The tributes, as enumerated in this most interesting historic document, so descriptive of the social condition of Ireland—its state policy, the domestic manners and customs of its inhabitants, and the manufacture, and even the luxury and artistic taste of at least twelve hundred years ago, may be thus briefly enumerated:—Refection and escort; hostages; military serving from foreigners; slaves, both male and fe-

male; quern women, "tillers of the field," cumhales, or bondswomen: "serving youths;" forts; hunting-grounds; ships from the maritime ports, and "ships with beds;" horses, black, bay, grey, and red, both for the race, the chase, and the road, as well native as imported; "hounds for the chase," and white hounds; deer and venison; cows, and "oxen for ploughing;" hogs, sheep, fish, fruits, vegetables, ale and mead, drinking-horns, wax candles, cloaks, mantles, matala, tunics, and coats of mail. Some of these garments are specified as "napped cloaks, trimmed with purple," "cloaks with white borders," "white cloaks," matala trimmed with gold, red tunics; red and blue, and purple and green cloaks; cloaks with ring clasps. There were also swords, straight and curved; "war swords" and "wounding swords," golden rings, chessmen and chess-boards, "rings, or horse-trappings," bridles of silver, or ornamented with precious stones; eggs and leeks, iron, &c. How they were obtained, to whom they appertained, or by whom given, it would here occupy too much space to describe. This is, at least, apparent from a perusal of this poem, that certain districts furnished particular kinds of tributes: thus the sheep were principally the produce of Munster, and are altogether omitted in the tributes of Connaught—the King of Croughan furnishing the great supply of oxen and swine.

The subject of sheep and wool, as connected with our native manufactures and pastoral exports, shall engage our attention at another time; while the virtues of our mutton shall be discussed when we come to the feasts, ancient and modern. It will here suffice to show that this most valuable stock is rapidly upon the increase. In 1841, we had 2,106,189; this number fell to 1,777,111 in 1847; but in 1852 it had again risen to 2,613,943.

SWINE.—Notwithstanding that oxen formed the great bulk of the stock of Ireland, and the wealth of her people, and were also eaten at the feasts, and formed the chief means of barter, as well as the tribute of the country, swine flesh composed the principal animal food of the inhabitants. Before the woods, which covered so large a portion of the surface of the country, were cut down, wild boar, or *torc fiadhaine*, abounded; and, as we read in

the poem already quoted, they formed a portion of the ransom of Finn Mac Cool. The bones of swine (*mac* or *tore*) have been found in a half-burned state, in connexion with human remains; and those of the wild boar have been discovered along with those of the domestic pig; and the different varieties of oxen to be hereafter specified, both in the bogs and also in the subterranean houses or camps, such as Dunshaughlin, Lough Gur, Clontree, Lough Seur, &c.

In the "Gesa and Ugartha" of the Riogh Eirann, or prerogatives of the kings of Erin, "a thousand hogs from their territories" formed a portion of the right of the King of Cashel. Afterwards we read of "a hundred pigs within to be stored" from the men of Uathne, in the now county of Limerick; and again, in the next verse, "an hundred hogs" from the men of Ara, a territory in the county of Tipperary; and from the heroes of Corka Luighe, "a hundred heavy hogs from the Chieftaineries." "From Luachair of the lepers," a district in Kerry, was received "ten hundred hogs." The tribute of the men of Seachtmhad was "a hundred sows;" and from the Deises were given "two thousand chosen hogs," as the tribute to Cashel. And again, in another account of the same tribute, we read of "three hundred hogs not fit for journeying" (in all probability from fatness), and seven hundred sows; and also of "sows for the sty," and "hogs of broad sides," and "bull-like hogs," and hogs of heavy bellies, with a number of similar expressions indicative of the character and plenty of the ancient porkers of Ireland. In the same work we read that the restrictions of the King of Ultonian Eamhain, and of his brave sword, were—

"To go into the wild boars' haunt,
Or to be seen to attack it alone."

The characters of the old Irish pig have not, we suppose, been altogether forgotten by our countrymen—tall, leggy, arched in the back, remarkably long in the head, with huge pendant ears falling over the sides of the face, a knowing look, and a bright quizzical eye; its colour generally a

dirty white, and with a long, partially-twisted tail, bushy at the end. They were exceedingly fleet, and celebrated for their cunning, from the days of Phil Purcell to that of the learned pig of the Arcade. This race, which was easily fed, though difficult to fatten, has become nearly extinct, having been replaced by a mixture of the Neapolitan, Chinese, and Berkshire. It must not, however, be supposed that the early Irish did not attain to great eminence in the fattening of their pigs. In the history of the battle of Magh Leana we read of the celebrated hog of Mac Datho, which was fed in the eastern part of Slieve-Bloom, and in an ancient extravaganza, called *Fleadh Bricinn*, preserved in the *Book of Leacan*, we are told that when it was seven years old there were nine inches of fat upon its snout. The Ultonians and the men of Connaught went to Mac Datho's feast, and messengers were sent by the wife of Datho to Leana Mesroda, who had fattened the creature, to ask for the pig, in order to keep up her credit for hospitality and good cheer, and she offered him fifty choice hogs in lieu of her, but the offer was rejected. Of this marvellous beast it is said, that she was fed with the milk of sixty cows, and that "it required sixty oxen to remove her; and her belly alone was the burthen of nine men, and which Conall Kearnaigh eat while he was distributing her." It happened, however, before the feast came off that Leana, the son of Mesroda, who reared the pig, was killed, by having fallen asleep, and the pig rooted the trench over him, without his feeling it, until he was smothered. He, however, it is said, killed the pig with his sword during the death-struggle, and so the beast was carried by the swine-herd to the feast.

Gerald Barry says, "in no part of the world have I seen such an abundance of boars and forest hogs. They are, however, small, misshapen, and wary; no less degenerated by their ferocity and venomousness, than by the formation of their bodies."—*Topographia Hibernia*.

We have heretofore refrained from any allusion to salt, because no occasion offered for introducing it. All

* Leprosy formerly existed in Ireland, and places, as well as hospitals, were set apart for those afflicted with that disease.

nations, however, bordering upon the sea, even in their rudest state, know how to procure this necessary preparation by the evaporation of sea-water, and such was the mode adopted in many parts of Ireland until a very recent period; and the sea-water was, strange to say, carried inland to salt-pans, for the purpose of boiling and evaporation. There does not appear any evidence to show that the Irish preserved their beef either with salt, or by drying, or any other curing process; but an expression occurs in some of the early writings, and particularly in a description of some of the olden feasts, which leaves no doubt as to the circumstance of bacon, or salted pig, having been used at a very early period. In the "*Leabhar na g-Ceart*" we read of the tribute of the King of *Ui Fiachrach* being "a hundred beeves and a hundred heavy *tinnes*." *Valancy* supposed that the word meant sheep; but in this he was proved by modern commentators to be decidedly wrong. *Dr. O'Donovan* says the word is explained *bacun*, bacon, in the book of *Leacan*, and *Muc Saillti*, a salted pig, in a glossary in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, and translated *lardum* by *Colgan*, in his version of *Brogan's* metrical life of *St. Bridget*. These two authorities appear to settle the point.

In *Murcheartach's* "*Circuit of Ireland*," in 942, we find that the Danes supplied the hero, on his march to Dublin, with bacon (*saill*) in abundance.* And in another place we read—

"And hogs were sent to our camp
By the hospitable chiefs of Ossory."

And by the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or Book of Rights, to which reference has been made, we find that the King of *Emania* was entitled, even in the palace of *Tara*, to—

"Three score beeves, twenty pigs,
Twenty tinnes for his people;
Twenty handfuls of leeks, methinks,
Twenty eggs of gulls along with them,
Twenty baskets (hives) in which are bees,
And all to be given to him together."

Relating the diet of the "meere Irish," *Stanihurst* writes, "No meat they fancie so much as porke, and the

fatter the better. One of *John O'Neil's* household demanded of his fellow whether beefe was better than porke. That, quoth the other, is as intricat a question as to aske whether thou are better than *O'Neil*."

In that curious old tract, "*A Brefe Description of Ireland, made in the Year 1589, by Robert Payne, unto xxv of his Partners*," we learn a good deal about the produce of this country, the markets, and price of provisions. "A barrel of wheate, or a barrel of bay-salt, containing three bushels and a-half, Winchester measure, is sold there (in Ireland) for 4s.; malt, peas, or beans, for 2s. 4d.; barley, for 2s. 4d.; oats, for 20d.; a fresh salmon, worth in London 10s., for 6d.; twenty-four herrings or six mackerels, six sea bream, a fat hen, thirty eggs, a fat pigge, one pound of butter, or two gallons of new milk, for a penny; a reede deer without the skin, for 2s. 6d.; a fat beefe, for 13s. 2d.; a fat mutton, for 18d. There be great store of wild swannes, cranes, pheasants, partridges, heathcocks, plowers, green and gray curlews, woodcocks, rayles, and quails, and all other fowls, much more plentiful than in England. You may buy a dozen of quails for 3d.; a dozen of woodcocks, for 4d.; and all other fowles rateable; oysters, muskels, cockles, and lamphire, about the sea coasts, are to be had for the gathering great plentie."

Upon the influence which the pig has exercised on our Irish cottier and small farmer it is unnecessary to dilate; and of the effect which the potato failure produced on this description of stock, reference has been already made in the first chapter. In 1841, our pigs were numbered at 1,412,813; in 1847, they had fallen so low as 622,459; in 1851, they had risen again to as many as 1,084,857; but in the following year there was a decrease of 12,199.† Whether we ever can have the same amount of swine without the cabin and the potato, is problematical. With pork and bacon as edibles, we shall have to deal when we come to the Feasts of the Irish, both ancient and modern.

* "*The Circuit of Ireland*, by *Muircheartach Mac Neil*, Prior of *Aileach*," a poem, written in the year DCCCCXLII., by *Cormacean Eigeas*, chief poet of the north of Ireland. Published by the *Archæological Society*.

† See returns of agricultural produce in Ireland.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY, NO. LXXII.

CAPTAIN M'CLURE, R.N.

It is with no ordinary feeling of pride and pleasure that we claim **THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE** as a countryman, and place him in "Our Portrait Gallery."

His father, Captain M'Clure, of the 89th Regiment, served with great distinction under Abercrombie in Egypt, and was beside that brave general when he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Aboukir. In 1806 he married Jane, only daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Elgee, rector of Wexford, but survived the marriage only four months. The posthumous child of this union was Robert John Le Mesurier M'Clure, the subject of our memoir; born in Wexford, at the residence of his grandfather, Archdeacon Elgee, January 28th, 1807, where he remained for the first four years of his life, under the care of his young mother, who had the singular destiny of being wife, widow, and mother in one year, and before she had attained the age of nineteen. The sponsor for the fatherless child was General Le Mesurier, hereditary governor of Alderney, a man of immense wealth and noble character. A peculiar friendship had existed between him and the elder M'Clure; they were brother-officers, and Captain M'Clure had once saved the general's life in Egypt. From this a promise arose, the general having then no children, that should his friend ever marry and have a son, he would adopt him as his own. Accordingly, when the young Robert was four years old, General Le Mesurier wrote to claim him, in fulfilment of this promise, and he was taken to Alderney by his uncle, the present rector of Wexford, who describes him as being then singularly attractive, and remembers well the fearless pleasure manifested by the child, even at that age, at being on the water for the first time. From that period till he was twelve years old, young M'Clure resided in the princely residence of the governor, as the adopted child and son of the house. But then, an unlooked for change took place in General Le Mesurier's family. After twenty-three years of childless marriage, his lady presented him, in three successive years, with three sons, the youngest of whom is now the inheritor of his father's vast wealth and munificent spirit.*

Young M'Clure was sent to Eton, and from thence to Sandhurst, but the military profession was distasteful to him; and in a short time, with the love of adventure instinctive to his nature, and the rashness of sixteen, he left the college with three young noblemen, fellow-students there, and proceeded to France, determined never to enter the college walls again.

With undiminished kindness, General Le Mesurier now allowed him to select his own profession, and shortly after he was appointed midshipman on board Lord Nelson's old ship, *The Victory*.

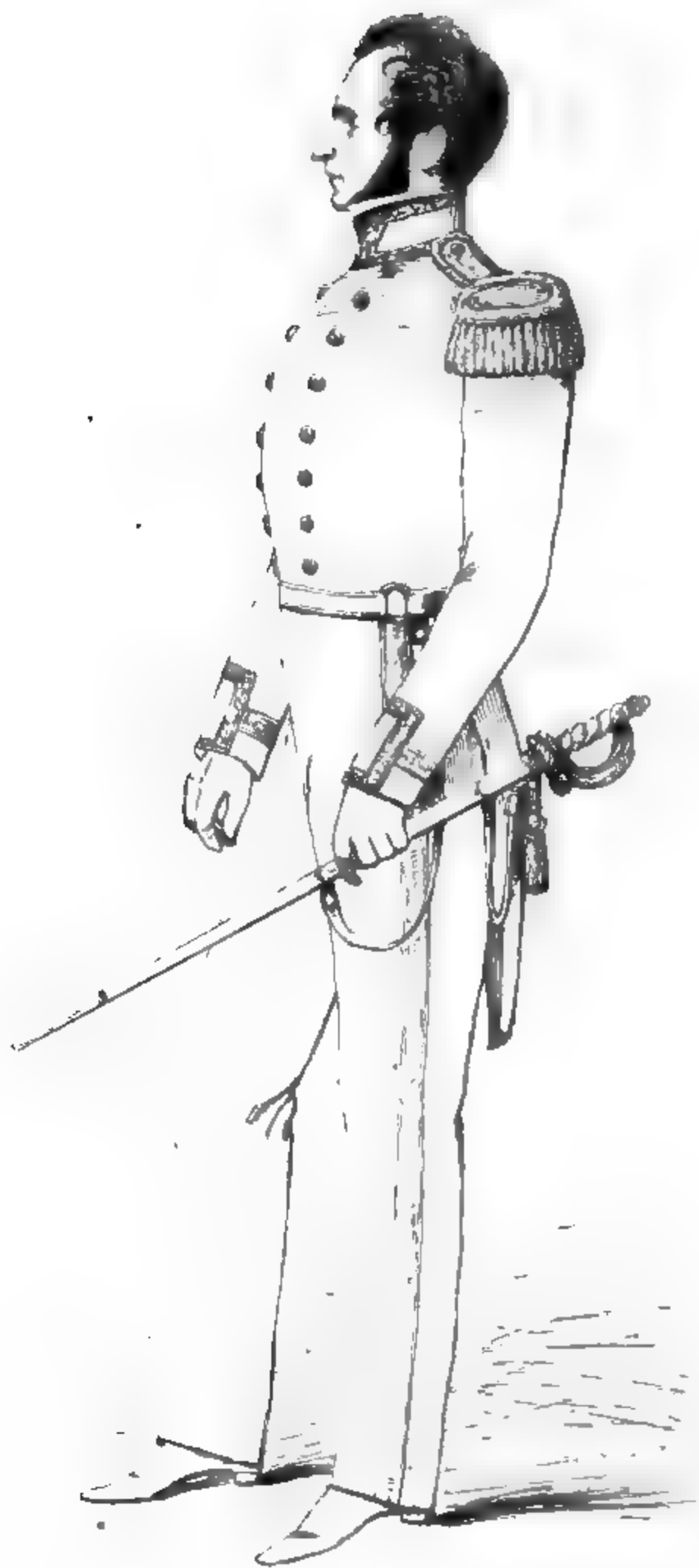
With such associations he began his naval career.

During the next ten years he served in various parts of the globe; his animated, elastic nature, full of life, energy, and mental force, along with the extreme fascination of his manner, gaining him the love of his brother-officers, and the good will and affectionate interest of every commander he served under.

In 1836, he had already served six years as mate, and passed his examination as lieutenant, when, not being on active service, his destiny led him to the Admiralty to seek employment. On entering the audience-chamber, a high official, then present, exclaimed, "M'Clure, you are just the man we want. There is an expedition fitting out for the North Pole; will you join?"

The young officer was unable to pronounce at once. He retired to the ante-room, and sat down on a chair to meditate. The old porter, who was by, asked him, "What he had on his mind?" M'Clure told him. "Well," said he, "I saw Nelson sitting on that very chair, thinking just like you what he would do,

* Mr. Le Mesurier gave lately a donation of £10,000 towards building a church at Alderney.



Wm. B. McClure

imaginations filled with the idea that other lands as lovely lay circled by its waters awaiting European discovery.

The Portuguese succeeded. The path to India by the Cape was found, and the great ocean highway, *eastward*, to the Indies, opened for the nations. To rival the Portuguese, Columbus conceived the bold idea of a *western* passage, across the untried waters of the Atlantic, and thus reaching the Spice Islands even sooner than the Portuguese by their new-found Cape. A presage of the possibility of the achievement had come down the stream of time, and he undertook the voyage, confident of success. Thus the name of Columbus stands first on the list of those who attempted the western passage to India, and by so doing discovered a new world.

The impulse given by Portugal and Spain continued with daring rivalry amongst European powers through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Then was the great era of maritime progression through every zone and every meridian of the earth's surface—one of those singular epochs when the minds of men are all turned to one object—epochs which seem never to recur with similar unity and intensity of purpose. The traffic of the world was opened; islands and continents rose up in grand succession before the advancing prows of the daring ships; but one thing was wanting to the completion of geographical science—the knowledge of the north-west path to India across the Atlantic.

Great was the interest excited throughout Europe at the wonderful revelations of Columbus, especially at the Court of Henry VII., where it was affirmed to be “a thing more divine than human to sail by the West into the East, where spices do grow, by a way never known before.” So, five years after he had tried a *south-west* passage, and discovered the West Indies, Cabot led the first *north-west* expedition from the English shores, and the northern continent of America was discovered. Interest heightened with success, and Sebastian Cabot, the son, undertook a second expedition. With two caravels and three hundred men, he set forth bravely, and reached Labrador, but “durst pass no further for the heaps of ice.” Twice afterwards he essayed the north-west passage, ever in the hope of finding *Cathay*, and reached to the sixty-seventh degree, when a mutiny amongst his crew obliged him to return. Still, even though he failed, honours, rewards, and a pension were bestowed on him for his services, and his memory has been transmitted to posterity as the “great seaman.”

The fifteenth century had now scarcely closed, yet all Europe was hastening to send forth her adventurers and victims to the ice-world; for all human progress seems to demand human sacrifice. Two expeditions, undertaken by the Portuguese, reached as far as Hudson's Straits, but perished there—their fate was never known. But failures are great teachers. When the icy barrier was found impassable that lay along the northern route to India, men turned hopefully to the south, and the Portuguese had again the honour of the lead, when Maghellan, in his ship the *Victoria*,* passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the straits that immortalise his name—passed to his death. A brief time after, he lay murdered in one of the ocean islands he had discovered.

East and west, southward, the Portuguese now voyaged to India, and a passage east and west, northward, was therefore deemed equally attainable. So in the reign of the young Edward VI., a north-east expedition, by Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, was organised under command of the ill-fated Sir Hugh Willoughby—the first Englishman who wintered in the arctic regions, and perished there. The year after his departure, some Russian fishermen found him lying dead, and frozen in his ship, the *Esperanza*, his journal beside him, and all his crew lying dead around him, like so many ice-statues.

The efforts of Cabot had stimulated all Europe; and Cortez, not content with the conquest of Mexico, offered his services to Spain to discover the north-west passage, by simultaneous voyages along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of America. His offer was not accepted, but Gomez, a Spaniard, actually undertook to find a passage *due north*, and proceeded some way, but had to return without achievement or discovery.

* By a strange coincidence, the *Victoria* passes first from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and in the reign of *Victoria* the first ship passes northward from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Thus, before even the close of the sixteenth century, we find the passages by the north-west, the north-east, and the due north had all been tried, and without success.

In the brilliant court of Elizabeth the idea again revived, and Frobisher sailed with three ships to find that north-west passage, which he considered "the only thing in the world yet left undone by which a notable mind might be made famous." All England felt interested in the search—the stately Queen herself, who ever appreciated courage and intellect, waved her hand to him at departure from the windows of her palace; and on his return presented him a chain of gold with her own hand, and conferred on him knighthood and an estate. Frobisher made three voyages with eminent success, discovered the Straits that still bear his name, and for his bravery was "much commended by all men, and specially famous for the hope he gave of reaching Cathay."

Drake was then in the Spanish Main. When satiated with plunder there, he passed through Maghellan Straits, boldly resolving to try whether he could not reach home by the Pacific, *eastward* to the Atlantic. So he bore up northward, but reached no farther than California, his crew being unable to bear the colder latitudes; then sailed away across the Pacific, reached the Moluccas, and thus home to England, being the first Englishman who circumnavigated the globe. Of this effort to find a passage on the Pacific side, Barrow says, with singular prescience, "Drake's attempt is one of the most daring on record, as not a ship of any nation had as yet the opportunity; and perhaps it had never entered into any man's head to search for a passage on the *west* side of America, though it is most likely that by taking such a course it may be found. It will be done." And so it has, but not till two centuries and a-half after Drake's splendid failure.

Great was England's enthusiasm on the return of Drake. His ship, the *Golden Hind*, became the resort of crowds, and the cabin was a complete banqueting room. The Queen herself dined on board with the brave commander, and "there did knight him, and advanced him to the rank of admiral, who, preferring the honour of his country before his own life, with magnanimity undertook unwonted adventures, and went through the same with wonderful happiness." The Queen likewise ordered the ship to be laid up in dock as a trophy; and afterwards, when it fell to pieces from decay, a chair was made from the wood, and presented to Oxford. If such were the honours lavished upon the *Golden Hind* and her brave commander, what may we not expect when M'Clure and the *Investigator* return, after having *achieved* what Drake could only *attempt*?

Still unbroken continued the succession of martyrs in the cause of Arctic discovery. Sir Humphrey Gilbert first wrote a treatise on "The Practicability of a North-west Passage," then set forth with Sir Walter Raleigh to search for it. The expedition failed, and Gilbert went alone upon a second voyage. The Queen, to evince her interest, gave him one of her maids of honour in marriage, sent for his picture, and presented him with a golden anchor guided by a lady. Thus, high in hope he set sail, but never returned. Ship, commander, and crew were seen no more. Raleigh led the next brave band, but steered southward to avoid the polar dangers, and so fell in with the whole line of American coast, from which resulted, not the discovery of the north-west passage, but the colonization of America, and the upspringing of a great nation—Saxon and Irish in blood, and of English tongue.

Davis, meanwhile, whose name has become part of our geography, was grinding his ships amongst the ice up as high as seventy-two degrees; and great service he accomplished—discovering that great highway, Davis's Straits, all have traversed since, and through which he affirmed "the passage would certainly be found."

Terrible must the untried frost kingdom have appeared to the early navigators in their frail vessels, none of which exceeded a hundred tons. No wonder that we hear of how men prepared themselves for the fearful north-west passage as if preparing to enter eternity. Davis complains of "the loathsome view," and the "irksome noyse of y^e yce." He named Greenland, The Land of Desolation, and the place where he found unhopèd for anchorage—"The Bay of God's mercy," yet he never wintered in those regions. Human courage had not reached that point of endurance; but, strong in faith, he made *three* voyages, helped on by the worshipful merchants of London, until men would no longer lend him money.

“This Davis (they said) hath been three times employed; why hath he not found the passage?”

And now comes the mournful story of Barentz, and the first recorded sufferings of human creatures in a Polar winter. He commanded an expedition sent by Holland in 1594 to try the north-east passage by Nova Zembla. On the first voyage they were stopped by the ice and had to return, first signing a declaration before God and the world that they had done their best to penetrate by the north to China and Japan. A second and a third time they ventured. On the last voyage the ice encircled and imprisoned them. There for eight months they strove as desperate, dying men against all the horrors of darkness, cold, and famine. At last a boat was built with the remnants of the ship. As they left the shore, Barentz, the spectral leader of the ghastly crew, bade them lift him in the boat that he might gaze once more on the scene of his daring and his suffering, and so died. A few of his men reached home to tell the tale. This was the first Arctic winter Europe heard of.

A century had now passed of trial and failure, yet the hope remained. £5,000 were offered by the merchants of London to the successful discoverer. Enterprise was stimulated, and an expedition set forth under Weymouth; but scarcely had they made Greenland when the terrified crew mutinied, and bore up the helm for England. Weymouth, coming forth from his cabin, demanded, “Who bore up the helm?” “ONE AND ALL,” they answered; and so the expedition turned homeward.

Still the merchants were undismayed, and they sent out Hudson, who opened the seventeenth century bravely. With one vessel and a crew of ten men he sailed due north, to try the passage across the Pole, and reached Spitzbergen; then made an attempt to sail round Greenland and home by Davis's Straits, but failed. A second and a third time he led his ship up to the ice barrier between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and was forced to return. The north and north-east passages were therefore considered hopeless, and he set out on his last and fatal voyage to the north-west, sailed up the Straits that now bear his name, and thought he beheld the Pacific in the broad waters of the bay. But winter approached; the ship was frozen in—the first British ship obliged to winter there. Cold and famine came upon the crew, with all their untried horrors. Hudson “wept out of pity for their hardships;” but there was no pity for him amongst men who thought he had led them out to die. They plotted dark deeds throughout the long frozen winter; then when spring came, and the open water, they thrust Hudson forth, along with his son and six others, in an open boat, without provisions, and sailed away for England, leaving them to starve and die. Nothing more was ever heard of the murdered leader, who thus perished in the bay that preserves at once the memory of his name, his daring, and his doom.

Still the merchants continued their expeditions, telling their captains to steer straight for Japan, and bring home one of the natives as a sample; and the usual record of failures follows, till we are arrested by the name of BASSIN, memorable ever after as the discoverer of the finest bay in the world. He sailed round it, named Smith's Sound and Lancaster Sound; but did not explore either, though suspecting the latter was the true portal to Japan. Bassin, who accomplished his discovery in one season, never wintered in the ice, and appeared to think it would for ever prove an impassable barrier to the Pacific. The best chance, he said, would be to try the passage from *the Asiatic side*. So, for twenty years, we hear no more of merchant expeditions.

But the Danes, meanwhile, were seeking and suffering, starving and dying in the cause. Of a crew of sixty-four who wintered in Hudson's Bay, all perished, dying, one by one, of famine, disease, and despair. Yet men are not deterred; they seem even growing familiar with the idea of an Arctic winter. Two others are ready to attempt it—Luke Fox and Captain James. Charles I. gave them a letter from him, to be delivered to the Emperor of Japan, in case of success. But they only reached Hudson's Bay, where they wintered, and with such excellent arrangements, that they returned home without the loss of a single hand. These two commanders did good service, searching Hudson's Bay; and, like others, commemorated their discoveries by names expressive of fear and terror, hope and comfort, death and starvation, by which the Arctic map becomes the mental

history of the Arctic heroes. Here, frozen for ever in the eternal ice, are these successive records of human emotion; grotesque names, too, at least to our ears. Thus we have "Gibbon his hole," after Gibbon, who was blocked up there twenty weeks; "Briggs his mathematicks;" "Fox his farthest." But many are the records of sudden comfort vouchsafed, hope realised, God's mercy acknowledged—for they were Christian men, as all brave men mostly are; and from first to last, from the time when Sir Humphry Gilbert stood on the deck of his sinking vessel, and called out to his crew, as they drifted in the darkness to death, "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land," to the hour when Franklin and Richardson sat starving in the desolate Fort of the Coppermine River by the unburied bodies of their dead companions; or M'Clure, in that frozen winter in the Bay of Mercy, 2,000 miles from all human aid, thanks "a beneficent Providence for His blessing," we have no record of a time when the daily prayer was omitted, or the daily trust in God grew faint.

After the Restoration, we find Prince Rupert taking warm interest in the cause; and through his exertions a charter was granted to certain merchants, giving them the trade and territories of Hudson's Bay, by which jurisdiction was obtained over a district one-third larger than all Europe, under the name of "Rupert's Land." For nearly two hundred years the Company have now been enjoying the enormous rights conceded by their charter; and civilisation, with all its gaiety, wealth, grace, and beauty, fills the region where Hudson found only ice, silence, and desolation two centuries ago. The absolute rights granted to the Company checked individual enterprise. So, for fifty years, from Charles to George II., we hear of no more north-west expeditions, except a fatal attempt made by Knight, one of the Company's servants, who perished with his whole crew in Hudson's Bay; though not till fifty years afterwards was their fate known, when an old Esquimaux related how they had all perished, one by one, of cold and famine, till the last died, while trying to dig the grave of his last companion. The new Company were even suspected of discouraging enterprise, in fear of rivalry; and as it was of vast importance to solve the doubt—say yea or no as to the existence of a polar sea communicating with the Pacific, Parliament, in the reign of George II., decreed a reward of £20,000 to the fortunate discover of the north-west passage. This act remained on the statute-books for eighty-two years, and then, the chances of success appearing almost null, it was repealed in 1828; but the great achievement being at length accomplished, Parliament will, no doubt, consider the right re-established.

In consequence of the impulse given by Government, fresh aspirants for fame arose. £10,000 were raised by private subscription; and, in addition to the legislative grant, premiums were offered, in case of success—£500 to the captain, £200 to the lieutenant, and a proportionate reward to each officer and seaman. Two vessels went out—the Dobbs and California—with orders to seek the passage through Hudson's Straits. At Wager River they were stopped by the ice, and wintered in a log-house, marvelling much at the new experiences of their prisoned life. The ink froze, the beer froze, all that was good in the brandy concentrated in a little lump of ice in the middle of the bottle, and the rest, when melted, was mere water; the bedclothes froze to the wall, their mouths froze to the blanket; their fingers to the iron they touched; their lips to the glasses from which they drank, so that the skin was torn by the separation. Yet they wintered on bravely in the "dismal dark weather," and the "terrible black fogs," till summer came, when they got back to England, fully convinced of the existence of the passage, but unable to claim the reward; and no other north-west expedition was attempted after this failure for above half a century, till we reach the times of Ross and Parry.

The nineteenth century opened with universal war, and men had other work than maritime discovery; but after the peace of 1818, a new expedition was fitted out, consisting of four vessels. The Isabella and Alexander, commanded by Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, sailed *westward* to search Baffin's Bay; the Trent and Dorothea, with Captain Buchan, Commander Franklin, and Lieutenant Beechy, *eastward*, to try the passage by Spitzbergen and the direct north.

The map at that time from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits was a complete blank. Even the bay had remained unexplored since Baffin swept round it, 200 years before. But during this expedition Sir John Ross completed its circum-

navigation; made acquaintance with the simple Esquimaux tribes,* who till then believed themselves the only people in the world, and that all beyond was ice; beheld, for the first time, the beautiful red snow, whose origin was then unknown, extending for eight miles over cliffs, 600 feet high, thence named by him "The Crimson Cliffs;" entered the magnificent mountain portals of Lancaster Sound, lifting their dark masses of granite and basalt from two to four thousand feet into the blue air; but, unconscious that through that portal lay the path to the Pacific, he turned back, and so home to England, without wintering.

Captain Buchan, meanwhile, with Franklin and Beechy, had turned to the gloomy shores of Spitzbergen—the Spiked Mountains—and worked their way through ice-fields and labyrinths of frozen masses, till they reached the great ice barrier none had ever passed. Into this pack the ships were helplessly driven by a tempest, and warred with their terrible opponent for three whole weeks, when some special Providence released them; but the ships were too much damaged for further progress, so they too steered back for England.

But the year after, 1819, records one of the most remarkable voyages ever accomplished, in which Parry was commander.

Lancaster Sound had never been explored; Sir John Ross imagined it a bay. Parry resolved to clear the mystery, and set sail with the *Ilecla* and *Griper*, provisioned for two years.

The voyage was eminently successful. Amid the excitement and cheers of the crews, he passed up the grand opening of Lancaster Sound, forty-five miles in breadth; still onward by the bold coast and magnificent rocky walls of Barrow's Straits, where a British ship had never been; onward still by lofty islands rising perpendicularly from the sea to the height of two or three hundred feet, till he attained the 110th western meridian, having never let go an anchor since leaving England; and there, summoning his crew on deck, he announced that they had gained the reward of £5,000, promised by Act of Parliament to the first ship which reached that meridian beyond the Arctic circle.

Winter was passed on Melville Island, in a place since ever memorable as Wintry Harbour—the first winter ever passed by British seamen in such northern latitudes. When summer came, the crew would gladly have pushed on westward to the 130th degree, where a further reward could have been claimed, but the stern ice refused a passage. Land too was seen, sixty miles to the S.W., but they could not reach it. Let us remember this land, for we hear tidings of it again.

So, Parry turned homewards from the scene of his splendid efforts, having justly achieved a reputation as the first navigator of the age, and the most adored of commanders. And from that year, 1820, till 1851,† no ship was ever able to reach the point Parry had attained, or touch that western ice till M'Clure ploughed a furrow there.

Cotemporaneous with this voyage of Parry's, was a land expedition, conducted by Sir John Franklin, full of the strangest horrors upon record. The present Sir John Richardson, Sir George Back, and Mr. Hood, along with guides and Canadians, accompanied him. They set out early in summer from the Coppermine River in canoes, to search the coast line of America, supplied, as they thought, with ample provisions and materials for hunting. But in a month provisions began to fail, and by September they were all exhausted. The party now left the canoes for land travelling, and subsisted merely on what they could gather of *tripe de roche*, or rock moss. Sometimes they came upon a skeleton carcass left by the wild animals, and lived upon the putrid marrow and the pounded bones. Then the canoes were flung away, for the bearers had no strength to carry them, so when they reached the river back again they had no means of

* The Esquimaux thought the ship a living creature, and addressed it, "Who are you?—what are you?—where did you come from?" They fully believed the ship and all the crew had come down from the moon, and watched nightly to see them going up into the moon again.

† We believe the *Resolute*, Captain Kellett, was the first *ship* to reach Melville Island since Parry. Lieut M'Clintock reached it by sledge-travelling over the ice the year before (1850).

crossing. Three days, six days pass, and they have only the rock-moss and the remains of a putrid ox left by the wolves. At length a raft is constructed, and they get across.

Then began the journey to the hut, Fort Enterprise, where provisions had been promised. This hope kept them alive. Herds of reindeer came in sight, but they had no strength to lift a gun. So days passed, and they travelled on. Their buffalo cloaks, the sledge covers, *their old shoes*, the bones left by the wolves—on these they lived. Some dropped by the way, and the others had not strength to help them on.

At length, Richardson, Hepburne, and Mr. Hood offered to remain at any spot where rock-moss could be had, while Franklin and his party proceeded to the fort, and sent them back provisions. Michel, an Irequois guide, and the Canadians went with Franklin.

Next day, three of the Canadians, too weak to travel, said they would return to Richardson. Michel volunteered to accompany them. Of this party none were ever seen after but Michel, who arrived at Richardson's hut alone. The others, he said, had left him, and one had died.

Franklin and the rest went on. They reached the fort—it was deserted. Not a trace of food or help, or human being near. They sank to the ground in helpless despair; but the old bones and skins they had left five months before were still there, and welcomed with rapture. Daily they watched and hoped for help, for Back had gone another route in search of Indians who might aid them. Thirty-one days passed, and no help came. Two fell dead, and the others had no strength to bury them. They sat in the hut with the dead men.

And Richardson, meanwhile, with his two friends, was awaiting the provision that never came. Each day they picked their scanty meal of rock-moss; and on this they were dying, not living. But Michel, the Irequois, grew fat and strong; yet, though he absented himself frequently on pretence of hunting, he never brought in game.

Hood lent him his gun; he shared his buffalo cloak with him at night, for the Indian was strong and able to hunt, and they looked to him for preservation. Still, the missing Canadians never appeared. Michel said they must have died by the way.

One day he brought them in what he said was part of the flesh of a wolf, and bade them eat. Then their suspicions were aroused, and they watched for evidence, till the whole horrible truth was revealed—the murders and the cannibalism. Their own fate was now before them. Michel's manner became strange and fierce, and his glaring eyes seemed constantly fixed on them. Hood was now unable to leave the hut from weakness. One day, Hepburne and Richardson were outside cutting wood, when a gun was fired. They turned; Michel had just shot the young man through the head. The two friends knew they were too weak for an open struggle with the murderer; but they took counsel together, and watched their opportunity. A few days after, they observed Michel cleaning his gun assiduously; then he advanced to them, with what object they knew well by his expression; but just as he came up quite close, Richardson boldly placed his pistol at the head of the savage, and shot him dead.

The two friends travel on alone to come up with Franklin. Six days thus onward, with nothing to subsist on but the remnants of poor Hood's buffalo cloak. They arrive. Franklin is seated in the desolate hut with the unburied dead; but the faces of the living are as ghastly, and each recoils in horror at the aspect of the other. At last deliverance comes. The Indians sent by Back arrive with food and help, and they are saved, after a six months' agony. Amid such terrible scenes did Sir John Franklin become disciplined to Arctic horrors.

Parry had scarcely returned from his brilliant expedition, when he set forth again to search Hudson's Straits, in hope of finding a less hazardous passage. Every step of Parry is an advance. In this voyage he was the first to sail up the frozen strait hitherto shunned by all navigators; then returned, after two winters, having to saw through a mile of ice to effect an exit for his ship. That was in 1822. In 1824 he was again leading an expedition of greater magnitude than any yet undertaken. With the *Hecla* and *Fury* he was to search Regent's Inlet for a passage westward; while the heroic Franklin, with his tried

friends, went again landward, in a parallel direction along the American coast; and Captain Beechy, in the Blossom, sailed round by Cape Horn to Behring's Straits, the hoped-for rendezvous of all parties. But none were destined to meet there. The Fury was wrecked in Regent's Inlet, and had to be abandoned, while all her stores were buried, though eight years after these buried stores saved the lives of Sir John Ross and his famished crew. Franklin's expedition proceeded successfully along the coast to within 150 miles of Icy Cape, when the ice and dense fogs made them turn back at the point named "Return Reef;" while Richardson examined and named all the coast eastward from Cape Bathurst to Wollaston Land. Captain Beechy, likewise, passed Behring's Straits successfully, and reached Icy Cape, but could get his ship no farther. He buried provisions at the straits, which, twenty-six years after, were dug up by the Plover, and found excellent. So the three expeditions returned to England without having ever met.

Sir Edward Parry never afterwards tried a *north-west passage*; but in his eloquent narrative of the expedition, he expresses full confidence that the undertaking will one day be accomplished. One is interested to hear the speculations of so great a man, uttered nearly thirty years ago, when they have just been realised by one who needs no higher praise than to be compared to Parry in courage and fortitude. He says:—"I believe a north-west passage an enterprise within the reasonable limits of practicability. It may be tried often, and often fail, for several favourable and fortunate circumstances must be combined for its accomplishment; but I believe, nevertheless, that it *will* ultimately be accomplished. That it is not to be undertaken lightly is shown by our recent failures under such advantages of equipment as no other expedition of any age or country ever before united. I am much mistaken, indeed, if the north-west passage ever becomes the business of a single summer; nay, I believe that nothing but a concurrence of very favourable circumstances is likely even to make a single winter in the ice sufficient for its accomplishment; but this is no argument against final success. For we now know that a winter in the ice may be passed, not only in safety, but in health and comfort. Happy as I should have considered myself in solving this interesting question, happy shall I also be if any labours of mine, in the humble but necessary office of pioneer, should ultimately contribute to the success of some more fortunate individual. May it fall to England's lot to accomplish the undertaking, and may she ever continue to take the lead in enterprises intended to contribute to the advancement of science and the welfare of the world at large. Such enterprises do honour to the country which undertake them, and the page of history will, no doubt, record them as every way worthy of a powerful and enlightened nation."

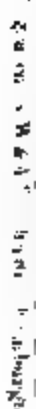
Captain Parry's next expedition was to the *north-east*, and is the most singular and daring on record. On his first voyage to Spitzbergen he had been stopped by the vast icy sea, a frozen plain of ice, extending to the limit of the horizon. Over this he now resolved to travel direct to the Pole, and so on to Behring's Straits, by means of sledges, fitted also to act as boats when occasion required. Lieutenant, now Sir James Ross, accompanied him. In the spring of 1827, they were landed on the bleak and desolate Spitzbergen, where not even the hardy Esquimaux can support life, and where the visits of Europeans are only commemorated by their graves. In June the ship was put in harbour, the sledges manned, and they boldly launched upon the great ice plain. They travelled by night, for there was constant daylight then, to avoid the intense glare of noon,* apt to produce snow-blindness. The labour was immense. Yet the brave leader keeps his men in health and spirits. No accident, no death leaves its gloomy memories on that ice-plain. So they travel on for forty-eight days. They are within 500 miles of the Pole. The ship has been left behind 172 miles—but then, they must return. Not from failing courage or

* The intensity of light at noon and midnight during the Arctic summer, differs about as much as a June and November sun in England differ at noontide. The sailors are often quite unconscious of any division of time during the one long day of the summer solstice, and have to ask their officers whether it is day or night.

ABSTRACT REACTIONS

NORTH WEST PASSAGE

ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS



frightful opening was discovered — keel and stern-post were rent and driven asunder, leaving a passage several feet wide for the free ingress of the water. And thus they had traversed the Atlantic.

After a month's rest, they proceeded to England, when the ship was taken out of commission and put into dock. Such was M'Clure's first experience of polar expeditions, in what Captain Penny calls "the unparalleled voyage of the Terror." His promotion followed immediately, as Sir George Back declared he would not leave London until his young friend was gazetted to his lieutenancy.

Mr. M'Clure next served in the *Hastings*, which conveyed Lord Durham to his colonial government; and, during the voyage, the talents and fascinating manners of the young lieutenant gained him the especial favour of that distinguished nobleman. While on the *Canada* station M'Clure became the hero of a most daring and successful adventure. A notorious freebooter, named Kelly, had long set all law at defiance on the Canadian border; and the British Government offered a reward of £5000 for his capture. M'Clure, in a night expedition, attacked the fortified fort where he and his band were intrenched, took it, burned it, and succeeded in capturing the leader, and effectually dispersing the band. But as the capture, unluckily, was made on the American side, the British Government, on some plea of national etiquette, refused the payment of the award. Captain Sandon, however, his commanding officer, to show his appreciation of M'Clure's gallantry, appointed him to the superintendence of the dock-yard, and subsequently he was placed in command of the *Romney* receiving-ship at the Havanna, where he remained until 1846. He afterwards served in the *Coast Guard*; but, in 1848, that daring commander, Sir James Ross, who had not long returned from the Antarctic Pole, being appointed to the command of an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, Lieutenant M'Clure again volunteered for the service, and was selected by Sir James Ross as his First Lieutenant.

The events connected with Sir John Franklin's fatal expedition are almost too well known to need recapitulation here. The great object of that brave veteran's ambition was to solve the problem of the north-west passage, and the interest of all scientific men was eagerly fixed on an expedition conducted by such a man. Colonel Sabine stated, that "a final attempt to make a north-west passage would render the most important service that now remained to be performed towards the completion of the magnetic survey of the globe;" and Franklin held that "it would be an intolerable disgrace were the flag of any other nation to be borne through the north-west passage before our own." "No service," he adds, "is nearer to my heart than the completion of the survey of the coast of America, and the accomplishment of a north-west passage."

His expedition consisted of the *Erebus* and *Terror*: the latter, the same ship in which M'Clure made his first polar voyage, nine years before. Each vessel had a steam-engine and screw propeller. The united crews amounted to 138 men, and they were furnished with provisions for four years. They sailed May the 26th, 1845, with instructions from the Admiralty to proceed by Baffin's Bay, on through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait to Melville Island, where Parry had wintered twenty-six years previously, and from thence penetrate direct by the south-west, across the 900 miles yet unknown, between Melville Island and Behring's Straits; but if the ice were found impenetrable *westward*, they had liberty to try the passage *northward*, through Wellington Channel. Therefore, in these two directions only can there be any hope of finding traces of the missing ships.

Two months after Sir John Franklin sailed, they were seen moored to an iceberg at the entrance of Lancaster Sound, waiting to push on through any channel that gave prospect of success towards the west. Since then, they were never heard of, and seen no more.

Three years passed by—no tidings came; then the Admiralty thought it time to send out searching expeditions, and a reward of £20,000 was offered to any ship that rescued Sir John Franklin and his crew. *Three* simultaneous expeditions were immediately organised: one by land, along the north coast of America, confided to Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae; a second, to Behring's Straits, under the command of Captains Kellett and Moore, with *The Herald* and *Plover*; the third, and most important, under the command of Sir James Ross, was to *follow* the track of Franklin up to Wellington Channel with the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*. Mr. M'Clure, we have stated, volunteered for this ex-

pedition, and was appointed first lieutenant of the *Enterprise*. Sir James Ross sailed with these two vessels, June the 12th, 1848; by September they had reached Barrow's Straits, but Wellington Channel was a mass of ice; no entrance could be effected. The season was unusually severe; such ice had never been seen before in Barrow's Straits—advance was impossible. By October they had to take refuge in Leopold Harbour; an excellent position, however, for a searching expedition, as it commanded all the great Arctic highways. Had Sir John Franklin been near any one of them, a communication would have been easy; but no tidings of the lost brave men reached the ships at Leopold Harbour. During winter, sledge parties traversed the ice in all directions. At Fury Beach they found the hut where Sir John Ross had wintered sixteen years before, and even some provisions left by the *Fury*, still in good condition, after a lapse of twenty-four years. Every precaution was used to disseminate information in case any wandering ship or party might be in the vicinity, and the expedient tried of sending foxes loose with collars round their necks, on which the name and position of the ships were engraved. No result followed. The ice-region "kept still silence." Next year, 1849, they quitted harbour, and made another attempt to press on westward; but the huge ice-barrier still stretched across Wellington Channel. Ice was around them everywhere. All human effort at guiding the vessels was unavailing. The wind shifted due west, and drove the whole mass of ice, fifty miles in circumference, with the ships fixed in it, all along Lancaster Sound, and out into Baffin's Bay. There a range of icebergs obstructed the way, and every one expected the ships would be dashed to pieces, when suddenly the great field of ice was rent into innumerable fragments, as if by some unseen power, and the ships floated free in open water, after enduring for one whole month the idea of certain and helpless destruction. By November they were in England; and Lieutenant M'Clure was immediately promoted to the rank of Commander for his perilous and responsible service in this voyage.

The expeditions to the Pacific and the north coast were equally unsuccessful in finding trace of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, but the result was at least negative evidence that along the track of the three expeditions the vessels could not have been wrecked. Captain Kellett, therefore, returned to the Sandwich Islands, leaving the *Plover* at Behring's Straits to winter. The Admiralty then immediately determined on another expedition, and M'Clure a third time volunteered his services, which were gladly accepted. In January, 1850, he was appointed to the command of the *Investigator*, a ship now destined for as much historical celebrity as the *Golden Hind* of Drake, or the *Victory* of Nelson. Captain Collinson, his senior officer, commanded the *Enterprise*; and their instructions ordered them to proceed by the Pacific to Behring's Straits, and from thence, if practicable, to Melville Island. Another expedition, meanwhile, of great resources and extent, was to proceed by the ordinary route of Baffin's Bay, to search Wellington Channel, and reach Melville Island, likewise from the westward. Great hopes were entertained of a search through Wellington Channel. Since Parry had passed the opening one beautiful August evening thirty years before, and sailed on to Melville Island, no ship had ever been able to reach so far; yet all believed that there only could trace of Franklin be found—consequently no fewer than ten vessels were collected in Barrow's Straits in the summer of 1850, with 220 men, all brave officers, and devoted to the cause. There was the gallant veteran, Sir John Ross, who, at the age of seventy-four, volunteered his aid towards helping to rescue his old friend and shipmate, Sir John Franklin; M'Clintock, the brave friend and fellow-countryman of M'Clure; the gallant Sherard Osborne; Captain Forsyth, the commander of the "*Albert*," Lady Franklin's own vessel;* the daring and

* It is impossible here not to add another tribute of admiration to that which the heroic Lady Franklin has already received from the whole civilised world. With the magnificent prodigality of affection, she has flung away thousands on the chances of a hope; her unchilled enthusiasm has been the inspirer of all these brave men, and her commanding intellect has helped to guide their progress. If classic antiquity has the wife of Admetus for a model of conjugal devotion, modern history may proudly name as an equal—**THE WIFE OF FRANKLIN.**

adventurous Captain Penny, who, for thirty years, had battled with whales and icebergs in all polar latitudes; and the American leaders, for gradually the whole world had become interested in the fate of these 138 men; and America, who had never yet sent an expedition to the North Pole, sent one now to search for Franklin.

This gathering of ten ships at last found a trace of the Franklin expedition—the *only trace* ever found throughout the length and breadth of these regions. On Beechy Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, was found clear evidence that the Erebus and Terror had wintered there in 1845. There was the hut they had lived in, the deserted fireplace, the empty meat-canisters, fragments of newspapers and letters, ends of rope, all proving a long encampment; *but not a single document*, not a line of writing to state whether they had gone north or south, though it was evident, from the position of the camp, that they had been making for Wellington Channel. Some said the encampment was broken up in haste, for the ropes were *cut*, not *untied*, and several articles seemed forgotten. There were also three graves of men belonging to the expedition, who had died there, with inscriptions on each rude slab, expressive of Christian feeling and hope. *Nine* years have now passed since the Erebus and Terror sailed; but this was the only trace ever found, from then till now, of the Franklin expedition.

All the officers of the squadron performed feats of wonderful exertion in prosecuting the search. Lieutenant M'Clintock travelled 800 miles across the ice, to the extreme end of Melville Island—the first who reached it since Parry's discovery thirty years before, though even then he could not, like Parry, reach it in a ship. Captain Penny made a daring and successful effort to penetrate Wellington Channel, the first who ever sailed through its frozen waters. With sledges and a boat for occasional service, he proceeded on up to the head of the channel, where he found it opened out westward into the great Polar Sea, and there he believed Franklin's expedition must have sailed. A piece of English elm he met drifting in the channel seemed to confirm his idea; but as he could not explore the open sea merely with boats, Captain Penny, on his return to the squadron in Barrow's Straits, offered to go up Wellington Channel again in one of the steamers, and search the sea beyond. This splendid offer was, however, *declined* by Captains Austin and Ommaney, to the great disappointment of many a daring spirit in the squadron; and so this great expedition, with all its immense resources, turned homewards, without either finding Franklin or discovering the north-west passage. Then another squadron, almost as large, was sent out, under command of Sir Edward Belcher, to Wellington Channel. Seven or eight vessels are even now cruising there, following the track opened by the brave and daring Captain Penny, but with no result beyond what he attained, except the discovery of more islands and more ice.

Thus, since 1850, the amazing number of fifteen expeditions, consisting of thirty vessels, and probably above a thousand men, have been employed in the search, from Baffin's Bay to Melville Island, and yet without any important result, save the discovery of the traces left at Beechy Island, and the investigation made of Wellington Channel by Captain Penny, the whole credit of opening this important passage to the Polar ocean being due to this brave seaman. Sir Edward Belcher has but followed his lead.

Let us now track the course of the Enterprise and the Investigator, the small and unpretending expedition ordered to reach Melville Island from Behring's Straits, an achievement no ship had ever yet accomplished.

These seas had been known to Europe but a century. Vitus Behring, in the Russian service, was the first, about a hundred years ago, to discover the straits that separate the two great continents of Asia and America, by a distance of only 150 miles; and, like Hudson, he died in the very scene of his discovery, a victim to "the cold, want, nakedness, sickness, impatience, and despair, that were their daily guests."

Nothing can be finer than this portal from the Pacific into the Polar ice—Asia and America visible at once—the coast castellated by mountains from 8,000 to 15,000 feet high; the bold promontories and the deep bays on the opposite sides so exactly corresponding that one can see how the two continents were torn asunder at some remote period of cosmical history. Here the climate is far milder

than on the eastern coast of America. Their brief summer glows with a rich though pale and dwarfed vegetation, and earth and air swarm with life. The tribes are amiable and friendly. The animals are not ferocious; there are no reptiles, and no poisonous plants—cold seems to purify all things. Here, too, is the great ice cemetery of the antediluvian world, where the gigantic extinct animal races are still lying in their snow-shrouds, such as they lived before man was created, and when a different temperature must have existed from the present.

Fifty silent years pass after Behring's death, then a second ship steers through the Strait, led by Cook, in hopes of reaching home by the north-east passage, as Drake had desired to do, and failed. The achievement was left for one whose name is now equally memorable as theirs. But Cook reached no farther than Icy Cape, which he discovered and named. Thick fogs prevented further progress, and he returned to the Sandwich Islands, where he soon lay a murdered man. Another fifty years elapse, and the Straits are passed a third time by Captain Beechy, but his ship could not even reach Icy Cape. Then twenty-five years pass over, and we come to the Behring Straits expedition of Captains Kellett and Moore, in the *Herald* and *Plover*. Twice Captain Kellett tried to push eastward past Icy Cape, but could not—the space between it and Melville Island was still the *mare ignotum* of navigators; but he made a brilliant survey of the Asiatic side, and effected many important discoveries. Then it was the Admiralty determined on sending out the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* to co-operate with the *Herald* and *Plover*, and to effect, if possible, this passage past the Icy Cape through the Polar Sea to Melville Island; and it is this expedition which claims our special notice.

The two vessels sailed from Plymouth January the 20th, 1850, provisioned for three years, and each with a complement of sixty-six men. The *Enterprise* was commanded by Captain Collinson, the senior officer of the expedition; the *Investigator* by Commander McClure, who was accompanied by Lieut. Gurney Cresswell and Lieutenant Haswell, Dr. Armstrong, Surgeon Pierce, and Mr. Miertsching, a Moravian missionary, who perfectly understood all the Esquimaux dialects. The Admiralty's instructions ordered the two vessels to press forward to the Sandwich Islands, refit there, and then use every exertion to pass Behring's Straits, and reach the ice by the 1st of August.

The *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were parted by a gale in Maghellan's Straits, and never met afterwards. The *Investigator* proceeded on alone to the Sandwich Islands, and arrived there the 29th of June, but found neither the *Enterprise* nor the *Herald*. Captain Kellett had gone on to Behring's Straits, having given up all hope of meeting the *Enterprise* and her consort at the Sandwich Islands. Again McClure went on alone. The *Herald* had proceeded as far as Cape Lisburne, to bury information for Captain Collinson, and was returning south when they met a lone vessel steering up from the Straits—it was the *Investigator*.

"She had made a surprising passage of twenty-six days from Oaheo, left it the 4th of July, cleared the Sandwich Islands on the 5th, Behring's Straits on the 27th, and saw the *Herald* on the 31st. She steered a straight course, and carried a fair wind all the way. Captain Kellett wished the *Investigator* to take some provisions from us; but she was full, and the men were in excellent health and spirits. 'I went over the ship,' says Captain Kellett, 'and was highly pleased with the comfort and cleanliness—everything seemed in its right place.' Commander McClure did not much extol her sailing qualities, but spoke in high praise of her capabilities for taking the ice. He parted from me at midnight, with a strong north-east wind, and under every stitch of canvas he could carry."^{*}

Then it was that Captain Kellett, startled at the danger of this lone ship pressing on into the ice, made the signal for recall, to which the heroic commander of the *Investigator* telegraphed in reply, "Can't stay—important duty—own responsibility," and dashed on with energetic determination to accomplish what he had vowed before leaving England—win his post rank, find Franklin, or make the passage.

That midnight parting, August 1st, 1850, was McClure's farewell to all life,

* "See McClure's Voyage of the *Herald*." A narrative of great and varied interest.

but that within his own ship, for *three years*. The next time that his hand was grasped in friendship it was by the same Captain Kellett on the other side of the world, after M'Clure had discovered the passage and stood on Melville Island, the first man who had ever reached it from the Pacific, having literally fulfilled the instructions of the Admiralty. Once again he was seen, four days later, by the Plover, under a press of canvas, steering to the north into the pack off Cape Barrow. From that date, till all the world rung with his achievement, silence and mystery hung over his fate. Three years, and no tidings of that lone ship gone forth into the eternal ice! That he should ever return seemed scarcely expected—scarcely possible, except by a miracle.

“Heaven shield the gallant crew (writes the brave and generous Sherard Osborne). May they be rewarded by accomplishing the feat of voyaging from the Pacific to the Atlantic. *Aut feri aut mori* was, assuredly, the gallant M'Clure's motto, when he announced his purpose in the last dispatches sent by him to the Admiralty.”*

The 6th of August, at midnight, the Investigator rounded Cape Barrow. In a month they had reached Cape Bathurst and Cape Parry, “groping and grappling their way close along the shore;” then struck up northward into the ocean, and saw high land about fifty miles off. All that day and night they worked to windward, and by morning touched the south headland, rising up perpendicularly a thousand feet. They landed; named the new discovery Baring's Island, and found an extensive country with fine rivers, lakes, ranges of hills two or three thousand feet high, valleys, verdant with moss, and thronged with herds of deer and musk oxen.

Divided from them by a strait, was another land, with ranges of volcanic hills and verdant valleys between. They named it Prince Albert's Land, and the strait after the Prince of Wales. Up this strait they sailed till but *twenty-five* miles divided them from Barrow's Straits—from, in fact, the waters of the Atlantic. All they had toiled for seemed just accomplished, when a north-west wind set the whole mass of ice drifting to the east, and the entrance to Barrow's Straits was barred. A floe, *six miles* long, came rushing past them and grazed the ship, but left them safe. That night, the 17th of September, they secured the ship, with cables and hawsers, to a floe eight fathoms deep, from which they never afterwards parted for *ten months*. Fixed to this, they were drifted down the strait some miles, and finally frozen in on the 30th of September, just two months after they had entered the ice, having accomplished, according to the nobly-given testimony of Sir Edward Parry, “the most magnificent piece of navigation ever performed in a single season, and which the whole course of Arctic discovery can show nothing to equal.”† For we must remember, this vast space from Behring's Straits to Melville Island, between 900 to 1,000 miles, had never yet been navigated. On the Pacific side men had reached the Icy Cape, but no farther. On the Atlantic side Sir Edward Parry, with wonderful success, reached Melville Island; but thirty years passed, and no other ship could reach so far. Down the great American rivers, also, the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, men had travelled, and beheld, beyond the limits of the continent, the great frozen ocean; but none had dared to launch a ship there. East, west, and south, centuries had come in succession, and dashed against the ice-rocks of that silent sea; but none ever trode a path there, till M'Clure, the great Polar Argonaut, plunged boldly into the icy waste of desolation, and marked the passage from one ocean to another on the map of the world by the wake of his ship.

Winter was now commencing. The vessel, frozen immovably in the ice, was housed over, and all preparation made that, in case the ice struck the vessel, they should be enabled to leave her instantly without peril of death by famine. These things being attended to, the grand point remained to be decided—did a communication exist between them and Barrow's Straits—between them and the waters of the Atlantic? This would decide for ever the question of a north-west

* “Leaves from an Arctic Journal.” By Lieutenant Sherard Osborne. A work of great interest and unrivalled power of description.

† Speech of Sir Edward Parry, at the public dinner given to Lieutenant Gurney Crosswell at Kings Lynn.

passage. M'Clure took six men with him and a sledge; they travelled five days over the ice. On the sixth they pitched their tent *on the shores of Barrow's Straits*. The question was decided. Opposite lay Melville Island, from which Sir Edward Parry, the first man who ever reached it, saw the loom of that land upon which M'Clure, thirty years after, was now resting—the first man who had ever rested there, gazing from its shores upon the waters of *the north-west passage*. Here they erected a cairn, fifteen feet high, with the date of discovery—October 26th, 1850—a day henceforth ever memorable in the records of maritime enterprise. By the 31st they reached the ship again, having travelled 156 miles in nine days. But the brave leader himself was in danger of never reaching it. When within fifteen miles of the ship he had quitted the sledge, intending to hasten on alone, and have all comforts ready for the party on arrival; but fogs came on and thick darkness, so that he could no longer see the compass; and after much perilous tumbling and floundering in the ice, at the risk of breaking legs and arms, he had to stop, finding he could proceed no farther, and bury himself up in the snow for the night. At midnight he was aroused by a bright meteor flashing across the heavens; the stars and a brilliant Aurora lit the sky, and he arose to recommence his journey. Next morning he found he had passed the ship four miles; the fresh tracks of a bear were close to him, and he had no fire-arms either for defence or signals—nevertheless, he reached the ship at last in safety “none the worse,” at least so says his hardy spirit, “for a night in the snow, at a temperature of 15° minus, the vicinage of a grisly bear, and being twenty-five hours without food.”

Winter had now set in—the ten months' winter of the Polar clime, when men in these regions descend into a living tomb for half the year. Meanwhile, M'Clure had heard nothing of the *Enterprise* since they parted company in the Pacific. Her story, as we know it now, was not a brilliant one. Not until fourteen days after the *Investigator* did she pass Behring's Straits; then, obstructed by ice and uncertain of the other vessels, she turned back to Grantly Harbour, where she grounded. Again, on the 19th of September, she passed Behring's Straits; but by that time M'Clure had advanced 700 miles to the eastward and ten degrees north, and had nearly achieved the north-west passage. The *Enterprise* subsequently was forced back a second time, and obliged to winter at Hong Kong.

When spring came and sledge-travelling was practicable, searching parties were organised. Lieutenant Cresswell, with six men, went northward, and examined all along the high coast of Baring's Island, rising to a height of 1,000 or 1,400 feet. In thirty-two days he traversed 320 miles, and walked twenty-four miles upon the Polar Sea. He found rich alluvial plains and valleys in Baring's Island, stocked with herds of musk oxen, deer, ptarmigan, and hares in plenty. The land seemed well fitted for life, but there was no human inhabitant—yet traces of ancient encampments, proving that, in times long anterior, the whole country had once been densely populated. Some fragment of that primitive race that circulates all round the Pole, whose origin no one knows, had once dwelt there. They call themselves “Innuits,” or *men*. The Indians name them *Esquimaux* (eaters of raw flesh), a people without traditions, religion, or laws, yet not savage; some tribes have no word for war; a childlike race—gay, loquacious, cunning, skilled in flattery, fond of music and dancing; the children of the ice, having no affinity whatever with the Indian races that people North America. Never changing their modes of life, they are the same now as the Scandinavians found them ten centuries ago, when they named them *Skrælings*, or dwarfs. In feature—the oblique eyes and lateral expanse of head, as in their extraordinary imitative powers—they resemble the Chinese.* Yet, all evidence

* The Esquimaux are a good-looking, black-eyed race, rather small in stature, with singularly beautiful feet and hands. They dress in Arctic furs, feed on Arctic animals, and live in snow huts, where a *lamp*, not a fire, serves for light, warmth, and cookery. It is well known that food enables one to resist cold; and the Esquimaux, with an instinctive knowledge of this chemical law, consumes 14lbs. of raw salmon at a sitting, and 20lbs. of *flesh* a-day. As the temperature creates this appetite, we may judge of the suffering endured by Captain M'Clure and his crew, when reduced to *half a pound* of meat a-day. The Esquimaux also cannot exist without the enormous use of oil—even children are quieted by blubber. Chemistry shows the necessity for it in such a climate to produce animal heat, and our sailors will never be healthy in Arctic latitudes till they overcome their disgust to its use.

shows that they migrated *downwards* from the extreme, and now inaccessible, Pole, as if there had been the cradle of their race. All along the northern line of coast proceeding to Melville Island, and on Melville Island itself, as well as on Baring's Island, traces are found of this race—proving that, at some remote period, the whole region was densely populated, though not a human being now disturbs the solitude. The tide of population has passed downwards to the southern line of coast approximating to America. Perhaps the Russian tradition has some foundation, and that there really does or did exist some beautiful region at the summit of the Polar ice, from whence these early races sprang. At all events, there is evidence that a comparatively high temperature once existed in the Arctic regions, where now the summer is at freezing point and the winter fifty or sixty degrees below it. At Baring's Island Captain M'Clure found the remains of an immense forest, extending over an entire range of hills, and all the ravines filled with pieces washed down from these ligneous hills, though now not a tree is met with in the Arctic regions beyond the sixty-sixth degree of latitude.* Dr. Scoresby states that the heat at the Pole during the brief summer is one-fourth greater than at the Equator; and in the early years subsequent to creation, before snow and ice had accumulated, this heat may have generated a true tropical climate: but, as age after age piled the glacier and deepened the snow, the actual temperature gradually lessened, till down southward, like the march of the iceberg, came the north race, forced from the ice world to seek more habitable climes.

In the large country discovered southward by Captain M'Clure, and named Prince Albert's Land, a gentle, primitive tribe was found located, who had never seen Europeans before. They had no tradition as to how they came there, and never quit this desolate land. They had no weapons of war, had never seen iron, but made all their implements for the chase of copper, there as plenty as stone. Captain M'Clure, with the interpreter, visited them, to make inquiries about Franklin's expedition. At first they were greatly terrified, making signs to them not to approach, and calling out, "Oh, we are very much afraid." Being reassured, however, by a few presents and the presence of the interpreter, who was perfectly able to converse with them, their language being identical with that spoken at Labrador, they consented to a parley, but could give no account of the lost ships. It is singular that this hour's converse with a few simple savages was the only human communication held by Captain M'Clure and his crew for the space of three years.

For ten months the Investigator remained immovable, fixed in the floe. Then, when July came of the next year, '51, they tried to free the ship by blasting the ice. A thirty-six pound charge was let down in a jar below the water. The ice was eleven feet thick, and four hundred feet in diameter; but the trial succeeded admirably; the ice rent in every direction, and the ship passed through easily. Still, the ice never stirred across Barrow's Strait all that sunless summer, and then they turned to try the passage by the north side of Baring's Island, knowing that a channel ran between it and Melville Island. A second time they rounded the bold southern headland named after Nelson, and on the west side found the land covered with verdure; large flocks of geese were feeding, ducks flying in numbers, and herds of oxen and deer feeding on the rich moss of the valleys; but on proceeding northward, they met the ice again—the whole tremendous mass of polar ice drifting east with a strong west wind. At one time a floe was lifted thirty feet perpendicularly above the ship, ready to fall and crush them, when suddenly it rent and scattered, leaving them untouched. Again, the ship was forced in between two masses, and obliged to drift along with them helplessly. A charge of 150lbs. of gunpowder was tried to free the ship, and succeeded; five minutes longer detention, and the vessel would have been

* Captain M'Clure calls these remains "a petrified forest." It is not easy to realise the precise appearance of the trees from this phrase; but, as he has secured one of the smallest (seven feet long and three feet in girth) to bring home as a specimen to England, it is to be hoped that our scientific bodies will be able to throw some light upon this most curious discovery. Captain M'Clure also found near Cape Bathurst fifteen small volcanic mounds, within a space of fifty yards, from which issued a dense white smoke, so that they had the appearance of white tents, and the ground all around was strongly impregnated with sulphur.

crushed "like a nut in the nut-crackers." Another time a charge of 255lbs. of powder cleared a harbour for them, where they rested some time securely from the pressure of the polar ice, the most massive and terrific ever witnessed. On the 24th, they came to a well protected bay a little to the southward, while the great polar pressure passed on north-east. Here they were frozen in, the 24th of September, 1851, and have remained frozen in up to the present time. *Three winters* they have passed in that ice prison; "which, in grateful remembrance of the many perils we escaped during the passage of that terrible polar sea, we have named 'THE BAY OF MERCY.'"^{*}

The land around them was sterile limestone, without vegetable or trace of animal life—all bleak, bare, and barren; wholly different from the coast at the west side. From that day the whole ship's company were placed on two-thirds allowance of provision, as the period of release was indefinite. The hunting parties, however, added, fortunately, to their stock; and at one time 1000lbs. of venison hung at the yard-arms. The winter passed in hopes that when spring came they would find all they needed at Melville Island, either a ship, or, at least, a depôt of provisions left by Captain Austin—for they had heard at the Sandwich Islands of his expedition there. Accordingly, early in April, Captain M'Clure proceeded thither with a sledge party; they travelled eighteen days, but on reaching Winter Harbour, found neither ship nor provisions—only a notice of Lieutenant M'Clintock's visit the preceding year. *No provisions!* "It was poor tidings to carry back to his ship's company." Nothing can be more censurable than this gross neglect on the part of Captains Austin and Ommany. They knew the Investigator had orders to make the passage to Melville Island, if possible; and yet with their enormous resources, with a whole squadron at command, they leave M'Clure and his brave crew in their one lone vessel to all the chances of starvation. If other expeditions are conducted with as little exercise of judgment on the part of the leaders, Sir John Franklin may have perished, helplessly, of famine, though England sent fifteen expeditions for his rescue, as M'Clure might have perished, though within a few days' journey of the resources of an entire squadron.

At Melville Island, on the same stone that bore the name of the brave and gallant Parry, M'Clure inscribed his, and left a notice of the position of his ship. To this notice he owed the rescue of himself and crew exactly one year after. The summer of 1852 passed over, and the sun never appeared through the fog, the ice never broke up; all hope of release seemed annihilated. They were now reduced to *half a-pound* of meat a-day, in a climate where they could easily have consumed four. "The spirits of the men began to flag; they felt themselves abandoned, and evils comparatively light before pressed heavily upon them. The long, unceasing night, the constant gnawing of hunger, and the dread that was stealing over them for the future, conspired to make that winter long and dreary."[†] On the 8th of September, 1852, two years after their imprisonment in the ice, Captain M'Clure summoned the crew together, and announced to them, that in consequence of the failure of provisions, and there being no hope of rescue, he would send half of them home to England the following spring, April, 1853, he himself remaining with the ship as long as there was any chance of extricating her. If that proved impossible, he would abandon the ship, and make his way home in 1854 by sledges to Port Leopold, in Barrow's Straits, where he would fall in with ships or supplies. The vessel was quite sound, and he would not desert her, when one favourable season would run her through the straits, and so perfect the north-west passage. Yet the 26th of October that year, the second anniversary of the discovery of the passage, was kept as a festival with singing and dancing—the dark future and their own personal sufferings forgotten for a moment, in the proud, unselfish exultation at what they had achieved for their country's glory.

Fortunately their hunting parties had brought them a fresh supply of food, for the deer do not migrate in winter; and with humble gratitude the brave leader "thanks God for this merciful supply, which kept them from starva-

^{*} Captain M'Clure's Despatches to the Admiralty.

[†] "Personal Narrative of Lieutenant Gurny Cresswell"

tion." Christmas, likewise—the last they were all to be together—was kept with due honour, and a full allowance served out of their scanty stock of provision. The crew were resolved to make it memorable. Each mess was illuminated, and decorated by lower-deck artists with original paintings, representing the ship in her various perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea. And yet this mirthful, fine-hearted set of fellows was a crew that for two years had been buried in ice, cut off from all human help or intercourse as completely as if they were entombed. How nobly does this very circumstance testify to the qualities of their commander, who could sustain patience, fortitude, courage, and even cheerfulness, amongst his men, in the midst of the most terrible desolation that can be conceived. "As I contemplated the gay assemblage," M'Clure says, in his despatches, "I could not but feel deeply impressed with the many and great mercies extended towards us by a kind and beneficent Providence, to whom alone is due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings for all the great benefits we have hitherto experienced." How nobly uttered! and how beautiful to contemplate this added strength, which trust in God can give to even the greatest natural heroism.

On the 30th of March, the men were told off who were to proceed home, and full allowance of provisions given them, in order that they might be in good condition for travelling. One party, under Lieutenant Haswell, was to proceed by sledge to Melville Island, and from thence, if possible, to Beechy Island, in hopes of meeting ships and supplies. The second party, commanded by Lieutenant Cresswell, was to proceed by the Mackenzie river to the nearest trading station; M'Clure and the rest were to stay by the ship. The 15th of April, 1853, was the day fixed for starting. "By this time there was much sickness on board, and a general gloom prevailed."

"On the night of the 5th of April, M'Clure made up his despatches for the Admiralty; also a letter to Sir George Back, and one to his only sister,* in which he tells her how they "have added another laurel to old England's name and glory, and a memorable event to our dear little Queen's reign." But there is no egotism, no self-exaltation; only he hopes the Admiralty will not object to his remaining, as he wishes, "with a little pardonable vanity, to bring back the old ship, as a trophy to England, if it were possible." And in a letter to his old shipmate and much beloved commander, Sir George Back, written at the same time, the only personal favour he expresses a desire for is, that in the event of promotion, his commission should be antedated to October the 26th, 1850, the day of the discovery of the passage. M'Clure had thus uttered his last words to his friend, his sister, and his country, and then he calmly faced[†] the future. To the Admiralty he writes — "If no tidings of me are heard next year at Port Leopold, it may be concluded that some fatal catastrophe has happened; either we have been carried into the polar sea, or smashed in Barrow's Straits. In that case, *let no ship proceed for our relief, for we must all have perished from starvation; let no lives be risked in quest of those who will then be no more.*" There is courage to meet any fate, but no word of despair.

Sir Roderick Murcheson, in his place as President of the Royal Geographical Society, said, speaking of the tone of these letters to the Admiralty — "Since Captain Cooke, no officer has written despatches that will be more indelibly impressed on the minds of Englishmen." But, even then, while writing these calm, noble words, relief was approaching — relief, so unexpected, that when it arrived, the bewildered crew could hardly credit their senses. Three dreary winters of silent abandonment—three years in which they were as much severed from humanity as if they were dead, and now from their ice-grave they are aroused by the sound of friendly human voices, and friendly hands are there to greet them. It was a resurrection from death to life.

It may be remembered that Captain Kellett, on parting from M'Clure in 1850, returned to England. Shortly after, he was sent out again, in command of the Resolute, to proceed by the Atlantic to Melville Island. On arriving there, he found, to his astonishment, the notice left by M'Clure in April, 1851, with

* Mrs. Thomas Edmond Wright, of Dublin, half-sister to Captain M'Clure, his mother having been married a second time to the late Captain Morphy.

a despatch also, from which he learned that the Polar Sea had been traversed, *the Passage* discovered, and that his friend, who had accomplished all, was now within a sledge journey of him, in danger of starvation. As soon as practicable, therefore, a sledge party, commanded by Lieutenant Pim, of the *Resolute*, was despatched to the frozen ship in "the Bay of Mercy."

On the night of the 5th of April, M'Clure, as we have seen, had closed his despatches and letters, to be entrusted to the travelling parties, and consigned himself to another year of peril and privation in the ice. No hope of relief from anything human. The next morning came, the 6th of April, and the horizon seemed desolate as ever; but suddenly the cry overhead was heard, "A travelling party in sight." No one could believe it—"things were too bad for that;" and yet that it should be true appeared possible. The cry was raised again. Men and officers rushed on deck, when they saw a man running across the snow towards them.

"Imagine, if you can," says M'Clure, in a private letter, "a whole crew vegetating in a huge catacomb, supposing themselves cut off from the world, and not a civilised being within two thousand miles; when suddenly an apparition is observed close to the vessel—one solitary stranger (for his companions were hidden by the ice), black as Erebus, approaching rapidly, occasionally showing gesticulations of friendship, similar to the Esquimaux. My surprise—I may add dismay—was beyond description; I paused in my advance to meet him, doubting if he were not a denizen of the other world." To the question, "Who are you, and where are you come from?" uttered by M'Clure, the new-comer, quite beside himself, stammered out—"Lieutenant Pim, Herald; Captain Kellett." This was the more inexplicable to M'Clure, as Captain Kellett was the last person he had shook hands with at Behring's Straits. "However, my surprise lasted but for a moment. The apparition was really found to be flesh and blood. To rush at and seize him by the hand was but the first gush of feeling; language was denied—the heart was too full for the tongue to articulate. As this black stranger informed us that assistance was within 150 miles, the crew flew up the latches; the sick forgot their maladies, the healthy their despondency. All was now life and delight; in a moment the whole crew were changed. I may go on writing, but can never convey the most faint idea of the scene. I can only say, fancy the dead raised to life; try to impress your mind with such a picture. I need say no more."*

"Hours after, the men might be seen talking, two or three together. Many among them seemed alive to the goodness of an ever-watchful Providence; but still their minds did not appear fully to grasp the extraordinary, almost miraculous change in their circumstances. On the morrow, the best the ship afforded was dealt out to the crew, to make themselves as merry as they could. The day following, Captain M'Clure and Lieutenant Pim left for Melville Island, after arranging for Lieutenant Cresswell to follow with the most sickly part of the ship's company. In this interval two deaths occurred; making three within a few days, who had sunk under their protracted privations."†

Captain Kellett, in a private letter, thus describes the meeting at Melville Island:—"This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and should be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man announced a party coming. I cannot describe my feelings when told that Captain M'Clure was amongst them. I was not long in reaching him and giving him many hearty shakes; no purer were ever given by two men in this world. M'Clure looks well, but is half-starved." And M'Clure, describing the same meeting in a letter, says:—"The 19th of April, ever to be kept as memorable, I arrived on board the *Resolute*, being met a short distance from the ship by her most kind-hearted, excellent captain, whose cordial embrace and welcome assured me that deep feeling and sincerity were there. Here I still remain, in the enjoyment of true Irish hospitality; I need not tell you, the reception given me by our preserver has amply compensated for our deprivations and miseries."

* Extract from a private letter of Captain M'Clure.

† "Personal Narrative" of Lieutenant Cresswell.

It is singular that these two gallant officers, who thus met, one from the east, the other from the west, upon Melville Island (henceforth immortalised by the meeting), are not only Irishmen, but from the same town. Wexford has the honour of being the birthplace both of Captain Kellett and Captain M'Clure.

On the 2nd of May, Lieutenant Cresswell reached Melville Island, with his invalided party, consisting of Mr. Wynniatt, the mate, Surgeon Piers, the interpreter, and twenty-four seamen. Of these all were in bad health except the interpreter. Mr. Wynniatt had suffered severely from the protracted hardships; and one of the men had become entirely imbecile, though otherwise in good health. It was a painful and difficult task for Lieut. Cresswell to convey such a party *one hundred and seventy miles* over the ice, the weather gloomy, the men so enfeebled that two were required to do the work of one; and the difficulty of dragging the sledges over high masses of ice so great, that the men sometimes fell down from weariness; but no death, no accident even, happened. In sixteen days they reached their destination safely. All honour be to the brave young officer, Lieutenant Cresswell, who had the guidance of this arduous enterprise, and accomplished it so admirably.

The next day Captain M'Clure returned to the Investigator, Captain Kellett, as senior officer, having determined that if twenty able-bodied men volunteered to remain with Captain M'Clure, that dauntless officer should be at liberty to stay by his ship, and attempt to bring her through, should the season render it possible.* The twenty brave-hearted men were found, and from that period up to the present time they and Captain M'Clure have remained in their frozen prison in the Bay of Mercy.

Lieutenant Cresswell travelled on to Beechy Island, a distance of 300 miles, entrusted with Captain M'Clure's despatches. Captain Pullen, with the North Star, was there. Great was the excitement at the marvellous tidings. Lieutenant Bellot, amongst others, the gallant, but ill-fated French officer, had such an intense enthusiasm about the north-west passage, that he was heard to declare, that to have been a partaker in that glorious success, he would willingly have laid down his life.† At his own request, Captain Pullen entrusted him with the original despatches to convey to Sir Edward Belcher, up in Wellington Channel. The ice being heavy, of course it was a sledge expedition. Five days after the party set out, Lieutenant Bellot was standing with two men on a mass of ice, when it suddenly broke off from the main pack, and drifted away with them out of sight. Six hours after the two men returned. They had saved themselves and also the despatches, but the unfortunate young officer was seen no more. On the 8th of August, Captain Inglefield, in the Phoenix, arrived at Beechy Island, and the despatches being of such vast importance, it was thought advisable that Captain Inglefield should immediately return to England, and convey Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell, the bearer of them. The night before they sailed, the Bredalbane transport, under command of Captain Inglefield, was struck by the ice, and in fifteen minutes went down, and was totally lost, the crew having just time to save themselves.

On the 21st of August, 1853, Lieutenant Cresswell sailed in the Phoenix for England, where he arrived in less than six weeks. "At five o'clock on Friday morning, the 7th of October, Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, was awakened from his sleep to hear the startling intelligence, that the life-long object of his father, the late Sir John Barrow, was accomplished, and the North-West Passage made. Lieutenant Gurney Cresswell,‡ the grandson of the good and gifted

* Lieutenant Cresswell's "Narrative."

† *Ibid.*

‡ To the surprise of every one, Commander Inglefield was immediately promoted to post rank — we suppose for having had the honour of bringing home Lieutenant Cresswell and the despatches, for he effected nothing else that we know of; but up to the present date *Lieutenant Cresswell has received no promotion.* And as Commander Inglefield was gazetted as post captain on the same day with Commander M'Clure, no one can imagine that the discoverer of the North-West Passage has yet received any acknowledgment of his services from the Admiralty; there is no doubt, however, that on his return, Parliament will decree Captain M'Clure the £80,000 which a hundred years ago was awarded by the country to the successful discoverer, with proportionate rewards, as then fixed, to each of the subordinate officers.

Elizabeth Fry, having the singular good fortune to be the first who entered the Polar Sea by Behring's Straits and returned to England by Baffin's Bay.

Let us now cast back one glance from the triumphs of M'Clure to his present position. Four years of his life past, in the very prime of life, in the horrible monotony of that frozen region, and a fifth year commencing—God only knows whether it will send him release. People talk lightly of three or four years in the ice. Have they ever thought what it means?—The destitution of all that can interest man. Officers do not talk of these things in their despatches; but let us hear Sir John Ross—let us hear the cry of at least one human heart coming up from the ice-grave of all life:—“Let no one suppose,” he says, “that we had not felt all this—the eternal wearisome iteration of registers, and winds, and tides, and ice, during months and years, though I have passed it by as if we never felt it. There were evils of cold, evils of hunger, evils of toil; and though we did not die, or lose our limbs as men have done in those lands, had we not undergone anxiety and care, the sufferings of disappointed hope, and, more than all, those longings after our far distant friends and native land, whom we might never again see? Yet there was a pain beyond all this—we were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of the means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and—why should I not say it?—for want of society. To-day was as yesterday, and as to-day so would be to-morrow. With a sea around us impracticably frozen, one would wish to sleep the winter through like the dormouse; but to be ever awake, wanting to rise and become active, yet ever to find that all nature was still asleep, and that we had nothing more to do but wish, and groan, and hope as best we might. . . . Who more than I,” he continues, “has admired the glaciers of the north, sailing from the pole before the wind and the gale, floating along the ocean like castles, and towers, and mountains, gorgeous in colouring and magnificent in form?—and have not I, too, sought amid the crashing and thundering roar of a sea of moving mountains for the sublime, and felt that nature could do no more? In all this there has been beauty, horror, danger. Everything that could excite, that would have excited a poet to the verge of madness; but to see, to have seen ice and snow during all the months of a year—uninterrupted and unceasing ice and snow during all the months of four years—this it is that has made the sight of those most chilling and wearisome objects an evil which is still one in imagination as if the remembrance would never cease. To us the sight of ice was a plague, a vexation, a torment, an evil, a matter of despair. We hated its sight, because we hated its effects and every idea associated with it. For ten months the air is snow, the gale is snow, the fog snow, the breath of the mouth is snow. Snow is on our hair, our dress, our eyelashes, around us and over us, on our beds, our dishes; when our huts are snow, our drink snow, our larders snow, our salt snow—the cold, the icy, the monotonous; and when we died, our shrouds, and coffins, and graves would be of snow likewise.”

Yet there is an awful beauty in these regions even though associated with terror. The icebergs, the frost giants of the old sagas, glittering in the sunlight as if they were crowned with gems; glaciers a thousand feet high, green as emerald, or violet with the sun's last rays; cliffs of crimson snow, and an azure sky above so clear that objects are visible a hundred miles off; and round the horizon sweeps the red sun in an endless summer evening of three months long. Then comes the three months' polar night with its stupendous stillness, when all nature sinks in torpor, and men's faces grow ghastly in the darkness, and the silence is only broken by the crash of an iceberg, and the stars burn fiery red in the black heaven, and on every side is an infinite *mer-de-glace*, through which rise masses of basalt, “like the uplifted hands of drowning men;” while above circles the magnificent polar moon, for days and weeks without setting, and over all shines the cold beautiful light of the aurora, which vivifies nothing, animates nothing, and leaves nature still and icy as before. Ten months the waters are ice, the land snow, and the stillness of death reigns everywhere.

Humboldt says, that “dangers exalt the poetry of life,” but not dangers that must be met only with passive, helpless endurance. A commander in the Arctic regions must not only be a hero himself, but able to make all around him heroes; and in this frozen torpor of existence, how difficult to preserve his

own energy, enthusiasm, heroic purpose, and sanguine hopes, all unchilled. Yet this M'Clure has accomplished both for himself and the courageous men with him. We have, indeed, but to look at his portrait to see how a brave and beautiful human nature is expressed in the noble brow, fine cut lip, and clear deep eye. In the very carriage of the head one can trace the frank, bold spirit of the man. His success was not the result of chance; the heroism was in the purpose. He would listen to no recall, flung himself upon fate with the audacity of genius, and even if death is to come, he says, calmly, "Let no life be risked to rescue mine." Thank God he is Irish. His heroism is his country's glory. In estimating what he has accomplished, let us remember that *he alone* has filled up the blank between Behring's Straits and Melville Island — he was the first that ever burst into that silent sea; and that now, with a chart to guide them, the hazard to human life in this dangerous ocean is infinitely lessened. The discovery has also aided the solution of many scientific and geographical problems. He has ended for ever the romantic theory of an open polar sea by showing that the Polar Sea never clears; and while he has set at rest the question of a thousand years, and proved the existence of a *north-west* passage, he has also demonstrated, that if a communication between India and England by the Polar Ocean be tried at all, it must be by the *north-east*, as he himself effected it, as the winds and tides set in from the *west* the greater part of the year, driving the whole polar ice in the face of any ship advancing from the Atlantic.

If, however, modern science, with all its new appliances of steam, screw-propellers, gutta percha boats, provisions that keep *ad infinitum*, and even glycerine for a preventative against frost-wounds, should make men content to dare the northern passage, the chart is now clear — all that can be known of the route to Asia is laid down. Depôts might be formed at Baring's and Melville Islands; and while one caravan traversed the burning desert eastward to India, another through the ice of the polar steppes might proceed westward to the same destination. All along the route tribes of human creatures exist, intelligent and teachable; and wherever man is, his brother man should deem it no unworthy task to bring him within the privileges of a Christianised humanity. All progress is a divine thing, inspired, guided, directed by a wise Providence; and the lone ship of the Bay of Mercy has not been led through the frozen sea without some purpose by which humanity may be bettered.

With regard to Sir John Franklin, all evidence tends to prove that he must have passed up Wellington Channel with his ships, out into the open sea beyond, where none as yet have been able to follow him. Mournful, most mournful, the desolate fate, the desolate death of that brave old man — out in the desert icy plain, far away from all human aid; for though death stands face to face with every Arctic navigator each moment of his perilous progress, and many men have been laid there in their snowy graves, yet the mystery that hangs over the death of these men is what makes the thought of it so darkly terrible. One hundred and thirty-six human beings disappear, and make no sign — not a line of writing, not a fragment of the stores, not a spar of the ships ever found. The whole history of Arctic navigation presents no parallel to such a catastrophe.

Thank God our brave countryman has been preserved from so awful a fate. His dangers are now comparatively over. Should he not be able to bring his ship home through Barrow's Straits, she is to be converted into a store-ship, and Captain M'Clure will return to England in the *Resolute*; but we trust the guiding Providence which has favoured him so far, will yet permit the crowning achievement. Since Drake brought the *Golden Hind* to England, and Queen Elizabeth dined on board with the gallant admiral, no ship with such a history as the *Investigator* ever anchored in the Thames.*

* Since going to press we have learned that the present position of Captain M'Clure's ship leaves little hope of its ultimate preservation. By the pressure of two icebergs it has been lifted up, and now remains suspended thirty feet above sea level, fixed as if in a vice, between these stupendous ice masses. Lieutenant Cresswell, with generous devotion, has, we understand, solicited leave from the Admiralty to go out again to the Bay of Mercy, with a relief ship, for the service of his heroic commander.

actor. For him there is no refuge in the calmer judgment of posterity; there is no appeal to a dispassionate future. The value stamped upon him now is to be his fame for ever. No other measure of his powers can be taken than the effect he produced upon his contemporaries; and hence the great precariousness of a career wherein each passing mood of illness, sorrow, anxiety, or exhaustion may influence the character of a reputation that might seem established beyond reversal.

How leniently, then, should we deal with those who labour for our pleasure in these capacities! How indulgent should we show ourselves even to their caprices—justly remembering the arduous nature of a struggle in which so many requirements are summoned; and that genius itself is insufficient, if there be not the vigour of health, the high promptings of ambition, and the consciousness of power that springs from unimpaired faculties.

I have come to think over these things with a sad heart. Within the circle of such memories lies enshrined the greatest sorrow of a life that has not been without its share of trials. I had intended to have revealed to my reader a painful incident, but I find that age has not yet blunted the acute misery of my feelings; nor can I, with all the weight of long years upon me, endure to open up again a grief whose impress has stamped every hour of existence. Let me not be supposed as uttering these words in any spirit of querulousness with fortune; I have had much, far more than most men, to feel grateful for. Well do I know, besides, that to my successes in life I can lay no claim in any merits or deservings of my own—that my short-comings have been numerous, and leniently dealt with. I speak, therefore, not complainingly. I would not, moreover, like to spend in repinings the last hours of a long life—the goal cannot well be distant now; and as, footsore and weary, I tread the few remaining miles of my earthly pilgrimage, I would rather cheer my heart with the prospect of rest before me than darken the future with one shadow of the past.

Margot had insisted on remaining. She felt as though a challenge had been offered to her, and it would be cowardice to decline it. Over and over again was she wont to repeat to herself the contempt she felt for that applause in

which it was believed she exulted. She burned, therefore, for a moment wherein she could display this haughty contempt, and throw back with proud disdain their homage, by showing herself as indifferent to rebuke as she had ever been to adulation. The day was passed in moods of silence, or paroxysms of the wildest excitement. After an hour or more, perhaps, of unbroken calm, she would burst forth into a passionate denunciation of the world's injustice, with bitter and poignant regrets for the hour when she became a suppliant for its favours. The proudest efforts she would make to rise above this were sure to be defeated by some sudden sense of defeat—an agonising conviction, that threw her into violent weeping; a state of suffering that even now I dread to think of.

She grew calmer towards evening, but it was a calm that terrified me—there was a slow and careful precision in every word she spoke that denoted effort; her smile, too, had a fixity in it that remained for seconds after the emotion which occasioned it; and while a stern and impassive quietude characterised her expression generally, her eyes at times flashed and sparkled like the glaring orbs of a lioness. She descended to the drawing-room most magnificently attired—a splendid diamond tiara on her head, and a gorgeous bouquet of rubies and brilliants on the corsage of her dress. Although pale as death—for she wore no rouge—I had never seen her look so beautiful. There is a Titian picture of Pompey's daughter receiving the tidings of Pharsalia; and, while too proud to show her agony, is yet in the very struggle of a breaking heart—the face is like enough to have been her portrait, and even to the colour of the massive, waving hair, is wonderfully identical.

The play had already begun when we arrived at the theatre, and in the little bustle caused by our entry into the box a half impatient expression ran through the audience; but as suddenly suppressed, it became a murmur of wondering admiration. The stage was forgotten, and every eye turned at once towards *her* who so often had moved their hearts by every emotion, and who now seemed even more triumphant in the calm self-possession of her beauty. Rank over rank leaned forward in the boxes to gaze at her, and the entire pit turned and stood, as it were, spell-

bound at her feet. Had she wished for a triumph over her rival, she could not have imagined a more signal one ; for none now directed their attention to the business of the play, but all seemed forgetful of everything save her presence. Margot appeared to accept this homage with the haughty consciousness of its being her due ; her eyes ranged proudly over the dense crowd, and slowly turned away, as though she had seen nothing there to awaken one sentiment of emotion. There was less an expression of disdain than of utter indifference in her look — it was almost like the cold impassiveness of a statue.

For myself I am unable to speak. I saw nothing of the play or the actors. Margot, and Margot alone, filled my eyes ; and I sat far back in the box. My glances revelled on her, watching with unceasing anxiety that pale and passionless face. In the fourth act comes the scene where Roxane, aware of her lover's falsehood, hears him profess the vows that he but feigns to feel. It was the great triumph of Margot's genius—the passage of power in which she rose unapproachably above all others ; and now, in the stilled and silent assembly might be noted the anxiety with which they awaited her rival's delineation. Unlike the cold, unmoved, and almost patient bearing which Margot displayed at first, as though, having schooled her mind to a lesson, she would practise it, had not aversion or contempt overmastered her, and in the very sickness of her soul revealed her sorrow, the other burst forth into a wild and passionate declamation—an outburst of vulgar rage. A low murmur of discontent ran through the house, and, swelling louder and louder, drowned the words of the piece. The actress faltered and stopped ; and, as if by some resistless impulse, turned towards the box where Margot sat, still and motionless. The entire audience turned likewise, and every eye was now bent on *her* whose genius had become so interwoven with the scene, that it was as though associated with her very identity. Slowly rising from her seat, Margot stood erect, gazing on that dense mass with the proud look of one who defied them. The same stern, cold stare of insult she had once bestowed on the stage, she now directed on the spectators. It was a moment of terrible interest, as thus she stood confronting, almost daring,

those who had presumed to condemn her ; and then, in the same words Roxane uses, she addressed them, every accent tremulous with passion, and every syllable vibrating with the indignant hate that worked within her. The measured distinctness of every word sung out clear and full. It was less invective than scornful, and scorn that seemed to sicken her as she spoke it.

The effect upon the audience will best evidence the power of the moment. On all sides were seen groups gathered around one who had swooned away. Many were carried out insensible, and fearful cries of hysteric passion betrayed the secret sympathies her words had smitten. She paused, and with that haughty gesture with which she takes eternal farewell of her lover, she seemed to say, “ Adieu for ever ! ” and then pushing back her dark ringlets, and tearing away the diamond coronet from her brows, she burst into a fit of laughter. Oh ! how terribly its very cadence sounded—sharp, ringing, and wild ! the cry of an escaped intellect—the shriek of an intelligence that had fled for ever !

Margot was mad. The violent conflict of passion to which her mind was exposed had made shipwreck of a glorious intellect, and the very exercise of emotion had exhausted the wells of feeling. I cannot go on. Already have these memories sapped the last foundations of my broken strength, and my old eyes are dimmed with tears.

The remainder of her life was passed in a little chateau near Sèvres, where Madlle. Mars had made arrangements for her reception. She lingered for three years, and died out, like one exhausted. As for me, I worked as a labourer in the garden of the chateau to the day of her death ; and although I never saw her, the one thought that I was still near her sustained and supported me—not, indeed, with hope, for I had long ceased to hope.

I knew the window of the room she sat in ; and when, at evening, I left the garden, I knew it was the time she walked there. These were the two thoughts that filled up all my mind ; and out of these grew the day-dreams in which my hours were passed. Still fresh as yesterday within my heart are the sensations with which I marked a slight change in the curtain of her window, or bent over the impress of

her foot upon the gravel. How passionately have I kissed the flowers that I hoped she might have plucked ! how devotedly knelt beside the stalks from which she had broken off a blossom !

These memories live still, nor would I wish it otherwise. In the tender melancholy, I can sit and ponder over the past, more tranquilly, maybe, than if they spoke of happiness.

CHAPTER XLV.

DARK PASSAGES OF LIFE.

For some years after the death of Margot my life was like a restless dream—a struggle, as it were, between reality and a strange scepticism with everything and every one. At moments a wish would seize me to push my fortune in the world—to become rich and powerful ; and then as suddenly would I fall back upon my poverty, as the condition least open to great reverses, and hug myself in the thought that my obscurity was a shield against adverse fortune. I tried to school my mind to a misanthropy that might throw me still more upon myself, but I could not. Even in my isolated, friendless condition, I loved to contemplate the happiness of others. I could watch children for hours long at their play ; and if the sounds of laughter or pleasant revelry came from a house as I passed at nightfall, my heart beat responsively to every note of joy, and in my spirit I was in the midst of them. I had neither home nor country, and my heart yearned for both. I felt the void like a desert, bleak and desolate within me ; and it was in vain I endeavoured, by a hundred artifices, to make me suffice to myself. I came, at length, to think that it were better to attach myself to the world by even the interests of a crime, than to live on thus, separated and apart from all sympathy. In humble life, he who retreats from association with his fellows, must look to be severely judged. The very lightest allegation against him will be a charge of pride ; and even this is no slight offence before such a tribunal. Vague rumours of worse will gain currency, and far weightier derelictions be whispered about him. His own rejection of the world now recoils upon himself, and he comes to discover that he has neglected to cultivate the sympathies which are not alone the ties of brotherhood between men, but the strong appeals to mercy, when mercy is needed.

By much reflection on these things

I was led to feel at last that nothing but a strong effort could raise me from the deep depression I had fallen into ; that I should force myself to some pursuit which might awaken zeal or ambition within me ; and that, at any cost, I should throw off the hopeless, listless lethargy of my present life. While I was yet hesitating what course to adopt, my attention was attracted one morning to a large placard affixed to the walls of the Hotel de Ville, and which set forth the tidings that “all men who had not served as soldiers, and were between the ages of fifteen and thirty, were to present themselves at the Prefecture at a certain hour of a certain day.” The consternation this terrible announcement called forth may easily be imagined ; for, although only a very limited number of these would be drafted, yet each felt that the evil lot might be his own.

I really read the announcement with a sense of pleasure. It seemed to me as though fate no longer ignored my very existence, but had at length agreed to reckon me as one amongst the wide family of men. Nor was it that the life of a soldier held out any prize to my ambition ; I had never at any time felt such. It was the simple fact that I should be recognised by others, and no longer accounted a mere waif upon the shore of existence.

The conscription is a stern ordinance. Whatever its necessities, there is something painfully afflicting in every detail of its execution. The disruption of a home, and the awful terrors of a dark future, are sad elements to spread themselves over the peaceful monotony of a village life. Nor does a war contain anything more heartrending in all its cruel history than the tender episodes of these separations. I have the scene before me now, as I saw it on that morning, and a sadder sight I never have looked upon. The little village was crowded, not alone by those summoned by the conscription, but by

all their friends and relations; and as each new batch of twelve were marched forward within the gloomy portals of the Hotel de Ville, a burst of pent-up sorrow would break forth, that told fearfully the misery around. But sad as was this, it was nothing to the scene that ensued when the lot had fallen upon some one well known and respected by his neighbours. He who had drawn the lowest number was enlisted, and instead of returning to join his fellows outside, never made his appearance till his hair had been closely cropped, and the addition of a tricoloured ribbon to his cap, proclaimed him a soldier. Of these poor fellows some seemed stunned and stupified, looked vaguely about them, and appeared incapable to recognise friends or acquaintances. Some endeavoured to carry all off with an air of swaggering recklessness, but in the midst of their assumed indifference, natural feeling would burst forth, and scenes of the most harrowing misery be exhibited; and lastly, many came forth so drunk that they knew nothing either of what happened or where they were; and to see these surrounded by the friends who now were to take their last leave of them was indescribably painful.

Like most of those who care little for fortune, I was successful; that is, I drew one of the highest numbers, and was pronounced "exempt from service." There was not one, however, to whom the tidings could bring joy, nor was there one to whom I could tell the news with the hope of hearing a word of welcome in return. I was turning away from the spot, not sorry to leave a place so full of misery, when I came upon a group around a young man who had fainted, and been carried out for fresh air. He had been that moment enlisted, and the shock had proved over-much for him. Poor fellow well might it—the same week saw him the happy father of his firstborn and the sworn soldier of the empire. What a wide gulf separates such fortunes!

I pushed my way into the midst, and offered myself to take his place. At first none so much as listened to me; they deemed my proposal absurd; perhaps impossible. An old sergeant, who was present, however, thought differently, and measuring me calmly with his eye, left the spot. He re-

turned soon, and beckoned me to follow. I did so. A few brief questions were put to me. I answered them, was desired to pass on to an inner room, where, in a file of some twenty strong, the chosen recruits were standing before a desk. A man rapidly repeated certain words, to which we were ordered to respond by lifting the right hand to the face. This was an oath of allegiance, and when taken we moved on to the barber, and in a few minutes the ceremony was completed, and we were soldiers of France.

I had imagined, and indeed I had convinced myself, that I was so schooled in adversity I could defy fortune. I thought that mere bodily privations and sufferings could never seriously affect me, and that, with the freedom of my own thoughts unfettered, no real slavery could oppress me. In this calculation I had forgotten to take count of those feelings of self-esteem, which are our defences against the promptings of every mean ambition. I had not remembered that these may be outraged by the very same rules of discipline that taught us to fire and load, and march and manœuvre! It was a grievous error!

France was once more at war with all the world; her armies were now moving eastward to attack Austria, and more than mere menaces declared the intention to invade England. Fresh troops were called for with such urgency, that a fortnight or three weeks was only allowed to drill the new recruits and fit them for regimental duty. Severity compensated for the briefness of the time, and the men were exercised with scarcely an interval of repose. In periods of great emergency many things are done, which in days of calmer influences would not be thought of; and now the officers in command of dépôts exercised a degree of cruelty towards the soldiers, which is the very rarest of all practices in the French army; in consequence, desertions became frequent, and, worse again, men maimed and mutilated themselves in the most shocking manner, to escape from a tyranny more insupportable than any disease. It is known to all, that such practices assume the characteristics of an epidemic, and when once they have attained to a certain frequency, men's minds become familiarised to the occurrence, and they are regarded as the most ordinary of

events. The regiment to which I was attached — the 47th of the line — was one of the very worst for such acts of indiscipline; and although the commanding officers had been twice changed, and one entire battalion broken up and reformed, the evil repute still adhered to the corps. It is a mistake to suppose that common soldiers are indifferent to the reputation of their regiment; even the least subordinate—those in whom military ardour is lowest, feel acutely, too, the stigma of a condemned corps. We had reason to experience this, on even stronger grounds. We were despatched to Brest, to garrison the prison, and hold in check that terrible race who are sentenced to the galleys for life. This mark of disgrace was inflicted on us as the heaviest stain upon a regiment, openly pronounced unworthy to meet the enemies of France in the field.

This act seemed to consummate the utter degradation of our corps, from which, weekly, some one or other was either sentenced to be shot, or condemned to the even worse fate of a galley-slave. I shrink from the task of recalling a period so full of horror. It was one long dream of ruffian insubordination and cruel punishment. Time, so far from correcting, seemed to confirm the vices of this fated regiment; and at length a commission arrived from the ministry of war to examine into the causes of this corruption. This inquiry lasted some weeks; and amongst those whose evidence was taken, I was one. It chanced that no punishment had ever been inflicted on me in the corps; nor was there a single mark in the “conduct roll” against my name. Of course, these were favourable circumstances, and entitled any testimony that I gave to a greater degree of consideration. The answers I returned, and the views I had taken, were deemed of consequence enough to require further thought. I was ordered to be sent to Paris, to be examined by General Caulincourt, at that time the head of the “*etat major*.”

It would little interest the reader to enter further into this question, to which I have only made allusion from its reference to my own fortunes. The opinions I gave, and the suggestions I made, attracted the notice of my superiors, and I received, as a reward, the grade of corporal, and was attached to the Chancellerie Militaire at Stras-

burg — a post I continued to occupy for upwards of two years. Two peaceful, uneventful years were they, and to look back upon, they seem but as a day.

The unbroken monotony of my life — the almost apathetic calm which had come over me, and my isolation from all other men, gave me the semblance of a despondent and melancholy nature; but I was far from unhappy, and had schooled myself to take pleasure in a variety of simple, uncostly pursuits, which filled up my leisure hours, and thus my little flower-garden, stolen from an angle of the glacis, was to me a domain of matchless beauty. Every spare moment of my time was passed here, and every little saving of my humble pay was expended on this spot. The rose, the clematis, and the jessamine here twined their twigs together, to make an arbour, in which I used to sit at evening, gazing out upon the spreading Rhine, or watching the sunset on the Vosges mountains. I had trained myself not to think of the great events of the world, momentous and important as they then were, and great with the destiny of mankind. I never saw a newspaper—I held no intercourse with others; to me life had resolved itself into the very simplest of all episodes — it was mere existence, and no more.

This dream might possibly have ended without a waking shock, and the long night of the grave have succeeded to the dim twilight of oblivion, had not an event occurred to rouse me from my stupor, and bring me back to life and its troubles.

An order had arrived from Paris to put the fortress into a state of perfect defence. New redoubts and bastions were to be erected, the ditches widened, and an additional force of guns to be mounted on the walls. The telegraph had brought the news in the morning, and ere the sunset that same evening, my little garden was a desert; all my care and toil scattered to the winds — the painful work of long months in ruin, and my one sole object in life obliterated and gone. I had thought that all emotions were long since dead within me. I fervently believed that every well of feeling was dry and exhausted in my nature; but I cried, and cried bitterly, as I beheld this desolation. There seemed to my eyes a wantonness in the cruelty thus inflicted, and in my heart I inveighed against the ruthless pas-

sions of men, and the depravity by which their actions are directed. Was the world too much a paradise for me, I asked, that this small spot of earth could not be spared to me? Was I over-covetous in craving this one corner of the vast universe? In my folly and my selfishness I fancied myself the especial mark of adversity, and henceforth I vowed a reckless front to fortune.

He who lives for himself alone, has not only to pay the penalty of unguided counsels, but the far heavier one of following impulses of which egotism is the mainspring. The care for others, the responsibilities of watching over and protecting something besides ourselves, are the very best of all safeguards against our own hearts. I have a right to say this.

From a life of quiet and orderly regularity, I now launched out into utter recklessness and abandonment. I formed acquaintance with the least reputable of my comrades, frequented their haunts, and imitated their habits. I caught vice as men catch a malady. It was a period little short of insanity, since every wish was perverted, and every taste the opposite of my real nature. I, who was once the type of punctuality and exactness, came late and irregularly to my duties. My habits of sobriety were changed for waste, and even my appearance, my very temper, altered; I became dissolute-looking and abandoned, passionate in my humours, and quick to take offence.

The downward course is ever a rapid one, and vices are eminently suggestive of each other. It took a few weeks to make me a spendthrift and a debauchee; a few more, and I became a duellist and a brawler. I ceased to hold intercourse with all who had once held me in esteem, and formed friends amongst the dissolute and the depraved. Amidst men of this stamp the sentence of a Provost Marshal, or the duration of the Salle de Police, are reckoned distinctions; and he who has oftenest insulted his superiors and outraged discipline is deemed the most worthy of respect. I had won no laurels of this kind, and resolved not to be behind my comrades in such claims. My only thought was how to obtain some peculiar notoriety by my resistance to authority.

I had now the rank of sergeant — a grade which permitted me to frequent

the café resorted to by the officers; but as this was a privilege no sous-officer availed himself of, I, of course, did not presume to take. It now, however, occurred to me that this was precisely the kind of infraction the consequences of which might entail the gravest events, and yet be, all the while, within the limits of regimental discipline. With this idea in my head I swaggered, one evening, into the “Lion Gaune,” at that time the favourite military café of Strasburg. The look of astonishment at my entrance was very soon converted into a most unmistakable expression of angry indignation; and when, calling for the waiter, I seated myself at a table, my intrusion was discussed in terms quite loud enough for me to hear.

It was well known that the Emperor distinguished the class I belonged to, by the most signal marks of favour — the sergeant and the corporal might have dared to address him when the field-marshal could not have uttered a word. It was part of his military policy to unbend to those whose position excluded them from even the very shadow of a rivalry, and be coldly distant to all whose station approached an equality. This consideration restrained the feelings of those who now beheld me, and who well knew, in any altercation, into which scale would be thrown the weight of the imperial influence.

To desert the side of the room where I sat, and leave me in a marked isolation, was their first move; but, seeing that I rather assumed this as a token of victory, they resorted to another tactic — they occupied all the tables, save one at the very door, and thus virtually placed me in a position of obloquy and humiliation. For a night or two I held my ground without flinching; but I felt that I could not continue a merely defensive warfare, and determined, at any hazard, to finish the struggle. Instead, therefore, of resuming the humble place they had assigned me, I carried my coffee with me, and set the cup on a table at which a lieutenant-colonel was seated, reading his newspaper by the fire. He started up as he saw me, and called out, “What means this insolence? Is this a place for *you*?”

“The general instructions for the army declare that a sous-officer has the *entrée* to all public cafés and restaurants frequented by regimental officers, al-

though not to such as are maintained by them as clubs and mess-rooms. I am, therefore, only within the limits of a right, Monsieur Colonel," said I, offering a military salute as I spoke.

"Leave the room, sir, and report yourself to your captain," said he, boiling over with rage.

I arose, and prepared to obey his command.

"If that fellow be not reduced to the ranks on to-morrow's parade, I'll leave the service," said he to an officer at his side.

"If I have your permission to throw him out of the window, Mons. Colonel, I'll promise to quit the army if I don't do it," said a young lieutenant of cuirassiers. He was seated at a table near me, and with his legs in such a position as to fill up the space I had to pass out by.

Without any apology for stepping across him, I moved forward, and slightly—I will not say unintentionally—struck his foot with my own. He sprang up with a loud oath, and knocked my shako off my head. I turned quickly and struck him to the ground with my clenched hand. A dozen swords were drawn in an instant. Had it not been for the most intrepid interference, I should have been cut to pieces on the spot. As it was, I received five or six severe sabre wounds, and one entirely laid my cheek open from the eye to the mouth.

I was soon covered with blood from head to foot; but I stood calmly, until faintness came on, without stirring; then I staggered back, and sat down upon a chair. A surgeon bandaged my wrist, which had been cut across, and my face; and a carriage being sent for, I was at once conveyed to hospital. The loss of blood, perhaps, saved me from fever. At all events, I was calm and self-possessed; and, strangest of all, the excitement which for months back had taken possession of me, was gone, and I was once again myself—in patience and quiet submission calmly awaiting the sentence which I well knew must be my death. We frequently hear that great reverses of fortune elicit and develop resources of character which, under what are called happier circumstances, had remained dormant and unknown. I am strongly disposed to attribute much of this result to purely physical changes, and that our days of prosperity are seasons

of inordinate excitement, with all the bodily ills that accompany such a state. If it be so hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, is it not that his whole nature has been depraved and perverted by the consummate selfishness that comes of power? What hardeners of the heart are days of pleasure and nights of excess! And how look for the sympathy that consoles and comforts, from him whose greatest sufferings are the jarring contrarieties of his own nature?

I have said I was again myself, but with this addition, that a deep and sincere sorrow was over me for my late life, and an honest repentance for the past. I was eleven weeks in hospital; two severe relapses had prolonged my malady; and it was nigh three months after the occurrence I have detailed, that I was pronounced fit to be sent forward for trial by court martial.

There were a considerable number awaiting their trial at the same time. Men had been drafted to Strasburg from various places, and a commission sat "*en permanence*," to dispose of them. There was little formality, and even less time wasted in these proceedings. The prisoner defended himself, if he were able—if not, the reading of the charge, and some slight additions of testimony, completed the investigation; the sentence being, for form sake, reserved for a later period. Occasionally it would happen that some member of the court would interpose a few favourable words, or endeavour to throw a pretext over the alleged crime; but these cases were rare, and usually nothing was heard but the charge of the accuser.

Having determined to make no defence, my whole effort was to accustom my mind to the circumstances of my fate, and so steel my heart to bear up manfully to the last. My offence was one never pardoned. This I well knew, and it only remained for me to meet the penalty like a brave man. Few, indeed, could quit the world with less ties to break—few could leave it with less to regret; and yet, such is the instinctive love of life, and so powerful are the impulses to struggle against fate, that, as the time of my trial drew nigh, I would have dared any danger with the hope of escape, and accepted any commutation of a sentence short of death. I believe that this is a stage

of agony to which all are exposed, and that every criminal sentenced to the scaffold must pass through this terrible period. In my case it was prolonged, my name being one of the very last for trial, and already five weeks had gone over before I was called. Even then a postponement took place, for the Emperor had arrived on his way to Germany, and a great review of the garrison superseded all other duties.

Never had all the pomp and circumstance of war seemed so grand and so splendid to my eyes, as when, through the grating of my prison-cell, I strained my glances after the dense columns and the clanking squadrons, as they passed. The gorgeous group of staff-officers, and the heavy-rolling artillery had all a significance and a meaning that they had never possessed for me before. They seemed to shadow forth great events for the future, portentous changes in time to come, gigantic convulsions in the condition of the world, kingdoms rocking, and thrones overturned. The shock of battle was, too, present to my eyes—the din, the crash, and the uproar of conflict, with all its terrors and all its chivalry. What a glorious thing must life be to those about to enter on such a career! How high must beat the hearts of all who joined in this enthusiasm!

That day was to me like whole years of existence, filled with passages of intensest excitement and moments of the very saddest depression. My brain, hitherto calm and collected, struggled in vain against a whole torrent of thoughts, without coherence or relation, and at length my faculties began to wander. I forgot where I was, and the fate that impended over me. I spoke of all that had happened to me long before; of my infancy, my boyhood, my adventures as a man, and those with whom I lived in intimacy. The turnkey, an invalided sergeant of artillery, and a kind-hearted fellow, tried to recall me to myself, by soothing and affectionate words. He even affected an interest in what I said, to try and gain some clue to my wanderings, and caught eagerly at anything that promised a hope of obtaining an influence over me. He fetched the surgeon of the gaol to my cell at last, and he pronounced my case the incipient stage of a brain fever. I heard the opinion as he whispered it, and understood its import thoroughly.

I was in that state where reason flashes at moments across the mind, but all powers of collected thoughts are lost. Amongst the names that I uttered in my ravings one alone attracted their attention. It was that of Usaffich, the Pole, of whom I spoke frequently.

“Do you know the Colonel Usaffich?” said the doctor to me.

“Yes,” said I, slowly; “he is a Russian spy.”

“That answer scarcely denotes madness,” whispered the doctor to the turnkey, with a smile, as he turned away from the bed.

“Should you like to see him?” said he, in a kind tone.

“Of all things,” replied I, eagerly, “tell him to come to me.”

I conclude that this question was asked simply to amuse my mind, and turn it from other painful thoughts, for he shortly after retired, without further allusion to it; but from that hour my mind was rivetted on the one idea; and to everybody that approached my sick bed, my first demand was, “Where was Count Usaffich, and when was he coming to see me?”

I had been again conveyed back to the military hospital, in which I was lying when the Emperor came to make his customary visit. The prisoners’ ward was, however, one exempted from the honour he bestowed on the rest; and one could only hear the distant sounds of the procession as it passed from room to room.

I was lying, with my eyes half closed, lethargic and dull, when I heard a voice say—

“Yes, Colonel, he has spoken of you constantly, and asks every day when you mean to come and see him.”

“He never served in the Legion, notwithstanding,” replied another voice, “nor do I remember ever to have seen him before.”

The tones of the speaker recalled me suddenly to myself. I looked up, and beheld Count Usaffich before me. Though dressed in the lancer uniform of the Garde, his features were too marked to be forgotten, and I accosted him at once—

“Have you forgotten your old colleague, Paul Gervois?” said I, trying to appear calm and at ease.

“What! is this—can you be my old friend Gervois?” cried he, laying a hand on my shoulder, and staring hard at my face. But I could not utter a

word ; shame and sorrow overcame me, and I covered my face with both my hands.

Usaffich was not permitted to speak more with me at the time ; but he returned soon, and passed hours with me every day to the end of my illness. He was intimate with the officer I had insulted ; and, by immense efforts, and the kind assistance of the medical au-

thorities, succeeded in establishing a plea of temporary insanity for my offence, by which I escaped punishment, and was dismissed the service. This was a period of much suffering to me, mentally as well as bodily. I felt all the humiliation at which my life had been purchased, and more than once did the price appear far too great a one.

CHAPTER XLVI.

USAFFICH.

I WAS now domesticated with Usaffich, who occupied good quarters in Kehl, where the Polish Legion, as it was called, was garrisoned. He treated me with every kindness, and presented me to his comrades as an old and valued friend. I was not sorry to find myself at once amongst total strangers—men of a country quite new to me, and who themselves had seen reverses and misfortunes enough to make them lenient in their judgments of narrow fortune. They were, besides, a fine soldierlike race of fellows—good horsemen, excellent swordsmen, reckless as all men who have neither home nor country, and ready for any deed of daring or danger. There was a jealousy between them and the French officers, which prevented any social intercourse ; and duels were by no means a rare event whenever they had occasion to meet. The Imperial laws were tremendously severe on this offence ; and he who killed his adversary in a duel, was certain of death by the law. To evade the consequences of such a penalty, the most extravagant devices were practised, and many a deadly quarrel was decided in a pretended fencing match. It was in one of these mock trials of skill that Colonel le Brun was killed, an officer of great merit, and younger brother of the general of that name.

From that time the attention of the military authorities was more closely drawn to this practice ; and such meetings were for the future always attended by several gendarmes, who narrowly scrutinised every detail of the proceeding. With such perfect good faith, however, was the secret maintained on both sides, that discovery was almost impossible. Not only was every etiquette of familiar intimacy strictly observed

on these occasions, but a most honourable secrecy by all concerned.

I was soon to be a witness of one of these adventures. Usaffich, whose duties required him to repair frequently to Strasburg, had been grossly, and, as I heard, wantonly outraged by a young captain of the imperial staff, who, seeing his name on a slip of paper on a military table d'hôte, added with his pencil the words, "Espeon Russe" after it. Of course a meeting was at once arranged, and it was planned that Challendrouze, the captain, and four of his brother officers, were to come over and visit the fortifications at Kehl, breakfasting with us, and being our guests for the morning. Two only of Usaffich's friends were entrusted with the project, and invited to meet the others.

I cannot say that I ever felt what could be called a sincere friendship for Usaffich. He was one of those men who neither inspire such attachments, nor need them in return. It was not that he was cold and distant, repelling familiarity, and refusing sympathy. It was exactly the opposite. He revealed everything, even to the minutest particle of his history, and told you of himself every emotion and every feeling that moved him. He was frankness and candour itself ; but it was a frankness that spoke of utter indifference—perfect recklessness as to your judgment on him, and what opinion you should form of his character. He told you of actions that reflected on his good faith, and uttered sentiments that arraigned his sense of honour, not only without hesitation, but with an air of assumed superiority to all the prejudices that sway other men in similar cases. Even in the instance of the ap-

proaching duel, he avowed that Challendrouze's offence was in the manner, and not the matter, of the insult. His whole theory of life was, that every one was false, not only to others, but to himself; that no man really felt love, patriotism, or religion in his heart, but that he assumed one or more of these affections as a cloak to whatever vices were most easily practised under such a disguise. It was a code to stifle every generous feeling of the heart, and make a man's nature barren as a desert.

He never fully disclosed these sentiments until the evening before the duel. It was then, in the midst of preparations for the morrow, that he revealed to me all that he felt and thought. There was, throughout these confessions, a tone of indifference that shocked me, more, perhaps, than actual levity; and I own I regarded him with a sense of terror, and as one whose very contact was perilous.

"I have married since I saw you last," said he to me, after a long interval of silence. "My wife was a former acquaintance of yours. You must go and see her, if this event turn out ill, and 'break the tidings,' as they call it; not that the task will demand any extraordinary display of skill at your hands," said he, laughing. "Madame the Countess will bear her loss with becoming dignity; and as I have nothing to bequeath, the disposition of my property cannot offend her. If, however," added he, with more energy of manner, "if, however, the Captain should fall, we must take measures to fly. I'll not risk a 'cour militaire' in such a cause, so that we must escape."

All his arrangements had been already made for this casualty; and I found that relays of horses had been provided to within a short distance of Mainz, where we were to cross the Rhine, and trust to chances to guide us through the Luxembourg territory down to Namur, at a little village in the neighbourhood of which town his wife was then living. My part in the plan was to repair by day-break to Erlauch, a small village on the Rhine, three leagues from Kehl, and await his

arrival, or such tidings as might recall me to Kehl.

"If I be not with you by seven o'clock at the latest," said he, "it is because Challendrouze has visé my passports for another route."

These were his last words to me ere I started, with, it is not too much to say, a far heavier heart than he had who uttered them.

It was drawing towards evening, and I was standing watching the lazy drift of a timber-raft as it floated down the river, when I heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs approaching at a full gallop. I turned, and saw Usaffich, who was coming at full speed, waving his handkerchief by way of signal.

I hurried back to the inn to order out the horses at once, and, ere many minutes, we were in the saddle, side by side, not a word having passed between us till, as we passed out into the open country, Usaffich said—

"We must ride for it, Gervois."

"It's all over then?" said I.

"Yes, all over," said he, while pressing his horse to speed, he dashed on in front of me; nor was I sorry that even so much of space separated us at that moment.

Through that long, bright, starry night we rode at the top speed of our horses, and, as day was breaking, entered Rostadt, where we eat a hasty breakfast, and again set out. Usaffich reported himself at each military station as the bearer of despatches, till, on the second morning, we arrived at Hellsheim, on the Bergstrasse, where we left our horses, and proceeded on foot to the Rhine, by a little pathway across the fields. We crossed the river, and hiring a waggon, drove on to Erz, a hamlet on the Moselle, at which place we found horses again ready for us. I was terribly fatigued by this time, but Usaffich seemed fresh as when we started. Seeing, however, my exhaustion, he proposed to halt for a couple of hours—a favour I gladly accepted. The interval over, we re-mounted, and so on to Namur, where we arrived on the sixth day, having scarcely interchanged as many words with each other from the moment of our setting out.

EDITORIAL EMBARRASMENTS.

WHEN a man becomes embarrassed in his affairs, his first step, if he have any true manliness in his nature, is to turn right about, and look them steadily in the face ; his second, if he be wise, is to estimate the amount of his liabilities ; and his third, if he be honest, is to set about discharging them. Dear readers, we, Anthony Poplar, call you all together, to announce to you that we are embarrassed in our affairs—unable, just at the present moment, to discharge our liabilities ; and we therefore propose to enter into a composition with our creditors, and undertake to pay our debts, if we get reasonable time and indulgence. Now, this is a fair, common-sense, mercantile sort of a proposition. Have patience with us, and we will pay you all—press us, and —— but no ; we will neither anticipate nor name the alternative. “ Explain yourself, Mr. Poplar,” cry a score of voices. “ Your periodical is past its youth, and has attained to the dignity and stature of full manhood ; its fame is spreading more widely every day ; its issue is increasing ; its resources are illimitable ; its contributors beyond number.” Ah ! you’ve just hit it — “ *rem acu tetigistis* ” — you have just touched us on the raw. Our contributors are without number, and without any bowels of mercy, any due consideration for our comfort. That’s what embarrasses us — an *embarras de richesse*. Look at that pile of manuscript — massive, ponderous, multitudinous ! These be essays on politics and polemics—crabbed papers on arts and sciences—bellicose ones upon the perfidy of the Czar and the equivoques of the Vienna note — smelling so strongly of gunpowder, that we fear to read them within three feet of the fireplace, or of our *moderateur* lamp—critiques so peppery, that they make us sneeze, and so acrid, that they set our teeth on edge. That roll yonder is a romance that made us laugh and cry alternately, till we thought that, by some monstrous metempsychosis, the souls of Democritus and Heraclitus had taken conjoint possession of our body. And see that packet tied with black ribbon—that’s a ghost story that caused us to lie half the night in a trembling vigil in our lonely bed, wishing for once in our life that we were married, in order to have the true comfort of a wife — the transferring all our discomforts to her. But what are all these to what we suffer from our poetical correspondents ? Look at that box ! There it is, full till the strained hinges will endure no more—things of every shape and hue, of every quality and quantity—gold and dross—flower and weed—heavenly and earthly—long and short—some to be measured by *feet*, some by *furlongs*. And then we are hebdomadally—nay, daily—twitted by “ the genus irritabile,” till we fear that—

“ All Bedlam or Parnassus is let loose ;”

or that Castaly or Hippocrene has overflowed to deluge us.

Now, then, that we have disclosed the state of our affairs, let us begin by settling with our most importunate class of creditors — the poetical. We had at first conceived the idea of paying a certain dividend to all, in the first instance, that is, of giving one stanza of every poem which we have accepted ; but on consideration we abandoned this plan as, though having a show of mercantile fairness in it, yet fearing it would satisfy no one. Accordingly we have drawn a certain number by lot, and here are the lucky creditors who have gained priority. The first is so opportune, that any one would think the blind god-

dess had slipt the bandage from her eyes, or saw mesmerically from the pit of her stomach, when making the selection. But let the authors speak for themselves :—

AN EPISODE OF THE TAYLEUR.

[That terrible night in which the Tayleur was wrecked upon the rugged rocks of Lambay, was marked by more than one incident worthy of the poet's pen. Of these, the saving of the infant, which has since elicited the active charity of a generous public, is best known. But something is due to the poor island peasant, who so nobly furthered the designs of Providence in the preservation of "the ocean child." The facts upon which the following lines are founded are literally true. They need but little adornment from the poet. Perhaps, like the simple narratives of Scripture, they suffer from any paraphrase.]

I.

Upon yon solitary isle
 What was that sound of fear?
 Was it the sea-bird's shrilly scream,
 So piercing, and so near?
 Oh, it was human agony—
 A ship hath foundered here!

II.

And there were those in flush of life,
 Who sunk to rise no more;—
 And feeble, helpless things there were
 Which found their way to shore.—
 With one of these a dripping man
 Knocked at a cottage door.

III.

It was a babe, bereft of all—
Its all—a mother's breast;
 Its very name and parentage
 Gone down amongst the rest;—
 This shipwrecked man alone to take
 The hurricane's bequest.

IV.

Poor was the dweller in that cot—
 A fisher's wife was she;—
 The wrack she gathered scarcely fed
 Her weakling family:—
 They lived upon the stormy isle
 As poor as poor could be.

V.

Waked up, amid the gusts and gloom,
 Fearful, she oped the door.—
 A dripping man with dripping child
 Stepped in upon the floor.—
 He held the infant out to her,
 Which trembled—and no more.

VI.

A question never crossed her heart—
 No prudence cried—beware!—
 A famished, wet, unfriended thing
 Needed a mother's care:—
 Enough—she took it to her breast,
 To drain life's fountains there.

VII.

And soon it nestled into rest,
 Warmed, clothed, caressed, and fed :—
 Laid with another nursing babe
 Upon her humble bed ;—
 Its wild eyes closed—a stranger arm
 Under its stranger head.

VIII.

If in its dreamy ear the sea
 Hummed, as within a shell,
 'Twas but a sort of lullaby
 To help the softer swell
 Which rocked the foundling in its rest—
 Compassion's trembling spell.

IX.

For, as the woman bent above
 The reft and rescued thing,
 She felt strange tears of tenderness
 About her eyelids cling ;—
 She wept to think that God had sent
 So dear a fosterling.

X.

And so night wrought itself to morn,
 And morning into night ;—
 The raging sea that roared around
 Forbidding aid, or flight ;—
 While she was left in quiet, with
 A nameless, new delight.

XI.

But with the following dawn arrive
 Abounding succours there :—
 All that the gentle heart can find—
 The generous hand can bear :—
 Food for the famished :—everything,
 Save comfort for despair.

XII.

And that comes not. For there are those
 Who turn away from hope ;
 And madly, where the masts stand out,
 Amidst the tangle grope
 For them they're torn from—weltering deep
 Adown the green sea slope.

XIII.

The captain of that gallant crew,—
 His was a seaman's heart :—
 He saw the child—and thought he'd bear
 In rearing it his part :
 It must be brought on board his ship,
 Waiting the word to start.

XIV.

Now boatloads four, with tug of oar,
 Strain for the vessel's deck ;—
 Load after load, a last adieu
 Waving to rock and wreck :—
 Ah ! must she give them up the babe
 That clings about her neck ?

XV.

Alas ! she must. She meekly stands
Beside the waters wild ;—
They've drawn the infant from her arms,
And she has only smiled,—
Yet looks as much bereaved, as if
Bereft of her own child.

XVI.

It laid so much of human love
Against her human breast,
The mighty wave of woe, that bore
That orphan on its crest,
And brought it speechlessly to plead .
The privilege of rest.

XVII.

For in these dire catastrophes
Which rend in twain first ties,
The God who severs what are old
A thousand new supplies ;
And links the fortunes of the lone
With all deep sympathies.

XVIII.

So 'twould appear :—for, struck with grief,
The woman standing there
Might seem, in her submissiveness,
The statue of despair,—
So pale and desolate a cheek
Was lashed with her wet hair.

XIX.

But as she turned (when it was gone)
And sought her humble cot,
You then had deemed she was restored
To life, to prove the lot
Of one who weeps some bosom-friend
Whose step returneth not.

XX.

The skiff is bounding from the isle,
Of rescued wretches full :—
The babe lies wrapped in rough sea-coats,
Cast from them as they pull ;
Sweeping all lightly towards the world,
As landward sweeps the gull.

XXI.

But she, bereft of this new joy—
What is her cheer to be ?
She tries to comfort her distress
With its prosperity :—
Though well she weens, whate'er befall,
She'll never hear, or see.

XXII.

How could she hope a kindly thought
Would reach her on her isle ?
A pauper grieved, because she gave
A foundling food awhile !
She feels that at a tale like this
Her very friends would smile.

XXIII.

Nor dreams the *Poor* hath been there,—
 Beside her as she sobbed :
 That not a pang hath crossed her soul
 But through his soul hath throbbed ;—
 That from her breast, for man's reproof,
 Her secret he hath robbed.

XXIV.

That she shall live, if ever live
 The words that make men weep ;—
 Not 'midst the vulgar and the vile
 This smooth world holds so cheap ;
 But with heart-homage flooded round,
 As yon cliffs by the deep.

XXV.

Ah, why not left to abler hands
 The burden of her praise ?
 Why not the Foster-Mother sung
 By him who bears the bays ?
 The theme were no disparagement
 To e'en his matchless lays.

XXVI.

Well—since on me it hath been laid
 To rescue from the rush
 Of a rude world's forgetfulness
 This humble Episode—
 Honoured be she, to whom its life
 The " Ocean Child " hath owed !

XXVII.

And honour to the sterling heart
 In many a peasant's breast,—
 That proves our ancient Irish blood
 Better than crown or crest—
 And stamps with true nobility
 These children of the West !

THE WAY TO PARADISE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HYPOLITE ARNDAL.

A child stood weeping at the gate
 Of *La Pitié*, disconsolate,
 Asking to see her mother dear.
 " Begone," the brutal porter cried,
 " Your prayer is vain, she is not here."
 " I know she is," the child replied,
 " Oh, let me see her I implore ;"
 And still she rapped the fastened door,
 Till one, more kindly than the rest,
 Said, " Cease thy tears, take my advice,
 And try to calm your troubled breast,
 Your mother's gone to Paradise."

"To Paradise! Oh, where's the way?"
 She asked of every one she met;
 They listen kindly, and all say,
 "The way is long, and sore beset
 With obstacles." But Hope leads on,
 And Piety supports her sinking heart;
 Faith encourages—it shall be done;
 And Charity fulfils her part;
 And the child hopes once more to see
 Her mother's face, and with her be,
 Resolved at any sacrifice
 To find this way to Paradise.

At length upon a barren soil,
 Fatigue, and hunger, and the night
 Arrest her in her weary toil:
 A gentle shepherd sees her plight,
 And to a convent near doth lead her;
 The sisters hasten forth to aid her.
 But all too late! she pales and trembles;
 Death, who parts and re-assembles,
 To her mother soon unites her;
 Heaven opens, God invites her—
 Unstained, and pure from earthly vice,
 The sinless child's in Paradise.

BATTLE OF TYRRELL'S-PASS—1597.*

The Baron bold of Trimbleston hath gone in proud array,
 To drive afar from fair Westmeath the Irish kerns away,
 And there is mounting brisk of steeds and donning shirts of mail,
 And spurring hard to Mullingar 'mong Riders of the Pale.

For, flocking round his banner there, from east to west there came,
 Full many knights and gentlemen of English blood and name,
 All prompt to hate the Irish race, all spoilers of the land,
 And mustered soon a thousand spears that Baron in his band.

* In the valuable notes to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the following account of the battle of Tyrrell's-pass is given at page 621:— "The Captain Tyrrell mentioned in the Annals was Richard Tyrrell, a gentleman of the Anglo-Norman family of the Tyrrells, Lords of Fertullagh, in Westmeath. He was one of the most valiant and celebrated commanders of the Irish in the war against Elizabeth, and during a period of twelve years had many conflicts with the English forces in various parts of Ireland; he was particularly famous for bold and hazardous exploits, and rapid expeditions. Copious accounts of him are given by Fynes Morrison, Mac Geoghagan, and others. After the reduction of Ireland he retired to Spain. The battle of Tyrrell's-pass is described by Mac Geoghagan, and mentioned by Leland, and other historians. It was fought in the summer of 1597, at a place afterwards called Tyrrell's-pass, now the name of a town in the Barony of Fertullagh, in Westmeath. When Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, heard that the English forces were preparing to advance into Ulster, under the Lord Deputy Borrough, he detached Captain Tyrrell, at the head of 400 chosen men, to act in Meath and Leinster, and by thus engaging some of the English forces, to cause a diversion, and prevent their joining the Lord Deputy, or co-operate with Sir Conyers Clifford. The Anglo-Irish of Meath, to the number of 1,000 men, assembled under the banner of Barnwell, Baron of Trimbleston, intending to proceed and join the Lord Deputy. Tyrrell was encamped with his small force in Fertullagh, and was joined by young O'Connor Faile of the King's County. The Baron of Trimbleston, having heard where Tyrrell was posted, formed the project of taking him by surprise, and for

For trooping in rode Nettervilles and D'Altons not a few,
And thick as reeds pranced Nugent's spears, a fierce and godless crew ;
And Nagle's pennon flutters fair, and, pricking o'er the plain,
Dashed Tuite of Sonna's mail-clad men, and Dillon's from Glen-Shane.

A goodly feast the Baron gave in Nagle's ancient hall,
And to his board he summons there his chiefs and captains all ;
And round the red wine circles fast, with noisy boast and brag
How they would hunt the Irish kerns like any Cratloe stag.

But 'mid their glee a horseman spurr'd all breathless to the gate,
And from the warder there he craved to see Lord Barnwell straight ;
And when he stept the castle hall, then cried the Baron, " Ho !
You are De Petit's body-squire, why stops your master so ?"

" Sir Piers De Petit ne'er held back," that wounded man replied,
" When friend or foeman called him on, or there was need to ride ;
But vainly now you lack him here, for, on the bloody sod,
The noble knight lies stark and stiff—his soul is with his God.

" For yesterday, in passing through Fertullah's wooded glen,
Fierce Tyrrell met my master's band, and slew the good knight then ;
And, wounded sore with axe and skean, I barely 'scaped with life,
To bear to you the dismal news, and warn you of the strife.

" MacGeoghegan's flag is on the hills ! O'Reilly's up at Fore !
And all the chiefs have flown to arms, from Allen to Donore,
And as I rode by Granard's moat, right plainly might I see
O'Ferall's clans were sweeping down from distant Annalee."

Then started up young Barnwell there, all hot with Spanish wine—
" Revenge !" he cries, " for Petit's death, and be that labour mine ;
For, by the blessed rood I swear, when I Wat Tyrrell see,
I'll hunt to death the rebel bold, and hang him on a tree !"

Then rose a shout throughout the hall, that made the rafters ring,
And stirr'd o'erhead the banners there, like aspen leaves in spring ;
And vows were made, and wine-cups quast, with proud and bitter scorn,
To hunt to death Fertullah's clans upon the coming morn.

These tidings unto Tyrrell came, upon that selfsame day,
Where, camped amid the hazle-boughs, he at Lough Ennel lay ;
" And they will hunt us so," he cried—" why, let them if they will ;
But first we'll teach them greenwood craft, to catch us, ere they kill."

that purpose dispatched his son at the head of the assembled troops. Tyrrell having received information of their advance, immediately put himself in a posture of defence, and making a feint of flying before them as they advanced, drew them into a defile covered with trees, which place has since been called Tyrrell's-pass, and having detached half of his men, under the command of O'Connor, they were posted in ambush, in a hollow adjoining the road. When the English were passing. O'Connor and his men sallied out from their ambuscade, and with their drums and fifes played Tyrrell's march, which was the signal agreed upon for the attack. Tyrrell then rushed out on them in front, and the English being thus hemmed in on both sides, were cut to pieces, the carnage being so great that out of their entire force only one soldier escaped, and, having fled through a marsh, carried the news to Mullingar. O'Connor displayed amazing valour, and being a man of great strength and activity, bewed down many of their men with his own hand ; while the heroic Tyrrell, at the head of his men, repeatedly rushed into the thick of the battle. Young Barnwell being taken prisoner, his life was spared, but he was delivered to O'Neill. A curious circumstance is mentioned by Mac Geoghegan, that from the heat and excessive action of the sword-arm the hand of O'Connor became so swelled that it could not be extricated from the guard of his sabre until the handle was cut through with a file."

And hot next morn the horsemen came, Young Barnwell at their head;
But when they reached the calm lake banks, behold ! their prey was fled !
And loud they cursed, as wheeling round they left that tranquil shore,
And sought the wood of Garraclune, and searched it o'er and o'er.

And down the slopes, and o'er the fields, and up the steeps they strain,
And through Moylanna's trackless bog, where many steeds remain,
Till wearied all, at set of sun, they halt in sorry plight,
And on the heath, beside his steed, each horseman passed the night.

Next morn, while yet the white mists lay, all brooding on the hill,
Bold Tyrrell to his comrade spake, a friend in every ill—
“ O'Connor, take ye ten score men, and speed ye to the dell,
Where winds the path to Kinnegad—you know that togher well.

“ And couch ye close amid the heath, and blades of waving fern,
So glint of steel, or glimpse of man, no Saxon may discern,
Until you hear my bugle blown, and up, O'Connor, then,
And bid the drums strike Tyrrell's march, and charge ye with your men.”

“ Now by his soul who sleeps at Cong,” O'Connor proud replied,
It grieves me sore, before those dogs, to have my head to hide;
But lest, perchance, in scorn they might go brag it thro' the Pale,
I'll do my best that few shall live to carry round the tale.”

The mist roll'd off, and “ Gallants up !” young Barnwell loudly cried,
“ By Rectire's shrine, from off the hill, the rebel traitor flies ;
Now mount ye all, fair gentlemen—lay bridle loose on mane,
And spur your steeds with rowels sharp—we'll catch him on the plain.”

Then bounded to their saddles quick a thousand eager men,
And on they rushed in hot pursuit to Darra's wooded glen.
But gallants bold, tho' fair ye ride, here slacken speed ye may—
The chase is o'er !—the hunt is up !—the quarry stands at bay !

For, halted on a gentle slope, bold Tyrrell placed his hand,
And proudly stept he to the front, his banner in his hand,
And plunged it deep within the earth, all plainly in their view,
And waved aloft his trusty sword, and loud his bugle blew.

Saint Colman ! 'twas a fearful sight, while drum and trumpet played,
To see the bound from out the brake that fierce O'Connor made,
As waving high his sword in air he smote the flaunting crest
Of proud Sir Hugh De Geneville,* and clove him to the chest !

“ On, comrades, on !” young Barnwell cries, “ and spur ye to the plain,
Where we may best our lances use !” That counsel is in vain,
For down swept Tyrrell's gallant band, with shout and wild halloo,
And a hundred steeds are masterless since first his bugle blew !

From front to flank the Irish charge in battle order all,
While pent like sheep in shepherd's fold the Saxon riders fall ;
Their lances long are little use, their numbers block the way,
And mad with pain their plunging steeds add terror to the fray !

And of the haughty host that rode that morning through the dell
But one has escaped with life and limb, his comrades' fate to tell ;
The rest all in their harness dead, amid the thickets there,
Yet fighting to the latest gasp, like foxes in a snare !

* The De Genevilles succeeded the De Lacy's as Lords of Meath.—*Notes on Annals of the Low Masters*, p. 8.

The Baron bold of Trimbleston has fled in sore dismay,
Like beaten hound at dead of night from Mullingar away,
While wild from Boyne to Brusna's banks there spreads a voice of wail,
Mavrone! the sky that night was red with burnings in the Pale!

And late next day to Dublin town the dismal tidings came,
And Kevin's-Port and Watergate are lit with beacons twain,
And scouts spur out, and on the walls there stands a fearful crowd,
While high o'er all Saint Mary's bell tolls out alarums loud!

But far away, beyond the Pale, from Dunluce to Dunboy,
From every Irish hall and rath there bursts a shout of joy,
As eager Asklas* hurry past o'er mountain, moor, and glen,
And tell in each the battle won by Tyrrell and his men.

Bold Walter sleeps in Spanish earth; long years have passed away—
Yet Tyrrell's-pass is called that spot, ay, to this very day;
And still is told as marvel strange, how from his swollen hand,
When ceased the fight the blacksmith filed O'Connor's trusty brand!

THE CALDRON OF BRECAIN,

(CRUMLIN, COUNTY ANTRIM).

In the channel between the mainland and the island of Rathlin, which lies off the north-east coast of the county of Antrim, there is a dangerous vortex, called by the natives *Sloch-na-morra*, or, more properly, *Slu3-η4-η4η4*, the gulf or hollow of the sea! Its ancient name was *Cojpe Brecaín*, "The Caldron of Brecaín." In Cormac's "Glossary," this name is accounted for as follows:—"Brecaín, a certain merchant, the son of Maine, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, had fifty curraghs trading between Ere and Alba (Ireland and Scotland), until they all fell together into this caldron, and were swallowed up, so that not one survived to bear the tidings of their fate." (See Dr. Reeves' "Eccl. Antiq." pp. 289, 290, 386).

I.

The fearful night is past,
And the morning dawns at last—
How gorgeously the spreading light arrays Cathrigia's† plain!
The dull, white mists are clearing
From the head-lands re-appearing;
And the osprey‡ wheels, on gladsome wing, along the glitt'ring main!
High up 'round yonder forest,§
Where the tempest raged the sorest,
The peasant plies his early toil, in peace and hope, again.

* Askla, a messenger.

† Carey.—The ancient name is written *C4ητηη13ηe*, and Latinised *Cathrigia*, by Colgan.

‡ The osprey, or sea-eagle, has made its home, time immemorial, on Fairhead.

§ Knocklayd, or, more properly, *Chnoic-leide*, was formerly clothed, to a great extent, with natural forest.

II.

Oh, night of dark despair!
 Niall Naighiallach's* heir
 No more shall guide his noble ships to Alba's distant strand;
 Of all that fleet, one curragh
 Has not lived through Sloc-na-morra,
 To bear the gallant Brecaín back to Ere's pleasant land!
 And Ere's bright-eyed daughters
 Lament, beside the waters,
 The fate of that heroic chief and his resistless band.

III.

On Dal-Riada's shore,
 From Ceaun-ban† to grey Benmore,‡
 The Caoine is heard at castle gate and in the cottage lone!
 The tide of woe is swelling
 Along thy vale, Druim-Muillin;§
 And lo, they raise on Carn-dhu|| the monumental stone!
 Cuil-Ectrann¶ by thy fountain,
 Chnoic-leide on thy green mountain,
 No more shall wave the dazzling plume that first in battle shone!

IV.

Where has the struggle been?
 The sea, so bright—serene,
 Reposes now around the cliffs in winding creek and bay—
 By Ricnea's** wave-girt island,
 And Jura's dome-like highland,
 The golden-crested waters stretch in light away, away!
 O deep, mysterious ocean,
 How calm, yet still in motion,
 Prepared through every passing age to vindicate thy sway!

Now, worthy creditors, as you are well aware, we discharge our debts (at least in the way of publication) by paper currency alone. We have no other circulating medium; and lo, our *materiel* is, for the present, exhausted. Be patient with us for awhile; have we not kept faith with you? Ah! dear young lady, whose gilt-edged note is fragrant with otto of roses, and whose lines are sweet as the honey of Hybla, or Hymettus—look not so sadly reproachful. Sir, sir, shake not your ebon locks at us, and moderate the lightnings of your eyes; your verses have too much of the wine of poesy in them to suffer by lying over a little—trust us, they will be all the mellow for the keeping. My dear madam, we know what you would say, and we appreciate it all; and, good doctor, your hymn to Minerva is classical, erudite, and vigorous; but—*foi de gentil-homme!*—what can we do, when we have scarce as much space left as will leave a margin for the binder?

* Niall of the Nine Hostages was King of Ireland about the year 879.

† Pronounced Kin-ban, the *White Ridge* or *Headland*.

‡ Now Fairhead, a tame translation of *Pulchrum Promontorium*.

§ Now Drumawillan, a beautiful glen at the base of Knocklayd. The ancient name means the *Ridge of the Mills*.

|| A hill on the coast. The name denotes the *Black Cairn*.

¶ The ancient name of *Culfeightrin* the corner of the Strangers. The beautiful river *Shesk* divides Culfeighin from Ramoan.

** One of the early names of Rahery or Rathlin.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLVI.

APRIL, 1854.

VOL. XLIII.

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DUBLIN

JAMES M^cGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

paramount ascendancy of Sir Robert Peel in the councils of England promised to secure for him as long a reign as that of Pitt or Walpole, the Czar, discerning that no opposition could be effectual which did not array Britain against him, resolved to visit our shores, in order to confer with and definitely obtain the concurrence of the Premier and Foreign Minister of England in his Eastern policy. The seals of the Foreign Office were then held by Lord Aberdeen; and it is affirmed that ere the Russian Emperor withdrew, amidst a blaze of popularity, from our shores, he had received personal assurances of concurrence and approval from the chiefs of the Cabinet.

A year ago, the Czar perceived that it was high time for him to tighten his grasp upon the Ottoman Empire. The "case" began to show signs of taking a course unfavourable to his ambitious projects. Turkey, deemed so antiquated and effete, had unexpectedly entered upon a career of reform. The Christians were being so well treated as no longer to sigh for the protecting rule of the Czar. The Mussulmans were turning so liberal, and the educated classes becoming so lukewarm as to the *distinctive* tenets of the Koran, that the probability suggested itself of the Christians being gradually admitted into the higher offices of the Government, and the ultimate establishment of an energetic, wealthy, and progressive State, which would have nothing to gain and much to lose by becoming a vassal of the intolerant and anti-commercial government of Russia. Simultaneously with these provocatives to Russian intervention in Turkey, the general state of Europe appeared to smile on the ambitious projects of the Czar. The Revolutions of 1848 had done his work more effectually on the Continent than a hundred successful battles. Without the slightest cost or effort on his part—without the expenditure of a single life or a single rouble, he saw incurable dissensions sown and impoverishment produced in the States of central Europe. In Austria, Prussia, Germany, he saw the People set against their Princes—these Princes leaning and appealing to himself for support to keep them on their thrones—and a great proportion of the wealthier classes similarly disposed, and willing to throw themselves into the arms of Russian Absolutism

rather than face the horrors of renewed anarchy and revolution. At this time, too, a change took place in the counsellors of the British Sovereign. The Czar's old friend, Lord Aberdeen, returned to power, accompanied by statesmen known to be inimical to the Bonapartist regime in France, and who, even after their accession to office, did not hesitate to vilify the French Emperor and people from the public hustings. To sow dissension between France and England is a part of the hereditary policy of Russia; and it seemed an easy task to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg at the close of 1852, to break off the friendly relations subsisting between the French and British Governments.

Thus, then, the Czar was situated in the commencement of 1853. On the one hand, he saw Turkey reforming herself, and necessitating his immediate intervention, if he did not wish to see the gradual establishment on the shores of the Bosphorus, of a powerful and enlightened State inimical to his sway. On the other hand, he beheld the princes of central Europe laying their crowns at his feet; and England and France—the only Powers he had to fear—at loggerheads with each other, and the former country presided over by a minister thoroughly imbued with Kremlin politics. As any potentate in his place would have done, Nicholas resolved to avail himself of so favourable an opportunity,—doing so, however, with a degree of cold and snake-like treachery, peculiar to the Machiavelian diplomacy of Russia. First, he endeavoured to get the Porte to abandon its other alliances and throw itself wholly into his hands, by secretly proposing to it, through Menschikoff, an offensive and defensive treaty, and offering to support it against any of the other Powers with an army of four hundred thousand men. Had this treaty been consummated, Turkey would have been sold for ever to the Czar, and left, without a friend to help her, to sink gradually into a Muscovite dependency. The Turkish Government, however—who throughout the whole negotiations have shown a mingled manliness and shrewd discretion not very apparent in the Cabinets of their allies—firmly declined the proposal. And then forth came Menschikoff's *ultimatum*, demanding a protectorate for his master over the

Christian subjects of the Sultan. When the Czar took this step, he was only acting in accordance with the policy formerly approved of by Lord Aberdeen: and, therefore, he was entitled to expect no opposition on the part of the British Government. And none such at first was offered; so much so, that on the 20th of May, the Premier's organ in the press was instructed to announce to the public in *congratulatory terms*, that the aforesaid ultimatum had been accepted by the Ottoman Government. This, fortunately, proved not to be the case; but the British Premier—believing that we had nothing to fear from a Russian protectorate over Turkey, and that, if the Sultan were left unsupported, he would be forced to grant this protectorate, and so all would be quiet again—did not the less persevere in his policy of non-intervention and tacit approval of the policy of the Czar.

How, then, it may be asked, did we ultimately get into the war? The answer is simple. A general ferment against Russia arose in the country, which so strengthened the hands of Lords Palmerston and Lansdowne, and the anti-Russian minority in the Cabinet, that the Premier had, bit by bit, to abandon his views of non-intervention, and coincide in the more resolute policy of his colleagues. This, we have good reason to believe, is the true explanation of the fatal apathy and mysterious vacillation that has marked the proceedings of the British Government. We say *fatal* apathy, and we say it advisedly. Had the Premier not been known to approve of the Russian projects towards Turkey, the Czar would never have attempted last spring to carry those projects into execution. Or had he, in June last, in obedience to the sense of the country, and awakened to the perils of his course, receded from these views, and honestly told the Czar so, even then Russia would have paused, and the tide of war been held back for a time. But neither of these things happened. Lord Aberdeen continued doggedly to persist in his views, and to use his influence to prevent any energetic steps being taken to checkmate his old friend the Czar. He knew that if Russia obtained the Protectorate, she would be content (for the time), and he was in hopes that the pressure put upon the Porte by the so-called "mediating" Powers would be sufficient to compel

it to accept the Russian *ultimatum*. The firmness and gallant self-reliance of the Turks, however, defeated such anticipations; and so strong grew the feeling of sympathy for the Turks, and of hatred towards Russia, among the British people, that step by step the anti-Russian section of the Cabinet carried the day. Russia, therefore, is quite justified in declaring that she has been deceived by the British Cabinet; and having been tempted to proceed so far in her designs, and to stake the honour of the empire on the issue, it was not to be expected that the haughty Autocrat was, at the eleventh hour, to succumb, forego all his cherished dreams of ambition, and do penance in the sight of Europe.

Many good people amongst us have been shocked at the idea of Christian Britain going to war in defence of Mahomedans, and many shortsighted ones have exclaimed against us spending treasure in a quarrel that does not concern us. Neither of these notions have the least shadow of foundation. We do not underrate the value of a nation's honour—we do not hold cheap, as some do, the obligation which binds a nation to the fulfilment of its engagements alike in sunshine and in storm,—but far more than this was involved in the Eastern Question. Never did England draw sword in a loftier cause, or in defence of interests which more directly affect herself. We had to fight—or else the faith of treaties was for ever at an end—the whole existing territorial arrangements of Europe blown to the winds—the code of civilisation suppressed, and everything reduced to the rule of the strongest—to

"The good old rule, the simple plan
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

Let Russia obtain her protectorate over the Greek Christians of Turkey, and France might with equal justice arrogate to herself a similar protectorate over the Roman Catholics of Ireland and throughout the British Isles. Let Russia keep possession of the Principalities, and France may as well annex Belgium and Switzerland, and extend her frontier to the Rhine—Prussia seize upon Schleswig-Holstein and the lesser German States, and Austria take another slice off Turkey by occupying Bosnia and Servia. In fact, had France and England tacitly acquiesced in the spoliation of Turkey,

a legalised system of aggression of the strong against the weak would have been established on the Continent, and the barbaric law of Force installed as sole arbiter. A new map of Europe would have been immediately requisite—and we are much mistaken if this will not ultimately be found to be the object which Russia has in view.

Secondly, we had to fight, if we did not wish to see Russian power throned at Constantinople, and, as a consequence of that change, our commerce checked in the Levant and nullified in Turkey. The commercial policy of the Ottoman Government is liberal in the extreme, while that of Russia is almost prohibitive—as an index of which we may state, that whereas our exports to Turkey amount in value to three millions sterling, our exports to the far larger country and population of Russia do not exceed one-third of that amount; and that while the former have been steadily increasing during the last fifteen years, the latter have somewhat declined. Moreover, of late years we have come to depend for our main supplies of grain from the valley of the Danube, and especially the Principalities; and we certainly could not view with indifference the spectacle of this whole region becoming permanently incorporated with an empire essentially the great antagonist of England upon the Continent, and whose first act in the event of war with us would be (as it has actually been) to stop all exports of grain from the ports of the Euxine. Napoleon the Great has told us what Russia in possession of Constantinople would become to the rest of Europe;* and as, on the present

occasion, she is extending her arms likewise towards the Baltic, and striving to convert the Baltic powers into so many vassals of her sway, it is impossible to overestimate the peril to the liberties of Europe, were she allowed to carry out her designs unopposed. With the outlets of the Baltic and Black Sea in her possession, Russia would obtain an ascendancy even upon the seas which the navies of the whole world could neutralise, but never destroy. The Sound, which is not above a cannon-shot in width, could be rendered almost as impregnable as the Dardanelles; and behind these two impassable barriers the Russian navy would ride secure in the inland seas, recruiting and augmenting its strength in complete security, and ever ready to issue forth at a moment's notice to strike a sudden and stunning blow against the commerce, arsenals, or capital of any rival power. We confess we view with grave apprehension the means which the Czar has at his disposal for the attainment of these ends; but if we do not strike into the *mêlée* now, our chances of success will soon be infinitely worse. At present we have a gallant and powerful ally in Turkey; but let our rulers delay a little longer—let them procrastinate and vacillate during the next six months as they have done in the last twelve—and Turkey will be prostrate at the feet of the Czar, and ourselves left with an ally the less to make head against the all-victorious forces of the Northern Colossus.

So much for our European interests; but we have an empire in the East whose existence would likewise be im-

* The *Times*, a lesser but more modern authority, says—"Russia seated in Constantinople is full of the most portentous dangers, not to England only, but to Europe, and, indeed, to the destinies of the whole human race. Drawing her strength from the resources, not of civilisation, but of barbarism; possessing among her higher classes just as much knowledge of European arts and civilisation as is necessary to destroy them, and in her lower orders a state of ignorance so dense, and of opinions so degraded, as to find in a single man their law-giver, their sovereign, and almost their God, this nation is peculiarly calculated to debase whatever it conquers, and to demolish a civilisation which it can neither appreciate nor receive. Can Manchester view with indifference the accession to the dominion of such a power of some of the finest provinces in the world, of 15,000,000 subjects, and of their ancient capital—the key of Europe and of Asia? If we give to the most anti-commercial country of Europe hundreds of miles of the navigation of her finest river, we must expect that by that change the Danube will be as effectually closed to commerce as the Dnieper, the Dniester, or the Volga. Of course, with Russia in possession of the Dardanelles, the rising commerce with Asia by way of Trebizond is at an end, the Circassians must fall in their isolation, and Asia Minor be open to invasion at once from the west and the east, Austria would be reduced to a position of dependence on the will of the Czar, and it is needless to trace the inevitable course by which a power which has already absorbed Poland, Finland, Bessarabia, Georgia, and so many other provinces, would proceed to deal with the smaller principalities and kingdoms of Germany."

perilled by this enormous extension of Muscovite power. At present we see Russia making a mortal onslaught upon the Turkish Empire, and concussing Persia into joining her in the attack. She is also shooting out her detachments and her embassies into the countries of Central Asia, and striving to combine the rulers of Khiva, Bokhara, and Cabool in a quadruple alliance against the British power. Now, we have no fears for the present of the issue of any Russo-Asiatic invasion of India. With all the help of Russian intrigue among the native princes—such as was detected at work in 1840—an invading army, disorganised by their long march through the mountains, would be utterly routed by our brave Anglo-Indian army as they attempted to debouch into the valley of the Punjaub; and the broad stream of the Indus, defended by our steam flotilla, would of itself prove an impassable barrier to an invading foe. Of the issue of any immediate and direct attack upon India, therefore, we are in no way apprehensive. But let Russia succeed in her present and hereditary schemes of ambition in the East—let her dominate over Turkey and Persia, and gradually extend her influence among the independent populations of Central Asia—and then, we say, there will be danger, and that of no ordinary kind. In such a case, if we do not anticipate her, and erect a barrier to her progress in Syria—a barrier which shall exclude her from the region lying south of a line drawn from Scanderoon to the Euphrates—why, then, we shall find her not only lying upon the flank of our communications with India, but absolutely breaking in upon and annihilating them. “Whoever holds Syria holds Egypt,” said that greatest of strategists, Napoleon; and it is no mere dream that acknowledges the possibility of Russian influence being, at some future period, dominant even upon the banks of the Nile. Then, indeed, with all direct communication with the mother country cut off, and the clouds of Tartar horse and plunder-loving populations of Central Asia let loose against us under Russian guidance—renewing the inroads of a Gengis Khan—we well might tremble for the stability of our Indian Empire. But that, thank God, is an eventuality which *must* be far distant,—and which, unlike the encroachments of Russia in Europe, it is

thoroughly in our power by arms and policy to prevent.

Such are the necessities of the case which at present compel Great Britain, unwilling though she be, to take part in the desperate strife that is now arising on the Continent. But these are not the sole reasons for our interference. Go through among the masses of the British people—listen to them in their workshops, in their beer-shops, in every village-tavern where newspapers are read, and you will find that the thing they dread and denounce is Russian despotism, Russian *Absolutism*—the trampling march of Russian armies over free countries—the crushing of the liberties of Europe beneath the iron heel of the Czar. The story of Poland, and still more of Hungary, is fresh in their hearts. They see the Russian and Austrian Emperors leagued in a bloody compact to put down liberty everywhere, and erase the very word “*people*” from the vocabulary of Europe. And they curse both these despots in their hearts, and would almost rave with fury did the fortune of war go in their favour. A presentiment of impending danger, but of late years been circulating in the minds of the English people—one of those epidemic apprehensions of undefined danger, so familiar to students of history—coming no one knows whence, and pointing no one knows whither; yet seizing like an uneasy foreboding upon the public mind, and so often proving in the end to be a mysterious warning of actual danger. All over Europe, indeed, ever since 1848, there has been a vague disquiet, ever and anon showing itself openly, and never long asleep—an ominous apprehension that the battle between Absolutism and Revolution was not yet fought out, and that the peace of Europe was but an armed truce. In our own isles, the danger was at first supposed to threaten us on the side of France; but even then, it was not the ambition but supposed tyranny of Louis Napoleon that called forth the honest, but not very discerning indignation of our people. At last, however, that false alarm was dispelled; and, simultaneously with its disappearance, the real danger was seen rearing its head, vague and vast, in Central and Eastern Europe. France was seen standing firm by us—much firmer and more forward, indeed, in the fight of liberty than our own Government; and the extraordinary man

whom thoughtless writers and Russianised statesmen had taught the public to regard as an arch-enemy of the "People," was seen appealing to his nation at every stage of the negotiations, and sternly resolute to uphold Western liberty and civilisation against the onslaught of the Absolutist and semi-barbaric powers of Eastern Europe.

Nor were the British people wrong in the nature of their apprehensions. For to all our other and more utilitarian reasons for going to war, we must add this — that the present contest is evidently destined to be one between popular liberty and kingly despotism; and that we shall be merely postponing the evil day to ourselves, and wofully aggravating its pressure, if we do not fight, and fight at once, as long as we have allies to stand by us in the struggle. What is it that is throwing Prussia and Austria into the arms of Russia? It is not the wishes of the people of these countries, but the self-interest of their kings. Austria has *no* "people:"—it has an Emperor and an army—that is all. It is a mass of heterogeneous fragments, held together by dint of sheer military force; and the Emperor who wields that force owes his crown to the Czar. In Prussia the people are likewise against Russia, but the Court is for her—and the Court will carry the day in the first instance. The Prussian monarch, weak-hearted and wavering, is *mal assis*. He has made promises to his subjects, and receded from them; and the great object of his reign since 1848 has been to prevent the middle classes from obtaining an effective voice in the conduct of affairs. Like the Austrian Emperor, therefore, he leans to Russia for support against his people. Not that either the Austrian or Prussian monarchs would side with Russia were they thoroughly free agents. They both know the Northern Colossus to be a most formidable neighbour; and to aid in the aggrandisement of that Power, and so increase their own perils, is what they, both for their own and their countries' sake, would most willingly avoid. But then, as we have said, they are not masters of their position. Only a choice of difficulties is presented to them. On the one hand, they perceive that if they side with Russia, they will be able to preserve their thrones, whatever may be the ultimate damage to their kingdoms.

On the other hand, they feel that they have alienated the confidence and loyalty of their own subjects; and they fear that the moment they declare against the Czar, he will cut the ground from under them by stirring portions of their people into revolt. Moreover, these empires have a debt of retribution to pay for their cruel and iniquitous treatment of Poland and Hungary. It is strange what a vitality and retributive power there is in the consequences of wrong-doing; and with what unfaltering steps the Nemesis of Divine justice follows on the track of national as well as of individual sin. Prussia and Austria fomented the dissensions and shared in the partition of Poland in 1792; and it was the army of Prussia that dealt the death-blow to the hopes of the Poles in 1830, after they had gallantly routed and long held at bay the forces of the Muscovites. And now it is Poland—it is the very spoil won sixty years ago, that occasions Prussia and Austria their greatest disquietude, and that is forcing them into a policy that must ere long prove fatal to their own thrones. Among the other threats of war and rebellion with which the Czar menaces his vacillating neighbours, is that of reviving the kingdom of Poland, with one of the Russian Grand-dukes for its sovereign, and so of wresting both from Austria and Prussia their ill-gotten Polish provinces. Hungary is another card in the hands of the Czar. When the Russian army crossed the Carpathians in irresistible strength in 1849, no excesses were allowed to be committed upon the Hungarian villages—the captured battalions were treated with consideration—and the Russian officers did not hesitate to openly express their contempt for the Austrians, to whom they left the whole odium of the sanguinary executions, and whose wretched military equipments showed in unfavourable contrast with those of their Muscovite allies. The Czar, ever having an eye to the future, was resolved that his soldiers should appear in all points superior to the Austrians. And he is now turning these tactics to account; for, besides the menace of reviving the kingdom of Poland, he holds out to the Austrian Court the threat, that if it do not actively side with him, he will make such liberal offers to the gallant Hungarians as will induce them to co-operate with his forces in any at-

tack upon the perfidious Cabinet of Vienna.*

Resolute and far-seeing, in truth, is the policy of Russia, beyond that of any other government in Europe, and especially surpassing in these respects our own. The conductors of our foreign policy are so frequently changed, and our Ministers are so engrossed in the party warfare of Parliament, that they have not the opportunity of steadily carrying out a course of far-seeing policy; and even during their short tenure of office, they are more occupied in making head against their rivals in the State than in watching and counteracting the machinations of rival Powers abroad. With an autocracy like that of Russia, the case is very different, and the vast and far-seeing policy of the Czars is hereditary in every sense of the word. The grand projects which Peter the Great dreamt of from afar are now in actual process of being realised; and the cool-headed anticipations of Count Pozzo di Borgo and Prince Lieven, which were laughed at thirty years ago as utopian, are now startling the world by their ominous accomplishment.

Secrecy and dissimulation are other points in which a popular Government can never compete with an irresponsible autocracy;—and of these elements of success in diplomacy Russia, we need hardly say, has made ample use in her recent negotiations. Among other things, Europe witnessed in June last an unwonted outpouring of Russian families to the baths of Germany and the gaities of Berlin and Paris; while several of the members of the Imperial family, “for the sake of their health,” took up their residence in England. A Muscovite noble cannot go on his travels without a permit from his Imperial master; therefore this unusual migration at once struck the world as significant. Nobody was willing even to think of war at that time, and the phenomenon was accordingly set down as a proof that the pacific professions of the Czar ought

to be trusted, and the cry of “Peace, peace!” was heard louder than ever. To strengthen this supposition, M. de Kisseleff, the Russian ambassador at the French Court, took a summer residence at Vichy, and a lease of his house in Paris for two years, at once consenting to pay the full forfeit in case of his quitting before the expiry of that period. In six months from that time, both town-house and country-house were abandoned—the Russian ambassadors were off both from London and Paris—and the touring nobles everywhere breaking up their establishments, and returning to St. Petersburg, whither the Imperial Grand-duchesses from England had preceded them. All this was a master-stroke of policy on the part of the Czar. In June last, as we have already said, his aim was to carry his point without going to war—to obtain a Protectorate over the Sultan’s subjects, without exciting the suspicions, or rousing the military opposition of the European Powers. For this purpose these Russian nobles were despatched to make proselytes to his views at the various foreign Courts, and to constantly proclaim the “well-known moderation” of their master; and thus, while doing all he could to accomplish his purpose without opposition, the Russian Emperor was at the same time taking the most effectual plan to blind the other Powers to the vast military preparations by means of which he was resolved to carry his point, if need were, by actual force of arms.

Every Russian noble is a spy, if the Emperor so wills it; and in truth, espionage and intrigue is a trade for which Russians have a natural proclivity. It cannot be doubted, then, that these Muscovite tourists have made good use of their time at the various courts where they located themselves. That arch *intrigante*, the Princess Lieven, took up her abode at Paris,—her house was the rendezvous and council-chamber of the Russian, and also, we regret to say it, of a large proportion

* Among other proofs of this we read as follows in the Paris correspondence of the *Daily News*:—“I learn by private letters from Hungary that Russian emissaries are at work on a large scale to get up an insurrection there, with a view to frighten the Emperor of Austria into a Russian alliance. It might be thought that the Hungarian patriots would not readily lend an ear to any propositions emanating from the destroyer of their independence; but in the Magyar element of the population hatred of the Austrian rule is so intense that whole provinces are ready to rise against it under any circumstances. They do not look to consequences, but desire only to have arms in their hands. Thus the Czar has a fine field for his double game. He finds Hungarians ready to rise at his bidding, at the risk of being betrayed, and when they are in arms he will say to Francis Joseph, ‘I alone can save your crown.’”

of the Fusionist party, — while the *Assemblée Nationale*, a journal in the actual pay of Russia, propagated whatever mendacious reports or sentiments they thought fit to invent or profess. Having watched the thoroughly anti-Gallican tone of this journal throughout the last twelve months, we can vouch that it says a great deal for the forbearance of the French Emperor that he did not suppress it long ago. Such an edict, however, went forth at last; and in the beginning of last month, the journal was officially suspended, “on account of its anti-national sentiments;” — while a short time previous, the Princess Lieven had been privately ordered to quit France, in consequence, it is alleged, of proofs having been obtained of her connexion with a Legitimist conspiracy.

There can be no doubt that Russia and its vassal-ally, Austria, are resolved to turn the present dynastic dissensions in France to account, and are throwing all their influence into the scale in favour of the Bourbons, in order to enfeeble the opposition which they perceive the present able ruler of France is bent upon offering to their schemes. Under such fostering influences it was that the much-talked-of “fusion” between the rival branches of the ex-royal family of Capet was at length effected; and this re-union, it is important to remark, commenced at Frohsdorf, was celebrated and consummated in the Imperial palace at Vienna. Thus Russia and Austria are ready with a new King, to play off against Louis Napoleon; and in the event of the second Bonaparte falling before their arms or intrigues — or before the pistol or dagger of some fiendish Red Republican — they expect to see his place filled by a Bourbon monarch, who will fully sympathise in their views. Such a conjuncture of affairs, it must be allowed, would be fraught with grave peril to England; for in such a case Russian influence, and the policy of Absolutism, would extend itself up to the very shores of the Atlantic. Already that influence is predominant among the Courts (though certainly not among the people) of Germany; for each of these petty Princes trembles for his principedom, and looks to Russia as the only Power that is able and willing to uphold him, in the event of a popular commotion or the convulsions of war.

Thus, then, as we have said, the people of this country are right in holding that the impending struggle is really one between Liberty and Absolutism; and this idea is calculated to inspire them with an enthusiasm in the strife, of which we will probably ere long stand much in need. — And here a word to our Statesmen, and to all the clear heads in the country, may not be superfluous. The influence of the last long war upon the nation was eminently Conservative, because it was waged against Revolution; and the imagination of the people, excited by the struggle, came to regard Liberalism with intensely hostile feelings. But in the impending struggle, waged not against Democracy, but Absolutism — in which we will be fighting, not against Revolution, but probably on its side, the effect upon public feeling will be exactly the reverse; and it must be one of the first duties of our statesmen to take care that the popular hostility in this country towards the Absolutist system of government on the Continent be not allowed to extend itself to *our own* institutions. This topic is too momentous, too closely connected with the future wellbeing of the British Empire, not to deserve the most scrupulous attention on the part of our statesmen. We have already had a painful and warning instance of the new peril. A popular suspicion, founded on the most baseless conjectures, sufficed in a moment to blast the well-won and long-established reputation of the Consort of our beloved Sovereign. The unintelligible apathy and double-dealing of our Cabinet in regard to the Eastern Question, accompanied by the presence in this country of an unusual number of foreign princes, and followed by the stunning disaster and massacre of the Turks at Sinope — for all which things we hold the Ministry solely and most seriously responsible — aroused a storm of indignation in this country, at once most sudden and alarming, and which ignorantly directed itself against the Court instead of the Cabinet. We have no desire to see such another ferment. And it is in this spirit that we would now most earnestly caution the Ministry as to their future conduct in the war. Let them above all things follow a straightforward and unmistakably *British* line of policy. Let them avoid even the appearance of collusion with foreign Absolutism —

let them strike boldly for "England and Liberty!" and remember the Palmerstonian aphorism, that "nations have no cousins." We have recently beheld a noble British fleet kept useless for months in the Turkish waters, as if sent thither merely to blind our people at home with an idle show of help to our allies; and the disaster at Sinope was the result. Let us not — we warn the Government—see our military expedition treated in a similar fashion. Let us not see it kept idly at Malta, at Candia, or even on the shores of the Dardanelles, while the death-struggle of the Turkish Empire is being fought in the valley of the Danube. Britain cannot afford to see her armaments kept useless in the thick of a war, and a gallant ally again struck down within reach of our assistance. If our statesmen be wise, then, and alive to the nature of the times, the honesty of the Government will not again be so placed in question, nor the national glory tarnished. In one word, if they value the tranquillity and best interests of the country, there will be no more vacillation and no more *Sinopes*.

Let us now turn from the political to the military view of the question. Let us turn our eyes to the Danube and the Euxine, and see what is going on at the actual seat of war. And here a single glance suffices to show that we have already lost much valuable time, and opportunities which, we fear, no amount of exertion will now suffice to regain. We will not speak again of the disaster at Sinope, which so seriously crippled the naval power of the Turks, and so grievously shook their confidence in their allies; but we will say at once, and without hesitation, that months ago the Russian fleet in the Black Sea should have been destroyed, and the Crimea been at this time in possession of an Anglo-French army. Decisive measures, in order to have their full effect, should have been taken in July last, when the objects of the Russian policy were as well known to the Cabinet as now, and when war had been actually commenced by the Russian armies crossing the Pruth. At that time the fortifications of Sebastopol were in *déshabille*, and the place would probably have fallen before a skilful attack made by the allied fleets. Not that we think that this is the true mode of assault to be practised against such a

place. From his place in the House of Peers, the Duke of Wellington once emphatically warned the country that some day a dreadful disaster would befall a fleet attacking "stone walls well defended"—stating, moreover, that he had never known a fortress "taken" by a naval attack. And when a friend remarked, after the debate was over, "Surely, sir, Copenhagen and Algiers were taken." "No such thing," replied his Grace, "those places *capitulated*." He then explained the wide difference between the two words in a military sense; and truly remarked, that if those places had not "capitulated," the attacking fleets would have been in a very critical position, and it was difficult to say how they would have extricated themselves if the fire had been resumed. In both cases it was the safety of the town, not the necessities of the defenders, that dictated the capitulation; and had military considerations alone prevailed, or had there been (as at Sebastopol) no town at all to hamper the defenders, the issue would probably have been very different. The capture of St. Jean d'Acre has happened since that speech; but had the same sort of men worked the batteries of Acre as worked those of Gibraltar, at the great siege under Lord Heathfield, a different despatch, probably, would have been penned by the admiral; for at that siege the red-hot shot of the batteries on the rock annihilated the French and Spanish fleets and floating batteries in three hours.

We do not overestimate, therefore, the capabilities of our naval force; but Sebastopol, although now probably altogether impregnable on the sea-side, was last autumn wholly defenceless on its landward fronts, and, doubtless, it is so to a great extent still. What our Government ought to have done, therefore, was to have despatched a force of twenty thousand men, sailing under sealed orders; and these, augmented by a Turkish division, and supported by the marines and artillery of the fleet, might easily have captured this important Russian station, and with it the whole Russian fleet. Now the destruction of this squadron (and, if it be possible, that in the Baltic also) ought to be regarded as the first grand point to be attended to in our operations; for, assuredly, if not destroyed, it will yet play a prominent part in the war, and furnish us with

abundant cause of regret for our present inaction. To destroy the Russian fleet ought to be the "*Delenda Carthago*" of every British statesman; and yet we are *purposefully* missing opportunity after opportunity of doing so. When the captain of the "Retribution" gallantly and adroitly ran his ship right into Sebastopol, the batteries frowned on either hand in overpowering strength, but not a single sail of the Russian line was there; yet at that very time the Allied squadron, whose commanders affected to be scouring the Euxine in search of them, came back to the Bosphorus reporting that the Russians were not to be found! On the next trip, a division of the Russian fleet was met in with, and both sides cleared for action, yet the foe was allowed to sheer past our broadsides unchallenged! Then, again, our magnificent fleet—the best manned, we dare to say, in the world—has been kept for weeks lying idly at Beyros, on the plea that the weather was too rough for them to put to sea. Oh, shame! and yet at that very time, both Russian and Turkish vessels were navigating the Euxine boldly and with impunity.

We have no words to express the humiliation we feel in recounting such things of a British Ministry and a British fleet. Our best hopes of the future, and we would repeat this *terque quaterque* depend upon the destruction of the Russian navy; yet the only order which a British Premier sends to our admiral is to "salute" it, and keep out of its way. In truth, the conduct of Admiral Dundas is the most spiritless of any officer that ever held a similar command in the British navy since the days of Byng. Doubtless, his secret orders may compel him to this; but if so, they are such orders as no member of the Cabinet has dared to communicate to the British Legislature. If rumours are to be trusted, Admiral Dundas is too "pacific" even for our Ambassador at Constantinople; differences have taken place between him and Lord de Redcliffe; and the commander of our fleet, it is said, will not take a single order from the ambassador until he has himself scrutinised the Government despatch, to see whether he cannot construe it in some more pacific way. But, how-

ever this may be, this much at least we know with certainty, that the Ministry declared three months ago, that they had sent instructions to Admiral Dundas to assist the Turks in the Black Sea, and confine the Russians to Sebastopol; yet the Russian fleet has hardly been a day in Sebastopol since then; it has continued to carry supplies to the army in the Caucasus, and has even made an attack upon one of the Turkish forts. How is this? There can be no mistake here; for it was precisely in consequence of this resolution to prevent the Russian fleet from navigating the Black Sea that the Czar recalled his ambassadors from London and Paris. Nevertheless, we still have the Russian vessels sailing at large, "none daring to make them afraid." At the moment we write (12th March), the telegraph announces that a division of the Muscovite fleet is lying at Soukum-Kale, at the eastern extremity of the Euxine, busy landing supplies for Prince Woronzoff's army, while our own fleet remains apathetically at the mouth of the Bosphorus, as useless as if it were at Spithead.* Who will explain this incomprehensible state of things? Is it the Admiral or the Premier that has to be called to account?

Were the Crimea seized by an Anglo-French force, not only would the Russian fleet fall into our hands, but a small force could hold its ground there, and completely paralyse the southward advance of the Russians. The Crimea is connected with the mainland by merely a narrow isthmus, across which fortified lines could be drawn, which, supported on either flank by the guns of the fleet, might be rendered as impregnable as those of Torres Vedras. Here, then, is a secure asylum from which an Anglo-French force could advance, and in a few days' time be directly on the rear, and cut off the communications of the Russian army on the Danube. Were the allied troops in position there at present, or were the enterprise at this moment in the course of execution, the whole Russian army in the Principalities might be utterly annihilated. Wallachia is shut in on the south by the Danube, and on the north by the long ridge of the Carpathian mountains (crossed only by two passes leading into Austria, and both of

* The same disgraceful state of matters continues up to the moment of going to press—March 25th.

which are impassable at this season), and only at its north-eastern extremity is there an open route to Russia. Upon this route—at this neck of the *cul-de-sac*—would be the allied forces; and thus, assailed in front by Omer Pasha's army, and in rear by the Anglo-French battalions, Prince Gortschakoff's forces would, in such circumstances, be cut off to a man.

But no such enterprise, apparently, is to be undertaken. Our Government cannot yet reconcile themselves to take an open and energetic part against the Czar. In truth, so actually sluggish have they been, despite all their magniloquent professions, that even after a whole year of menacing negotiations, when the Emperor of Russia recalled his ambassador in the middle of February, they were not ready to take an active part in the strife. Last spring the Czar declared positively that he would not recede a hair's breadth from Prince Menschikoff's ultimatum, and that if the Turks did not accede to it, he would use force to compel them to do so; and neither more nor less has he said ever since. It has constantly been, "The ultimatum, or nothing;" and as ever since July our Ministers have declared that ultimatum to be inadmissible, and moreover, that the Principalities must be evacuated, while the Czar as resolutely stuck to both these points, it is most strange, indeed, that, when the actual rupture came at last, it found us still unprepared. Even the fleet with which Sir Charles Napier has sailed for the Baltic, is inadequately manned; but the imminence of the crisis compelled the Admiralty to hurry it off to the scene of action—for the formidable Russian fleet at Cronstadt is reported to be preparing to put to sea; and there is reason to apprehend that its object is to strike a blow at some of the Swedish ports before we can arrive to help them.

We meant to have continued these remarks on the military view of the question, and pointed out the strategical moves likely to be undertaken on the Danube and in the Caucasus, as well as the great peril which now threatens the flanks of the grand Turkish armies—on the one side, by the armed intervention of Austria; and on the other, by a similar attack from Persia.

But we cannot enlarge upon these points, for a document has just come to hand, which imperatively demands to be noticed, and which compels us to

revert for a moment to the political aspect of the question. The document in question contains statements against the Ministry of far too grave a character to be made the subject of mere party invective, for they tend to destroy all confidence in the Government on the part of the country. It is a reply of the Czar—published in the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* of March 3rd—to the charges of fraud and deception, which Lord J. Russell and his colleagues recently uttered against the Emperor in the British Legislature, and with which they now seek to excuse their long-continued truckling to his views. This document—which both the *Times* and the Ministry allow to be correct in all its principal statements—clearly establishes the complicity of the Aberdeen Ministry in the Czar's designs upon Turkey before ever Prince Menschikoff set out on his mission. After indignantly referring to the charges of deceit brought against him by Lord John Russell, in his speech of the 17th February, the Czar says:—

"The British Government has in its hands the written proof that there is no foundation for these charges; for, long before the present condition of affairs—before the questions which led to the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople had assumed so serious an aspect of difference—*before Great Britain had adopted the same line of policy as France*—the Emperor had spontaneously explained himself with the most perfect candour to the Queen and her Ministers, with the object of establishing with them an intimate agreement even in the event of the most formidable contingency which could befall the Ottoman Empire."

After stating the Emperor's motives for interfering in the affairs of Turkey—which are precisely those which we have expressed in a former part of this article—and that it appeared of the highest moment to his Majesty to establish the most perfect identity of views with the British Government, the document proceeds:—

"With this view the Emperor engaged the English Minister at St. Petersburg to cause her Majesty to be informed of his anticipations with respect to the danger, more or less imminent, that menaced Turkey. He requested on this subject a confidential interchange of opinions with her Britannic Majesty. That was certainly the most evident proof of confidence which the Emperor could give to the Court of St. James; and thus did his Majesty most openly signify his sincere wish to prevent any ulterior divergence

between the two Governments. Sir H. Seymour acquitted himself forthwith of the important commission which the Emperor had impressed on him in a long and familiar conversation. And the result showed itself in a correspondence of the most friendly character between the present English Ministers and the Imperial Government."

Challenged by the opposition leaders, Lord Aberdeen has confessed that, in the main, these statements are true; and also, that the Czar did actually communicate his designs, in regard to Turkey, to Sir Robert Peel (and, as Lord John Russell added, to Lord Aberdeen himself, then Foreign Minister), during his visit to England, in 1844. No wonder that such a confession—and, still more, the subsequent publication of the "Confidential Correspondence," upon which we have not space to commemorate—called forth in Parliament the strongest animadversions upon the conduct of the Ministry; especially as, during the debate on the blue books, the members of the Cabinet again and again solemnly pledged themselves that the Czar had never communicated to them his actual designs upon Turkey, and that they had been innocent dupes of his fraudulent assurances.

In our first extract from the Czar's reply, our readers will observe the words, "*before Great Britain had adopted the same line of policy as France.*" There is a great deal under these words, as we shall immediately show. The Aberdeen Ministry have, of late, been most profuse in their asseverations as to the concord that has prevailed between them and the Government of the French Emperor; but a scrutiny of the blue books shows that the very reverse of this has been the case. Look, for instance, at Lord Clarendon's despatch of 23rd March, 1853, and say if he could possibly have penned a despatch better calculated to encourage the Russian Emperor to proceed in his projects, and to convince him that he would not have to fear any counteralliance between Great Britain and France. Or turn to Count Nesselrode's despatch of 13th August, and there it will be seen that the Aberdeen Ministry were making "confidential overtures," favourable to Russia and adverse to France, so late as the beginning of August, of which not a whisper was breathed in either House of Parliament, and of which not a trace is to be found in the published correspondence. A similar pro-

cess of double-dealing towards France, and of truckling to Russia, has been pursued down to the last moment. In the beginning of this year, when the people both of England and France were smarting under the humiliation of the Sinope disaster, a joint despatch was concerted between the two Governments, and forwarded to their respective ambassadors at St. Petersburg; but no sooner did the ambassadors proceed to communicate their despatches to Count Nesselrode, than they were found to differ on a most important—indeed, vital point. For at the end of the British despatch there was written—"*It is considered that the Turkish fleet should undertake no aggressive operations by sea, so long as matters remain in their present state,*"—while no such clause was to be found in the despatch of the French Government. Yet mark the importance of this clause. It is the very one upon the subsequent withdrawal of which, by our Government, the Czar recalled his ambassador from our Court!

The only possible deduction from these and suchlike other instances scattered throughout the blue books is, that throughout the whole of last year, nay, down to the very opening of Parliament, we were constantly on the eve of a rupture with the French Government; and it will probably by-and-bye be seen that the *recall of M. Walewski, the French Ambassador at London*, in the third week of November, indicated a much more serious crisis than is ordinarily supposed. We have seen a good many recalls of ambassadors, which were glossed over at the time by the Government, but seldom one which did not actually threaten a rupture of friendly relationship. In truth, nothing but the calm wisdom of the French Emperor, and the strong expression of anti-Russian feeling in Great Britain, carried us safely through the critical period, and disconcerted the schemes of Russia when within a hair's-breadth of their accomplishment. Had France and England quarrelled and separated, then France single-handed would have been forced to succumb before the forces of Absolutism—a Bourbon would have mounted the throne, and the final combination would have been,—all Europe against Great Britain!

Though Sir James Graham now rails in abusive terms at the Czar, it is just a year since he spoke in a

similar strain of the French Emperor. His leading colleagues in the Ministry are politicians of the same stamp. But from our charges against the Coalition Cabinet, we must to a great extent except Lord Palmerston. He and Lord Aberdeen are the antipodes of each other. We did justice to his foreign policy when he first withdrew from the Russell Administration in 1851, and we believe nothing but the necessities of his position induced him to lend even his countenance to the Russian policy of his present colleagues. He remained in office, to avoid still worse contingencies. In December last, the country was not ripe for a new Government, and, by going out, Palmerston would have lost the little influence he had, without the certainty of acquiring a new and firmer position. He is a cautious man, and bides his time. The circumstances attending his suspension of office in December last have never been explained; and a partial mystery still hangs over his actual withdrawal from the Russell Cabinet in 1851. Yet this at least is known, that on the former of these occasions, the ground of his dismissal was his hearty recognition of the Government of Louis Napoleon — a prince hated by his present colleagues, Lord John Russell and Lord Aberdeen, and reviled by Graham and Wood, but to whose wise policy alone it is that Great Britain and France now stand side by side to front the approaching storm.

The present Government have been most reluctantly forced by public opinion to take part against Russia, and we fear they still seek to carry on the contest in so languid a way, as to allow Russia to gain such successes as may still compel Turkey to accede to the Protectorate. Then the Czar will be content, they believe, and war (for a time) at an end. But they need not so deceive themselves. The Turks will go down fighting like heroes. By the sword they won their empire, and with the sword they will defend it. Any one may see that this will be the issue; and it is sheer madness for Lord Aberdeen to go on hoping for a lasting peace, by truckling to the designs of Russia. It may be truly said of the present Ministry, that they "neither know how to make war, nor to keep peace;" and the country, it is easy to see, will not long submit to see our foreign policy conducted by such men. Their

double-dealing in the prosecution of their un-English policy has been unparalleled,—and it is all coming forth now to the knowledge of the public. The friend for whom they have done so much, is exposing them. And as the truth is breaking alike upon Parliament and People, a unanimous sentiment of bitter indignation is arising in the country. But let both Parliament and People be calm. Let them not injure themselves—injure England—injure freedom—from a mere wish to be avenged on "a false Ministry." The Czar does nothing without an object. He counts upon the ebb and flow of popular feeling in this country, as one of his elements of success. We are no longer, as during the last war, led by a far-seeing aristocratic Government, patient of present burdens or reverses, for the sake of carrying the grand point at last. Our Government is now based chiefly upon the Ten-pounders. Now, more than ever, we are "a nation of shopkeepers," exhibiting every year more and more an "ignorant impatience of taxation." Well, then, see how this affects our prospects in the coming struggle. The nation calls out rightly at present for bold war; but they grievously miscalculate the strength of the foe. Although there are few people who would endorse Cobden's nonsense about "crumpling up" the Czar, still the general public greatly underrate the actual power of their adversary. Ignorant or forgetful of the history of the last war, they talk most slightly of the strength and spirit of the Russian armies,—as if these troops had not carried the Russian eagles in triumph over hard-fought fields in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany; and as if, even at the close of a long and bloody war, the strength of the Russian empire did not suffice to send two hundred thousand men to invade France and storm Paris. Now, the upshot of this will be, that these popular dreams of brilliant and speedy success will not be realised. Depression will follow. The people will find that we cannot conquer peace so easily as they bargained for. At first, when effective success was within our reach, the Ministry would not let us have war; by-and-bye the Czar and his allies, flushed with success, may not let us have peace. In such circumstances, the Czar reckons, the "nation of shopkeepers" will lose their wisdom and

equanimity. When they see the taxes rising higher and higher, with no success to our arms—Turkey going down, and Germany Russianised,—then, the Czar calculates, the people will burst into ravings against the Government, and madly accuse them of treachery and all manner of things,—being stung into irritation alike by the progress of Russian absolutism, and by the heavy taxation so fruitlessly misspent.

It is because we perceive the probability of some such crisis in the war as this, that we desire betimes to utter a word of warning. Let the people be advised. If they give way like children thus,—if they become petulant and untractable upon every reverse,—they will be playing directly into the hands of their arch-enemy. We say the Czar counts upon these ebbs and flows of popular passion as his best allies. And, depend upon it, it is *for this that he now exposes the duplicity of the British Government, and their early complicity with himself.* He holds them up to the distrust and indignation of the country in order the more effectually to paralyse us. For long he supported them—as long, that is to say, as they adhered to his policy; but no sooner does he find them driven from their old views by the might of popular opinion, than he sets himself to sap their power, and throw the country into dissension and commotion.

Let the British people remember this truth—and the state of Continental Europe is every day more expressly declaring it — *Russia is more to be feared for her policy than for her arms.* Her present game is, to set Courts and Peoples at loggerheads, and so make one or both of them to play into her hands. She is winning over the Austrian and Prussian Courts, at the expense of their peoples. She will win, in a similar fashion, the German Princes, in utter opposition to the sentiments of the German race,—in Italy she will gain all the Courts save Piedmont; and, by means of Carlist and other rebellions, she will find ample work for Spain and Portugal, as well as distraction for the other Western Powers. But there are two Courts which, she now knows, she cannot gain—namely, those of Britain and France (although certainly, nothing but the weight of popular feeling saved our shortsighted Cabinet from falling into the Russian snares). Against those Courts, therefore, she is prepared to employ her usual tac-

tics—in France, by fomenting Legitimist intrigues; and in England by sowing distrust between the Cabinet and the people. Do not let our statesmen slight this danger. It is imminent, because it is natural,—because the Cabinet have unfortunately given far too much cause for this mistrust.

We trust, however, that the sober strength of the British character will suffice to keep the country free from this peril. We would say to our countrymen—Do not let past error on the part of our statesmen irritate us into forgetfulness of the national interests. We do not wish to see any entire change of Ministry. Let the Cabinet be remodelled—or remodel itself. Clarendon is a mere echo, and therefore not much to be minded; but we cannot see how the Premier can remain in office, without perilling that mainstay of all Governments—the confidence of the people. Let the Premier come out, therefore; and if there be any other “Russians” in the camp, whether leaders or subalterns, let them come out also. We must, as the first necessity of our position, have a Government possessing the confidence of the country; and we must have one that perceives the real nature of the contest, as on the eve of becoming one between Absolutism and popular Government—between Russianism and civilisation. Palmerston knows this, therefore let him be the chief. He, moreover, is *trusted by the country*,—and that, at present, is of prime importance. We might mention Lord Stratford de Redcliffe as a suitable ally for such a Premier, and equally well known for his anti-Russian sentiments—to supersede Clarendon in the Foreign Office. We are not desirous of changes—we wish to avoid them; nevertheless, in war, the financial management of a country is every whit as important as the actual guidance of its armies; and to our other proposed changes, therefore, we *must* add, the prescient Disraeli, *vice* the shortsighted and incompetent Gladstone.

Red-tapeism has had its day—the last twelvemonth of abortive diplomacy has rung its knell. What the nation now wants, is its great minds in all departments. And, although the struggle must roll on for some time yet before the stirred nation can put forth its giants, let us at least seize upon those we already have, and place them in the van of the battle.

A THIRD AND CONCLUDING VISIT TO THE DRAMATIC GALLERY OF THE
GARRICK CLUB.

OF the comic actors immediately following the age of Garrick, and disciples of his school, there were none more celebrated than Quick and Edwin, of each of whom there are four portraits in character, in this collection. Their styles and attributes were totally different. Quick was little, pert, fidgety, and important, with a strut like a turkey-cock, and short, sharp, epigrammatic turns of humour, peculiar to himself. He was a favourite actor with George III., who always asked to have him in the bill when he commanded a play. His manner was dry, not richly fraught with humour, but quaint and whimsical, with an oddity of voice which invariably produced effect. His principal excellence lay in old men. Isaac Mendoza, in the *Duenna*, seems to have been his best part. Edwin's acting was of a more exuberant and racy character, combining the eccentricities of Weston and Shuter. He was one of those who, in playing clowns, offended against the canon of Shakespeare by saying more than was set down for them. He took more liberties with his text and audience than either Nokes or Penkethman did before him, or Liston and John Reeve long after. He was not so good an actor as either Quick or Parsons, but he gained more applause than either; sometimes by overflowing humour, but frequently by fortunate extravagance. Profound critics called him a mere mannerist. Let those who understand explain the term. If it means an artist who performs his work after a particular manner, the class, we suspect, will be found as numerous as the whole family of nature herself. Edwin's reputation required the support of original characters, written expressly for his peculiar vein. When an old comedy was revived, there was always a character in it exactly measured for Quick or Parsons, but not one that fitted Edwin. O'Keeffe speaks less favourably of him than might have been expected, for no actor and author were ever under greater mutual obligations. Edwin owed much of his fame to the parts

which O'Keeffe wrote for him; and of O'Keeffe it had been ludicrously said, that when Edwin died, O'Keeffe would be damned. Quick lived up to eighty-three, frugal, independent, and habitually temperate. Edwin died at forty-two, broken down by systematic drunkenness. How many sons of genius have yielded to the same temptation! Boaden says:—"This singular being was the absolute victim of sottish intemperance. I have seen him brought to the stage-door at the bottom of a chaise, senseless and motionless. Brandon, on these occasions, was the practising physician of the theatre. If the clothes could be put on him, and he was pushed on to the lamps, he rubbed his stupid eyes for a minute, consciousness and brilliant humour awakened together, and his acting seemed only the richer for the bestial indulgence that had overwhelmed him."

This portrait of Jack Johnstone, as Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, by Sir M. A. Shee, is not only a fine painting, but an admirable likeness. Whether in or out of his stage-clothes, Johnstone was a remarkably handsome man, with a bearing so innately gentleman-like, that it was impossible, by any external travesty, to change him into a clown. But his constitutional humour made up for that strange deficiency in his rustics, a want of natural vulgarity. His acting was ease personified, without the slightest appearance of art or labour. In a military character, or a travelled Irish gentleman, he stood above all rivalry; but Tyrone Power excelled him in rollicking, dare-devil assumptions, which admitted of greater breadth, and depended more on physical elasticity and untiring spirits. In their drunken men both were equally happy, and hit the difficult point of merriment without producing disgust. Irish Johnstone, as he was usually called, was one of the pleasantest table-companions that ever gladdened society. He retired in 1820, having realised a handsome fortune, and lived to see his eighty-first birthday—another emi-

nent instance, that the practise of the art histrionic is in itself highly conducive to health, happiness, and longevity. The true spirit of Irish fun and national eccentricity appears, by general consent, to have died with Johnstone and Power. Of some later representatives, the less that is said the better.

We must ascend now to the top of the staircase, to look at a large painting by Matthew Brown, representing the last scene of *The Gamester*, with the death of Beverley. This was not in the Mathews' gallery, but a presentation to the Club from the late M. M. Zachary, Esq. The picture, admirably finished, in which the figures are of the full life size, was found, neglected and smoke-dried, in a back room in the old Bush Hotel at Bristol. How it got there has not been traced. The portraits are Pope and Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Wells (more celebrated for beauty than talent), and Hull; as Beverley, Mrs. Beverley, Charlotte and Jarvis. By a careless oversight, the artist has omitted Lewson, who is indispensable to the scene, and has introduced one or two subordinates who have no business there at all. A close examination shows that the head of Hull has been cut out, and the features of Munden interpolated in its place. The mention of this rare comedian brings us down again to look at him in nine different impressions, as scattered through the rooms below. Observe him first in his own character and costume, a fine portrait by Sir M. A. Shee, presented to the Club by Mr. Macready. We have him again in groups and single characters, by Zoffany, Opie, Dewilde, Clint, and Turneau. The scene from *Lock and Key* exhibits him to the life, as old Brummagem. Munden came out in 1790, at Covent-garden, and made his last appearance at Drury-lane in 1824. Reader, he was a great actor, with the peculiar merit of playing serious old men as well as he did comic ones. His Captain Bertram and old Dornton were nearly as good as his Sir Francis Gripe and Sir Abel Handy. His Mar-a-l was inimitable, and his Nipperkin and Christopher Sly never to be forgotten. The old Spanish proverb says, "He who has not seen Seville has lost a wonder." So have you lost a treat, such as you will never have provided for you again, if you began to frequent playhouses after Joseph Munden had

departed. You are as unlucky as Darteneuf, the great epicure, who died just before turtle was imported from the West Indies. Shall we attempt to describe this incomparable comedian and his vagaries? If we were to write for an hundred years, we could not emulate the brilliant sentences of "Elia" (Charles Lamb); so let us even transcribe them for the better edification of those who like to read of what they can never hope to see:—"Not many nights ago, we had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in Cockle-top; and when we retired to our pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by us in such a manner as to threaten sleep. No sooner did we fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed us in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before us, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium — all the strange combinations which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town, for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when we awoke! There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one face (but what a one it is!) of Liston; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion; not so much a comedian, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*. Applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human visage. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces as his friend Snett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. We should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a race-horse, or come forth a pewit, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis. We have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry, or in Old Dornton, diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man, when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart

of a people. We have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players; but in what has been truly denominated the 'sublime of farce,' Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began, and must end, with himself. Can any man *wonder* like him? Can any man *see ghosts* like him? Or *fight with his own shadow*—*sessa*—as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the *Cobbler of Preston*?—where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him, or as if *Thalaba* were no tale! Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a supernatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table, or a joint-stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference if it were mounted into the firmament. 'A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo,' says Fuseli, 'rose the Patriarch of Poverty.' So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and books seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering amid the common-place materials of life, like primeval man, with the sun and the stars about him."

Munden was careful and fond of money, even to extreme parsimony. He died in 1832, aged seventy-four, leaving a widow, one son, and a daughter. His personal effects were sworn under £20,000. He was supposed to be much richer; but the emoluments and savings of actors are usually overrated. Here is Downton in a scene from the *Soldier's Daughter*, as Governor Heartall; in another from the *Mayor of Garratt*, as Major Sturgeon; and again, as Sir Oliver Cypress, in *Grieving's a Folly*, all painted by Dewilde. He was an actor of strong original powers, hard and testy rather than unctuous, and excelled in passionate old men. He was by far the best Sir Anthony Absolute on the stage in his day,

and played the sleek, hypocritical Dr. Cantwell with equal skill and discrimination. He was constitutionally discontented and dissatisfied, captious, and fretful, but withal warm-hearted and generous. He lived too long. After his retirement, a benefit and a subscription produced a competent sum, which his friends invested in an annuity for a given number of years, scarcely calculating that he would see them out, which, by dint of regular habits and an iron constitution, he contrived to effect. He must have been upwards of eighty when he died. Downton's oddities were very amusing to those who were intimate with him. He fancied he could play tragedy, and never rested until he obtained an opportunity of showing the town that Edmund Kean knew nothing of Shylock. But his experiment was, as might have been expected, a total failure. His great point of novelty consisted in having Jews in the court, as his friends and partizans, during the trial scene, and in their arms he fainted when told he was, perforce, to become a Christian. The audience laughed outright, as a commentary on the actor's conception. Once he exhibited privately to the writer of this article, the last scene of *Sir Giles Overreach*, according to his idea of the author's meaning. It occurred at supper, after a performance in one of his own theatres in the Kent circuit, and a very mirthful tragedy it proved. He had a strange, inverted idea, that Massinger intended *Sir Giles* for a comic character. He also fancied he could play *Lord Ogleby*, when nature with her own hand had daguerreotyped him for Mr. Sterling. These are the eccentricities of genius, which are equally mournful and unaccountable.

Of five portraits of Fawcett, this which represents him as Captain Copp, with Charles Kemble as the King, in the scene from *Charles II.*, by Clint, is by far the most faithful and agreeable. In this character, he took his leave of the stage, on Thursday the 20th May, 1830. He was the original Job Thornberry in *John Bull*, a part which furnished an admirable type of his peculiar style. Munden was called to the rehearsal, having been told by Colman that he had taken care of him in a character which suited him to a hair. He expected Job Thornberry, and was delighted; but overflowed with indig-

nation when Sir Simon Rochdale was put into his hand, which he peremptorily refused, and which then fell to Blanchard, to whom it proved a valuable stepping-stone. The original cast of *John Bull* is worth remembering, as a sample of how plays were acted at Covent Garden, under the government of the elder Harris;—Job Thornberry, Fawcett; Hon. Tom Shuffleton, Lewis; Peregrine, Cooke; Dennis Brulgruddery, Johnstone; Sir Simon Rochdale, Blanchard; Frank Rochdale, H. Johnston; Dan, Emery; Lord Fitz-Balaam, Waddy; Mary Thornberry, Mrs. Gibbs; Lady Caroline Braymore, Mrs. H. Johnston; and Mrs. Brulgruddery, Mrs. Davenport. All these were first-rate artists in their respective lines. The play, brought out in March, ran forty-eight nights the first season—an enormous longevity in those days. The name (*John Bull; or, an Englishman's Fireside*) was happily chosen at the time, as the whole nation was in arms to resist the threat of French invasion at the commencement of the war; but the piece contained not the most remote allusion to politics or public affairs.

Cooke said, of this comedy (in Dunlap's "Memoirs"), "We got *John Bull* from Colman, act by act, as he wanted money, but the last act did not come, and Harris refused to make any farther advances. At last, necessity drove Colman to make a finish, and he wrote the fifth act in one night, on separate sheets of paper. As he filled one piece after the other, he threw them on the floor, and, finishing his liquor, went to bed. Harris, who impatiently expected the *denouement* of the play, according to promise, sent Fawcett to Colman, whom he found still in bed. By his direction, Fawcett picked up the scraps, and brought them to the theatre." A story very like this is told of Sheridan and *Pizarro*. It has been said that the last act was not finished when the curtain drew up on the first night, and that the parts were delivered to the actors before the ink was dry, and during the progress of the performance. Those were halcyon days for managerial exchequers, when comedies, such as *John Bull*, the *Heir-at-Law*, and the *Poor Gentleman*, were considered novelty enough for an entire season. No new scenery was looked for, and the dresses were a mere bagatelle. There

was no previous outlay of two or three thousand pounds before a shilling could revert to the treasury.

Fawcett succeeded Lewis as stage-manager at Covent Garden, and filled that troublesome office for many years with general popularity. He was not deeply erudite, and some whimsical stories have been told of his proposed amendments in the elocution of defective actors. He possessed great versatility, and many of his assumptions were as perfect as art and genius could render them. He could either melt the heart with pathos, or stimulate mirth with rich, discriminating humour. As Shakspearean representations, his Falstaffs were loudly praised, while his Touchstone was considered by many equal to King's; neither were his Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle considered much behind in the race, until William Farren, in a hard contest, came in at least neck and neck with the original. Fawcett died far from rich, March the 13th, 1837, aged sixty-eight.

The year 1800, introduced to the London boards one of the most original and powerful tragic actors, in a confined line, that ever trod the stage, George Frederick Cooke. He was forty-five before he obtained the object of his ambition, a metropolitan engagement. Those who recollected him for years before, declared that he was then far inferior to what he had been in earlier life, and that he had passed his zenith. He thought differently himself. "Now," said he, when his engagement was signed, "I will shake Black Jack (meaning Kemble) upon his throne." He did so; and would have continued to hold divided empire for many years, but the foul demon of intemperance stepped in to blight his fair prospects, and undermined at once his faculties, his constitution, and his fame. When sober, and himself, Cooke was not only a great actor, but a gentleman in appearance, manner, and conversation. When drunk, he degenerated into a noisy, brutish bacchanal, fit only to herd with the rout of Comus or Silenus. The best portrait of him in this collection is the first, by Phillips, which represents him as Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, ever one of his ablest delineations. He is also here as Kitely, by Singleton; as Iago, by Green; as Sir Archy Mac-Sarcasm, and Richard the Third, by

Dewilde, and in his private character by Stewart, painted in America. Cooke's style was as opposite to that of the Kemble school as can possibly be conceived. It was fiery energy opposed to dignity; quick, impassioned utterance, instead of measured declamation; epigrammatic fierceness and pungency, in place of lofty eloquence; rapid movement and gesticulation, rather than graceful attitudes or studied pauses. But there were startling originality, novel effects, a penetrating eye, with a clear, piercing, and sonorous voice—more than enough to excite, attract, and astonish. Cooke's reputation had preceded him; the public were prepared to see a great performer, and expectation was more than realised. The part selected for his first appearance was Richard the Third. The terms of his engagement were precisely the same which he rejected seven years before—an interval which, had it been filled up in a London theatre, might have enabled him to shake off the fatal habits now too deeply rooted for reform. Of his *debut*, he says himself, "Never was a reception more flattering, nor ever did I receive more encouraging, indulgent, and warm approbation than on that night, both through the play and at the conclusion. Kemble did me the honour of making one of the audience." His performances proved so lucrative to the manager, that he allowed him his benefit at an early part of the season, and remitted the usual charges. The house overflowed in every part, the receipts amounting to £530, being the largest sum old Covent Garden would contain. During this first season he repeated Richard twenty-two times, Shylock, ten; Iago, ten; Macbeth, seven; Kiteley, ten; the Stranger, twice; and Sir Giles Overreach, five times. He also acted Sir Archy Mac-Sarcasm, in Macklin's revived farce of *Love a-la-Mode*. The Stranger was unsuited to him, and in this part he was far inferior to Kemble; his range was limited, but his best parts he played better than any other actor on the stage. Deficient in grace and laboured refinement, he studied to be natural. In soliloquies he was eminently effective. Instead of flourishing about and crossing the stage, as many actors do, he concentrated himself and stood almost motionless; not addressing the audience, or making them a

party to his thoughts, but wrapped up in a kind of self-conference, in which a man may be said to be communing with his own soul. During the next year, Cooke added Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, in the *Man of the World*, to his list, and this ever remained one of his most brilliant impersonations. The stage never produced any thing superior. George III. went to see it five times in one season, and declared that Garrick's best efforts fell below the perfection of this. Those of the present generation who remember Young in this same character, have seen a reflection of Cooke vividly portrayed. In the Falstaffs, Cooke was approved by the public, but never could satisfy himself. He acknowledged freely that he borrowed all his best points from Henderson. He now began to disappoint the audience freely, while his apologetic allusions to his "old complaint" excited at first laughter, and, finally, indignation. His health and popularity declined together, and in 1810, he sailed for America. Whether he was kidnapped, as has been asserted, or went of his own accord, and premeditatedly broke his engagement, mattered little in the sequel. He went, and returned no more.

His first appearance at New York was in his favourite character of Richard, on the 1st of November, 1810. Previous to going on, his agitation was extreme; he trembled like an untried candidate who had never faced an audience, and he afterwards said, that the idea of appearing before a new people, and in a new world, at his advanced time of life, agitated him even more than his first appearance at Covent Garden.

Being the first great English actor who had visited the United States, his success and attraction were enormous; but nothing could reclaim him from his settled and constantly recurring habits of inebriety. He continued to act, receiving large sums, alternately delighting and disappointing his audiences until within a short time of his death, which occurred on the 26th of September, 1812. He was then fifty-six. The physician who attended him in his last illness declared that he had, by a long course of intemperance, destroyed one of the best constitutions that man ever possessed. The career and fate of this gifted performer form a subject melancholy to contemplate, and valuable to ponder over. "He was

a more striking instance than even George Powell, of the insufficiency of talents and genius without prudence or self-government. As Booth gave up drinking from observing the contempt and distress into which Powell had plunged himself by that vice, so every living actor, who feels a propensity to the bottle, would do well to read the memoirs of Cooke with the most serious attention."* It has been stated in some memoirs, that Cooke's father was an officer in the army, and that he himself was born in the barracks in Dublin. If this account came from himself, it was not to be depended on; in all such reminiscences he was very contradictory. Sometimes, in his cups, he used to say that he had borne a commission in the King's service; while his only substantial claim to the military character appears to have been that he once enlisted as a private soldier, in a fit of drunken despair, and obtained his discharge through the interest of friends. When under the influence of Bacchus, he overflowed with loyalty, and became pompous and grandiloquent. At first he refused peremptorily to act for the American President.

"What!" exclaimed he, "shall I, George Frederick Cooke, the son of a British officer, and an officer myself, who have acted in presence of the sacred majesty of England, appear before the d—d King of the Yankee Doodles? Never!"

He was, however, soothed down by their actually playing "God save the King," to gratify his humour, and then delivered himself in his very best style. When Edmund Kean visited America, he erected a memorial to a kindred genius, whose remains, until then, had been suffered to slumber in his distant burial-ground, undistinguished from the surrounding tenants. This monument, in St. Paul's Churchyard, New York, where Cooke was interred, consists of a stone pedestal, surmounted by an urn on a flight of steps. The inscription runs as follows:—

"Erected to the Memory of
GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE,
BY
EDMUND KEAN,
Of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.
1821.
Three kingdoms claim his birth;
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth."

And on the opposite side—

"Repaid by
CHARLES KEAN,
1846."

Here are portraits of three celebrated vocalists—Madame Mara, Mrs. Mountain (by Romney), and Mrs. Billington. They were accounted great singers in their day, and, like Mrs. Dickons, who came a little after them, retained their powers of voice beyond the period of life at which those delicate gifts usually decline. Music has so much improved of late years, that were these ladies now revived in their strength and beauty, perhaps they might be judged inferior to many of their successors; but our ancestors looked upon them, each and all, as mistresses of melody, equal to St. Cecilia herself. Madame Mara, although a foreigner, performed in English opera, and particularly excelled in *Mandane* and *Polly*. She sang with great simplicity, and seldom called in the aid of a *shake* or flourish. Mrs. Billington appeared at concerts as a piano-forte player at the early age of seven. Mrs. Mountain was the first female who attempted an entertainment by herself, under the title of "The Lyric Novelist," which she gave at the Freemasons' Hall, in 1809.

Madame Storace (there is her portrait, by Sharpe, immediately before us) was another bright musical star of the same period—equally eminent as a singer, and superior as combining the variety of an excellent comic actress. While standing amongst the followers of Euterpe, let us not pass by without pausing to look on Inledon, an English ballad-singer of the purest style and taste; and Braham, who in many points excelled him, and reigned for nearly half a century without a dangerous competitor.

Mrs. Mattocks and Mrs. Davenport, who are there close to each other, were both admirable actresses in the old women, a line which female genius seldom subsides into willingly, or until the inroads of time have weakened the powers of depicting the humours of age effectively. The first of these ladies trod the boards in absolute infancy. At the age of four years and a-half, she performed the part of the Parish Girl, in *What d'ye Call It?*—an ingenious

* "History of the Stage." By Genest. 1880.

burlesque written by Gay. She was so diminutive even for her tender age, that a gentleman in the pit observed — “I can *hear* very well, but I can’t *see* her without a glass.” At fifteen she regularly commenced her profession, at Covent Garden, as Juliet, and retired in 1808, having been fifty-eight years on the stage, and always in the same theatre. Service then was inheritance. She lived to be upwards of eighty. Genest, the author of a “History of the Stage,” being introduced to her one morning after her secession, observed, in the course of conversation, that he remembered her acting in tragedy; to which she replied that it was so long ago, she had almost forgotten it herself. Mrs. Davenport was not altogether as good an actress as Mrs. Mattocks, being more exclusively confined in her range of characters.

Elliston, as Octavian, in *The Mountaineers*, by Singleton, is a poor specimen, either as regards the painting or the subject. This portrait by Harlowe is much better; while the Dewilde is scarcely worth looking at. He was a most fascinating, brilliant actor, with powers almost as varied as those of Garrick. Perhaps his universality injured his fame. His comedy was superior to his tragedy, although he succeeded in the arduous character of Sir Edward Mortimer, in which Kemble had signally failed. His early reputation, like that of Henderson and Mrs. Siddons, was won in Bath. During the height of his popularity he was engaged in London, and through a part of the same season acted in both places, running backwards and forwards as he was wanted; which obtained for him the name of the “Telegraph, or Fortnight Actor.” But the arrangement was found inconvenient as well as unprofitable to all parties, and was soon abandoned. Having performed at the Haymarket for several seasons, he at length appeared at Drury-lane, in 1804, as Rolla, in *Pizarro*, being engaged to assume the leading line in both departments of the drama. His success was so great that he took his first benefit at the Opera-house, Drury-lane not being large enough to accommodate the expected overflow. The house was literally taken by storm. At every entrance the rush was so overwhelming, that the door-keepers, money-takers and assistants were carried away,

and a scene of confusion ensued, not easy to describe or understand. Fortunately no accident occurred; an address was made from the stage by the beneficaire, and hats were handed round to collect the money from those who had been carried in without the power of disbursement. The receipts reached £600; but if all the places occupied had been fairly paid for, they would have amounted to £1000, being the largest sum ever levied on the public by an actor at his benefit.

Elliston was the original Duke Aranza in the *Honeymoon*, a part exactly suited to him in all points, and in which he has never been equalled. He had a fine, full-toned voice; and though sometimes inflated and extravagant in tragedy, he delivered a sentiment, or an occasional didactic speech in comedy, with an effect peculiar to himself. Mrs. Inchbald, a professed theatrical critic, engaged to write notices for an edition of the “British Theatre,” says, in her preface to the *Honeymoon*, “Mr. Elliston’s Duke is most excellent through all his different scenes; and the character requires abilities of so varied and forcible a nature, that to represent him perfectly in all the vicissitudes of his honeymoon, is to possess powers of acting equal to the personating every comic, and almost every tragic hero of the stage.” When we consider that this is written of a part which never soars beyond level speaking; of which the leading attributes are ease, elegance, assumed humour, and firmness mingled with affection; but at the same time utterly untinged by a scintillation of the terrible passions which rend Othello, Macbeth, Lear, or Richard — without detracting from the merit of the actor, we lift up our hands in wonder at the hyperbolical summary, and think what the criticism must be that could run into such a ridiculous extreme. You may cull an hundred good Duke Aranzas before you reach one passable Hamlet, Shylock, or Jaffier. We may here mention another curious episode in the trade of criticism, which, however, is not unique, as duplicate cases have occurred before and since.

On Saturday, the 5th October, 1805, a revival of Farquhar’s comedy of *The Constant Couple* was announced for that evening’s entertainment at Drury-lane Theatre. Elliston, who was to have played Sir Harry Wildair, was taken ill,

and *She Stoops to Conquer* substituted. On the following Monday an article appeared in a newspaper called *The British Neptune*, in which the non-performed play was severely castigated, and the principal actors lashed without mercy. Elliston, Dowton, Barrymore, and Bannister, commenced a prosecution against the proprietors, who compromised the matter by paying all expenses, and giving fifty pounds to the Drury-lane theatrical fund.

Shortly before Elliston left Drury-lane in 1826, he appeared for the first time as Falstaff, in *King Henry IV*. Great expectations were excited by this performance, which were not realised. He had every requisite for the part, and ought to have surpassed Henderson, or any living representative. He rehearsed splendidly, but broke down comparatively in the acting. The fact was, long habits of dissipation had impaired his powers before their legitimate time of decay—for he was then little more than fifty; but he had become careless, vulgarised in style, and slovenly in his delivery of the text. In the same manner, he had dilapidated his fortune by an inveterate love of gambling—a vice in itself sufficient to exhaust the treasury of Cræsus down to the most imperceptible residuum of an air-pump. Amongst his best parts (while in his zenith) may be reckoned, Vapour, Captain Absolute, Sylvester Daggerwood, Walter, Sheva, Octavian, Rolla, Fitzharding, in *The Curfew*, Young Rapid, Dr. Pangloss, Rover, Ranger, Vapid, Abednego, Bob Handy, Tangent, Belcour, The Three Singles, Jeremy Diddler, Duke Aranza, Felix, in *The Hunter of the Alps*, and Mercutio. He failed utterly in Wolsey and Lord Townly. So did Garrick in Marplot, Gil Blas, and Othello. Elliston was treated very shabbily by the Drury-lane proprietors, for which retribution came on them in due course. He laid out many thousands in remodelling and improving the theatre; but because he fell into a small arrear of rent, they kicked him out unceremoniously, and “whistled him down the wind to prey at fortune.”

Here are Miss Duncan (afterwards Mrs. Davison) and Miss de Camp (afterwards Mrs. C. Kemble), both excellent actresses, and original performers in the *Honeymoon* with Elliston. Mrs. C. Kemble, long after she had retired, returned to the stage for one

night, and acted Lady Capulet on the first appearance of her daughter Fanny as Juliet.

We are now looking on two of the greatest comic actors that ever lived—John Emery and John Liston, as different in their respective lines as in personal appearance. No man's face ever resembled or came up to the comic powers of Liston's. Of him it may be truly said, in the words of Ariosto, “*Natura lo fece e poi ruppe la stampa*”—Nature, after compounding those ineffable features, broke the mould. Yet let it not be imagined he was what is technically called a face-maker or a *grimacier*. Heraclitus could not have looked on him without mirth, while he himself would have remained imperturbable. His great excellence lay in the ease and apparent unconsciousness of effort with which he convulsed an audience. There was no deep delving for a joke, which came up by reluctant instalments, and produced a consumptive, birth-strangled laugh, dying in its own echo. The image is somewhat laboured, like the fun it deprecates. This scene from *Lore, Law and Physic*, by Clint, gives us admirable portraits of Liston, Emery, and Charles Matthews, of whom we shall speak presently. Liston was originally a schoolmaster; and, for a long time after he adopted the stage, imagined himself destined to excel in the heroes of tragedy. He was not a little mortified when he played Romeo for his benefit in sober seriousness, and the audience insisted on receiving it as a burlesque. George IV. encored him from the royal box in Mawworm's sermon, which ever afterwards stamped that unbecoming mummery with a singular reputation. It appears strange that the laughter-loving public of Dublin should never have fully appreciated the humour of Liston. It was *cariare* to them; they neither enjoyed the style nor the pieces written for its peculiar illustration. The writer once invited him to make a farewell visit to the Irish metropolis. “No,” said he, “they have seen me for the last time. They don't laugh at my jokes; they damn my new plays, and I am too rich to be unnecessarily annoyed.” His last appearance in Dublin was in 1824, under the management of his friend William Abbott, when he was so vexed at his diminished attraction, that he declared he would never come again, and kept his word.

Liston died in 1846, aged sixty-nine, with a large fortune, the natural consequence of living within his income, and never engaging in any questionable speculation.

Emery was great in all he undertook, even down to such small but graphic sketches as Barnadine and Justice Silence in *Henry IV.* He was a painter as well as an actor, and brought his knowledge and taste in one art to bear on the other. His countrymen were unequalled; he may be said to have created a line which died with him. His Tyke, in the *School of Reform*, was an impersonation of tremendous power, equal in the impassioned scenes to the highest efforts of the first tragic actors. He could produce effects out of very slender materials, and give prominence to parts of no importance. He usually visited the provinces in conjunction with Irish Johnstone, when the combined talents of two such opposite comedians produced a corresponding attraction. Emery, too, was sometimes encored in a scene of Fixture, in a *Roland for an Oliver*—a compliment, except in this case and Mawworm's sermon, invariably confined to singers. Romeo Coates would sometimes gratify the audience by a voluntary repetition of his dying agonies; and the celebrated Irish amateur, Luke Plunkett, once essayed to repeat the fight at Bosworth, after he was killed, but the victorious Richmond held him forcibly down, and refused again to stand "the hazard of the die" against such a desperate adversary.

Here are many portraits of Charles Mathews, the founder of the gallery from which we have derived so much amusement and instruction. Let us give our particular attention to this group by Harlowe, in which the likenesses compete in excellence with the painting. The object of the artist is to represent Mathews as studying four distinct characters for imitation, preserving, at the same time, his own exact resemblance, as varied in the delineation of each. The idea is partly original, and partly taken from Michael Wright's triplicate portrait of John Lacy, at Windsor Castle. The characters introduced by Harlowe are all from the life. The principal figure is an *Idiot* amusing himself with a fly; the next to him a drunken *Ostler* (introduced in *Killing no Murder*); the third an extraordinary fat man, whose

manner and appearance suggested the idea of *Mr. Wiggins*, in the farce of that name; and the last, *Fond Barney*, an individual well known on the York race-course, in 1798. Because Mathews was unrivalled as an imitator, it was usual with many to say that he could not be an actor; and when he gave up appearing as a part of the whole, to take the entire task of entertaining an audience for three hours on his own shoulders, exception criticism endeavoured to place him in a lower grade than when he formed merely an item in a combined *dramatis personæ*. As an actor, he would have been deemed greater, had not his peculiar entertainments given a handle to ready detraction, to call that mimicry, which was, in fact, creation. The conclusion appears to us as illogical as it was ungenerous.

Entertainments supported by one person had often been given before the days of Mathews. Foote, Wilkinson, Henderson, and Bannister, were each celebrated and successful in their way; but Mathews was the first who added the *Monopolylogue*, and wound up with a drama of many characters personated by himself. In this the rapidity of his changes, either in countenance or costume, far surpassed anything of the same kind attempted by his predecessors. Mathews was irritable and eccentric to a proverb, but withal warm-hearted, unsuspecting, and liberal, a most amusing companion, and a steady friend. He enjoyed the intimacy of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Moore, Rogers, and all the literati of his day; was not unfrequently the guest of George IV.; and his society was courted by the highest and noblest in the land. He was equally respected and applauded in his private as in his public life; and few men were more generally beloved by all who had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his worth. He died far from wealthy, for which many causes might be easily assigned, although, with the exception of Edmund Kean, he received more money in a given period than any performer of his day. His widow and biographer, who knew him better than any one else, says, in an affectionate tribute to his excellence, "he was one of the most unassuming possessors of genius that ever graced it with a life of undeviating rectitude and goodness." Mathews was born on the 28th of June,

1776, and died on the fifty-ninth anniversary of his birth, in 1835. Harry Stoe Van Dyk summed up the character of his professional powers in one remarkable line—

“Thou *lice* kaleidoscope, thou single *Co.*”

We have now reached the days of the *Rosciomania*. Look well on this full-length portrait of Betty, the Young Roscius, by Opie. It represents him in Young Norval, as he charmed the London public, at the early age of thirteen, and eclipsed for a time the glories of Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and Cooke. The Betty fever, during its prevalence, raged at a furious height. While the great performers we have named were receiving moderate weekly salaries, a boy stepped in, demanded, and obtained, fifty guineas a-night, for three representations in the week, at Covent Garden, and even a larger sum for the alternate three at Drury Lane.

In 1728, the celebrated Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, tempted by an increased salary of fifteen shillings, deserted the Haymarket for Covent Garden, and deemed herself enriched when, after performing Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*, she was raised to thirty shillings per week.

There can be no doubt that young Betty had an astonishing genius for acting; but his partizans, not content with saying he was a boy of great promise, insisted that he was actually at that moment a first-rate performer, and would soon eclipse all competitors. The public, as usual, suffered themselves to be carried away in the whirlpool. As Cumberland says, he was caressed by Dukes, and, which is better, by the daughters of Dukes, flattered by wits, feasted by aldermen, stuck up in the windows of print-shops, and waited to his morning's rehearsal in coroneted carriages, attended by powdered lacqueys. One of these prints exhibited Master Betty and John Kemble on the same horse, Betty riding before. He was represented as saying to Kemble, “I don't mean to affront you, but when two persons ride on a horse, one must ride behind.”

George III. never could be induced to see the Young Roscius. When they told him he was a wonderfully-clever boy, “Pooh! pooh!” said his Majesty, “I don't care for clever boys; I'll wait till he is a man.”

He waited, and never went, for with manhood came disappointment and mediocrity. When the transient miracle of youth had departed, the bubble burst, “and full-grown actors were endured once more.” We have had a legion of *Roscii* and *Rosciæ* on the stage, before and after Master Betty, though none who ever rivalled him either in popularity or profit. There was the little girl, Miss Mudie, who, at eight, told the audience, when they hissed her, that she knew it was an organised conspiracy, and claimed the protection of the British public; and Clara Fisher, who made a hit in *Richard the Third* at six; and Master Burke, and Master Balfe, and lately the Batemans; and infant Viottia, Lyras, and Sapphos, without number, some of whom clung on to childhood till they were proved to be thirty, and were only driven away by a combined assault of baptismal registers.

Premature talent is not confined to the dramatic art, but many instances have been recorded in higher and more complicated sciences, which leave the early prodigies of the stage at an immeasurable distance. Gassendi, according to Bernier, delivered lectures at four, taught astronomy to the boys of his village at seven, and harangued his bishop in Latin at ten. Pascal made discoveries in mathematics at eleven; Grotius lisped law in his cradle; Joseph Scaliger spoke thirteen languages at twelve; and Ferdinand of Cordova was such a sage at nine, that the monks of Venice publicly denounced him as Antichrist. Samuel Wesley, on the testimony of Dr. Burney, composed music before he could write. Mozart was a proficient on the harpsichord at four, and when just turned of five, wrote a concerto so difficult that nobody could execute it but himself. William Crouch, of Norwich, played “God save the King” at little more than two years old, without any previous instruction, and a month or two after, astonished his father by a voluntary on the organ, of his own composition. But these examples of precocity are nothing to the learned Lipsius, who, as we are assured by Mr. Shandy, senior, composed a work the day he was born. We must refer our readers to the book for my Uncle Toby's matter-of-fact commentary on the hypothesis, as being more

natural, though far less profound, than that of the erudite Baillet.*

This sketch by Landseer, of Young in *King John*, is one of the gems of the collection. Here is another fine portrait of that classical actor by Harlowe. Young was the most eminent disciple of the Kemble school, and a worthy successor of the founder. He had no stage tricks. His style was invariably sustained; his countenance expressive; his voice fine, and beautifully modulated; his judgment excellent. He was ever most popular with his theatrical brethren, from his unvarying urbanity of manner and kindness of disposition. He is still alive and merry, as he ever was. Long may he continue so! But as his professional career has been terminated for many years, in his public capacity we may speak of him as belonging to the past. Young left the stage in the full vigour of his powers, before they evinced the slightest symptoms of decay. In his case there was no coquetting with last appearances; no recalls for a few nights by "special desire;" no longing aspirations to hear once more the applause of former days. He closed his career on the 30th May, 1832, in the character in which he originally appeared in London in 1807—*Hamlet*—always one of his best performances. Mathews, who had played Polonius with him on his first appearance, resumed the same character on his last; and Macready complimented him by enacting the Ghost. Young's leading parts were *Hamlet*, *Zanga*, *Pierre*, *Iago*, *Rolla*, *Brutus*, and *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*, in which he trod close on the heels of Cooke. His comic assumptions abounded in humour, and he sang with great taste and execution.

The year 1814 is a remarkable era in dramatic history, as having introduced to the London boards two of the greatest names the stage can boast—Miss O'Neill, and Edmund Kean. The former only gladdened the hearts of her admirers for five years—a short period in which to achieve histrionic immortality. Her appearance was loveliness personified; her voice the perfection of melody; her manner graceful, impassioned, and irresistible. Inferior to Mrs. Siddons in grandeur, and in depicting the more terrible pas-

sions of human nature, she excelled that great mistress of her art in tenderness and natural pathos. She had also the additional attractions of youth, beauty, and novelty. In *Lady Macbeth*, *Constance*, *Margaret of Anjou*, *Zara*, in the *Mourning Bride*, *Euphrasia*, and *Isabella*, she fell far below her predecessor; while in *Juliet*, *Belvidera*, and *Mrs. Haller*, candour must admit that she surpassed her. You trembled before Mrs. Siddons; you wept with Miss O'Neill. You were awed by the one, and subdued by the other. Mrs. Siddons presented a lofty being to admire and wonder at, but whom you hesitated to approach in familiar intercourse. Miss O'Neill invited sympathy, and while she suffered intensely, appeared incapable of retaliation. We do not say she was more natural than Mrs. Siddons, but she was more like every-day nature—more closely resembling what you expected to meet in the common intercourse of life. Some starch, mechanical old ladies, whose blood had congealed, or, perhaps, never liquefied, objected to her impassioned gesticulation and fervid manner, as being, as they said, boisterous, extravagant, and bordering on indecorum. It was perceived, after her first season, that she listened too much to this cold criticism, and qualified her impersonations accordingly. For her own happiness, she was, doubtless, right in retiring into the privacy of domestic life, but her early secession occasioned a public lamentation which was indulged long, before she was forgotten. Miss O'Neill's last appearance in London occurred on the 13th of July, 1819, as *Mrs. Haller*. It was no leave-taking, but merely announced as her closing night before Christmas. She performed afterwards in Edinburgh and Dublin, and, finally, at the private theatre in Kilkenny, from whence she married Sir W. Wrixon Beecher. Her portrait, by Joseph, in this Gallery, as the *Tragic Muse*, does not convey anything like an adequate idea of her personal attributes. The best likeness is a full-length in *Juliet*, by Chalon, of which good engravings are now rarely obtained.

There is not a creditable resemblance of Edmund Kean in this collection, although there are five specimens in

* See "*Tristram Shandy*," and "*Jugemens des Savans*."

number, so called. Such a brilliant original genius should be here more truthfully depicted, and in a high place of honour. When Kean flashed like a meteor across the London horizon, the fortunes of Drury-lane were at the lowest possible ebb, and the committee reduced to despair. Hamlets and Richards had subsided, one by one; two successive Shylocks had been pronounced incapable, when a third appeared, and changed the whole aspect of affairs. The house was thin; a new appearance had ceased to attract, and after a long delay, with much hope deferred, Kean was put up at last, rather as an experiment of emergency than an expected triumph. He came on with something less than the ordinary puff and encouragement; but he had not spoken half-a-dozen speeches, before the audience discovered that they had no common-place *debutant* to deal with — there was not going to be another added to the list of failures; and, when the curtain fell, the vast area of Drury-lane resounded with reiterated acclamations. It was not applause, but bursts of enthusiastic cheering, such as modern audiences never indulge in; and if by any miracle they could be worked up to the unwonted climax, they would recoil abashed, like Fear, in Collins's "Ode," "even at the sound themselves had made." The town was taken by surprise, and startled into excitement. Lord Byron, Whitbread, and the committee saw at once that they had secured a great prize. They went round to the proprietors and editors of the leading papers, asked them to come and criticise the new candidate themselves, and not leave him to the mercy of the routine reporters. They came, saw, approved, and the actor and the theatre rose together. The press materially assisted Kean, but had the true fire of genius not burned brightly in him, all the laboured panegyric in the world would never have kept him up against the army of disadvantages he had to encounter at the onset. There were many old dogmatic sticklers who could not believe in a first-rate tragedian, unless he had a tall figure, a stentorian voice, a solemn, conventional deportment, and a measured declamation. To these, Kean was perfectly unintelligible; but, fortunately, they were few in number, though loud in censure. This class of critics disregarded, or, perhaps, had

never felt the truth of Churchill's more discriminating appreciation:—

"Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies,—judgment's solid worth;
When the pure, genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought,
Before such merit all objections fly—
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high."

Others discovered that, because the style of the new actor could be reconciled to no established rules, it was a dangerous heresy, and ought to be resisted. Exactly the same was said of Garrick when he erected nature on the ruins of formality. Kean was familiar, epigrammatic, and antithetical; he was, therefore, pronounced an actor of impulse rather than study, and his most original points set down as happy accidents. But the great majority of the public thought differently, and crowded to see him. It could scarcely be expected that John Kemble should warmly admire, or admit the superiority of a manner so diametrically opposed to his own; but he spoke candidly on the subject, and said—"It must be acknowledged that Mr. Kean is terribly in earnest." In that very earnestness lay his herculean strength, and the power it enabled him to wield over the passions of his audience. We have never seen the pit rise, *en masse*, and stand for minutes on the benches, waving hats and handkerchiefs, as they were wont to do to Edmund Kean in the days of his early vigour. Let those too who lament the size of our large theatres, remember that he produced his greatest effects with the eye, and the muscular workings of his face, and that Drury-lane was his arena. Whitbread, at the annual meeting of the proprietors, previously to the opening of the season of 1814-1815, paid a just tribute to the genius which had rescued the theatre from the jaws of bankruptcy:—"Though there might be," he said, "some few who did not agree with him in regarding Kean as the most shining actor that had appeared for many years, yet he was happy to find that the general opinion concurred with his own in that respect. A combination of *all* the qualities that are essential to perfection are found to unite in one man very rarely indeed; and though objections might be set up to the figure of Mr. Kean, yet judg-

ing of him in all the great attributes of the art, he was one of those prodigies that occur only once or twice in a century. Kean is not the copyist of any other, but an actor who finds all his resources in nature. It is from the wonderful truth, energy, and force with which he strikes out, and presents the natural working of the passions, that he excites the emotions and engages the sympathy of the audience. It is to him that, after 139 nights of continued loss and disappointment, the subscribers are indebted for the success of the season." Kean was not fortunate in original characters—valuable auxiliaries in an actor's career, as they remove him beyond the danger of comparison and preconceived conclusions. His strength was in Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare he always retreated after an advance on less substantial ground. When he saw Talma at Paris, in *Orestes*, in 1818, he was piqued by the warm admiration of his wife, and said—"I will show you that I can beat that." Accordingly he wrote over to the Drury-lane management, and recommended an early revival of Racine's declamatory tragedy, as anglicised by Aaron Hill. The result disappointed himself and the public. Othello was unquestionably his masterpiece; and, perhaps, his very best performance of this great character was on the 20th of February, 1817, when Booth was pitted against him in Iago. This Junius Brutus Booth was not unlike Kean in personal appearance. He had made a hit in Richard III., at Covent Garden, a few days before, but left suddenly in consequence of some misunderstanding about salary. He had many partisans, and was loudly applauded when he made his entrance at Drury-lane, as Iago. In the third act, Kean put forth all his strength, and literally strangled his opponent, who never appeared again on the same boards. He was announced for the 22nd, but was too ill to perform, and returned back to Covent Garden, where, after the usual tumult, explanation, and apology, he was permitted to appear to the end of the season, and gradually subsided into insignificance.

We have often asked ourselves, whether Edmund Kean, if he were to appear now for the first time, would produce the effect and attraction which he formerly did? We think the answer may be in the affirmative; for although

modern audiences are not so easily excited to enthusiasm as they were in our young days, and look more at the general accompaniments than at the individual acting, true nature and genius will never fail to vindicate themselves, let taste, caprice, or fashion, merge into what channel it will. Lord Byron was once seized with a convulsive fit on seeing Kean in the last scene of *Sir Giles Overreach*. His opinion of the leading actors of his day was, that Cooke was the most natural, Kemble the most supernatural, Kean the medium between the two; but that Mrs. Siddons was worth them all put together. In his preface to "*Marino Faliero*" he says (and the passage is worth transcribing):—"The long complaints of the actual state of the drama, arise from no fault of the performers. I can conceive nothing better than Kemble, Cooke, and Kean, in their very different manners, or than Elliston in *gentleman's* comedy, and in some parts of tragedy. Miss O'Neill I never saw, having made and kept a determination to see nothing which should *divide* or *disturb* my recollection of Siddons. [Is this to be received as a compliment to Miss O'Neill?] Siddons and Kemble were the *ideal* of tragic action; I never saw anything at all resembling them in *person*; for this reason we shall never see again *Coriolanus* or *Macbeth*. When Kean is blamed for want of dignity, we should remember that it is a grace and not an art, and not to be attained by study. In all not *supernatural* parts he is perfect; even his very defects belong, or seem to belong, to the parts themselves, and appear truer to nature. But of Kemble we may say, in reference to his acting, what the Cardinal de Retz said of the Marquis of Montrose, "that he was the only man he ever saw who reminded him of the heroes of Plutarch."

Kean, as Lord Byron says, may have been deficient in dignity, but he was eminently graceful in action, to which his skill in dancing and fencing materially contributed. We have seen his attitude, while leaning against the wing, listening to Lady Anne, in *Richard III.*, elicit loud applause from its striking elegance. His figure being small, was perfectly under command. Not so with poor Conway, who was so bullied by the newspapers for being tall, that he twisted himself into all

sorts of incomprehensible bends to diminish the height, which many other actors would have given their eyes for. Conway was a remarkably handsome man (here he is in Richmond, by Dewilde), and so attractive in private society, that when ladies in Bath and Newcastle gave invitations to tea, they added to the cards, "Mr. Conway will be present," as an additional inducement. Conway and Warde had each a patronising dowager in Bath, who sat in opposite stage-boxes and led the applause for their respective protégés. The red and green factions of the circus at Constantinople, or the feuds of the Ursinis and Colonnas, at Rome, never raged with greater intensity than the "Vereker" and "Piozzi" parties which divided "British Baïe" in support of their two favourite heroes of the buskin. Conway had been also extremely popular in Dublin. Fortune smiled on him until he appeared in London, in 1813, as Alexander the Great. He played many corresponding parts with Miss O'Neill in 1814 and 1815, and though the public received him well, some of the papers crusaded against him, which drove him from the stage in disgust. He declined into the office of prompter at the Haymarket, went to America, and threw himself overboard on a voyage from New York to Charleston, in a fit of insanity. Conway was most unjustly treated, for he was a good actor, despite the detraction of "John Bull," and amiable in his private character.

Here are two portraits of William Macready; one by Jackson, as the Sick King in the second part of *Henry IV.*; the other, as Orestes, by Boaden, presented to the Club by Captain Marryat. Macready appeared at Covent Garden in 1816, and retired at Drury-lane, in 1848—an actor of strong original conception, and great executive power, in a school of his own, which has found many followers. The period of his management—first at Covent Garden, and afterwards at Drury-lane, was marked by incessant activity, and many striking improvements in costume and stage mechanism. On the rapid strides since made in these departments, we shall speak more fully on a future opportunity. In our hasty glance through the rooms we have passed over many eminent artists who ought not to have been unnoticed. Much might be said, did space permit, of Mrs.

Bartley, Mrs. Renaud, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Lichfield, Miss Kelly, Warde, Yates, Blanchard, Knight, Abbott, Tokely, Simmons, and Terry, *cum multis aliis*. We cannot pretend to be more than a guide-post on a pleasant road, leaving travellers to select their own resting-places when the direction is pointed out. Of living celebrities, still in high career, we forbear to speak or to draw any comparisons. Posterity must classify them, as we have endeavoured to do by their progenitors. It will be found that the stage can still boast distinguished talent in every branch of the dramatic art, although, from the multiplication of theatres, that talent can no longer be concentrated as formerly in one or two distinct companies. The latest acquisition of the gallery we have carried our readers through, is a fine painting by Clint, representing a scene from the *Clandestine Marriage*, with W. Farren, R. Jones, and Farley as Lord Ogleby, Brush, and Canton. The colouring, grouping, and likenesses are all admirable.

We had nearly forgotten Robert Coates, Esq., more familiarly called Romeo Coates, from his favourite character; an eccentric amateur, who as he has obtained a niche in the collection of portraits, may claim a line or two in our references. Dewilde has flattered him, for he was, beyond all question, an ugly man, even more so than he is here represented. A West India proprietor, and the owner of extensive estates in the Island of Antigua, he possessed ample means for indulging a whimsical taste; and some forty years ago he was a man upon town of the first order of singularity. We recollect him a constant appendage to Bond-street, while yet that favoured locality was the fashionable lounge, and before Regent-street was thought of. He drove a light claret-coloured curricule, in shape like a cockle-shell, with beautiful bay horses and two outriders. He was usually attired in nankeen tights and silk stockings, to display his leg, on which he prided himself. His harness, panels, and liveries were bedizened with silver cocks, his adopted armorial bearings, and the motto, "Whilst I live, I'll crow." These unlucky cocks furnished an apt cue to his ridiculers, for as soon as he died in *Romeo* or *Lothario*, there arose from the gallery of the Haymarket a simultaneous burst

of crowing, which seemed as if every farm-yard in England had furnished its quota for the gratulation. A cruel trick was once played off upon Coates, by sending him a fictitious invitation to one of the Prince Regent's grand *fêtes* at Carlton House. When his name was announced, and he appeared in gorgeous costume, the Prince, who at once recollected that he was not included amongst the guests, whispered to those about him, "This poor man has been hoaxed, but I will disappoint them." He then advanced to Coates, with that peculiar urbanity by which he was distinguished, and welcomed him in the most cordial manner. Divested of his theatrical mania, Mr. Coates was harmless, amiable, and charitable to a degree. He lived to a great age, and owed his death at last, in some sort, to the theatre. Coming out of Drury-lane, he was run over by a street cabriolet, and died from the effects of the accident on the 4th March, 1848. There have been many absurd amateurs, but none to compete with Romeo Coates, who ever seemed insensible to the merriment he afforded.

It ought to have been stated before, that in this collection are two portraits of Shakspeare; one, a reduced copy by Ozias Humphreys, from the Chandos picture; the other a suspicious-looking original without a pedigree, presented by H. Broadwood, Esq., M.P. All collectors should be on their guard against the army of pseudo Shakspeares with which Zinke, a well-known and clever picture-cleaner and repairer, inundated the world, and gulled the credulous. His favourite subjects for conversion were old women, with high caps, to leave room for the capacious forehead of the bard—or discoloured James the Firsts! The celebrated Bellows forgery, by which Talma was swindled, and which he obstinately believed in to the day of his death, may be quoted as the finest emanation of Zinke's genius, and worthy to be classed in bold effrontery with the Ireland fabrications. Talma gave two hundred pounds sterling for this precious relic, painted on the exterior of an immense pair of bellows, said to have been the undoubted property of Queen Elizabeth. Neither was there wanting an appropriate legend in good old English, also supplied by the prolific brain of Zinke. It ran thus:—

"Whome have we here,
Stucke onne the bellows?
Thatte prynee of goode fellows,
Willie Shakepere.
Oh! curste untowarde lükke,
To be thus meanlie stucke."
"Pains."
Naye, rather glorious lotte,
To hymme assign'd,
Who, like th' Almightye, rydes
The wynges oth' winde."
"Pystolle."

The enthusiastic French tragedian bestowed upon his purchase a sumptuous decoration, lined with velvet, the whole being enclosed in a mahogany case. On the sale of Talma's property at his death, all the Parisian fashionables attended, the grand object of attraction being the *Bellows picture*. During the sale, it was stated that the painter was a Flemish artist of the name of Porbus; that M. Talma had refused a thousand napoleons for the portrait, and that on one occasion, when the tragedian had been visited by Mr. Charles Lamb, the latter being shown the picture, fell upon his knees, and kissed it with idolatrous veneration. This was an unskilful parody on what James Boswell actually did when the Ireland manuscripts were placed before him, and he had satisfied himself that they were genuine. The bellows portrait accordingly was knocked down, after much competition, to a fortunate bidder for three thousand one hundred francs, about one hundred and thirty pounds sterling, and was transported back to London, where it may still be obtained as the only authentic likeness of Shakspeare. At a corresponding price, Zinke first sold it to Mr. Foster, the well-known dealer in curiosities, who disposed of it again for five guineas, not as an original, but avowedly as a modern antique, intended as a mere memento of the Bard of Avon. The picture is, undoubtedly, an old woman in a high cap, decorated with blue ribbons, and has been twice transformed into Shakspeare—the second time even more skilfully than the first. Whether there is really in existence any genuine portrait of Shakspeare, is a question that has been so often discussed, and so vehemently disputed, that it would be idle here to plunge anew into the controversy. None can be considered as entirely proved, though evidence preponderates in favour of the following, which *may* be authentic, although they do not strongly resemble each other. 1. The Felton portrait. 2. The Chandos por-

trait. 3. The Jansen portrait. 4. The miniature, lately in possession of Sir James Bland Burges. 5. The miniature, lately in possession of C. Auriol, Esq. To which may be added, what ought to have been placed first in the list, the Stratford bust, and Droeshout's engraving prefixed to the original folio of 1623, the painter of which is unknown. Whatever faith

may be placed in all, or any of these, the rest are decided impostures.

Reader, if we have beguiled you of a pleasant hour, with these our histrionic lucubrations, let us drop the curtain before we draw too heavily on your patience, and take our leave as it falls, in the words of Terence, saying, "*Plaudite et valete.*"

J. W. C.

DEATH.

Angel, who treadest in the track of Time !
Guarding the entrance to that unknown clime,
Whence come no whispers to the world below,
Whence not a song we hear
Of triumph or of cheer,
Or sound of happy footsteps passing to and fro.

Pale as the Maybell trembling in the breeze
Thou makest youthful cheeks. The summer seas
Lose their calm blue beneath thy waving wing ;
Fierce storms thou summonest
From the deep mountain-breast,
To be thy pursuivants when thou art wandering.

Thy name is terrible ; thine icy breath
Stern order to the War-Fiend uttereth,
Who stains the pleasant turf a fearful red ;
Or dashes in the wave
A myriad spirits brave,
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

Yet have I known thee, Death, with gentle hand
Lead some poor wanderer to the heavenly land,
Amid the purple light of autumn eves ;
While to the harvest moon
Arose a rustic tune
From sunburnt, lusty reapers, binding up their sheaves.

And even if, in some too cruel mood,
Thou didst neglect the weary multitude,
To clutch the fair bride in her orange-bloom—
To dim her eyes of light
Upon the marriage night,
And bear her pallid beauty to the marble tomb :

Or the sweet child who prattles all day long
Didst touch with chillness 'mid his cradle song—
Yet, unrepining, let us hope and pray.
The Master calls his own
Up to his golden throne ;—
When they are gathered there, thou, Death, shalt pass away.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF AN OPIUM-EATER.*

THIS is in many respects a very remarkable book—remarkable not alone for its great and peculiar merits, but also for the circumstances under which it is brought before the British public. It is a book not very easily described. It would be inaccurate to describe it as consisting of extracts from occasional papers contributed to magazines and reviews, and yet a good deal of its contents have been in this way printed, and the style has a good deal of the exaggeration incidental to writings hurriedly got out, and in which each single proposition has a much greater chance of claiming undue prominence, than if the whole were at any one time present to the mind of the author, or to be introduced to the reader with that essential grace of unity which alone secures permanent acceptance. It has the faults incident to such writings; but is free also from some of the evils which beset periodical literature. The reviewer, if of a gentle nature, is apt to yield himself too much into the hands of the author whose work he is discussing, or he is lost in a subject which, after all, however skilfully he may present its immediate bearings, or communicate as much as lies on the surface, is not one with which his thoughts have been habitually conversant. So much is this the case, that the papers most read at the moment of publication are those which in some short time are felt to be of no value whatever. How remarkably this is the case, any one whose shelves happen to be loaded with the old volumes of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* Reviews, and who lives among his books, must feel. How seldom for any purpose, except, perhaps, that of ascertaining a date, is the sleep disturbed of those works which once agitated all Author-land. Even when he wrote about contemporary authors, Mr. De Quincey's papers were not exactly reviews—they did not arise out of the immediate occasions of the hour, but were, as far as we know them, memorials of persons and of scenes trea-

sured up in an active and retentive memory for many a long year. In *Tait's Magazine* there were recollections of the poets Wordsworth and Southey, with whom he had been early an intimate friend and guest. There were pictures of Coleridge and of Lamb, as seen in the early dawning of their powers. Of De Quincey it must be felt, that he was one of the first to recognise the genius of those men, which there is no one who does not now acknowledge. That these memorials, and that an account of De Quincey himself should be preserved, is, we think, an important service to literature.

We do not know how much is actual fact—or how much is to be ascribed to unconscious states of mind, in which memory and imagination so blend as to be absolutely undistinguishable—or, thirdly, how much is absolute romance, and intended to be understood by the reader as being such, in the “Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.” We only know that some thirty years ago, when we read it, it appeared to us to be the very most interesting paper we had ever read. To us it was true. We entertained no doubt of any, the minutest, incident of the strange dreams there described. We were ourselves thrown into a sort of trance, and became, as it were, dreamers. When we afterwards thought of the work, of the constructive power exhibited by the spiritual architect, the dæmon or genius who seizes into his own hand the powers which their proper owners would seem to have abandoned, and builds out of the chaos of sleep such palaces as those of Kubla-khan, but only for Coleridges or De Quinceys, we felt that in the author of the “Confessions,” whose name we had not then heard, another great poet was born into the world. It would appear that Mr. De Quincey is indolent, or perhaps only indifferent to fame, and that had it not been for an American collection of his works, he would still have delayed forming any himself. Difficulties, arising from the law

* “Selections from the Writings, Published and Unpublished, of Thomas De Quincey.” Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh, 1853-4.

of copyright, which, though we cannot suppose them insuperable, may, to an indolent man, be practically so, from the necessity of negotiations of one kind or another, interrupted him at one time, ill health at another; and the thing would probably never have been done, if the proof of sympathy from America had not come, which showed how he was appreciated abroad, and if such troublesome arrangement of materials involved was not in this way greatly diminished. The American collection already amounts to twelve volumes. It is published by the Boston house of Ticknor and Co., who, highly to their honour, have made him "a sharer in the profits of the publication, called upon," says Mr. De Quincey, "to do so by no law whatever, and assuredly by no expectation of that sort on my part."

The intercommunication with the great England beyond the waters will, we have little doubt, be a benefit to our permanent literature. Books, which some accidental circumstance has prevented from being known in England at the period of their first publication, have, in some cases, been in point of fact first brought into notice in America. Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" is an instance. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" was printed as a series of papers in a magazine, and had a doubtful, life-in-death, or death-in-life existence, till the Americans printed it; and lo! it is a book, and a very good book it is. In England none but the readers of the magazine in which it appeared would have known anything about it but for the American publisher. And here is De Quincey redeemed from *Tait*—a name and not a nightmare—a name, and not unlikely to be a permanent one in our literature.

How far the American edition is the basis of that before us, we have no means of judging. The author tells us he has made large additions. Additions, however large, we should not complain of; but we think it is a subject to be complained of, that we are in no way informed how, or where, or when, this volume, which is called, "Autobiographical Sketches," first appeared—what has been omitted, what has been added. We can form no conjecture how much is fact, how much is fiction—by fiction we, of course, mean not fiction which seeks to impose on the reader incidents which have not

occurred, as true—of this no one can think the author guilty; but to an extent which, without reading the book, cannot be imagined, we have emblem and dream, and "dream-echo," taking up some half forgotten fact of childhood—we have it pursued under a hundred phantom resemblances, and, in one instance, the author himself guards us from the danger of supposing that some prolonged illustration of the state of feeling into which he was thrown during infancy, or early childhood, is not an account of an actual ascent of the Brocken, the fact being that he never ascended the Brocken, but that without carrying his reader in imagination thither, he had no easy means of raising from the ranks a Metaphor, which he wished to deck out as an Allegory. Now, had he told us for what publication he had at first written the passage, we might, perhaps, have been more disposed to forgive—nay, perhaps, to admire—so much in all that is human depends on fitness.

There is a preface to this volume, in which the author reviews the American edition, or rather states what he thinks are the claims of his works to attention. He classes his papers in three divisions:—

"First, into that class which proposes primarily to amuse the reader; but which, in doing so, may or may not happen occasionally to reach a higher station, at which the amusement passes into an impassioned interest. Some papers are merely playful; but others have a mixed character. These present *Autobiographical Sketches* illustrate what I mean. Generally, they pretend to little beyond that sort of amusement which attaches to any real story, thoughtfully and faithfully related, moving through a succession of scenes sufficiently varied, that are not suffered to remain too long upon the eye, and that connect themselves at every stage with intellectual objects. But, even here, I do not scruple to claim from the reader, occasionally, a higher consideration. At times, the narrative rises into a far higher key. Most of all it does so at a period of the writer's life where, of necessity, a severe abstraction takes place from all that could invest him with any alien interest; no display that might dazzle the reader, nor ambition that could carry his eye forward with curiosity to the future, nor successes, fixing his eye on the present; nothing on the stage but a solitary infant, and its solitary combat with grief—a mighty darkness and a sorrow without a voice. But something of the same interest will be found, perhaps, to rekindle at a maturer age, when the character

ristic features of the individual mind have been unfolded."—pp. x. xi.

The second class consists of essays. He mentions some which he supposes to be known to his readers—one is on the *ESSENES*; another is the *CÆSARS*; another is *CICERO*. The essays are not before us, nor can we speak of them from any recollection. The author says:—

"These specimens are sufficient for the purpose of informing the reader—that I do not write without a thoughtful consideration of my subject; and also—that to think reasonably upon any question, has never been allowed by me as a sufficient ground for writing upon it, unless I believed myself able to offer some considerable novelty. Generally I claim (not arrogantly, but with firmness) the merit of rectification applied to absolute errors, or to injurious limitations of the truth."—p. xvii.

The third class consists of such papers as "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater." Of these their author says:—

"First, I desire to remind him of the perilous difficulty besieging all attempts to clothe in words the visionary scenes derived from the world of dreams, where a single false note, a single word in a wrong key, ruins the whole music; and, secondly, I desire him to consider the utter sterility of universal literature in this one department of impassioned prose; which certainly argues some singular difficulty suggesting a singular duty of indulgence in criticising any attempt that even imperfectly succeeds. The sole Confessions, belonging to past times, that have at all succeeded in engaging the attention of men, are those of St. Austin and of Rousseau. The very idea of breathing a record of human passion, not into the ear of the random crowd, but of the saintly confessional, argues an impassioned theme. Impassioned, therefore, should be the tenor of the composition. Now, in St. Augustine's Confessions, is found one most impassioned passage, viz., the lamentation for the death of his youthful friend in the 4th Book; one, and no more. Further there is nothing. In Rousseau there is not even so much. In the whole work there is nothing grandly affecting but the character and the inexplicable misery of the writer."—pp. xviii. xix.

The social position of the family to which Mr. De Quincey belonged, is related in the first chapter. His father was a Manchester merchant, well to do in the world:—

"We, the children of the house, stood, in fact, upon the very happiest tier in the social scaffolding for all good influences. The

prayer of Agar—"Give me neither poverty nor riches"—was realised for us. That blessing we had, being neither too high nor too low. High enough we were to see models of good manners, of self-respect, and of simple dignity; obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes. Amply furnished with all the nobler benefits of wealth, with *extra* means of health, of intellectual culture, and of elegant enjoyment, on the other hand, we knew nothing of its social distinctions. Not depressed by the consciousness of privations too sordid, not tempted into restlessness by the consciousness of privileges too aspiring, we had no motives for shame, we had none for pride. Grateful, also, to this hour I am that, amidst luxuries in all things else, we were trained to a Spartan simplicity of diet—that we fared, in fact, very much less sumptuously than the servants. And if (after the model of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would single out as worthy of special commemoration—that I lived in a rustic solitude; that this solitude was in England; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, and not by horrid, pugilistic brothers; finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent Church."—pp. 5, 6.

It is a curious thing that this dreamer of magnificent dreams should find the earliest recollection on which he can fasten, to be "a dream of terrific grandeur about a favourite nurse." This he refers to a period before he had completed his second year. About the same time, he remembers to have felt profound sadness at the reappearance, in early spring, of some crocuses—"This I mention as inexplicable, for such annual resurrections of plants and flowers affect us only as memorials or suggestions of some higher change, and therefore in connexion with the idea of death; yet of death I could, at that time, have had no experience whatever."

There is, we believe, something of a deep pathos connected with Spring, in spite of all its joyousness—not awakened either by the thought of death, or by the resurrection of the flowers, reminding us of the death from which they seem to have arisen. The feeling, however originating, diffuses itself on the objects around, and gives them its own character:—

"At Spring's return the earth is glad,
And yet to me, at this lone hour,
The wood-dove's note from yonder bower,
Though winning sweet, is sad:

Calmly the cool wind heaves
 The elm's broad boughs, whose shadows seem
 Like some deep vault below the stream :
 The melancholy beech still grieves,
 As in the scattering gale are shed
 Her red and wrinkled leaves :
 And from the yew, by yon forgotten grave
 Hark ! the lone robin mourning o'er the
 dead !"

Death, of which till now he had known nothing, soon made itself felt in the family : two sisters of his successively died ; there were other deaths, too, but these do not appear to have afflicted him at the time, or to have remained in his memory. The second sister who died was approaching her ninth year—he was nearly six. We do not know at what period of the author's life he wrote the account which we here have of his feelings at that early age, nor any means of judging to what extent the man's imagination, different at every stage of our life on earth, aided him in shaping into distinctness what cannot but have been forgotten recollections. In all such cases we distrust the power of the imagination. The boy anticipates manhood ; and supposing him to express his thoughts in words, they will be thoughts which would indicate the age of manhood, which he has not yet attained, not that of childhood, which is already past. This must be a familiar fact, in every one's observation ; and in the case of men of genius it is even more remarkably true than in other cases, as is evidenced by the early writings of all true poets—those of Milton, Cowley, Chatterton ; Shakespeare, for instance, not alone exhibits maturity of power in the expression of thought, but the thoughts expressed are those which would seem to belong to the age of advanced manhood, not that of mere adolescence, still less that of a past childhood. We deem it impossible by any effort to throw one's self back into the early feelings of childhood, and therefore must regard much of what is here given as being the work of imagination ; but even for the purpose of judging how far the imagination is consciously at work—how far a romance is built up by one exercising something of the poet's art over his materials, and, on the other hand, how far a man may be self-deceived, and think he is but relating actual occurrences, and the feelings with which, at the time of their occurrence, they were

indeed accompanied—we should be glad to have been told at what time each particular part of the narrative was written. In all these inquiries, the few figures by which the date of a particular year is expressed, are of more moment than Kautean definitions of Time. How far we are in a world of our author's own creation we demand to know, not for the purpose of lessening his power of moulding it at will, but rather for the purpose of feeling that the magician's power over it and over us is one legitimately exercised. Of the fact of a sister's death having occurred at this early period of our author's life, we entertain no doubt ; of the grief under which he continued long to suffer, we have no doubt. We wish, however, to know at what period of his life his description of that grief was written—was it at thirty?—was it at forty?—was it at fifty?—was it at sixty?—was it at seventy? Of the general fact of his having undergone mental suffering from his sister's death we have no doubt ; but surely a person who speaks in reference to the broad fact, on which the whole description rests, of

"Unimaginable trance,
 And agony that *cannot be remembered*,"

can scarcely blame us, if we doubt whether a passage constructed with consummate artistic skill be wholly a picture of the memory. The question, in the case of our author, is one of considerable curiosity, as he claims a peculiar power which he describes as existing in his earliest childhood, long before he tampered with laudanum, which gave preternatural distinctness to his dreams. We do think it would have been of real importance, in a psychological view, to have stated the precise dates at which each part of the narrative had been written.

It is impossible for us to find room for the whole passage describing this first great grief. We omit much that is dwelt on with a painful distinctness. We omit a good deal that is purely fanciful. The death occurs in summer. Summer, we are told, is, in some way, naturally associated with images and feelings of death. The Bible, illustrated with engravings, was among the books of the nursery. The children were fond of reading it by the firelight. "It ruled and swayed us as mysteriously as music." The narrative of our Lord's death is described as "sleeping"

upon the minds of the children, "like early dawn upon the waters." Eastern summers were spoken of by the nurse. "The disciples plucking ears of corn—that must be summer;" the "cloudless sunlights of Syria—those seemed to argue everlasting summer;" "Palm Sunday—the very name of Palm Sunday, a festival in the English Church, troubled me like an anthem;" "Sunday, the day of peace which masked a peace deeper than the heart can comprehend. Palms—what were they? Palms, in the sense of trophies, expressed the pomps of life; palms, as a product of nature, expressed the pomps of summer;" palms suggest Jerusalem—Jerusalem was connected with the resurrection; and thus, with the thought of death, summer, Palestine, and Jerusalem were in his mind inextricably connected with death. We are compelled to abridge his language—we have preserved his reasoning. He now passes to the chamber of death. He has stolen secretly to it, at a time when everyone is absent:—

"I imagine that it was about an hour after high noon when I reached the chamber door; it was locked, but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly, that, although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the storeys, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then, turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned towards myself. Nothing met my eyes but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendour. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life.

"I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonial, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great *audible* symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances."—pp. 12–17.

The funeral is told of. In his description of the way in which he indulged

his grief in solitude there is much of beauty. The following passage is not susceptible of abridgement, nor could we venture, without the risk of destroying the entire effect, to displace a word:—

"Into the woods, into the desert air, I gazed, as if some comfort lay hid in *them*. I wearied the heavens with my inquest of beseeching looks. Obstinate I tormented the blue depths with my scrutiny, sweeping them for ever with my eyes, and searching them for one angelic face that might, perhaps, have permission to reveal itself for a moment.

"At this time, and under this impulse of repacious grief, that grasped at what it could not obtain, the faculty of shaping images in the distance out of slight elements, and grouping them after the yearnings of the heart, grew upon me in morbid excess. And I recall at the present moment one instance of that sort, which may show how merely shadows, or a gleam of brightness or nothing at all, could furnish a sufficient basis for this creative faculty.

"On Sunday mornings I went with the rest of my family to church: it was a church on the ancient model of England, having aisles, galleries, organ, all things ancient and venerable, and the proportions majestic. Here, whilst the congregation knelt through the long litany, as often as we came to that passage, so beautiful amongst many that are so, where God is supplicated on behalf of 'all sick persons and young children,' and that he would 'show his pity upon all prisoners and captives,' I wept in secret; and raising my streaming eyes to the upper windows of the galleries, saw, on days when the sun was shining, a spectacle as affecting as ever prophet can have beheld. The *sides* of the windows were rich with storied glass; through the deep purples and crimsons streamed the golden light; emblazonries of heavenly illumination (from the sun) mingling with the earthly emblazonries (from art and its gorgeous colouring) of what is grandest in man. *There* were the apostles that had trampled upon earth, and the glories of earth, out of celestial love to man. *There* were the martyrs that had borne witness to the truth through flames, through torments, and through armies of fierce, insulting faces. *There* were the saints who, under intolerable pangs, had glorified God by meek submission to his will. And all the time, whilst this tumult of sublime memorials held on as the deep chords from some accompaniment in the bass, I saw through the wide central field of the window, where the glass was uncoloured, white, fleecy clouds sailing over the azure depths of the sky; were it but a fragment or a hint of such a cloud, immediately under the flash of my sorrow-haunted eye, it grew and shaped itself into visions of

beds with white lawny curtains; and in the beds lay sick children, dying children, that were tossing in anguish, and weeping clamorously for death. God, for some mysterious reason, could not suddenly release them from their pain; but he suffered the beds, as it seemed, to rise slowly through the clouds; slowly the beds ascended into the chambers of the air; slowly, also, his arms descended from the heavens, that he and his young children, whom in Palestine, once and for ever, he had blessed, though they *must* pass slowly through the dreadful chasm of separation, might yet meet the sooner. These visions were self-sustained; these visions needed not that any sound should speak to me, or music mould my feelings. The hint from the litany, the fragment from the clouds — those and the storied windows were sufficient. But not the less the blare of the tumultuous organ wrought its own separate creations. And oftentimes in anthems, when the mighty instrument threw its vast columns of sound, fierce yet melodious, over the voices of the choir — high in arches, when it seemed to rise, surmounting and overriding the strife of the vocal parts, and gathering by strong coercion the total storm into unity — sometimes I seemed to rise and walk triumphantly upon those clouds which, but a moment before, I had looked up to as mementoes of prostrate sorrow; yes, sometimes under the transfigurations of music, felt of grief itself as of a fiery chariot for mounting victoriously above the causes of grief." — pp. 22-24.

We cannot pursue this subject further, for there is a sanctity in domestic grief that renders it not easy for us to comment upon it. Suffice it to say, that what is here given as the dream of childhood, continues to haunt our author's imagination in after years, when he has become an Oxford student. He has taken laudanum in other forms than that in which it is administered in paregoric elixir. "The elder nurse, but now dilated to colossal proportions, stood as upon some Grecian stage, with her uplifted hand, and, like the superb Medea towering among her children in the nursery at Corinth, smote me senseless to the ground." We are told that, fifty years later, something shaped out of the grief of childhood and its dreams, had been changed, in the metamorphosis of sleep, into an ascent of the Brocken, under strange symbols which we cannot wholly interpret into anything which falls in with waking thought, and to which we can but refer our readers.

Such is the first chapter of the "Autobiographic Sketches." The next is

called, "Introduction to the World of Strife." We have said that De Quincey's father was a Manchester merchant. Partly from broken health, partly, we presume, from the nature of his business, he lived very much abroad: sometimes in Portugal, at Lisbon, and at Cintra; then at Madeira; then in one or other of the West India islands. He was, about the time when his daughter died, himself dying of pulmonary consumption, in his thirty-ninth year. He came home to die. The residence of the family was at Greenhay — then a rural spot adjacent to Manchester, now a part of the city. He was expected to arrive at an early hour of a summer evening; but his carriage travelled more slowly than was calculated on by the children, whose health was unbroken, and who knew little of such slow journeys as a dying man must be contented to take. At last, just at midnight, he arrived, "but at so slow a pace, that the fall of the horses' feet," says our author, "was not audible till we were close upon them." The first notice of the approach was the sudden emerging of horses' heads from the deep gloom of the shady lane; the next was the mass of white pillows, against which the dying patient was leaning. "He died, but there was nothing in his life or death to impress the memory."

About this period an elder brother returned from school — a public school in Lincolnshire. He claimed the rights of a senior over our young hero, who had not pluck enough to resist. He came from a school where he had learned to box, and where it would seem that something of the fagging system existed. Our author is for public schools, thinking that to them is, in a great measure, due the manliness of the English character. We think him likely to be right, but we should prefer hearing him argue the question on broader grounds than any which he brings before us.

The tall, strong schoolboy utterly despised his young brother, who was not well out of the nursery, and who had been brought up with his sisters. "But it happened," says brother Tom, "that I had a perfect craze for being despised; I doted on it, and considered contempt a sort of luxury that I was in continual fear of losing." By a total want of ambition, he was secure of being left in unmolested repose. Call him a clever fellow, the annoyance was

intolerable; it suggested that he must work:—

“The slightest approach to any favourable construction of my intellectual pretensions alarmed me beyond measure; because it pledged me in a manner with the hearer to support this first attempt by a second, by a third, by a fourth — O, heavens! there is no saying how far the horrid man might go in his unreasonable demands upon me. I groaned under the weight of his expectations; and if I laid but the first round of such a staircase, why, then, I saw in vision a vast Jacob's ladder towering upwards to the clouds, mile after mile, league after league; and myself running up and down this ladder, like any fatigue party of Irish bodmen, to the top of any Babel which my wretched admirer might choose to build. But I nipped the abominable system of extortion in the very bud, by refusing to take the first step. The man could have no pretence, you know, for expecting me to climb the third or fourth round, when I had seemed quite unequal to the first.”—p. 39.

The elder brother succeeds in obtaining entire dominion. There is something of Robinson Crusoe romance and Robinson Crusoe adventure — young De Quincey is man Friday. The scene now changes, and stars and garters are at the disposal of the elder, now the sovereign—we know not whether of England proper — of some Atlantis undiscovered in those far seas which roll where “wide continents have bloomed.” We have wars and rebellions which assume in our historian's page more of stirring interest than our Humes and Hallams are able to give to those that have actually occurred among men. All this in the world of dream and illusion. In that which most men would call the world of actual life, there were also battles enough. Between the house of the De Quinceys and Manchester was a cotton factory, the boys belonging to which and the young De Quinceys were in the habit of throwing stones at each other — a feat commemorated in some twenty pages of dithyrambic prose. One day poor Tom was actually taken prisoner, delivered into the custody of some dozen of factory girls, and to his heart's content actually kissed to baby-rags, as they say in Ireland, before the girls let him go. This excited jealousy among the factory boys, and violent wrath in the elder brother's mind, but, somehow or other, Tom escaped the consequences of both.

The quarrels with, or rather between the young blackguards—for we cannot but think the young gentlemen in their Hessian boots were to the full as great blackguards as their adversaries—are, at last, at an end. What would be thought of this daily stone-throwing by the boys at a public school in our days, we cannot tell. The squabble was terminated, not by any concession on the part of the factory boys, but by the young gentlemen having to avoid passing the factory at the hours when the boys went to work or returned home.

A book true to life must blend trifles and matters of serious interest together. We cannot read, without a moment's regret, the page which follows this long account of juvenile sports, such as they are, and records the death of this poor brother at sixteen. He had shown some talents for drawing, was apprenticed to a distinguished academicien, had his hour of hope and promise, and died of typhus fever. This chapter of early life at home, is closed by an account of a narrow escape from a mad dog, which occurred to our author on the very day of his brother's separation from home.

These chapters are followed by sketches, entitled “*Infant Literature*,” and “*The Female Infidel*.” We cannot pass over either without a few words. It is probable that the author regards both as important portions of his volume. We cannot think so; though he cannot write on any subject without giving proofs of a vigorous and thoughtful mind — vigour, however, wasted in unimportant subtleties, and thought too often passing into mere reverie. The shaping spirit of imagination, as it has been called, may be a spirit too incessant in its work. “To bid the shifting cloud be what you please,” is, no doubt, a power; but to curb and restrain that power is what indicates mind in any high sense of the word. In our literature there was but one glorious dreamer of dreams, and his dreaming was anything but vague reverie; it ~~was~~ in truth the allegory of a man whose heart was earnest in the truths which he saw everywhere symbolised — the immortal John Bunyan had no equal. Even Spenser was in this faculty greatly his inferior, though no one would think of comparing them in general intellectual power. We wish our author did not deal so entirely

as he does in speculative dreams, but allowed the current of his narrative to flow freely: having before him some distinct subject—remembering when he begins a sentence that it should have some defined purpose to which, and not to some remote possible application, it should be pointed. Up and down through this chapter on “Infant Literature,” are odds and ends of information and of conjecture worth examining—guesses, for instance, that the “Sortes Virgilianæ,” and Dante’s selection of Virgil as a guide in Hades, arose from Virgil’s maternal grandfather’s name having been Magus, which led the mediæval wiseacres to imagine him a magician, and to believe that his grandson inherited his skill. A passage from Phædrus is quoted, which, says De Quincey, “first revealed to me the immeasurable-ness of the morally sublime”—

“Æsopo statuum ingentem ponere Attici;
Servumque collocarunt eternâ in basi.”

Horace is said to be “the most shallow of critics.” This is original. He speaks of Mrs. Barbauld, as—

“A lady now very nearly forgotten, then filled a large space in the public eye; in fact, as a writer for children, she occupied the place from about 1780 to 1805 which, from 1805 to 1835, was occupied by Miss Edgeworth. Only, as unhappily Miss Edgeworth is also now very nearly forgotten, this is to explain *ignotum per ignotius*, or at least one *ignotum* by another *ignotum*. However, since it cannot be helped, this unknown and also most well-known woman, having occasion, in the days of her glory, to speak of the ‘Arabian Nights,’ insisted on Aladdin, and, secondly, on Sinbad, as the two jewels of the collection. Now, on the contrary, my sister and myself pronounced Sinbad to be very bad, and Aladdin to be pretty nearly the worst, and upon grounds that still strike me as just.”—pp. 121, 122.

Now, neither Mrs. Barbauld nor Miss Edgeworth are nearly forgotten, nor can we imagine what hallucination can make the writer think so. The objections to “Sinbad” and “Aladdin” are as follows:—

“For, as to Sinbad, it is not a story at all, but a mere succession of adventures, having no unity of interest whatsoever: and in Aladdin, after the possession of the lamp has been once secured by a pure accident, the story ceases to move.”—p. 122.

That is, a story is not constructed on the principle which critics have laid

down for epic poetry, and which every epic poet has, in truth, violated quite as much as the Arabian story-teller; and, in the other case, as far as the objection is intelligible, accident, or what seems to be accident, brings about the result—for that the story ceases to move after the lamp is found, is a sentence absolutely without meaning. Is the fate of the magician no part of the story? With the proper story of “Aladdin,” no doubt, there is connected, as through the structure of the “Arabian Nights” from beginning to end, another story of another magician, which is no part of the first, and, very probably, not by the same author. We cannot but agree with the persons who think “Sinbad” and “Aladdin” the best, or among the best, of these stories.

“The Female Infidel” might better have been omitted. A lady of some beauty, of some rank, of some fortune too, marries; separates from her husband; by some accident is a visitor at De Quincey’s mother’s. She has the name of so much learning, and is so much disposed to discuss theology, that the *élite* of the neighbouring clergy are asked to meet her. She gives them fierce battle, and, in brilliancy and readiness of talent, has the best of it. English society is, however, shocked by the spectacle of a female infidel, and she gradually finds herself shunned by all that is respectable, while a dissolute circle gathers round her. She leaves London with two dissolute men (they were brothers)—the professed purpose of the journey was never explained. Whatever the original object of the parties was, the adventure ended in one of the brothers sharing her bed at the first hotel to which they came—she said against her will—and a criminal prosecution was commenced by her against both, which terminated, however, by counsel for the accused, when she appeared in the witness-box, asking her whether she believed in the Christian religion, and then, whether she believed in God. To both questions, she resolutely answered no. The judge would not allow the trial to proceed, and directed an acquittal. Our author, who was present at this scene, heard nothing more of her for many years, excepting that “she was then living in the family of an English clergyman, distinguished for his learning and piety”:—

"Finally, we saw by the public journals that she had written and published a book. The title I forget; but by its subject it was connected with political or social philosophy. And one eminent testimony to its merit I myself am able to allege—viz., Wordsworth's. Singular enough it seems, that he who read so very little of modern literature, in fact, next to nothing, should be the sole critic and reporter whom I have happened to meet upon Mrs. Lee's work. But so it was: accident had thrown the book in his way during one of his annual visits to London, and a second time at Lowther Castle. He paid to Mrs. Lee a compliment which certainly he paid to no other of her contemporaries—viz., that of reading her book very nearly to the end; and he spoke of it repeatedly as distinguished for vigour and originality of thought."—p. 146.

This story is not easily intelligible. How, under such circumstances as are here related, a verdict of conviction on a capital charge could have been obtained, even if the lady had been allowed to give her testimony, and if such verdict was not expected, what was the meaning of a prosecution, we cannot understand. The desire of giving the sequel of the story has made our author give the incident, which did not occur till some years after the period of his life to which we have been conducted in the former parts of the narrative. He now returns to that earlier time. For four years after his father's death, his mother resided with her family at Manchester. They then moved to Bath. Their property at Manchester was sold at considerable disadvantage through some absurd arrangements of his father's will, by which the management of his property was given to some three or four very respectable men, some of whom knew nothing of business, and others had no love for business not their own. The state of the law on the subject is blamed for what in this case seems the fault or the folly of the parties; however, property worth some six thousand pounds or more was sold for £2,500. The family removed to Bath. One of De Quincey's guardians was a clergyman, occupied with parish duties, but he found time also for the education of a few pupils, and De Quincey remained with him for a while after the family had left Manchester. Here he was taught Latin—it would appear carefully and well. His master did not know as much Greek as Latin, or De Quincey did not learn as much. This,

when some time after he went to the "grammar school" at Bath, made some difference in the way in which his education was conducted—his deficiency in Greek leading to his being placed in a class not taught by the head master. At Manchester, however, he had learned the manufacture of Latin verse, and his fame had passed beyond his own form, and was great in all the classes. The head master heard of it, called him up for high distinction; it would appear that Manchester was to become famous in the fabrication of ware of this kind, and the house of De Quincey become known through the world for good, stout, serviceable hexameters, warranted to scan. The boy was happy—abundantly happy; nobody could say he had not written the verses himself; no patent had yet been taken out for machinery by which the thing could be done without loss of time, not to say of thought. In fact, he could have got no help, "since it was sufficiently known," he says, "to such of my school-fellows as stood on my own level in the school, that I, who had no male relatives but military men, and those in India, could not have benefited by any clandestine aid." Our young poet was applauded and happy—

"But mortal pleasure, what art thou in sooth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

The Latin which he each day wedded to mortal verse, and which delighted his schoolmaster, was a horror to the boys—to the boys of the head class more particularly; and he was warned that if he did not in future write his worst, and not bring them into disgrace by his verses, which were unnecessarily good, he should be "annihilated." This only made him write better. A kind word would have made him write as badly as man could have wished; but he rebelled against threats. A sort of compromise was effected, which ended in his having to write verses for every one who was unable to write for himself. This effectually dimmed the splendour of his poetry. The mine was overworked; then came nervous disease—the result, probably, of excitement, if his feelings were as acute and as constantly in antagonist action as he believes them to have been at this period of life. The generous feeling of boyhood was now exhibited. His illness converted

enemies into friends, and he was invited to the houses of those with whom before he had been in hostility.

The fabrication of Latin verse is, no doubt, a graceful accomplishment. Its chief value, however, is that it saves the boy from writing English verse. Something is learned in the former case, in the latter nothing; and instead of being encouraged by schools and colleges as a branch of education, and rewarded by prizes, it should, we think, be left to itself. Where real genius exists, it is pretty sure of commanding sympathy, and making itself felt. We do not mean that in any art — least of all in that which seeks to produce effect through the ministry of language — an instrument far more subtle than the light and shade with which the painter counterfeits substance — education is unnecessary. But we think that such education cannot possibly be conducted through any system which contemplates the teaching of almost more than of the individual. Schools of the Poets there are none, and can be none. The art of writing Latin verse, which is encouraged in the great classical schools of England, must be regarded chiefly, perhaps, in strictness exclusively, with reference to the aid it gives in acquiring a knowledge of the language, or rather of the prosody of the language.* Our own strong conviction is, that for those purposes, it would be far better that boys were made get by heart the odes of Horace, and considerable parts of Virgil; and if other and higher purposes are likely to be subserved by this discipline, there can be no objection to a branch of study which, at a time of life when the memory exists in great strength, will, we have little doubt, be in the very enjoyment derived from a perfect knowledge of the poems, thus acquired be its own great reward.

Mr. De Quincey, in the course of this chapter, corrects an error arising from the gradual and unobserved changes of language, which is not unlikely to lead to mischievous mistakes.

The word grammar-school is not unlikely to be interpreted, as if it meant, in the thought of the founders of the great public schools so designated, a school where only the elementary principles of grammar were intended to be taught; and, therefore, that an application of the funds of these schools for the promotion of higher learning, was a violation of the trust for which these funds were intended.

“*Grammatica* does certainly mean sometimes grammar; but it is also the best Latin word for literature. A *grammaticus* is what the French express by the word *litterateur*. We unfortunately have no corresponding term in English; a *man of letters* is our awkward periphrasis in the singular (too apt, as our jest-books remind us, to suggest the postman); whilst in the plural we resort to the Latin word *litterati*. The school which professes to teach *grammatica*, professes, therefore, the culture of literature in the widest and most liberal extent, and is opposed *generically* to schools for teaching mechanic arts; and, within its own *sub-genus* of schools dedicated to liberal objects, is opposed to schools for teaching mathematics, or, more widely, to schools for teaching science.”—p. 149.

While De Quincey's family was at Bath, Sir Sidney Smith made his escape from the prison of the Temple in Paris, and was in Bath before the news of his escape had reached England. Some accident made him acquainted with the De Quinceys, and our author, with a brother, called on him. Crowds were expecting his appearance, and he shrank from being a spectacle to crowds. He did not wish to walk alone to the Pump-room; he could not, with propriety, churlishly deny the sight of his presence to the expecting groups; and so it happened, that he went accompanied, guarded as it were, by the brothers De Quincey. Canning, at the height of his reputation, seems to have had the same constitutional timidity. Sir George Beaumont told Wordsworth, that when Canning was introduced to himself, the great orator blushed like a girl of fifteen; and De

* Some discussion on this, as well as on other educational subjects, has lately taken place in Ireland, and pamphlets have been published by the masters of some of the great endowed schools, of which we have only seen those by Mr. Ringwood, of Dungannon. They are well worth thoughtful perusal. He thinks that in the system of education pursued in the great schools of England, too much time is given to the composition of Latin verse. In this we agree with him. He recommends the cultivation of English verse in schools, *i. e.*, making the boys write exercises in English verse. In this we differ from him. But the pamphlets ought to be read by every one feeling any interest in the subject of school education.

Quincey says, that when about to address a Liverpool audience, where he ought to have been at home, Canning always rose with agitation, "in short, fighting with the necessity of taking the final plunge, like one who lingers on the scaffold."

De Quincey left the school at Bath, ill — seriously ill, from some accident which had happened to his head. His recovery was slow. While he was recovering, his mother read for him several books; among others, Hoole's abridgment of his translation of Aristotle. He says what may be, in some degree, true, and lowers the pride of those who are called more successful translators than poor Hoole, who yet is by no means the miserable craftsman that Rose and some others represent him — "From my own experience at that time, I am disposed to think that the homeliness of this version is an advantage, from not calling off the attention at all from the narrative to the narrator." At the same time he, for the first time, read "Paradise Lost," and, oddly enough, in Bentley's absurd edition. On his recovery, he was sent to another school — Winkfield, in the county of Wilts.

We next find him at Eton, or the neighbourhood, in his fifteenth year, the guest of Lord Westport. The acquaintanceship with Lord Westport affected his movements for the next few years of life. He resided with him for a while near Eton, and afterwards visited Ireland with him, at a period of considerable interest — at the very time when, after a dangerous insurrection, the Act of Union had been carried, and was about to receive the royal assent, which last ceremony he witnessed. While at Eton, he and Lord Westport often rambled in the Queen's gardens at Frogmore, and chance threw him, on one occasion, into conversation with the King, who asked his name; and having heard it, asked him was he of Huguenot descent. De Quincey had, it seemed, inherited his name from some Norman invader, and had some tale of the Crusades left him as a family inheritance. The King — one would think it must have been some lord-lion king at arms he had met — asked him his authority for this, and Robert of Gloucester was vouched. "The King smiled, and said, 'I know — I know;' but what it was that he knew long after puzzled me to con-
jecture."

He found, however, afterwards, that Hearne's antiquarian publications were among the King's favourite books, which explained the doubt satisfactorily. In May, 1800, he, for the first time, is in the city — no, not the city, but the nation, of London; and "The Nation of London" is the title of one of his chapters.

This chapter, though by no means unamusing or uninteresting, has not much to detain us. From a short visit he returns with Lord Westport, and is again in the neighbourhood of the royal family. He finds himself included in an invitation from the Queen to a ball. The ball is dull enough, but gives our author the opportunity of discussing the philosophy of dancing, and claiming the preference which we think they deserve, for the old country dances, over anything that has since been substituted for them. Soon after he accompanied Lord Westport to Ireland.

His first visit to Ireland is just at the period of the Union. We do not see very well on what principle he interweaves with his narrative an account of the antecedent rebellion or rebellions of 1798, of which he has not, in point of fact, anything to tell which was not known to everyone before; but his accounts of which are strikingly enough given — so strikingly as often to remind us of Carlyle's pictures of some of the most remarkable scenes of the French Revolution. He finds it convenient to speak of these Irish insurrectionary movements as if wholly unconnected: the first as arising out of the arrangements of the committee of the United Irishmen, which was suppressed long before the other broke out; the second, as created by the landing of the French at Killala. Of the second, his account is altogether taken from the narrative of Dr. Stock, the Bishop of Killala. It is curious enough, that in a note added (in 1853) to this chapter, which he tells us was written in 1833, he throws some doubt on the statements which he yet adopts. An account of the landing of the French at Killala has been given in the romance of "Maurice Tierney," it would plainly appear, from information the most accurate; and this, in every respect, confirms and falls in with the Bishop's narrative.

De Quincey was but fifteen when in Ireland. These events had occurred two years before; so that in no case can he be supposed as writing from his own

knowledge. He, however, appears to have been at Killala and in the neighbourhood in 1800 — just at the time, we may observe, when the persons who might be supposed to know most about such matters would be little likely to speak at all upon the subject.

His summer is passed in Connaught, and he and Lord Westport return in November to Dublin, thence to Wales, and, “of course, to Birmingham.”

Why “of course to Birmingham?” Birmingham was then the “centre of our travelling system, under the old dynasty of stage-coaches and post-chaises.” Lord Westport was for Oxford, and De Quincey expected a letter at Birmingham which was to determine his movements. At Birmingham he and his friend parted.

The links of connexion in our author’s modes of thinking are not always such as would suggest any very strict obedience to the reasoning principle, if there be one at all in the mind, which, to the metaphysical student, must in every case be doubtful; and, in such a case as our author, who unites in his own person poet, philosopher, church, state, congregation, and whatever else there is claiming intellectual dominion over the mind, much more than doubtful. He tells us that it was a wet day which he passed in Birmingham (in 1800), and that being then confined to his hotel by rain, he may as well (in 1833) give an account of travelling in England. Is he not in the state of mind of a man making a bull when he thus writes? The chapter is an amusing one; but the class of facts on which it dwells is better brought before the eye in Macaulay’s England. The following passage is, however, well worth preservation:—

“The revolution in the whole apparatus, means machinery, and dependencies of that system—a revolution begun, carried through, and perfected within the period of my own personal experience—merits a word or two of illustration in the most cursory memoirs that profess any attention at all to the shifting scenery and moving forces of the age, whether manifested in great effects or in little. And these particular effects, though little, when regarded in their separate details, are *not* little in their final amount. On the contrary, I have always maintained, that under a representative government, where the great cities of the empire must naturally have the power, each in its proportion, of re-acting upon the capital and

the councils of the nation in so conspicuous a way, there is a result waiting on the final improvements of the arts of travelling, and of transmitting intelligence with velocity, such as cannot be properly appreciated in the absence of all historical experience. Conceive a state of communication between the centre and the extremities of a great people, kept up with a uniformity of reciprocation so exquisite as to imitate the flowing and ebbing of the sea, or the systole and diastole of the human heart; day and night, waking and sleeping, not succeeding to each other with more absolute certainty than the acts of the metropolis and the controlling notice of the provinces, whether in the way of support or of resistance. Action and re-action from every point of the compass being thus perfect and instantaneous, we should then first begin to understand, in a practical sense, what is meant by the unity of a political body, and we should approach to a more adequate appreciation of the powers which are latent in organisation. For it must be considered that hitherto, under the most complex organisation, and that which has best attained its purposes, the national will has never been able to express itself upon one in a thousand of the public acts, simply because the national voice was lost in the distance, and could not collect itself through the time and the space rapidly enough to connect itself immediately with the evanescent measure of the moment. But, as the system of intercourse is gradually expanding, these bars of space and time are in the same degree contracting, until finally we may expect them altogether to vanish: and then every part of the empire will re-act upon the whole with the power, life, and effect of immediate conference amongst parties brought face to face. Then first will be seen a political system truly *organic*—i. e., in which each acts upon all, and all re-act upon each: and a new earth will arise from the indirect agency of this merely physical revolution. Already, in this paragraph, written twenty years ago, a prefiguring instinct spoke within me of some great secret yet to come in the art of distant communication. At present I am content to regard the electric telegraph as the oracular response to the prefiguration. But I still look for some higher and transcendent response.”—pp. 293-4.

The next chapter is occupied with the history of a brother of the author’s, who ran away from school; found employment in a South Sea whaler; was captured by Spanish pirates, who massacred most of the crew. The boy was acquainted with navigation and seamanship, and being found of use, his life was preserved. He was for two years in this enforced service, having found no means of escape. His danger

was very considerable, if the vessel in which he was should be taken—if taken by Spaniards, his ignorance of the language would render it impossible for him to communicate the precise circumstances of his case; and, if by English, he would probably be regarded as a guilty participator in the acts of those with whom, against his will, he was associated, but amongst whom he appeared to move as a free agent. While he was apparently a free agent, he was in reality not trusted even in the slightest degree by his associates. To whatever cause he first owed his life, there can be little doubt he would have perished in the innumerable brawls of the rascals amongst whom he was, if his safety was not regarded as an object of the utmost importance by those who assumed the right of command. He alone, of all on board, understood the management of chronometers, and several had been captured by the pirates, “some of the highest value, in the many prizes, European or American.” At times there was a cessation from their predatory life, and “then the black flag was furled,” near some one of the Gallapagos islands:—

“These islands, which were visited, and I think described, by Dampier—and therefore must have been an asylum to the Buccaneers and Flibustiers in the latter part of the seventeenth century—were so still to their more desperate successors, the Pirates, at the beginning of the nineteenth; and for the same reason—the facilities they offer (rare in those seas) for procuring wood and water. Hither, then, the black flag often resorted; and here, amidst these romantic solitudes—lands untenanted by man—oftentimes it lay furled up for weeks together; rapine and murder had rest for a season; and the bloody cutlass slept within its scabbard. When this happened, and when it became known beforehand that it *would* happen, a tent was pitched on shore for my brother, and the chronometers were transported thither for the period of their stay.”—pp. 335–6.

The island most often selected for the purpose, was what is called “the Woodcutters’ Island”:—

“There was some old tradition—and I know not but it was a tradition dating from the times of Dampier—that a Spaniard or an Indian settler in this island (relying, perhaps, too entirely upon the protection of perfect solitude) had been murdered in pure wantonness by some of the lawless rovers who frequented this solitary archipelago.

Whether it were from some peculiar atrocity of bad faith in the act, or from the sanctity of the man, or the deep solitude of the island, or with a view to the peculiar edification of mariners in these semi-Christian seas—so, however, it was, and attested by generations of sea-vagabonds (for most of the armed roamers in these ocean Zaaras at one time were of a suspicious order), that every night, duly as the sun went down, and the twilight began to prevail, a sound arose—audible to other islands, and to every ship lying quietly at anchor in the neighbourhood—of a woodcutter’s axe. This was the story: and amongst sailors there is as little variety of versions in telling any true sea-story, as there is in a log-book, or in ‘The Flying Dutchman:’ *literatim* fidelity is, with a sailor, a point at once of religious faith and worldly honour. The close of the story was—that after, suppose, ten or twelve minutes of hacking and hewing, a horrid crash was heard, announcing that the tree, if tree it were, that never yet was made visible to daylight search, had yielded to the old woodman’s persecution. It was exactly the crash, so familiar to many ears on board the neighbouring vessels, which expresses the harsh tearing asunder of the fibres, caused by the weight of the trunk in falling; beginning slowly, increasing rapidly, and terminating in one rush of rending. This over—one tree felled ‘towards his winter store’—there was an interval: man must have rest; and the old woodman, after working for more than a century, must want repose. Time enough to begin again after a quarter of an hour’s relaxation. Sure enough, in that space of time, again began, in the words of Comus, ‘the wonted roar amid the woods.’ Again the blows become quicker, as the catastrophe drew nearer; again the final crash resounded; and again the mighty echoes travelled through the solitary forests.”—pp. 336–8.

It would appear that the poor boy was haunted with more than a sailor’s superstitions. “Ghosts,” he would admit, “might be questionable realities in our hemisphere, but it was a different thing to the southward of the line.” He somehow or other made his escape at last from the pirates; more than once was in England afterwards, but afraid to make himself known through panic fears of the power of his guardians. He was, his brother says, one of the “*genus attonitorum*.” How he made out life we are not told. In 1807, he joins the storming party of the English at Monte Video:—

“Here he happened fortunately to fall under the eye of Sir Home Popham; and Sir Home forthwith rated my brother as a

midshipman on board his own ship, which was at that time, I think, a fifty gun-ship—the *Diadem*. Thus, by merits of the most appropriate kind, and without one particle of interest, my brother passed into the royal navy. His nautical accomplishments were now of the utmost importance to him; and, as often as he shifted his ship, which (to say the truth) was far too often—for his temper was tickle and delighting in change—so often these accomplishments were made the basis of very earnest eulogy.”—pp. 346–7.

When or where, or in what rank of the service De Quincey's brother died, or whether he found some other occupation for his restless spirit before he passed away, we are not told. He has perished with the unremembered—

“Thou'lt be memorial of their lot,
Is that they were, and they are not.”

It is impossible to conduct any narrative in a strictly onward course. We, therefore, do not fall out with our author when he anticipates; still less are we displeased with him when he has to recede a few steps in the arrangement of his subject. He is now come to a period of his story when it is too early for him to enter the University, and when arrangements for his education, in the interval, must be made:—

“In the poor countries of Europe, where they cannot afford double sets of scholastic establishments, having, therefore, no splendid schools, such as are, in fact, peculiar to England, they are compelled to throw the duties of such schools upon their universities; and consequently you see boys of thirteen and fourteen, or even younger, crowding such institutions, which, in fact, they ruin for all higher functions. But England, whose regal establishments of both classes emancipate her from this dependency, sends her young men to college not until they have ceased to be boys—not earlier, therefore, than eighteen.”—p. 351.

At this stage of his life the first volume of “*Selections, Grave and Gay, from the Writings, Published and Unpublished, of Thomas De Quincey*” terminates. The book is one exceedingly entertaining and, in many respects, instructive. Its value does not consist in the facts which it states, but in the reflections which everywhere abound—the growth of a rich and very thoughtful mind. So little, indeed, does the interest depend on the mere facts, that we do not know

whether our enjoyment is not greatest when we forget that we are reading the life of an actual living, breathing man, and for the moment believe ourselves “lone, sitting on a shore of old romance;”—at times hearkening with fear to one who tells of “*painted ships upon a painted ocean*”; at times in sympathy with the strange passions which here find a record, listening for the voice—

“Of woman walling for her dæmon lover.”

We believe it is our author who somewhere says, that Wordsworth is the only poet who has succeeded in the description of clouds, or has made it be felt how important a portion of natural scenery they form. He is himself unrivalled in his representations of those states of mind in which sleep is haunted with the kind of dreams that refuse to be classed with the ordinary phantoms of sleep, and in which, through what are called waking hours, the mind seems to have lost its ordinary control over the sequence of its passing thoughts. By no poet in our own, or, as far as we know, in any language, is our author equalled in such representations. In the kindred art of painting, something of the kind has been occasionally effected.

Since writing the last sentence, we have received a second volume of selections from Mr. De Quincey's works. It is a continuation of what he calls “*Autobiographic Sketches*.” Through the work, our readers must have already perceived, that what may be called the external history of our author's life, is scarcely, in any degree, the subject of his book. Through the first volume, the incidents, as far as they can be recalled to memory, which acted upon his mind in infancy and early youth, are brought before us, not for their own sake, but for the purpose of showing us how, and in what way, and through what influences of evil and good the intellect was trained and the moral nature formed, of a man whose writings have certainly had no small influence upon public opinion.

We have mentioned his parting from Lord Westport at Birmingham. Each pursued his separate route. De Quincey's led him to Northamptonshire; and at Laxton, the seat of Lord Carbery, he passed some happy months. He there met a Lord Massy—by the date it must have been the second Lord

Massy — whom he describes as, from some cause or other, “sold to constitutional torpor;” but, through the good fortune of marrying an amiable woman, a “revolution” in his whole being took place, “which suddenly and beyond all hope had kindled in him a new and nobler life.” Our readers remember the transformation which Dryden describes as effected in Cymon, when Jove evoked the human element, and waked the savage into man. Such was the magical change which some fair Irishwoman effected on Lord Massy. Before De Quincey could even make his toilet, he was sent for by Lady Carbery, to be told of the wonderful change that had been wrought; and it is not De Quincey who, in after recollections of the incident, calls to mind the old recorded case of love transmuting lead to gold, dullness to vivacious talent: it is Lady Carbery who quotes the poet, and applies the poem.

“As I alighted on the steps at Laxton, the first dinner-bell rang, and I was hurrying to my toilet, when my sister, who had met me in the portico, begged me, first of all, to come into Lady Carbery’s dressing-room, her ladyship having something special to communicate, which related (as I understood her) to one Simon. ‘What Simon—Simon Peter?’ ‘Oh, no, you irreverent boy; no Simon at all with an S, but Cymon with a C—Dryden’s Cymon—

“‘That whistled as he went, for want of thought.’”

Lord Carbery was at the time from home, and the object of Lady Carbery’s communication was to impose on the boy the duty of keeping up the spirits of Lord Massy, which, in spite of his wife, were, it would seem, too apt to droop and languish. Just returned from Ireland, our hero, “though naturally the shyest of human beings,” had a hundred stories to tell. “At Laxton the stables, and everything connected with the stables, was magnificent.” The contrast of the English appointments with the establishment which De Quincey had, a little before, seen at Westport, furnished fit theme for long discourse. The English arrangements were such, that at closing the stables for the night, Lady Carbery would take all her visitors, once or twice a-week, to admire them. The Westport scene was, indeed, a strange contrast. The crowds of

helpers and strollers about the place—few of whom the proprietor knew anything about, except that they had been active at Vinegar-hill—were fellows that Lever would have loved to describe, and in his description of whom De Quincey almost rivals our great novelist. One source of amusement to these blackguards was teaching the horses all manner of tricks. All this, told by the lively boy, who must have seemed half mad with sprits, amused Lord Massy. Massy knew Ireland, but *his* Ireland was the county of Limerick; and De Quincey had the privileges of one who had travelled in Connaught. Still there was something not quite to be liked in De Quincey’s manner. The Irish peer, it would seem, had been irregularly educated, and our hero fancied that some little jealousy arose at his lowering the tone of his conversation to the level of his lordship’s information. Something of this was indicated, and the dexterous boy, whether he was right or wrong in his suspicion, shifted the subject, and spoke of other things than horses and dogs. The library at Laxton was extensive; and I though at what time or by whom it was first formed our author was not able to learn, there could be little doubt it was formed by some person of really studious habits. Accident made De Quincey acquainted with passages of history likely to be interesting to the other, from having some reference to his ancestors. On the whole, they got on well together.

Lady Carbery’s mind had also undergone a change. She had become religious; and, had any arrangement for monastic life existed among Protestants, and had her husband consented, De Quincey has no doubt she would have retired into a convent. This could not be; and so, with our author’s assistance, she commenced the study of the New Testament in Greek. He tells us that he communicated to her as something then entirely new and undreamed of by divines, though since often enough put forward, that a total change of mind—an entire transformation of nature—was meant by the original word which our translators would represent by *repentance*. He also told her, as something very wonderful, that in the pagan systems their priests never purposed to teach morality. “Herodotus” was to have followed the “Greek Testament” in this plan of instruction;

but instructions, sacred or profane, were alike interrupted by the sudden return of Lord Carbery. Lady Carbery was rather startled at his unexpected appearance; and he, too, was not a little startled, for, as he threw his arm round her neck, up sprang a strange protector, in the shape of a Newfoundland dog. "‘Ruffian,’ a monster of a Newfoundland dog, singularly beautiful in his colouring, and almost as powerful as a leopard, flew at him vindictively, as at a stranger committing an assault, and his mistress had great difficulty in calling him off."

The rivals were at last separated, and Lord Carbery had scarcely recovered his surprise when he was told of the Greek studies. The abstract love of Greek had to bear the blame, for the lady was not prepared to confess her theopathic tendencies. "Why Herodotus, not Homer?—Homer is much easier," said Lord Carbery. Woman's wit is never baffled; and yet the answer was not one which seemed made for the question. "Parkhurst's is the only Greek-English Lexicon," said she, "and that would give no help in reading Homer." The answer satisfied Lord Carbery; but when the young lady and her younger tutor had thought of Herodotus, they felt the existence of the difficulty, and De Quincey's plan was to interleave Parkhurst and introduce such additional words as might be easily mustered from the special dictionaries (Græco-Latin) dedicated to the service of the historian. The labour would not, he says, have been great; 1500 *extra* words were all that would be required—ten days' hard work would have done it. However, it was not done. Our own country has set the example of removing this difficulty in the way of studying Greek. Hincks's and Donnegan's Greek-English lexicons led the way to *publications* of the same kind both in England and Scotland; each successive labourer in that field has the advantage, not always sufficiently acknowledged, of whatever has been done by his predecessors; and yet, even under these circumstances, the persons who have used either of these manuals will not easily be led to use in preference any other books of the kind. But we wander from our theme.

The readers of De Quincey's "dream" may, perhaps, fancy that the genius who talks horse-flesh and history with

a lord, and instructs a peeress in Greek Testament and Herodotus, who is either a pillar of orthodoxy or the founder of a heresy—for we do not well know which is the claim he makes—has, at least, come to that first distinction of the philosopher, if not to the actual beard, at least to the callow down that speaks of a not impossible future—that "the boy has grown to manhood." Not a bit of it—the boy is still boy—still under tutors and governors; he is not yet sixteen. His ways and means were good enough to have done without the sort of help given all over England to persons struggling on into the learned professions; but his guardians did not think so, and it occurred to them that an *exhibition* of forty pounds a-year given to students of Brazenose College, Oxford, who had studied for three consecutive years at Manchester, would be a desirable thing for him to get. No plan could well be more foolish; and it is probable that De Quincey himself felt its folly. Without this addition he had means enough for his support at Oxford, and the plan must necessarily delay his matriculation for three years—this, too, in the case of a boy who seems already to have known more Greek than a Brazenose professor, and who lisped or stuttered in theology. Manchester grammar-school had at this time a master, whose character had been very high; but age came—with age infirmity; age, however, accompanied with increased determination of purpose. The old man would work; but he could not work as effectively or as fast as of old. The lessons which trench upon play-hours are not likely to be very popular or very effective; and it was only by abridging the hours for food and play, and, as far as possible, keeping boys at work for ten consecutive hours, that he did get through the prescribed business. It would seem that he shrunk from resigning his place, through the honourable feeling that no other man could be found who would give himself the trouble which he cheerfully took, and that the school would thus decline.

By a strange accident, the health of a friend of Lady Carbery's made it necessary for her to be nearer medical advice than at Laxton; and, at the same time that De Quincey was sent there to school, the Carberys, and his

mother and sister migrated to Manchester. While at school he got ill—was treated by an apothecary—suffered much, and was nothing the better, but rather the worse. A ramble among the Caernarvonshire mountains would have saved him from great torments, and, perhaps, much injury, for about this time he began his opium habits.

He obtained some distinctions at school; and some of his noble friends came, partly for the purpose of patronising the school, partly with the wish to pay him a compliment by listening to him declaiming his Latin verses. The triumph was of short duration. We have said he had already commenced taking opium; we do not know how far his power of self-direction had ceased—how far he was to be regarded as an accountable agent at the time; but his folly was not greater in running away from his school, which he did, and for the wild mad world of London, than was that of his guardians in their arrangements for his education.

This part of the book is disappointing; for here ought to come in the episode of the “*Opium-Eater’s Confessions*,” which is, we suppose, reserved for a future volume, but which must be less effective, thus displaced from its proper position.

We next have him resident with his mother and a brother of hers, an officer from India, on leave of absence, at a place called the Priory, in the neighbourhood of Chester. The excitement and military enthusiasm of the country, on the threat of invasion from France, is well described. He got into some squabble with his uncle about De Foe’s *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, which the young critic said was an unfair and superficial account of the Parliamentary war. The uncle thought the remark, however just, somewhat impertinent, and asked him, with more good sense than good temper, “how he could consent to waste his time as he did?” De Quincey replied that he did so because his guardians would not give more for his use than his school allowance of £100 a-year. His uncle thought that sum might answer, and asked him would he undertake an Oxford life on such terms. “Most gladly,” was the reply; and within a week

he entered that “time-honoured University.”

We have again to complain of the interruptions and omissions of the narrative. A few dates of time would have greatly aided us in understanding this book. The “*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*” have great value, considered merely as a romance—as the creation of a man of genius, from some chaos of dreams, reduced into something of unity; but of infinitely more value would they be, if we were distinctly told, in such language as did not admit of doubtful interpretation, the precise facts of the case. It is provoking that at this very point we are given, instead of the expected narrative, a cluster of idle asterisks. In the same way, when we have every reason to expect an account of his Oxford life, we find all mention of it omitted. We look for the account with the expectation of learning much of the state of the university, which no reports of any royal commissioners could give, and of which it would not be easy to find a witness in every way so competent as our author. The account, if there ever was any account written of this part of his life, is omitted, and we pass on to his recollections of the lake country, where it would appear that he resided for a few years, forming acquaintanceship more or less intimate with the distinguished poets, Wordsworth and Southey. Of them and of Coleridge we have a good deal told—none of it very new, still it is not uninteresting. The descriptions of the lake scenery, and of the state of society in the northern district of England some fifty years ago, is, we think, more true than his delineations of men, whom he seems to have at first regarded with eager and undistinguishing admiration, though afterwards he found this hero-worship rather wearisome. On this part of the work we cannot now enter. At some future time, perhaps, in connexion with Mr. De Quincey’s work—more probably, however, in some detached papers on the subject—we intend to say a few words on the poets and poetry of England at the commencement of the present century.

A FRESH START IN THE GOLD-FIELDS OF DISCOVERY.

MANY people are beginning to think that there is nothing left on the face of the earth for a man to look for;—that everything has been found.

It is natural enough that people should have this idea. It is only within the present century that the means of world-wide intercommunication have been fully opened up. The children of civilisation, taking advantage of the universal amity of nations, have now overrun the whole habitable—and uninhabitable—globe. Wherever they have gone, they have taken care to look about them, and, in particular, to leave no stone unturned to elucidate the history and antiquities, as well as the natural characteristics and capabilities, of the various regions they have explored. The result has been that from every quarter we have been plied with wondrous intelligence—east, west, north, and south, each has rendered up its secrets, till at last we fancy we have geographical reasons for the conclusion that we must be by this time in possession of all that the past can possibly have stored up and hid away for the use of posterity.

It is just as well, perhaps, that the mass of mankind is not given to reflection. Physically speaking, we are made for present interests and present purposes, and assume the functions of our betters when we become philosophers. Nevertheless, there is a vast deal going on outside the range of man's ordinary vision that he does not dream of: for instance, it does not occur to every body to reflect that, in almost every department of nature, there is a procession of things so slow as not to reveal itself except to careful and long-continued observation. Such is the motion of the solar system in space; such is the supposed refrigeration of the earth's crust; such is the dying out of species; such, in man's history, is the growth, maturity, and decay of nations. And yet these are matters of vast importance, without reference to which no general conclusions should be drawn, upon any of the subjects they are conversant with.

Science, indeed, of necessity enters

into these extended considerations. Met as it is on all sides by systems, spreading out from this little globe of ours into immensity, like rays from a luminous point, it could not do otherwise; and science teaches us that man is himself a recent lodger here, occupying domains that had their own tenants countless ages before his organisation existed anywhere except in the prescient counsels of his Creator. The house he inhabits has been constructed out of the ruins of earlier dwellings, of which the inscribed stones may still be traced, built into the foundations of those he lives in. It teaches him, moreover, that all this is *for the best*, and that, so far as he can see, it could not have been so well in any other way.

Now this, once it comes to be known, is admitted in science without question, for two reasons. First, because in science proofs can be pointed to. The admirable and systematic arrangement of the universe is the favourite theme with people who have got even a smattering of classified knowledge. To attempt to deny it, in fact, would be to draw ridicule upon oneself. Furthermore, there is nothing in the doctrine with which we have any personal concern; it makes nothing either for or against ourselves though there should be a Mädlarian centre of the universe, round which all the hosts of heaven whirl in an enormous eddy. We should be no greater or smaller, were we all at a stand-still. But when we come to religious or moral dispensations, the case is very different;—first of all, proofs are not so easy to be had—there are a hundred ways of accounting for events without referring them to any ulterior design. Take, as an example, the condition of the Jewish nation at the present day. It will be found that nine people out of ten, if unimbued with religious influences, will endeavour to explain the phenomenon as an ordinary circumstance, or at least as an exceptional case that can be accounted for. In fact it does violence to one's first ideas of free-will to admit the direct

interference of a controlling power in man's actions at all; the idea is humiliating to his pride. He loves to stand upon truths which he can comprehend, and in a measure reduce within the sway of his own power; and just in proportion as he finds himself compelled along a track he has not marked out for himself, and does not see the end of, does he fret, and chafe, and refuse to be a consenting party.

In spite of him, however, and whether he chooses to open his eyes or shut them, great providential dispensations *do* hold their courses about him on every side. There is something grand, indeed, to the enlightened glance, in the tranquil indifference, as it might be called, with which these great wheels, whether in moral or material nature, make their revolutions—

“ In the rapid and rushing river of time,”

regardless, seemingly, of human cognisance, disposed according to some higher law than human intelligence, and set in motion for more elevated purposes than human contemplation. Before the eye of man was created, the blue rays of Capella and the red light of Aldebaran shone down upon the earth. For an unknown period antecedent to man's first perception of them, the rings of Saturn, the many-formed clusters of the telescopic nebulae, poured their splendour out into the waste places of the universe. Were the race of man to be swept away to-morrow, they would probably shine away as placidly as if he were still registering their minutest phenomena. And it is just the same in the moral world, in which events take the place of motions and purposes of laws. There, too, whether we choose to see it or not, the dispensation approaches, arrives, and goes, according to a determinate providential arrangement, the greater part of the orbit of which lies outside the limit of human observation. A few degrees of the great circle includes us; but enough is observed to enable the philosopher of Christianity to perceive that the rotation takes place according to a law.

The next step is, to recognise the meaning of all this. Not only do providential arrangements exist, but they emanate from a beneficent intelligence; they conduce to an end; we should be the worse if they did not exist.

This is to be gathered from various sources. Take that of geological discovery, for instance. The formidable contents of the sedimentary rocks, which entomb the races of the primæval world, lay under the very feet of antiquity, which had only to dig to expose them. They did not discover them; or, rather, they looked upon them so unheedingly, that scarcely a trace of their having ever been come upon exists in ancient literature. Why was this? To us who live to-day, it seems impossible that the extraordinary, varied, and monstrous contents of the aqueous rocks of the globe could for an instant have failed to excite the interest and wonder of every observer. It may safely be assumed, then, that if antiquity was blind to what we now see, there was some providential reason for it; that the time was not come, in fact, when the secrets of the pre-Adamite world could be revealed with advantage. At various previous periods other sciences had made progress. Chaldean sages, and, before them, the Chinese, had studied and learned something of the stellar theory, chronicling, for the benefit of modern science, much which they did not themselves understand. The powers and virtues of herbs were discovered by the Thessalian enchanters, who, in seeking for charms or poisons, extracted latent virtues from the simples they culled, and ministered to human suffering what they designed for occult or barbarous purposes. Arabs pored over the properties and affinities of mineral substances, in quest of health, happiness, immortality, and gold, and extracted chemistry from the research. But while the stars were tracked round their orbits, and the vegetable world was travelled over from end to end, and the materials of our globe were submitted to minute analysis, no attempt was made to ascertain the order of successive strata, or the meaning of the fossil flora, so strangely analagous to the upper and living one, or the mystery of those huge skeletons which grinned on every side from the quarries out of which the materials for chemical investigations were procured, and in which they lay so thickly entombed. Surely there was design in this—some withholding of man's natural inquisitiveness, until its exercise should be profitable, or at least innocuous. Let us suppose antiquity

taking hold upon the relics of the geologic periods: it had exhausted imagination for its gods; every hideous thought had in turn been embodied, deified, and worshipped. What a pantheon of ready-made idols was lurking in the lias under its feet! The eye is now familiar with the Dagon or fish-god of Assyria, the more fantastic dæmons of Etruria, the Vishnou of the Hindoo, the colossal chimeras of Egypt, the grotesque monoliths of Palenque and Copan, and the hideous Quexalcoatl of the Mexican. But is there one of these to be compared in its terrors to the gigantic dragon of the Dorsetshire lias, the Ichthyosaurus, or the frightful winged lizard of the same period, the Pterodactyl, or the cumbrous Mastodon of the tertiary era? As much more startling would have been the effect of such phenomena upon the superstition of ignorance, as the monsters of nature exceed the bugbears of art. To have dug out a deity whole would have been to defy detection and silence scepticism. A goddess fabled to have descended from heaven, would have had no chance against a god known to have arisen out of the earth. No legend would have been too wild to have tacked on to such a demonstrable theogony. The things under the earth would have been bowed down to by an awe-struck world; and geology, as a science, might have been postponed to an indefinite period, if it had ever been able to shake itself clear of the trammels of early association.

But, by providential wisdom, the thickly-packed treasures of a primeval world lay quiet and undisturbed, sleeping through the whole night of heathenism and ignorance; and never stirred until religion—the true religion, the religion of reason and wisdom as well as of revelation—was firmly implanted in man's breast, and the danger of the discoveries being turned to an account other than that of the glory of God and the good of man, had passed away for ever. Then, indeed, they heaved, and burst through the surface, imprisoned as they had been through successive revolutions that had convulsed the surface of our globe; they waited but the command of Providence to place themselves beneath the feet of Werner, and Cuvier, and Agassiz, who had only to stamp to make them appear.

This is very like *design*, it will be ad-

mitted, and it is only an example of what has been manifested in many other instances besides this particular natural science. The discovery of printing was apparently postponed until Christianity had first taken a firm hold on mankind, and then been corrupted. The revival of learning immediately ensued, and this was followed up by centuries of investigation into the written treasures of the past, which had lain so long unnoticed and unknown, waiting their time. It might now be safely permitted, in short, to mankind to make use of his reason in investigations of this kind without danger to his faith, which the same developments had matured, strengthened, and confirmed, so as to render it impregnable to the assaults of scepticism.

Now, therefore—literary antiquity having been, according to the design of Providence, recovered and mastered by man, he is at length permitted, *also by design*, to resuscitate the PAST itself from the sleep in which it has lain so long, and obtain by actual demonstration the last and completest corroboration of the sacred and profane history of his race. This is accomplished in two ways—first, by the opportunities and facilities for the first time afforded of exploration on all sides and in every direction. The section made by a railway-cutting in an old country corresponds to the successive periods of its history—as you go down in the one, you go back in the other. But such sections were seldom or never to be had till now, when they open themselves almost everywhere. Secondly, it is arrived at by the re-construction of the forgotten languages, presented to our view in ancient inscriptions. Philology can now do in literature what Cuvier taught us to do in geology—rear up, from a casual fragment, an alphabet and vocabulary, and make a revived tongue out of the most scanty materials it picks up. In these two ways the whole power of modern intellectual machinery is brought to bear upon antiquity; and, as might be expected, with results corresponding to that power, and worthy of the manifest hand of Providence displayed in the business.

Just at the period when these elements of power have been perfected, too, an unexampled opportunity of exercising them has been afforded by

a peace of extraordinary duration. Never has the world been so free to be walked over as it has been for the last forty years. Every gate has been on the latch for the traveller as he passes along. Every sea has been open; every port a friendly one. Is there nothing of *design* in this? But how long is such a state of things to last? At this moment the change has begun. By-and-bye the great opportunity of the nineteenth century will be past by for ever.

A movement, in the meantime, is going forward. What is the limit assignable to it? Can we discover any clue to what it is permitted to man to know, and what he must remain ignorant of? Arguing from analogy, we can see but one halting-place, namely, the point where the *whole* of the past shall have been thoroughly investigated and thoroughly understood. Such we conceive to be the *design* of Providence in what it permits and furthers. The annals of man from the outset (such is our creed) are intended to be fully opened up to the research of these latter days. There will not, we are persuaded, be one unchronicled nation, one missing tribe, one forgotten language on the face of the earth. Profane history will be confirmed or falsified, as it is authentic or the reverse. Sacred writ will be illustrated to its minutest details, by material and literary records, either of the people who penned it, or of the heathen nations who came in contact with them. Ethnology will be as completely understood as any other science. We shall be able, in individual instances, to trace back decay to refinement, refinement to prosperity, prosperity to heroism, heroism to simplicity, simplicity to barbarism, through the usual stages. And having thus familiarised ourselves with the past as a connected whole, we shall then see what we now only get a glimpse of now and then and here and there—the *plan* upon which the whole machinery of history has worked, the centre of Truth round which it revolves.

We have, by this time, left the mass of the population, of whom we spoke so slightly at the outset, far behind, we fear. They will not give a fig for our laws and our providential arrangements. They maintain as stoutly as ever, that the mine of history and antiquities is exhausted, and

that it is a useless expenditure of capital to work it further. Will all our readers rank themselves with these? If they do, we must e'en fall to proving, by undeniable facts, what we would much prefer their assenting to from our arguments. We must show, by sensible evidences, that so far is the vein of discovery from being exhausted, that the richest lodes, in all probability, lie as yet beneath the surface, and have never yet been hit upon.

In following out the inquiry, the starting point will be from this truth, which is not sufficiently considered in questions of the kind, that whatever impress man has at any period of his history made upon durable materials must, generally speaking, unless man have again interfered to deface the impression, exist somewhere or other to the present hour;—whether it be marble, or granite, or alabaster, or gold, or silver, or the gem, or brick that has received the form or imprint, there will it remain as long as these materials last, which will be, as we have said, generally speaking, to the end of historic time. Now, if we only realise this, and at the same time equally realise the truth of the histories which have recorded man's works, there must necessarily follow a confidence in prosecuting our search for these material objects, very likely to conduce to success; for we take it as a first principle that they *must exist somewhere*; and as the only task which remains for us is to find them out, we are sure to set cheerfully to work. In this respect there is some analogy to natural and revealed truth, the study of both of which may be simultaneously carried on with equal vigour, it being certain that they must ultimately harmonise with, and illustrate each other.

The next thing we assume is, that all inscriptions have a meaning that is worth interpreting; and that they can be interpreted. As to the first, we have experience to go upon. Whatever has hitherto been found, has in some way conduced to man's knowledge of the history or the people it concerned; and, for the latter, there is the system—shall we call it *science*?—of reading by tabulation, which, if the slightest alphabetical foundation be once gained, enables us to raise the whole superstructure of a language.

Lastly, we take it for granted that every nation which has attained a cer-

tain degree of civilisation, has left behind it a certain amount of history, if not literary in its ordinary sense, at least inscribed on durable materials, and available in the place of connected history; and, moreover, *that, in each particular instance, these inscribed relics are rich in proportion to the paucity of literary history.*

Let the reader, therefore, place himself by our side, as we pass with rapid strides over some of the principal fields of man's research, and see whether there may not be something left still even in the middle of the nineteenth century, to pique his curiosity and stimulate his enterprise.

INSCRIBED STONES, ETC.

OF all records traced by the hand of man, those written upon rock are certain to last the longest. This was foreseen by our fathers long before they could have tested the durability of the material by experience. Accordingly, those nations and individuals who acted and thought for eternity, as the primeval nations and people seem invariably to have done, were fond of using the rock as their tablets, and inscribing it with the names, dates, and deeds they meant to commemorate. "Setting up a stone" was the common act of a conqueror, or monarch, or legislator. He thus took a step similar to that of feeing a rhymers or patronising an historian now, though as much a wiser one as the new red sandstone is superior in durability to the old unread conglomerate of the *lauriferous* series. There is great latitude, we admit, in the expression, "setting up a stone." It varies, probably, from the lifting of a horizontal block in a man's arms, and placing it upright (as in the case of Jacob's pillow), to the erection of an obelisk of hieroglyphics, or even the construction of a regal palace. But of this we are sure, that the ancient monuments thus raised were much oftener *inscribed* monuments than they are expressed to be. The inscribing of stones, at all events, we know began early. If the altar raised by Joshua to commemorate the passage of Jordan bore no memorial of the event, that which the same captain set up in Mount Ebal was thickly covered with inscriptions; "a copy of the law of Moses" (probably of the ten Commandments) was written upon it. This was done, according to the injunction of Moses himself, by means of

a coat of plaster or cement, with which the stone was covered before receiving the impression of the tool. We are uncertain whether the graver penetrated the coating; but, at all events, this outward envelope soon assumed the hardness of the stone itself, as we know from finding it so frequently still adhering, like electro-plating, to ancient monuments. We are thus incidentally informed that the Israelites carried the art of writing with them out of Egypt; a fact of which some antiquaries have made an over-free use of. But we cannot go the length of the sanguine Mr. Forster, in thinking it "probable" that on "great stones" of this kind the Mosaic law, "as a whole," was transcribed. Although the writing on cylinders, both in Egypt and in Assyria, is occasionally very minute, that executed on public monuments would naturally be of conspicuous and legible dimensions for general perusal at a distance. It is more probable that the writing was of the respectable proportions of that to be mentioned by-and-by as existing in the wilderness of Sin.

Joshua's altar, at all events, was loaded with inscriptions. Of the same character, it would seem, was the stone so solemnly set up in Shechem under an oak, "to be a witness" between Jehovah and his people, *as having heard* all the words of the Lord that he had spoken there — a strange and startling impressment of inanimate things into sympathy with man's actions. This stone we may believe to have been belted round with those words, carved into its heart; and *this*, as well as the others — for who would undertake the retrogressive labour of erasing them? — may once more come up to the surface and light of day from its hiding-place of 3000 years, to verify and vouch for the historical truths of Scripture.

Inscribed stones have continued to be the common medium of triumphal commemoration from that remote period almost to our own day. Nay, the practice began earlier. We may well believe that the first cities founded by Cain, Nimrod, and other of the earliest patriarchs of our earth, were identified with their builders' names through the means of gigantic monoliths, so imposing in their solemn simplicity. In Asia, Africa, and America, as well as in Europe, blocks of this kind characterise the remotest eras of antiquity. We shall come by-and-by, perhaps, upon some

them, in the course of our local explorations. In Egypt they take the form of obelisks; in central America they assume a rude resemblance to the human form. Some of those of Egypt, we shall have occasion to see, take us back to ante-Mosaic times. No date can yet be assigned to the American ones. But there are on these, as well as on almost all monuments of the class, ample means of identification, they being rich in inscribed characters and forms, which either have been or will be read, and constitute their title to a fixed chronological status.

In Europe stones of this kind occupy the intermediate ground between the fabulous and the historical era. They exist in almost every country, and are more or less distinctly and copiously marked with legible characters; but wherever there is a trace of inscription, they should be accurately transcribed and carefully studied. There must necessarily be more of them buried than standing conspicuously above the surface. The great majority must have fallen; and most of these will have been covered over in a short time either by sand, earth, rubbish, water, or vegetation. Those thus prostrate will have stood the best chance of having their inscriptions preserved entire, since air disintegrates many kinds of rocks more rapidly than moisture. Here, then, we have just afforded the slightest possible hint of an entire class of monuments, argued, from known specimens, to be of peculiar interest and value. They probably underlie all existing records. As they are the first works of the graver we read of in Scripture, so it is likely they formed the earliest achievements of the chisel in other nations emerging into civilisation. The rudest demonstration of pride or exultation in success would assume this form: hence we are very close down to the origin of a people when we come upon them. Their value in the eyes of the archæologist is, therefore, proportionably great. We, accordingly, place these as the starting-point of exploration—the zero on the scale of monumental discovery. They may present a wide difference of antiquity in different countries, but in each they *come first*. We are down upon the ground when we have got at their foundations.

NINEVEH.

The world well knows what has

of turned up beneath the ploughshare of Layard's researches. Animated by some startling discoveries of M. Botta at Khorsabad, that enterprising explorer, impelled by an irresistible instinct, disembarked from the boat in which he was gliding down the Tigris, just under the mound of Nimroud, which he climbed, and traversed its bleak and barren top with an observant eye. For a long time he found nothing. At last his attention was attracted by a longitudinal mark upon the surface, which he found to be the edge of a stone, cropping out, as miners would say, on a level with the surrounding rubbish. Following its face downwards, he uncovered an alabaster inscribed slab. This was the first rent in the veil of oblivion which had covered Nineveh for 2000 years. The temple-palaces of Sennacherib, of Esarhaddon, of Sardanapalus successively revealed themselves. A nation, a history, and a language rose from a sleep of twenty centuries, and testified thus late to the authenticity and the accuracy of the old sacred chronicles of our faith.

Already over a wide region, and to a profound depth, have the zeal and energy of this Columbus of the past spread their archæological conquests—Nimroud, Kuyunjic, Mosul, Nebbi Yûnas, have yielded their tribute of wonders: and even out of the “heaps” of Babylon have traces of intelligent information been sifted. But both in breadth and in depth, much remains yet to be revealed. That vast plain of Asia, believed to lie in the neighbourhood of man's first abodes, and illustrated by the earliest literary records of history, forms one field of instructive fallow for the explorer. Over its ruins the light winding-sheet of the desert has been wrapped—so effectual a preserver—and concealer—of what is below. The besom of destruction has swept over cities which can be cleared by the besom of any ordinary visitor; you have scarcely more to do than to scratch away a little sand, to arrive at the primitive archives of the human race. The temple at the south-west corner of the mound of Nimroud is discovered to have been built out of the ruins of an earlier one, situated at the north-west corner of the mound. The records found within it carry us back to the reign of an Adrammelech, 1,300 years before the Christian era. But kings reigned, and built, still earlier.

Ninus flourished long before. An obscure Nimrod preceded him. Centuries of records yet remain undiscovered. We cannot suppose that when the earliest inscriptions we find are so finely and elaborately carved, the age immediately preceding was unable to perpetuate itself on alabaster. Sir Gardner Wilkinson's opinion on this subject is conclusive. He says, in the new abridgment of his work on the Ancient Egyptians, "Recent discoveries have fully justified the opinion I ventured to express, when they (the Assyrian marbles) were brought to this country: that they are not of Archaic style, and that original Assyrian art is still to be looked for." What an area of examination!

When Abram left Mesopotamia, written monuments existed elsewhere, which are standing and legible to this day. Such is the obelisk at Heliopolis, erected, as we are told by Dr. Lepsius in that valuable work of his on Egypt, by King Sesurtesen I., about 2,300 years B.C. Why should Nineveh be behindhand? Within these rubbish-heaps of bricks and pottery, what shall forbid the discovery, in due time, of some slab, cylinder, or pillar, alluding, in cuneiform characters, now legible by all the learned, to the mysterious departure of the mighty patriarch as he followed the viewless finger of God into the desert, with Lot his brother's son, and the souls that he had gotten in Haran?

Even at this moment, as we write, some important corroboration of Scripture, or illustration of antiquity, may turn up under the pickaxe wielded by the explorers so judiciously organised on the spot by Dr. Layard, or, still more probably, by means of the extensive photographic delineations now in process of accomplishment, under the superintendence of Colonel Rawlinson. Nineveh is but beginning to yield its harvest of wonders. The great mass of inscriptions already discovered is, as yet, unread. Thus there is an unopened library at this moment in the hands of the learned, written before the Alexandrian was founded. However we may have doubted what has yet been done, may we not look with confident hope to the legitimate issue of Hincks's and Rawlinson's labours? Are we not justified in believing that the great Scripture pillars, so long unsupported, will be found to be surrounded with massive

buttresses, hid through all these ages beneath the sand of Assyria?

And here it is only right to remind the reader of the wonderful revolution wrought in antiquarian research by the discovery of the photographic process. From henceforth the minutest details of sculpture, architecture and written character, hitherto such a difficulty and labour to copy, may be taken off and preserved in a few moments, with a fidelity and truthfulness of delineation wholly out of the reach of former methods. We can have the whole literature of a lost nation brought home to our libraries by a single explorer. Observe what a future of discovery thus bursts upon us! Instead of prosecuting our researches under the exhausting heat of a tropical sun, or amid the freezing terrors of boreal solitudes, we may operate upon distant remains of antiquity as an astronomer does upon a star—who turns his back upon it, and magnifies it at his pleasure.

EGYPT.

Our oldest literary archives have sprung from between the great streams of the East. The architectural cradle of the world existed on the banks of the Nile. Physical civilisation seems there to have developed itself at a period at which the rest of the world was incapable of making itself known to posterity by its works. Egypt is among the nations what the great Saurian period of geology is in relation to the animated creation of our day. It is the Necropolis of a gigantic world, the world of a race which employed life in constructing monuments for death, as those lizard-like monsters entombed themselves for our edification. We have no books, nothing to be called literary records, opening up the past of this mysterious land. The ancient Egyptians scorned the vulgar pen of a scribe. True, his papyrus is old—but, ere it became paper in his hands, he had written with colossal implements, the granite block, the pillar, the obelisk, the temple, the tomb. *With* these he spoke of power, and grandeur, and durability. *On* these he deigned to inscribe names and dates, and such matters of fact.

Listen to the sensible and erudite Sir Gardner Wilkinson:—"Bas-relief may be considered the earliest style of sculpture. It originated in those pictorial representations which were the

primæval records of a people anxious to commemorate their victories, the accession or the virtues of a king, and other events connected with their history. These were the first purposes to which the imitative powers of the mind were applied; but the progress was slow, and the infant art (if it may be so called) passed through several stages ere it had the power of portraying real occurrences and imitating living scenes. The rude outlines of a man holding a spear, a sword, or other weapon, or killing a wild animal, were first drawn or scratched on a rock, as a sort of hieroglyphic; but in process of time the warrior and a prostrate foe were attempted, and the valour of the prince who had led them to victory was recorded by this simple group. As their skill increased, the mere figurative representation was extended to that of a descriptive kind, and some resemblance of the hero's person was attempted—his car, the army he commanded, and the flying enemies were introduced; and what was at first scarcely more than a symbol, aspired to the more exalted form and character of a picture. Of a similar nature were all their historical records; and these pictorial illustrations were a substitute for written documents. Rude drawing and sculpture, indeed, long preceded letters, and we find that even in Greece, to describe, draw, engrave, and write, were expressed by the same word, *γραφειν*."

The diligent labours of a century have failed to exhume more than a small proportion of the buried past of Egypt. But we are beginning out of the fragments recovered to put together a history—and what a history! The hundreds of years of Israelitish sojourn come in as an unimportant episode in the long line of dynastic successions, striking down almost into the roots of the Mosaic cosmogony! We are at this moment arrived at the most interesting period of Egyptian exploration. Every stone we now turn up takes its place beside others, already assigned their true position, and the whole is assuming the symmetry of truth. Near Semelûd, mounds, Mr. St. John tells us, exist, strewed with bricks and pottery.—"Under these mounds lurks the site of some ancient city, most probably of Cynopolis; but to ascertain this point, it would be necessary to undertake many laborious excavations."

What magnificent vagueness in the expression "*some ancient city!*"

From the top of the temple at Thebes, Dr. Lepsius surveyed the continent of ruin, all but submerged beneath the immemorial gulf-stream of the desert. He could catch outlines of buildings from that height which escaped him on the level. "The four Arab villages, Karnac and Lug-sor (Luxor) on the east, and Qurnah and Medinet Hâbu on the west of the river, form a great quadrangle, each side of which measures about half a geographical mile, and gives us some idea of the dimensions of the most magnificent part of ancient Thebes. How far the remainder of the inhabited portion of the hundred-gated city extended beyond these limits to the east, north, and south, is difficult to be discovered now, because everything that did not remain upright in the lapse of ages gradually disappeared under the annually-rising soil of the valley, induced by the alluvial deposit." And all this is one vast bibliotheca of inscriptions! Tombs, temples, palaces, covered with pictured sculptures, thus doubly insuring immortality, pressing upwards towards the surface, as it were, to meet the hand of the downward excavating antiquary!

At Benihassan Lepsius found a painted scene which "forcibly reminded" even his scepticism of the immigration of Jacob and his family, placing it "before his eyes in the most lively manner!"—an identification which he finds himself forced to reject, "Jacob having entered it at a far later period!" The picture has reference to the sixth year of King Sesurtesen II.; and although Sir Gardner Wilkinson took the immigrants as there represented for prisoners, this he considers confuted by their appearance with arms, lyres, wives, children, asses, and burdens. We venture to oppose our credulous faith to the rigid antiquarianism of the German *savant*, and wish to believe that here we *have* in reality Jacob and his sons coming down into Egypt!

At the same time we have no right to overlook the facts which start up before us every day. Miss F. Corboux is of opinion that the Exodus must be looked for late in the succession of the Egyptian kings. The Rev. Mr. Heath, acting upon her views, has pitched upon the reign of Menepthah II.,

the predecessor of Rameses III., as the most likely era; and has within the last month or two carefully read some hitherto unexamined Papyri of that date, in which he has discovered records seeming to refer distinctly to the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt! Let us not make up our minds, then, upon the subject until we have fuller light. We shall soon be able to see it all without glasses.

No wonder poor Lepsius feared "being annihilated by the immense treasures of monuments" assembled at Thebes! The "Homeric forms of the mighty Pharaohs of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties" came forth to him in their majesty and pride, and actually shrunk him up with their shadowy hugeness. There they are still, for him who goes armed with a shovel and a firman among them. They cannot be conjured up by incantation, like the ghost of Samuel, and made to tell the secrets buried with them; but a few strokes of the spade are more than they can resist. Indeed, the abundance of secrets to be dug for is the chief puzzle. After a quarter of a year's diligent work, aided by all the advantages of a royal commission, Lepsius candidly owned that, at the Libyan side alone, when he left off, "there remained twelve temples, twenty-five king's tombs, fifteen tombs of royal wives or daughters, and a number, not to be counted, of graves belonging to persons of consequence, to be examined!" "They who come after us," he need scarcely have added, "with fresh information, and with the results of science farther extended, will find new treasures here, and obtain more instruction from them."

SINAI.

We might have mentioned the rock-inscriptions of Behistûn and other places, if it were not for these writings having been read, and the conspicuous position of such monuments rendering it unlikely that many more of the same class remain unobserved and undeciphered. But there is one remarkable locality, where the inscriptions have till lately offered difficulties to the archæologist—we mean the rocks in the neighbourhood of Mount Serbâl in Arabia, on which are traced the writings usually called the Sinaitic inscriptions. It is for the purpose of guarding the public against a very prevalent

error that we mention the inscriptions at all.

Mr. Forster battles with the enthusiasm of a true antiquary for these mysterious carvings having been traced by the children of Israel on their "Exode" from Egypt. Here are numerous spacious valleys, walled on each side with rock, the principal being the Wady Mokatteb, or *written valley*, actually covered with inscriptions, punched into the sandstone with sharp instruments, at a height which no casual traveller could well have reached, of large, occasionally of colossal dimensions, and all evidently of the same character and period.

We really feel for Forster, who has so frightfully committed himself before the learned world. He never can unpublish his books. Into this magnificent and eloquent valley he has entered, and solemnly deposes to having heard the voices of the children of Israel echoing from the rocks around. He even reports what they said, and makes it all harmonise sweetly with Scripture. What is it to him—now, at least, that he is committed to a theory—that the elder Niebuhr, or Professor Beer, has satisfactorily deciphered and read the inscriptions? It is a mere nothing that they are now known by all competent judges to belong to the first two centuries of Christianity, and to record the passage of various heathen travellers, of Arab blood, on their pilgrimage to Mount Sinai—a place held in veneration by the star-worshippers in the pre-Mohammedan period. If Dr. Tuch has convinced all sensible men of this, what of that? Forster has neither charity nor sympathy for Niebuhr; he holds Beer very small, and cannot be taken by any of Tuch's sophistry. "It is written," is no less deeply inscribed on his theory than on the rocks of Wady Mokatteb. The "primæval language" must be proved, in spite of disproof. If the reader have any fancy for seeing the inquiry placed upon its proper footing, he may refer to Vol. XXXIX. of this MAGAZINE, where he will find Mr. Forster disposed of summarily and for ever.

We are therefore conferring a boon on the public by warning them off the delusions upon which a mistaken antiquarianism might make shipwreck of them, under the pilotage of the worthy philologist. It is quite as essential to

know where labour must necessarily be thrown away, as where it may be productive. And a very moderate skill in "prospecting" ought to have made the author of "The Primæval Language" shift his *cradle* to a more promising field.

But although we repudiate the inscriptions altogether, still, during the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt, and their passage through the desert into Canaan, occupying a period of forty years, they may safely be assumed to have left many material traces of their presence behind them. And it can never be sufficiently impressed upon the reader's mind that *sand*, if in one sense a destroyer, in another is a conservator, serving as a store-house, or mausoleum, for some of the choicest monuments of antiquity. If its advance has rendered barren and uninhabitable whole tracts formerly fertile and populous, its dry and secret depths have preserved for the wonder of later ages what would otherwise have been lost for ever. Now let us realise as we ought to do, the presence of a great multitude in these solitudes. Let us look upon the Scripture account as *historic*, in the ordinary and human sense, and we have as much right to expect marks of their passage as we have to trace the foot-prints, or ichnites, of birds, across the sandstone of the period in which they lived. What *must* be there if the Mosaic narrative be literally true?

1. The bodies of hundreds of thousands of the people—in short, of *all* who came out except Caleb and Joshua, and Korah and his followers. The first two passed over Jordan, and died in the promised land; the latter sunk below exploration.

2. Vast quantities of the ornaments, some of them, no doubt, cumbrous, of which they had spoiled the Egyptians: though probably, with a view to preserve them, or to prevent their being again applied to the composition of idols, numbers of these were in the end collected by Moses, to be fashioned into vessels of the sanctuary.

3. Nor is there anything presumptuous in the supposition that there, beneath the sacred mount, may yet lie for the discovery and rational reverence of an advanced Christianity, the fragments of the two tables of stone, inscribed with the finger of God, and dashed by the indignant Moses to the

earth, as, descending from the immediate presence of the Almighty, and charged with his commandments, he found the people performing their wild and unholy orgies round the Anubis, the abomination of the land of Egypt, whence they had been delivered.

In speaking of the great mausoleum "of dead empires" in the East, we passed over

BABYLON

almost without notice. In doing so, we only followed in the steps of most of those who have gone to look for it. There is nothing to be seen. One shapeless mass of half-vitrified brick forms a landmark, and nothing more. Here it is the looseness of the rubbish that is the obstacle to discovery. What we dig out falls in again; and while Herculaneum—one block of volcanic rock—is quarried up into day, Babylon the Great, dropped down amidst its own crumbling ruins, refuses to come to the surface for all our efforts. Bricks innumerable, and inscribed cylinders, alone testify to the whereabouts of the mighty abomination of prophecy. A more advanced system of scientific excavation—perhaps the first Great Central Asiatic Railway—will be needed to expose her to view once more.

Yet, O enthusiastic explorer! (as the worthy Dibdin would have said), do not be discouraged. There—down there—under your feet—are Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Cyrus, Darius. Records, of priceless value, are waiting for you. History, sacred and profane, asks for corroboration. There they are, beneath these vast accumulations of structural decay. Your task is to get at them. Exert yourself—persevere—persevere—and the fame of a Belzoni, a Stephens, or a Layard may be yours. And, as if to encourage us, rises only just now under our feet the long buried past of Persia. "The commissioners engaged," as we were informed but lately by an American journal, "under the mediation of England and Russia, in marking the boundary line between Persia and Turkey, have recently come upon the remains of the ancient palace of Shushan (this was the winter-palace of the Persian kings), mentioned in the books of Esther and Daniel, together with the tomb of Daniel the pro-

phet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position, and the internal evidence arising from its correspondence with the description of the place recorded in sacred history, amounts almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther, i. 6, where he will read of a pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble in that palace. That pavement still exists, and corresponds to the description given in sacred history. And in the marble columns, the dilapidated ruins, the sculpture, and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered around, the commissioners read the exact truth of the record made by the sacred penman. Not far from the palace stands a tomb, and on it is sculptured the figure of a man, bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him to devour him. No history could speak more graphically the story of Daniel in the lion's den. The Commissioners have with them a most able corps of engineers and scientific men, and other interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persian arrow-heads are found upon the palace and tomb; glass bottles, elegant as those placed upon the toilet-tables of the ladies of our day, have been discovered, with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statement of the Bible, so that twenty-five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel made these records, their histories are verified by the peaceful movements of nations of our day."

CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

The ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah are now supposed to have been identified. M. de Saulcy claims the discovery of these two ancient sites. He argues plausibly enough as to the probability that the Cities of the Plain have never been submerged; and that the idea of their existing below the waters of the Dead Sea is as vulgar an error as it is to suppose that on or in that sea nothing will live. But his identification of their sites (except for the modern names, which seem to resemble those of Scripture) is far from satisfactory. That extensive ruins are met with everywhere along the borders of the Dead Sea, there can be no doubt. Every traveller has stumbled upon them; but beyond the Djibel Esdoun, and the Ouad Goumran being so

named, and containing ruins, nothing is attempted in the way of fixing the sites. Sodom, indeed, has Zour near it, but that is all. The world will scarcely accept M. de Saulcy's confident *assertions* (for they are not to be called arguments) without further and more particular examination. Meanwhile, there is enough discovered here, and in the land of Moab at the opposite side of the lake, to stimulate curiosity. A vast mass of ruin, called Kharbet-el-yahoud, is supposed to form part of the enclosure of the ancient Gomorrah. De Saulcy enters into the details of this structure, which stands at present but a few feet above ground, having probably been partially buried under the accumulation of the upper part of the building, and which, he says, "belongs unquestionably to the most remote antiquity." "It seems likely," he remarks, "that the seven distinct pavilions which I have just described, were dwelling-rooms or habitations attached to vast enclosures, the original use of which it is very difficult to give at the present day."

These ruins, supposed to be Gomorrah, stand nearly at the northern extremity of the Salt Sea. Those sought to be identified as Sodom are almost at the extreme south, seventy-five miles distant. At forty or fifty yards from the water's edge, and thirty yards from the foot of a mountain, our traveller comes upon them.

"We have arrived," he says, "in front of the vast excrescences, or projecting hillocks, bordering the northern part of this mountain. On these hillocks, which present an extensive surface, disjointed accumulations appear, exhibiting positive and infallible evidence of the existence, at this point, of a very considerable town."

As he scarcely paused to do more than glance at the ruins, it is plain that this ancient field lies open for future exploration. Assuming that they are the Cities of the Plain, and recurring to the mode of their destruction, we have a right to expect much that is curious to be revealed. A sudden and unexpected catastrophe overwhelmed them in a moment—one man with his family alone escaped. For centuries it was believed in the neighbourhood that the curse of the Almighty rested on the place, and, consequently, there would be no attempt to violate the ruins. Even when the country fell into

the hands of unbelievers, the story of the overthrow of these cities was still received as true, and sacrilegious hands were restrained. In all probability, a deliberate ransacking of the ruins has never yet taken place; and as they are partly sunk below the surface (those of Gomorrah, at least), what they contained at the moment of the catastrophe they may conceal now, and the records of a patriarchal period may be opened up to the perusal of the first persevering explorer.

We have assumed that Esdoun and Goumran are the true sites of the overwhelmed cities of the Mosaic narrative. That they are actually so, does not appear by any means so plain; and were it not a digression from our main inquiry, we could give sound reasons for our doubts. A catastrophe such as that described in the Bible, probably resembled that of Pompeii. Heaps of gray sand are found on the borders of the Dead Sea. We must suppose that the original catastrophe did completely overwhelm both the cities. The smoke of the *country* went up like the smoke of a furnace; and not a glimpse of the *cities* is spoken of as having been caught by Lot. How does Sodom now stand?—wholly above ground, without the slightest accumulation of pumice, or any other volcanic product in or near it. With this hint—coupled with the fact, as regards the estimation in which De Saulcy's qualifications are held, that Dr. Brugsch considers him, in a certain matter of philological research, to have voluntarily "put himself fifty years back"—we leave the question to more competent judges.

JERUSALEM.

There is a flat, grassy plain forming the space surrounded by the walls of the Harem-es-Scherif, or enclosure of the Temple at Jerusalem, which is levelled over the most interesting ruins in the world. No Christian dare enter this enclosure, under pain of death. The infidel can only look into it from a neighbouring eminence. One or two adventurous individuals, however, not Mahometans, have succeeded in entering in disguise, and returning with their lives. They were spit upon, to be sure, and their ancestors were set down as having met an igneous fate; but they did the thing. The result was, an accurate survey of the ancient enclosure. By-and-bye we shall

have the de-orientalising spirit at work, even in the Holy City, and then these maps and plans may guide us in our researches—for researches *will* be made, sooner or later, in the pious spirit of an enlightened curiosity, even up to the porch of the Holy of Holies, and the walls of the Holy Sepulchre, wherever *that* is. Even now a move has been made in the right direction, by the formation, in London, of a Society called the Palestine Archæological Association.

A portion of this enclosure contains the Mosque El Aksa—built, as the best topographers inform us, on the site of the Temple of Herod—in other words, of the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. This temple was destroyed, according to prophecy, to a level with the earth, but, as if to exhibit the studied accuracy of that prophecy, *not below it*. Its *foundations* exist to the present day; they reveal themselves in the outer or enclosing wall of the present Harem. The huge Cyclopean stones remain as they were placed, probably by Solomon, too massive even for Roman destructiveness. These stones enclose vaults; some of them are open. They are of vast dimensions, with supports massive enough to have borne a temple even of the fabulous altitude of Josephus's. But some are closed, filled up with rubbish from above. These are the innermost vaults—those immediately under the central part of the temple. They were probably overwhelmed at the time of its destruction by Titus; and in all likelihood formed the last refuge for the fugitives of the sacerdotal order, whither they had collected what yet remained of valuable and sacred within the holy precincts. Whatever was brought there then, *remains there still*. Over the whole, the ploughshare of desolation was passed. Behind that ploughshare, other buildings sprung up, and around these the grassy plain was smoothed down. Whatever was beneath was sealed up for the day appointed for its discovery. That day has not come—but it is approaching. What may we not expect to find? The sacred utensils, the sacred records, the bones of the priests, the ark of the second temple, as Prideaux argues,—corroborations, unexpected and awful, of Scripture details. Nay, it is believed that *the Ark itself*—that which contained the tables of stone, the pot

of manna, and Aaron's rod—was preserved by the Prophet Jeremiah, and hidden in some place of safety. Who knows but it may be lighted upon in the fulness of time? A pickaxe struck into the floor of the Harem Court might clear up a controversy carried on for ages. We are now prepared to use, without abusing, such new revelations; they will, therefore, be revealed. These precincts have been recently surveyed. *Is this the first survey?* *Very probably not.* At the period of the Roman domination, registries were made, more minute than our most careful modern surveys, of all places within the provinces and colonies of the Empire. We are told by Ulpian and Lactantius, that the original entries *were engraved on brass tablets*, and deposited amongst the archives at Rome. *Where are these?* We shall find them when the proper season arrives, and God permits us to settle the topography of Jerusalem.

There is so much of what is wonderful yet to be revealed in this the sacred centre, towards which the *kiblah* (to use an orientalism) of all Christian curiosity is directed, that we feel quite unequal to the task of giving even a sketch or slight abstract of the subject. "The Holy Places" are unchangeable. They are *there*; but, unfortunately, tradition is not so much of a fixture. It partakes of the nature of most moveables; and, indeed, as if its character were suspicious, seems to delight in shifting from place to place, until it becomes impossible to identify it with the original truth it sprang from. We pass by the Holy City for the present, hoping to return to it on some future occasion. It seems more consonant with the character of these hasty hints now to quit sacred ground, and point out some few of the curiosities which we know to lie about in every direction through the world, waiting to be turned up. How many more there may be in store, of which we have before us no direct indication, it is, of course, impossible to conjecture; but, judging from the past, we have a right to expect no trifling amount. Nobody before Dupaix guessed at Yucatan. Humboldt was the first who discredited Robertson on the subject of the aborigines of North America.

MEXICO AND PERU.

In fact, until lately, it was generally

believed that no civilisation belonging to an early period could be traced in the new world. On the plateau of Anahuac nations indeed were known to have existed, in various conditions of social development, from remote times; and, south of the isthmus, the state of Peru had accomplished, before the arrival of Pizarro, a considerable degree of civil organisation. But little more was known about either people than what the historians of the conquering nations had thought proper to record; and this was generally rather what would swell the glory of the invaders than enlighten the world as to the country they had overrun. In Mexico the records, as well literary as monumental, of the vanquished inhabitants, were, with pious zeal, systematically delivered over to destruction; and in Peru, where there was not so deliberate a literary massacre, the revolutions and convulsions which followed the first conquest did the work of destruction as completely as if it had been perpetrated of design. To the succeeding ages ante-Columbian America was a blank, and nobody supposed it would ever be otherwise. But our day has seen wonders in this as well as in other ways. Investigation has travelled into both worlds. Peace has fostered inquiry, and on the transatlantic continent the dim outlines have begun to be discernible of an ancient and powerful population, not confined to those two celebrated empires, but spread widely over the face of the vast central regions of America.

With regard to Mexico, a peculiarly rich field would seem to invite the explorer. Let us look to the circumstances when Cortez approached it. The city of Tenochtitlan, as it was then called, was of immense size, and possessed great wealth. Its buildings were spacious and massive, though low, and the palaces of Montezuma almost rivalled in extent and magnificence those of the Chinese emperor at Pekin, as they have been lately described to us. The siege was a long and bloody one; but, one by one, the positions of the enemy were forced, his buildings overthrown, and his legions annihilated; finally, the city fell into the hands of Cortez, by the almost total extermination of the inhabitants. Everything was destroyed, the edifices were thrown down, chasms filled up with their ruins, and over the whole a level foundation

was spread for a new city, which was reared, in an incredibly short time, upon the ruins of the old. Portions of these ruins, indeed, were employed in the new constructions, but by far the greater part was buried beneath them; and so complete was this demolition, that at the present day scarcely a single object remains in that fair capital to attest the existence of the previous metropolis it grew out of, except the gigantic calendar-stone, which leans against the Cathedral wall in the Plaza Mayor.

The war which begun against the existence of the Mexican nation, was next waged against its memory. Even its literature was doomed to annihilation. And the consequence of all this, and of the almost equally complete destruction of the literary and architectural records of the neighbouring centres of civilization, Tlascala, Tlacopan, Cholula, and Tezcuco was, that the whole system and polity of the past soon began to darken down into a mystery; and, although a native historian did contrive to preserve some memorials of the aborigines, the very writing used by the Mexicans became, ere long, undecipherable, their monuments meaningless, their arts lost, and their history a sealed and silent book. Here is the condition of things exactly the most favourable to inquiry. The strange writing, of which the greater part was wilfully destroyed, has been, in our day, illustrated by the munificent liberality of Lord Kingsborough. A sort of key is obtained to this picture-writing, by means of the discovery of those portions of the records having reference to known events, such as the invasion of the Spaniards. Minute topographies of the country have been made; and one of the most delightful of modern histories rectifies while it interprets the memoirs of the conquest. Thus the way is paved for the explorer. And see what he has at his feet—a great, ancient, and opulent city, suddenly destroyed, and rapidly built over by strangers. He might sink a shaft anywhere, and be certain to come upon the Aztecs. The knowledge of the Aztecs would open up a world of analogy to work upon in deeper investigations. Ethnology might derive incalculable aid from stripping the Spanish crust from the subjacent native stratum. And almost the same thing, with modifications, might be said of Peru. Less advanced in most of the

arts of life—including that grim one, war—the subjects of the Incas enjoyed a prosperity and a polity of their own, inferior to, but perhaps more peculiar and exceptional than the systems of the nations of Anahuac. Upon the peaceful and golden region Pizarro and his men of iron burst like avenging demons. Everything was overwhelmed. Nothing but gold remained above the surface; the rest lies buried there still, and Cuzco reserves the secrets of the Children of the Sun for the first antiquary who shall follow the first railway-cutting through the heart of Peru.

YUCATAN.

But grander vestiges than these have been come upon—of people, of whom even the invading Spaniard says little or nothing. Stephens has cleared a region of stately ruins out of the tangle of the central American bush. He has dislodged the monkeys from the halls of kings and caciques, and proved the problem of an ante-Columbian civilisation in a region as far removed from the palaces of Tenochtitlan as from the sun-temples of Cuzco. What he says in speaking of the Casa del Gobernador at Uxmal, may be taken as applicable to the whole wide labyrinth of wonders ranging through Central America and Yucatan; that “each (sculptured) stone by itself is an unmeaning fractional portion, but, placed by the side of others, makes part of a whole, which without it would be incomplete. Perhaps it may with propriety be called a species of sculptured mosaic; and, I have no doubt, that all these ornaments have a symbolical meaning; that each stone is part of a history, allegory, or fable.” Ay, history that can be read; allegory, that shall be interpreted; fable, that must be applied.

In another place he says, “I cannot help believing that the tablets of hieroglyphics will yet be read. For centuries the hieroglyphics of Egypt were inscrutable, and, though not perhaps in our day, I feel persuaded that a key surer than that of the Rosetta stone will be discovered.” Ay; and if there be no Rosetta stone, the stones will assuredly cry out of the wall, one day or other. They are finding a voice every day; “the infinite fierce chorus” will in the end tell it out to the world, that mighty nations of heathendom were, and are

not ; and Christianity will find its comfort in the promises which exempt the citadels of truth from the common doom of the strongholds of error and unbelief.

With all he found, how much Stephens must have left behind him ! Speaking of one of the buildings at Labnà, he thus expresses himself :— “The reader will form some idea of the overgrown and shrouded condition of this building from the fact, that I had been at work the whole day upon the terrace without knowing that there was another building on the top. In order to take in the whole front at one view, it was necessary to carry the clearing back some distance into the plain, and in doing this I discovered the upper structure. The growth of trees before it was almost equal to that on the terrace, or in any part of the forest.” Nor are these buildings without their history. The photograph was in its infancy when Stephens and Catherwood visited Yucatan.

At Chichen Itza, painted designs cover large portions of the walls — and sculptured hieroglyphics still exist, with traces of colours, on the doorway of the building called Akatzeeb, at the same place. In this system of ruins, we have a counterpart to the Assyrian field ; but in the latter, the history of a buried nation has been read, or partially read, — in this, the reading is to come. In the meantime, our impatience is stimulated by such glimpses as this : — “The ramon tree was growing out of the mouth of a cave, which the Indians said was an ancient well. I should perhaps not have observed it but for the discussion about cutting down the tree. I had no great disposition for another subterranean scramble, but descended the cavity or opening for the purpose of taking a bird’s-eye view of the mouth. On one side was a great ledge of stone, projecting as a roof, and under this was a passage in the rock, choked up by masses of fallen stone. It was impossible to continue if I had been so disposed, but there was every reason to believe that formerly there had been some wild passage through the rocks,” &c.

There is nothing too strange to be believed of America. We felt, in our ignorance, tolerably confident that at least the “Far West,” beyond the range of the Kentuckian’s rifle and the

New Yorker’s rhodomontade, was virgin ground — a veritable desert prairie, as far across as to the Sierra Nevada, and the head-waters of the gold region of California. Bosh — no such thing. Captain Joe Walker knows better. He will tell you, and you may credit him too, that over that barren and desolate table-land, lying between the Rio Grande and the Colorado, not only are there spread numerous fragments of pottery and masonry, but a mighty city stands, or partially stands, with its streets running in rectangular directions, still traceable ; its citadel frowning over it, as of old, from a lofty rock, with ten feet in height of its walls still standing. Nay, even this was only part of what Captain Walker discovered. And amongst the traces of *civilisation* he met with, were specimens of pottery beautifully painted and carved ; stone mills, like the Mexican ; figures of sheep on the pottery, &c. Another explorer found in the wilderness, north of Gila, what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, and of stone, and *forty-two* apartments within its precincts, — and we have recently heard rumours of a truncated pyramid somewhere or other, of Cyclopean magnitude. And, indeed, long before this, not only had we been told that tumuli, or mounds, and fortifications, had been cut into by the backwoodsmen of Kentucky, that mummies had been found in a cave, and that there was a Phœnician (?) inscription on a rock at Dighton (*Irish*, for a wager!) but we had had inklings of the ruins of “a great city” in Arkansas and Winsconsin territory, besides similar rumours from the distant Texas !

Away with scepticism ! We are falling back into barbarism. It was the world of a few thousand years ago that was the truly civilised one. All we have gained, amidst this loss, is pride and unbelief. We scorn to admit that the nineteenth century after the Christian era is not more advanced than the nineteenth before it. It is time to get rid of this weakness. The very waste places of the earth cry out against us. Antiquity holds up its hand, and shows us a mirror with a magnified image of ourselves upon it. If we would not see ourselves ridiculous we must look upon it with a face of becoming gravity. But shall we ever know more about these primæval relics ?

To be sure we shall. The antiquarian world, instead of being behind, is all before us. Let us only *dig into it*, and the thing is done.

It may be expected, before we take our leave, that we shall offer the explorer a few hints as to his outfit for his expedition. It will not take him long, nor cost him much, to procure it. He must have a pickaxe, in the shape of a sharp appetite for what is odd and out-of-the-way, which will poke into and under everything, and leave no stone unturned to achieve its object. He must take the shovel of perseverance, patiently to delve into the unknown, in search of its secrets; and the sieve of discrimination, through which the rubbish must be passed. Let him not forget the hammer of truth, for he will have hard rocks to break; and he may even need a little of that gunpowder which is sometimes necessary to explode an inveterate prejudice. Thus equipped, he may set forth, north, south, east, or west, in whichever direction he pleases. It matters little which way the tempest of his enthusiasm bears him, he will find the ground rich in proportion to his zeal; for we know of no instance in which the ardent, judicious, and persevering pursuit of a worthy and legitimate object of the kind has ever resulted in anything but ultimate success.

It will strike the reader, that a large space of *likely* ground has been left untouched. Quite true. We have been obliged to pass over a great deal that would bear to have the shaft sunk into it. It would have been impossible to have compressed within limits already exceeded, all that invited remark. Scarcely a tithe of the secrets of the Holy City has been touched upon. Egypt, as we took care to state, has only been superficially scratched. We have not so much as cast out a shoe over Edom, though Petra waits in the inviting solitude of its wady. No attempt has been made to show how the adventurous explorer might, throughout the land of Canaan, sound for the pre-Israelites, and get down to the underlying aborigines. Persepolis has been passed by. Rome, and its underlying Etruria—that wide reflection of the upper world reversed on the waters of time in the form of tombs—are equally unvisited. The buried cities of the volcano have been undisturbed. Not a footfall

of ours has echoed in the deserted streets of Pompeii. Pæstum is undiscoursed of. Spain, with its Celtic tumuli, for us is untravelled ground. Even Greece has not prevailed to entice our steps that way. Moreover, the vast area of India, and, above all, China—older, perhaps, than primæval Egypt itself—is untrodden, so far as we are concerned.

Of many a land, then, as the reader sees, the treasures remain undesignated. But is there nothing in another element? Look out from the Numidian coast. There, “all along where the salt waves sigh”—where not a solitary wall breaks the line of the surface of the deep—lies submerged the city of Dido and of Hannibal. Submerged—but is she below the sounding-line of modern exploration? Time will show. There, what treasures of historical illustration may lie buried, none can tell. There is, perhaps, on the face of the earth, at least in the old world, no city of equal importance and celebrity of which so little is known, and in which more valuable materials of interest might reasonably be supposed to be heaped up. *Delenda est* was the doom of Carthage; but there is no prophecy against its restoration. We may weigh, out of their deep-sea silence, the spoils of a pre-historic Phœnicia, the trophies of Hannibal and Hamilcar, the revived magnificence of Adrian, the barbaric splendours of the Vandal Genseric, and the final glories of the Saracen. There they lie, in strata of centuries, for the boring-tube of exploration to sink into. And if we wade thus far out of our own element into another, what is to prevent us, one day or other, from plumbing still deeper into the outer ocean into which such treasuries of historic specie have gone down? Only conceive for a moment what is stored upon the floor of that vast granary of lost things! From the chariots of Egypt heaped under the Red Sea, to the literary hoards of Sir Stamford Raffles at the bottom of the eastern straits, all ages have contributed to enrich the shell-caves of the “unrefunding deep.” Let it not be hastily set down as certain, that these are all of them beyond the dive of man’s future reclamation. Wonders have turned up on land; its jaws have disgorged much. The sea may one day have its turn, and be obliged to pay its debts. At all events, whatever has been lodged in that

vast receptacle, of a nature to resist the action of water, *is there still, safe and whole*. Amongst the variety of entombments, that by water is, for some purposes, the nearest for durability to Egyptian embalmment. We sail every day over wonders of antiquity which, were they weighed up, would astonish the world—

“ A thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.”

Have we omitted nothing more in our wanderings over earth and ocean? Is there nothing *at home* still unexplored, and worthy of exploration?—But this would give us a fresh start, and we are tired. For the present, at all

events, we have done. A hint from the gentlest of readers may, by-and-bye, prevail with us to continue these desultory rambles in the gold-fields of discovery for his amusement.

Since the above was written, a very interesting letter has been addressed to the *Athenæum* by Colonel Rawlinson, in which the chronology of the Assyrian empire is sketched, as ascertained from existing relics. The name of the earliest king differs from that we have given, on the authority of Layard. But the most important part of this communication relates to Babylon, of which the dynasties are now traced to the twenty-third century before the Christian era!

THORNS AND THISTLES, AND THEIR COMRADES.

THORNS and Thistles! what harsh ideas their names present to us! How they remind us of the primeval malediction on man: “ *Cursed is the ground for thy sake: thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.*” Can there be any satisfaction in contemplating them? Shall we not turn from them with dislike? Nay; these distasteful seeming objects demonstrate to us more clearly than many others the mercy of the Creator in producing beauty out of deformity (or what we consider deformity), and overcoming evil with good. Labour, which is the substance of the curse: “ *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*”—labour, that is needed to conquer the sterility of which THORNS and THISTLES are the emblems, becomes a blessing to man, from the healthful state of mind and body to which employment conduces, and the prosperity which crowns its exertions. These apparently ungracious vegetable offspring of a stubborn soil, have yet within them something of comeliness for the investigating eye, something of usefulness for the wants of men and animals: nor are they devoid of their anecdotes and reminiscences.

Look at the HAWTHORN (*cratægus oxyacantha*) in winter. How repulsive it seems, with its sharp spines and naked branches. In due season it becomes

the most beautiful and most odoriferous of our flowering shrubs, laden with its delicious blossoms, to be succeeded by a blaze of crimson berries. Meety, then, was the hawthorn used among the ancients as a symbol of hope; wherefore it was dedicated to May as the month of flowers, the hopes of the year; and in spring-time the gates of Athens were crowned with its blooming wreaths.

In most parts of England the hawthorn is called “May,” from being especially used in the decorations of the merry May games, in the olden time, and particularly in garlanding the May-pole. During the Commonwealth, when the Puritans got the upper hand, they exerted themselves to abolish the games and the May-pole, as of heathen origin, and too closely allied to the Roman *Floralia*; though certainly the people who then celebrated the vernal sports had little or no acquaintance with their early Pagan history, but merely considered them as rejoicings for the return of the fine season with all its promise. After the restoration of Charles II., the Londoners celebrated the revival of the May games by the erection, in the Strand, of a gigantic May-pole, 134 feet high. It was adorned with crowns, banners, garlands, lighted lanterns, and a scutcheon

of the royal arms. It was raised by twelve seamen of the fleet, with cables and pulleys, amid trumpets sounding, drums beating, crowds huzzaing, and universal demonstrations of joy.

The ancient Saxons dedicated the May-pole, with its hawthorn wreaths, to the goddess Hertha, *i. e.*, the earth.

The origin of May games in Ireland is very ancient; they are, in fact, the relics of the mystic rites of the Irish Druids, that were celebrated when the sun entered Taurus. These Druidic mysteries are traceable in classical mythology; festivals, called *Carnæa*, were solemnised at Rome in May; and Ovid in his "Fasti" says, that the Dea *Carnæa* was so ancient a goddess, that her worship was antiquated, and that of old she was called *Grane*, a name evidently derived from the Irish *Grian* (genitive *Greine*), the sun. The Spartan feasts called *Carneia* were held in honour of the sun-god Apollo, then surnamed *Granius*, an appellation apparently of Irish origin.

In Ireland the May games were long kept up with national gleesomeness. What they formerly *were*, especially in Finglas, the gifted pen of Dr. Wilde has so well described as to render anything we could say on the subject superfluous. But the jocund Mayings have dwindled away to the shadow of a shade; the mirth of our once light-hearted people seems to have evaporated under the pressure of the times, and the saddening influences of emigration, cutting so many affectionate ties. In Munster, the observance of May-day has degenerated into the ramblings of a band of boys, going about with a hawthorn bush, having a decorated ball attached to it: they call at the dwellings of couples married since the beginning of the year, and expect the bride to append some gratuity to the ball.

The Irish peasant regards with superstitious veneration, as under fairy protection, the gnarled old hawthorns growing on the raths, or circular earth-works, that were the dwellings of the ancient inhabitants, who fenced their ramparts with these trees.

For some centuries the Abbey of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, rejoiced

in a holy hawthorn, that was said to have the habit of coming suddenly into blossom on Christmas Day. The monastic legend affirmed that the abbey was founded by Joseph of Arimathea, who came, at Christmas, to Glastonbury, for the purpose of founding a church; but the people being disinclined to hear his preaching, he prayed for a miracle to convert them; and having in his hand a staff of hawthorn wood, he struck it into the ground, and it instantly became a tree covered with blossoms. The prodigy, of course, properly impressed the Infidels: the church was founded, and the holy thorn was held in high veneration till cut down by the zeal of the Puritans in the Great Rebellion. Some descendants of it, however, that were nursed from its scions, are still extant in various places, and preserve the habit of blossoming in winter; but they are not uniform as to time — some flowering in December, others in January and February. The holy thorn of Glastonbury was an exotic, brought from the East by some early pilgrim; from its nature it bloomed late in December: hence the tradition. Formerly it was customary to present a branch of the old holy thorn, carried in solemn procession, to the king and queen of England, on Christmas morning. The flowers of this venerated tree were long a favourite sign for hostelries, particularly in the vicinity of Glastonbury. Bosom's Inn, in St. Lawrence's-lane, London, is a corruption of Blossom's Inn. The sign is (or was lately) the effigy of St. Lawrence* the deacon, surrounded by a border of hawthorn blossoms.

In France, old tradition said that our Lord's cross was made of the hawthorn; whence the French called the tree *Epine Noble*, or the noble thorn, and believed that it emitted audible groans on Good Friday.

After the battle of Bosworth, the crown of the defeated and slain Richard III., being found hung on a hawthorn bush, was carried to Lord Stanley, and by him set on the head of Henry VII., who afterwards adopted as a commemorative device, a hawthorn tree covered with its fruit, and surmounted by a crown. From this incident arose the

* St. Lawrence was martyred in Rome, by being broiled to death on a gridiron, for not delivering up the concealed treasure of the Christian churches to the Emperor Valerian, about A.D. 258.

popular adage, "Stick to the crown, though it should hang on a bush."

In Scotland, the hawthorn is the badge of the Clan Ogilvy; and the blackthorn, or sloe-tree, is the badge of the Clan M'Quarrie.

In the ancient sacrifices to the Furies, the votaries used hawthorn boughs in their rites, believing that the flowers possessed some narcotic quality capable of soothing pain and sorrow. Pliny says that a garland of hawthorn blossoms relieves headache; but the perfume, delicious as it is, is said to taint fish.

In classic Greece, the hawthorn supplied the nuptial garlands; and the torches lighted at the altar of Hymen were formed of its branches, because the wood, unlike that of other trees, burns freely and brightly, when green and freshly cut, on account of a peculiar kind of gas which it contains.

The Romans esteemed it peculiarly auspicious to make their wedding torches of hawthorn, because when the Sabine women were carried away by the first founders and inhabitants of Rome, branches of this tree were kindled to light them to their new homes.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

M. E. M.

O, hawthorn tree!—O, hawthorn tree!
In wintry days thou'rt sad to see—
So desolate thou art, and bare,
With nought but wreath of thorns to wear,
Like one of every joy bereft,
With only mem'ry's sorrows left;
One that beneath inclement sky
Unlov'd may live—unpitied, die.

But patient be. A little time,
And thou wilt smile in springtide's prime;
A robe of green, Hope's own dear hue,
Shall clothe thy naked limbs anew.
Let time wear on—be patient still,
And blossoms fair thy boughs shall fill,
O'erclustering all thy thorns amid
Thy richly-odour'd garlands hid.

O, hawthorn tree!—O, hawthorn tree!
Bid pale despondence look on thee,
And read the lesson pitying heaven
Hath in thy leaves to mourners given.
Bid *them* in patience cherish Hope,
And leave to Time his needed scope;
Spring will redeem the wintry hours,
And thorns be crown'd at last by flowers.

The pale-green berries of the BLACK-THORN (*rhamnus catharticus*) were formerly used in medicine, but have of

late fallen in estimation. To the dyer, however, they yield in their unripe state a yellow hue; when ripe, they supply the painter with the colour known as sap-green. Of old, this thorn was considered as an antidote to poison, and as a talisman against spells. Among the ancient Greeks, a bough from this tree, combined with a branch of laurel, was suspended over the door of the house wherein lay any one sick of a dangerous distemper: the laurel, as propitiatory of Apollo, god of physic as well as of poetry, to whom it was dedicated; and the thorn, on account of its then estimated medicinal qualities, and as an apt emblem of the bodily pain of the invalid, and the mental pain of the watchful friends during that severe trial of the feelings, the suffering, and decay of one round whom they have been tenderly entwined. •

THE WATCHER'S SORROW.

M. E. M.

'Tis misery to mark how day by day
The form we love sinks, victim to decay;
'Tis misery to mark how death draws near,
Ruthless to snatch what our torn heart holds dear;
To mark how beauty heightens tow'rd its end,
As though a last, a farewell charm to lend.
Upon that tender cheek the blushing rose,
As if to deck the deathbed, deep'ning glows.
Those vivid eyes, ere yet for ever seal'd,
Beam with more light than erst their rays reveal'd,
E'en as the setting sun bursts forth, and shines
With double lustre, as his course declines.

But when those eyes are veil'd in death's eclipse;
When the last breath has sigh'd from those pure lips;
When through the white, white skin the blue veins show,
Like early violets half hid in snow,
'Tis agony to view that silent form,
Cut off from love, devoted to the worm;
To look upon that face, like marble wan,
Chill and expressionless, the last spark gone;
That stony stillness, which the more we gaze
Rivets us more, until our eyeballs glaze
With earnestness, and we become as cold
And statue-like as that which we behold.

Yet is it worse from that rapt trance to burst,
To feel new pangs — O! keener than the first—
To beg with frenzy those mute lips to speak
One word, one parting word; to vainly shriek

In ears that heed not, hear not; and in vain
Try if the heart one lingering throb retain;
Then o'er the dead, ere yet a tear can flow,
Sink prone, chok'd with unutterable woe.

The shrub called CHRIST'S THORN (*rhamnus paliurus*) is regarded in Italy as that from which our Lord's crown of thorns was plaited by the Roman soldiers. It has very flexible branches, shining leaves, short recurved thorns, and yellow-green flowers, succeeded by a broad green fruit, convex in the centre, with wide rims like a hat, whence the French call it *porte chapeau*, or the hat-bearer. Virgil makes it the type of extreme sterility, usurping, with the thistle, the place of the wild flowers:—

"Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcissos
Carduus et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis." — *Eclogue 5*.

Pliny considered it efficacious against the bites of scorpions and serpents, and as beneficial in various complaints, the leaves being astringent and the bark discutient.

This was one of the principal thorn-trees used by the ancients in hedges.* In the Greek Anthology of Constantine Cephalus, is an epigram upon it, by Geminus,† a translation of which we offer to the reader:—

THE PALIURUS,

FROM THE GREEK OF GEMINUS.

(Ἡπάλιουρος ἐγὼ τρηχὺ ξύλον. κ. τ. λ.)

I, the spin'd Paliurus, boast me peer
Of all that with me fence thy garden here;
Why dost thou taunt me that no fruit I
yield,
While thus I stand thy fruited trees to shield?

The real Christ thorn is now generally believed to be that called by the Arabs NEBUKH, one of the species *zyzypus*, which is very common in the Holy Land. It has extremely pliant branches, and sharp, strong, hooked thorns, and bears an edible fruit like a sloe.

To this species *zyzypus*, belongs the LOTOS THORN of the classics, which was fabled to yield a fruit so delicious that strangers who ate of it in the re-

gions where it grew, forgot their national affections, and would never return home. Polybius, who saw it in its native soil (when he was employed by Scipio Africanus to explore the coasts of Africa), describes it as a moderate-sized tree, having leaves like those of the buckthorn, but broader, and a purple fruit the size of an olive, containing a small nut, with a kernel of a sweet taste, like that of dates, which being pounded, was laid up for use. It also yielded a kind of wine, which, however, would not keep more than ten days. The country of the ancient Lotophagi, or Lotos-Eaters, lay on the African shore, between the two Syrtes (the Greater Syrtes, now the Gulf of Sidra, on the northern shore of Tripoli; and the Lesser Syrtes, now the Gulf of Khabs, on the southern corner of Tunis), and included the Island of Maninx, now Jerba. Homer describes, in the ninth book of the Odyssey, the landing of Ulysses among the Lotophagi, after a storm, and the difficulty he found in carrying away by force three of his men who had eaten of the fruit, and were desirous of renouncing their country for its sake.

Pliny describes another lotos-thorn, found at the Syrtes, with fruit of a yellowish colour, and the size of a large bean, which being bruised to a paste, was stored up for food. But the true classic lotos is that mentioned by Polybius.

Ovid, in the ninth book of the "Metamorphoses," relates the fabulous origin of the lotos tree. Dryope, the beautiful wife of Andræmon, walking beside a lake with her infant boy in her arms, plucked some of the flowers of the "*aquatica lotos*," apparently the blue water-lily (*nymphaea lotos*), to please the child, being ignorant that the plant was sacred — the nymph Lotis, beloved by Apollo, having been transformed into it in order to screen her from the suit of his rival, the rustic divinity Priapus. Drops of blood issued from the stalks that Dryope had wounded; and in punishment for the injury she was changed into the lotos tree, whose fruit had the power of

* The earliest mention of hedges by profane authority occurs in the ninth book of the Odyssey, where Homer describes the Gardens of Alcinous; but they are spoken of in various parts of the Old Testament, as in Proverbs, xv. 19; Hosea, ii. 6, &c.

† A Roman, though he wrote in Greek. His era is uncertain.

causing forgetfulness of home and country, an unenviable quality. We agree with Leonidas, the Greek father of Endonia, wife of the Emperor Theodosius the younger, "I hate the sweet food of the Lotophagi, that causes the forsaking of country." Unamiable, indeed, is it to forget the scenes of our innocent youth and its simple pleasures, fostered by the affection of our earliest, best, and truest friends. "Where is the man with soul so dead" who would renounce for ever that most tender, though melancholy gratification of recalling to memory some spot hallowed by gentle associations, and to which it has been his fate to bid a long farewell?

Let us accompany the lotos with a lay commemorative of those feelings which the fruit of that celebrated thorn was supposed to annihilate:—

FAREWELL TO S.

M. R. H.

Farewell to thee, scene of my once happy dwelling!

With sorrow I turn from thy sea-beaten shore:

A low secret whisper is inwardly telling
My footsteps shall wander along it no more.

To go, and to feel 'tis for ever and ever:
To cast round a glance that we know is the last—

This, this adds a pang to our grief when we sever,
And saddens the heart when the parting is past.

Farewell to thee, voice of the billowy ocean!
Thy music, though mournful, was sweet to mine ears.

I lov'd it, awaking a gentle emotion—
Too tender for smiles, and too soothing for tears.

Farewell to ye, black rocks! where oft I have pondered,
When breezes were still, and serene were the skies;

When the full silver moon o'er the dark waters wander'd,
That stole to your feet with their lover-like sighs.

I've seen ye when sun-rays, through purple clouds peeping,
Had burnished one peak till like gold it shone bright;

The rest in broad shadow, like giants seemed sleeping.

Though o'er them the sun-bird scream'd shrill in her flight.

And there with the last glimpses of twilight
deceiving.

I've linger'd, ere wending from objects so grand:

Reluctant, as Hope, in her paradise playing,
Deserts her gay visions at Reason's command.

Farewell! farewell to thee, time-shatter'd ruin,

That once frowned a castle in years fled away:

Whose tettering turrets thus faithfully weeping.

The ivy undying entwines with her spray.

I've seen the green leaves deck thy battlements hoary,

And thought, thus the virtues of youth's fleeting hours

Adorn us in age with a garland of glory,
Like the ivy that decks with its chaplet thy towers.

I've stood by thy walls when the sunset has given.

To grace their rude relics, its mellowing gleam;

While breathless around reigned the silence of Even.

Save where through its pabbly bed rush'd the loud stream.

Farewell to thee, wild moor, so vast and so lonely!

The lark from thy bosom soars upward and sings:

No tree lends a home to her rivals — there only

The low bloomy furze and the tufted heath springs.

There's a spot where, enwreathed with wild flowers and green cresses,

And guarded by grey stones with lichens grown o'er,

A fount bubbles up—and the wanderer blesses
The pure, cooling drops of the well on the moor.

When twilight had passed, and the landscape lay darkling,

The glowworm beamed out like a star on the plain,

I deemed it as bright as the star of hope sparkling

To cheer the deep midnight of sorrow or pain.

* *Μισα λωτοφαγῶν γλυκίαν λιποπαγῆν ἰδῶν.* See Epigram in the Greek Anthology of Constantine Cephalus.

Farewell to thee, grove of the warm, sheltered valley!

Where earliest leaflets of springtime come forth—

Where young zephyrs love with the hawthorns to dally,

And kiss the first primrose that peeps from the earth.

Farewell to my cot! in its happy seclusion

My days glided by in such peace—it was bliss

To feel that I feared not care's thankless intrusion;

Care could not discover a nook such as this.

Farewell, ye dear haunts! I no more shall behold you—

The moor or the ruin, the rocks or the grove;

But memory's pen in her scrolls has enrolled you,

And oft shall her records be opened by love.

The EVERGREEN THORN (*mespilus pyracanthus*), which grows wild in Italy and Provence, bears among the French the legendary reputation of being the burning bush out of which the Almighty spoke to Moses at Horeb, and hence they call it *buisson ardente*, the burning bush, to which descriptive appellation it is entitled by the brilliancy of its appearance in winter, blazing with innumerable red berries which succeed its small white flowers. The botanical name, *pyracanthus*, derived from two Greek words, signifying *fire* and *thorn*, was applied to it on account of its fiery glow. The peasants of its native regions point, as evidences of its sanctity, to its evergreen foliage and its berries, which do not fall off in winter like those of other trees and shrubs.

There is a thorn — not, however, a tree or bush, but a most spiny weed — which many botanists and Scripture commentators think to be that species whose growth was decreed a curse upon the earth, and as the companion of thistles, “Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.”* It is the REST HARROW (*ononis spinosa*), which has woody stems, with strong spines at the base of the branches (which themselves terminate in soft thorns), and hard, penetrating, extending roots, that run intricately all over poor fields, and form an obstinate impediment to tillage — hence its English name “rest harrow,”

and the French “*arrête bœuf*,” or *stop bullock*. It has pretty, purplish-pink flowers (sometimes white), papilionaceous, like those of the broom. Floral emblematisers might adopt them as the symbol of specious but perverted talents that resist the efforts of useful culture.

Even this vexatious weed is not wholly without utility: in the pharmacopeia of rural life, a decoction of its leaves is esteemed a cure for jaundice.

How lovely and how fragrant is that mass of thorns and flowers, the GOLDEN FURZE (*ulex Europæus*). It is not, as Goldsmith sings, “unprofitably gay,” for it makes excellent hedges, supplies the cottager with fuel, and his cow with fodder from its young shoots; its flowers feed the bees in summer, and its seeds the birds in winter. Pliny (book xxxiii. chapter 4) mentions an *ulex*, supposed to be our furze, from the ashes of which was made a lye that had the quality of separating particles of gold from earthy particles combined with it. He speaks of it as very successfully used for this purpose in the Asturias, Galicia, and Portugal. The furze does not like northern latitudes; it is rare in Scotland;† in Russia, little plants of it are house-reared in pots, as exotics; and it will not grow in Sweden, where Linnæus vainly strove to introduce it. When this great naturalist visited England, and first beheld a plain covered with furze, he was so much delighted that he fell upon his knees to thank God for its brilliant beauty and its delicious scent.

The odour of a flower or a shrub has sometimes the power of strongly recalling to memory persons, scenes, or feelings with which it had been associated. We remember one, very near and dear to us, who in youth had set out on a journey of great anticipated pleasure. It was a warm spring morning; the road lay over a mountain covered with furze in full bloom, and the early breeze was laden with its sweets. Ever after, even in advanced years and in sorrow, the perfume of the furze awakened vivid recollections of that happy time, and the heart of the aged mourner experienced a thrill of exhilaration.

* Also in Hosea, x. 8, “The thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars.”

† A dwarf kind, *ulex nanus*, is found on the Pentland Hills.

And thus, because the furze has borne blossoms of Remembrance that by their sweetness repay us for its thorns, we will append to its branches a lay of

MEMORY.

M. E. M.

Sweet mem'ry, that to waking dream
Brings many a fond revealing,
Is like the moon's reflected beam
O'er glassy waters stealing;
Like Music's echo heard afar,
While, on green bank reclining,
We watch the glowworm's fairy star
Through summer-darkness shining.

'Tis like the scroll we ope at will,
The checquer'd Past perusing;
Like cherish'd flower, though faded, still
Its fragrant breath diffusing.
'Tis like the shade of some lost friend
That noiseless glides before us,
When solitude and midnight blend
Their magic influence o'er us.

Sweet mem'ry! thou canst bliss impart
When other joys are banish'd;
Thou art the twilight of the heart,
When pleasure's sun has vanish'd;
The telescope by which we mark
The shore behind receding,
As o'er the waves of life our bark
Its onward course is speeding.

THISTLES, the associates of thorns; they vex the toiling husbandman, and with their ready weapons bid defiance to hungry animals, except the patient ass; but their downy seeds feed the birds,* and supply a soft lining for their nests. Nay, many of them are capable of furnishing esculents for human beings, their scaly heads being dressed as artichokes, and their stems and tender leaves stripped and boiled as greens.

Thistles have their anecdotes also; and a ludicrous one is related by Philip de Comines, the historian, of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. When the Burgundians were at war with Louis XI. of France, 1465, their troops, under the conduct of Charles† (then styled the Count de Charolais), had advanced within two leagues of Paris, and encamped. They received intelligence that a grand attack would be made upon them at night by the

French army and the citizens, and accordingly they got under arms, and sent out scouts to reconnoitre. The latter approached the walls of Paris as near as they could venture; the weather was cloudy; they saw some horsemen patrolling, and beyond them (apparently) a great number of lances borne erect, which they believed to be the French battalions drawn up in array. The scouts returned to the camp, told what they had seen, and assured Charles that a battle must immediately ensue. The chiefs made all due preparation, and harangued and encouraged their troops; but no enemy seemed advancing. Again the scouts went forward, and seeing the hostile bands standing perfectly motionless, in the same place and in the same attitude, they were greatly perplexed what it could mean. At length day dawned, and then they discovered the hosts of lancemen to be hosts of tall, well armed — thistles! With which intelligence they gat them back to camp, not a little out of countenance after all the midnight commotion they had caused. These warlike plants, we conjecture to be of the species called *SPEAR THISTLE* (*cardus lanceolatus*), which in congenial soil often grows to the height of a man, and its calyx, or head, and its long sharp spines become greatly exaggerated. Through the deceptive gloom of night such thistles would make a formidable appearance.

Crassus (grandfather of the rich Roman general of that name) was of so saturnine a temper, that he received the Greek-derived surname of Agelastes, or the Un-laughing. The only time he was ever known to smile, was on seeing an ass eat thistles, when he remarked that such a salad was just suitable for such a mouth.

The French artist Le Brun, once painted a thistle so admirably, that an ass perceiving the picture where it was set to dry in the air, went to eat the plant, and thus obliterated the *chef-d'œuvre*.

The Indian worshippers of the deity Siva abhor plants of the thistle kind, from the following legend:—Siva once laid a wager with Brama and Vishnu,

* As the marsh thistle (*laranus palustris*); the woolly-headed thistle (*C. eriophorus*); the low Carline thistle (*Carlina acaulis*), &c.

† During the life of his father, Duke Philip.

his brother-divinities of the Hindoo mythology, that he would hide his head and feet in places where they could not find them. They searched long and vainly, and were about to desist, when Brama chancing to meet with a thistle. It saluted him, and told him where Siva had hidden his head, at which Siva was so much incensed that he loaded the thistle, and all who should tolerate it with the heaviest maledictions.

A device to characterise a parasite, who heeds not the sneers and jibes of his entertainers so long as they feed him, was imagined by some emblematicist thus—an ass browsing on thistles, with the motto, “*Pungant dum saturent*” (let them prick or wound me, so they fill me).

The most graceful and most interesting of all the plants that have been at any time ranked among the thistle kind, is the BRANK URSINE (*acanthus mollis*), commended by old herbalists as beneficial (in decoction) in gout and hectic fever. It has large, soft leaves, with white bristles along the edge, and is adorned with many white flowers. The fanciful classic poets sang, that a charming nymph, named Acantha, beloved by Apollo, was metamorphosed into the *acanthus mollis*. The Greeks were accustomed to hang bunches of it over the doors of dying persons. The Romans, in their early wars, used the leaves to shade their helmets. This plant seems to have been a favourite with Virgil. He represents the vest of Helen as embroidered with it (Eneid 1), and the handles of the cups of Eurymedon entwined with it (Eclogue 3); and he mentions it in various other places.

This plant gave rise to a very beautiful architectural idea. A young girl of Corinth having died, her nurse placed on her grave, as a votive offering, a basket, containing all her little toys and trinkets; and covering it with a tile, to preserve it from the weather, set it by chance over a root of *acanthus* (or brank ursine). In spring the stem and leaves shot up, and, meeting the tile, were obliged to turn down again in graceful folds, which, catching the eye of the architect Callimachus, he was so struck with the elegant disposition of the foliage, that he formed from it the ornamental capital of the Corinthian column. To our thoughts this anecdote (independent of its ar-

tistic association) has much of pathos. Envious are those who can have the melancholy gratification of visiting the tomb of one dear to them, and of placing on it some token of affectionate remembrance. Alas for those whose beloved dead (perhaps some buoyant-spirited and adventurous youth) lies buried far, far away; and the mourner can but weep in silence over the casket of fondly collected memorials, with feelings such as we have attempted to express in song:—

THE RELICS.

M. E. M.

Belov'd, and lost, and mourn'd in vain!
Mourn'd till the wells of grief are dry—
Till wearied sorrow oft must fain
At rest in mute exhaustion lie;
Belov'd and lost! I've gathered here
Treasures more worth than gold to me;
O fond memorials! relics dear!
All that is left me now of thee.

Here are thy childhood's favourite toys,
Here are thy works of childish skill;
Here records of thy simple joys—
How soon the pulse of joy was still!
Here are thy scrolls from distant shore—
Fond words, high hopes they're speaking
yet:
Fond words thy pen can trace no more;
High hopes soon lost in vain regret.

Here is thy pictured form—I look
In tears upon its happy air:
Here is the parting pledge I took,
The sever'd lock of bright brown hair.
I place the relics on my breast,
As if a lonely grave it were,
And thou wert gently laid to rest,
Embalm'd by faithful mem'ry there.

Thoughts like funereal flowers spring forth,
And turn their blossoms to the skies;
But anguish bends them back to earth,
Nor lets their fragile stems arise.
Oh! that meek resignation's care
Would raise again the drooping flowers,
And tend them till they flourish fair,
Transplanted into Eden's bowers.

The Thistle holds an honourable rank in heraldry, as the national badge of Scotland. The true Scotch emblem thistle (for which the milk thistle, or our lady's thistle, is sometimes mistaken) is the COTTON THISTLE (*onopordon acanthium*), which has very downy leaves, hard and extremely sharp spines, and purple flowers. Early tradition says, that the thistle was adopted as the national emblem in me-

mory of its having been the providential means of saving the Scotch army (in the eighth century) from a night surprise meditated by their enemies the Danes, who were stealing silently towards the slumbering camp, when one of them chanced to set his naked foot on a thistle, whose strong sharp prickles caused him to utter a cry which awoke the Scotch outposts, who giving the alarm, the Danes were compelled to retire in haste and disorder. Achaius, King of Scotland (in the latter part of the eighth century), is said to have been the first who adopted the thistle as his device, together with the motto, "*For my defence.*" Favine, in his "*Teatre of Honour and Knighthood,*" says, that Achaius assumed the thistle in combination with the rue—the thistle, because it will not endure handling; the rue, because it was believed to have the quality of driving away serpents by its scent, and of curing their poisonous bites by its juice; by which symbols Achaius expressed his defiance of foreign aggression. It appears, however, that the thistle was not received into the national arms before the middle of the fifteenth century. Up to that period the cognizance of Scotland was the effigy of St. Giles.*

It is uncertain when the Order of the Thistle, now more commonly called the Order of St. Andrew, was instituted; for it had long fallen into desuetude when James II. (of England, and VII. of Scotland) restored it in 1687, by a warrant, in which he referred to its former glories. After his abdication it sunk again into abeyance; but was finally restored by Queen Anne, in 1703. The collar of gold, enamelled, bears the thistle interlaced with sprigs of rue. The medal bears, with the effigy of St. Andrew (the patron saint), the thistle, and its apt motto, "*nemo me impune lacessit.*" It is an honourable order. No foreigners have been admitted into it, nor any commoners, save a few who were heirs-apparent to dukedoms.

The MELANCHOLY THISTLE (*carduus helenioides*) is very appropri-

ately, according to its name, the clan badge of the Stuarts, the most uniformly unfortunate of all royal races. The first of the name who reigned in Scotland, James, after having been imprisoned for eighteen years in England, was murdered in his own kingdom by rebels. His son, James II., was killed at nineteen years of age, in battle against the English. His son, James III., was slain by his revolted subjects. James IV., his son, was defeated and slain at Flodden; and his son, James V., died of a broken heart, leaving, as his successor, his infant daughter, Mary, the beautiful Queen of Scots, who ended a life of misery on the scaffold. Her grandson, Charles I., of England, was also beheaded. His son James II. (the Seventh of Scotland), died an uncrowned fugitive, and his posterity became extinct in exile.

But appropriate as is the "melancholy" thistle to be the cognizance of this ill-fated family, its name had no original connexion with them, but was derived from the belief, that a decoction of this plant, drank in sufficient quantity, was a sovereign remedy for madness, which, in the olden times, was called "melancholy." It has a large reddish flower.†

The purple flowered MILK THISTLE (*carduus marianus*), called also Our Lady's Thistle, has been sometimes mistaken for the national Scotch thistle; but it is rare in Scotland, growing only about Dunbarton, where, according to tradition, it was sown by the beautiful and unfortunate Queen Mary. It is characterised by singular patches of milky veins on the leaves,‡ which tradition says were marks impressed by the Virgin Mary, when she was a nursing mother.

The Yellow CARLINE (or Caroline) THISTLE is named after Charlemagne (*Carolus Magnus*), to whom an angel was said to have shown it, for the cure of his soldiers when suffering from the plague. It once had some repute in cases of hysteria.

The Purple STAR THISTLE (*centaurea calcitrapa*) has its botanic

* St. Giles was a hermit in the diocese of Nismes, in France, and became abbot of a monastery which he founded there. He died in the early part of the eighth century.

† It is cultivated in gardens.

‡ This characteristic is sometimes absent; the plant is then distinguished by strong, sharp spines on the calyx.

name from Chiron the centaur, who is said to have discovered its medicinal qualities as a febrifuge, and a purifier of the blood. On its calyx it has great spines which become hard wood, and which suggested the idea of the military caltrop, an iron star of four points, one of which is always pointed up, however the weapon may lie. Its use was to throw in quantities upon the ground to annoy the enemy's horses, and check their advance. The Star Thistle is sometimes called the Calthrop Thistle, and Iron Ball.

The BLESSED THISTLE (*carduus benedictus*, now *centaurea benedicta*) was so called from the many medicinal virtues it was thought to possess. It is a native of Spain and the Levant, and has a yellow flower.

The FULLER'S THISTLE, or TEASLE (*dipsacus Fullonum*), is extensively cultivated in some parts of England for the cloth manufacturers, who employ it to dress the nap of their fabrics, for which it is peculiarly adapted, by the manner in which nature has arranged the prickles on its head. No invention of human skill has hitherto been found to supersede the use of this plant. When its hooked prickles meet a knot in the cloth, they break off without doing any injury; but any machinery applied, has invariably torn out the part. The botanical name, *dipsacus*, or thirsty, is from the Greek word *dipsa*, thirst; for the leaves are so placed round the stem, that they form at their base a cavity, which receives and retains the rain for a long time. The water thus collected, is deemed by rustics a cure for warts on the hands—a beauty-wash for the face; for which reason the French call it “Venus's Tub” and “Our Lady's Bath” (*Cuve de Venus*, and *Bain de Notre Dame*). Venus, says the classic mythology, gave a spell to Phaon to make him beloved: it was an unguent mixed with the juice of a particular kind of thistle, which rendered him so beautiful that Sappho sacrificed her life for love of him at the promontory of Leucadia. This thistle was, probably, the teasle, of which Culpepper, the old herbalist, says, that “its distilled water is often used by women to preserve their beauty, and to take away redness, and inflammations, and all other heats and discolourings.”

To the thorny and prickly tribes of which we have been speaking, we may

add the stinging, as meet company; the NETTLE, still more fierce, still more unamiable than thorn or thistle. Like them, it is a sign of desolation, and it loves to grow upon heaps of ruins; still it is not without something to say for itself. The common stinging nettle (*urtica dioica*, from *urendo*, burning) supplies the dyers in Russia with a yellow colour extracted from its roots. Steel made hot, and dipped in nettle-juice, becomes flexible. The juice is also a styptic, and coagulates milk as effectually as rennet. The stalk of the nettle has the same texture as that of hemp, and is capable of being manufactured into ropes and paper.

When the rebellious barons of England, in arms against the unfortunate Edward II., had taken prisoner Hugh Spenser (or Despenser) the king's favourite, and had condemned him to death without any legal trial, they hanged him on a gibbet fifty feet high, clad in a black gown, having his hands tied behind him, and the scutcheon of his arms reversed; and a few yards below him they hanged his servant, Simon de Reading, whose crime was his affectionate fidelity to his unhappy master. When about to execute Spenser, his savage victors had the brutality to crown him with nettles, adding insult and superfluous pain to the ignominious death of one who had been so wealthy, and so exalted in rank, the husband of the king's niece (one of the co-heiresses of the Earl of Gloucester). It is a happiness to reflect on our improved state of civilisation; no man can now be hurried to execution from blind rage; and, instead of adding one pang to the doom of even the worst criminal, to alleviate is the study of all around him.

The ROMAN NETTLE (*urtica pilulifera*) is not so tall as the common nettle, but its sting is much more severe and continuing. It is found about Romney, and near Lydd churchyard (both in Kent). According to Camden the seed was sown at Romney (*Romania*) by Cæsar's soldiers, who, having heard that Britain was intensely cold, resolved to cultivate the nettle, in order to rub their benumbed limbs with it, and stimulate the circulation! — the remedy we should consider worse than the disease.

The churlish nettle has happily no gay blossoms to tempt the unwary to

gather it; but its gloomy leaves need some flower of poetry to hang upon them. What shall it be? Our memory does not recall anything agreeable connected with it; we cannot remember that it has been symbolically combined with love, hope, beauty, or glory; but we find it abundant in churchyards, amid broken tombs and neglected graves. So let a lament for the dead accompany it; a lament that speaks the sorrow of a young Greek for the loss of his wife and his only child.

THE BEREAVED.

(Translated from the Greek of Bianor.)

(Θειτονοης εκλαιον εμης γαμον, αλλ' επι παιδος.
κ. τ. λ.)

My wedded love—with bitter tears
I wept beside her early grave:
Yet as a hope for future years
I clasp'd the pledge she dying gave.
The child that to my lonely heart
Was all the balm, the solace left—
Death claims it now—and must I part
With life's last flower? so soon bereft!
Earth! take the babe to gentle rest,
And lay it on its mother's breast.

After all these thorny and angry shrubs and plants, the imagination requires to refresh itself with the idea of others more gentle in their appearance and their disposition (so to speak). But they must not be such as tell of fertility or culture; for thus they would be incongruous with the preceding subjects.

We will, then, discourse of the Broom (*genista scoparia*), because, though smooth and unarmed, it is a meet comrade for the more warlike furze, which it so much resembles in its gold-hued papilionaceous blossoms, its scant-leaved, shrubby growth, and its propensity for wild and sterile localities. From its low unaspiring stature, and from its love of a barren *habitat*, it has always been considered the emblem of humility. Virgil calls the broom shrubs "*humiles genistae*" (Georgic II.) For this reason, Fulke III. (or Foulques), Earl of Anjou (in the 11th century), surnamed the Black, both from his complexion and from his evil disposition, assumed the sprig of broom as his badge; when, seized with remorse for his crimes, he went as a penitent on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he caused himself to be drawn into Jerusalem on a hurdle, nearly naked, with a rope round his neck,

and a discipline in his hand, which he vigorously applied to his shoulders, exclaiming, "Have mercy, Lord, on the treacherous and perjured Fulke!" In memory of his penitence he bequeathed the broom-sprig as a cognisance to his posterity (the descendants of his daughter Ermengarde, for his son Geoffrey had no issue). His great-grandson, Fulke IV., who, joining the Crusades, was made titular king of Jerusalem, in the 12th century, also wore it in the Sacred City; and his son Geoffrey of Anjou, second husband of the Empress Maud, daughter of our Henry I., used it as a crest in battle; and was the first who took the surname of Plantagenet (*plante genet*, French; *planta genista*, Latin—a broom plant). Richard II., his descendant, had it engraved on the great seal of England, on which a sprig was represented on each side of the throne. The effigy on his tomb wears a mantle, embroidered with the open legumes of the broom, which some have mistaken for open peascods, and explained them as an emblem of the vanities of pomp and power, because the king had been deposed, and died in prison; but this effigy was made by his own order, before his adversity, to be placed on the tomb of his first wife, Anne of Bohemia, the hand of whose image was clasped in that of Richard's; the pods are clearly those of his ancestral broom.

We have been informed, on good authority, that not very long before the arrival of George IV. in Ireland, a silver seal ring of King John was found in or near the old castle of Trim, in Meath, where John had resided; it bore a crown with the broom-sprig, and the legend, "*Johannes Rex.*" This valuable relic was presented to George IV. — of its subsequent fate we know nothing.

The symbolising of the humble broom recommended it to the notice of Louis IX. of France (St. Louis), who especially desired to be remarked for the Christian grace of humility. In the Church of Saint Denis he used to follow in the rear of the religious of the monastery, and to sit down in the lowest place, even below the novices. On the occasion of his marriage, at Sens, with Margaret of Provence, in 1234, and the coronation of the young bride, he instituted an order of knighthood, called the Order of the Broom Flower. The collar of the order con-

sisted of enamelled broom flowers, alternating with fleurs-de-lis, framed within open lozenges, enamelled white; the broom flowers and fleur-de-lis linked together by gold chains; and pendant from the collar was a gold cross, pointed with fleur-de-lis: the motto was, "*Exaltat humiles.*" The dress of the knights was a white cassock, and a violet hood. Afterwards, when in Palestine, he associated with the order a body-guard to protect him from the sect of the assassins, followers of the celebrated Old Man of the Mountain. This guard consisted of a hundred persons, all of noble birth, armed with battle-axes, and wearing a long cassock, and a white sleeveless jacket, reaching to the knee, strewn with embossed silver butterflies, and embroidered before and behind with broom-sprigs, surmounted by a hand holding a crown, and the motto '*Deus exaltat humiles.*' The order of the broom flower ceased on the death of Charles V. of France, 1380.

The broom is the badge of the Scottish clan Forbes. The broom is abundant in the plains of Bourdeaux, and was always a favourite with the Gascons, who had a popular song in its praise, which we regret we cannot present to the readers, as we know no more of it than the burden:—

*La hlour du genet mi agrade,
La hlour du genet.*

The flower of the broom delights me,
The flower of the broom.

In its default we will venture to substitute our own song of—

THE BROOM.

M. E. M.

I LOVE the brave Broom, though it asks not
a place
In cultur'd parterre full of beauty and grace;
'Tis Liberty's child, and delighteth to dwell
On the free mountain's brow, or the wild
lonely Fell:
With nought of pretension it seeks to presume,
Though gay are its flowrets, the bright
bonnie Broom.

Tall trees give a perch to the birds that soar
high;
But the Broom tells its lodgers more snugly
to lie:
Low down at its feet its green curtains amid,
The timid brown hare and the coney are hid;

And there, too, the goat for her nursing
finds room—
A kind-hearted host is the frank bonnie
Broom.

And many a guest from its bounty it feeds,
It welcomes the warblers to feast on its seeds;
It proffers the butterfly drink from a cup
Of fair golden hue, with fresh dew-drops
fill'd up;
The bees for their honey may rifle its bloom,
They hum while they gather, "kind thanks,
bonnie Broom."

Though humble its birth, yet a crown it hath
worn,
And knights in high honour its blossoms have
borne;
It hath wav'd o'er the helm of a victor in
war;
But better it loveth, from proud scenes afar,
To deck a straw hat with its fanciful plume,
For shepherd boy resting beside the sweet
Broom.

O broom, bonnie broom! when I look upon
thee,
So meek, though exalted, from arrogance
free;
Brave, gen'rous, and kind, and content with
thy lot,
Though wild be the solitude, barren the spot:
I sigh, O that men would more often assume
In their hearts, as their emblem, the sprig of
the Broom!

We must not forget the fitting companion of the broom, one equally the offspring of the wilds, and delighting in solitudes, the graceful but stubborn purple HEATH (*ericavulgaris*), that luxuriantly beautifies the brow and sides of the rude mountain, and, with its tenacious roots and tough stems, resolutely opposes the efforts of agriculture. Its sprays thatch the shed of the mountaineer, and twine into ropes for his use; the young flowery tops afford him a sweet and elastic couch; in decoction they tan leather; and boiled with alum, dye woollen cloths a fine orange.

In Ireland, the invading Danes brewed from heath a strong and palatable ale, the receipt for which they so determinedly denied to the anxious Irish, that often, when taken prisoners, and offered life and benefits for the coveted secret, they preferred to die rather than gratify their enemies' desire. In the Hebrides, a kind of beer is brewed of heath tops, mixed with a portion of malt, an art said to have been derived from the Scottish Picts. Bees are fond of the heath flowers, and the shrubs form a shelter for grouse, and hares,

and other shy denizens of the wilderness. The common mountain heath is the badge of the clan M'Donnel, in Scotland; and that of the clan M'Alister is the FINE-LEAVED HEATH (*erica cinerea*), distinguished from the former by having finer, and smoother, and greener leaves, and flowers of a deeper purple, and growing more in spikes.

Some of our readers may have forgotten the singular anecdote related by Moore, in his life of Lord Byron. There was current in Nottinghamshire an old prophecy of the soothsayer, Mother Shipton, that, when a ship laden with heather should pass through Sherwood Forest, the Newstead estates would depart from the Byrons. During the life of William, the eccentric Lord Byron, a ship which he had purchased to float on Newstead lake, was conveyed on wheels through the forest, and the country people, who hated his lordship, ran beside it, filling it with heather, hoping to bring about the completion of the prophecy. By a strange coincidence, the estate *did* pass away from the Byrons under the poet-lord, the successor of the unpopular peer above named.

We will associate the heath, as a mountain shrub, with the translation of a mountain song:—

THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF IRLAND.

(*Ich bin vom Berg der Hirten Knab.*)

A SHEPHERD boy, from mountain's crown
I look on stately castles down;
Here first the sunny rays appear,
And fondly linger latest here,
With me, the Mountain Boy.

Fresh from the rock, its parent source,
I drink the stream—with rapid force
I see it headlong wildly rush,
I spread my hands to catch its gush,
I, the free Mountain Boy.

These proud heights are my home; what
though
Around them winds and tempests blow,
From north to south, rave as they will,
O'er all their tumult rises still
My song, the Mountain Boy.

Though thunders roll beneath my feet,
Here calm blue skies my glances meet:
I know the storms, I pray them "cease!"
O leave my Father's house in peace
To me, the Mountain Boy."

But should the tocsin sound to war,
And signal fires blaze out afar,
To join the ranks I'll speed along,
And wave my sword, and sing my song,
A fearless Mountain Boy.

We will add to our wild gathering the fresh, smooth RUSH: it is soft and submissive to the touch, and fair to the eye, with its green stalk and brown tuft-like inflorescence. But it is no proud beauty of garden or field; and, like its companions of which we have before spoken, it is in disfavour with the industrious husbandman, as the child of a wet, unprofitable soil.

The COTTON RUSH, called also cotton grass, and bog-down (*eriophorum angustifolium*), is a great ornament to our Irish bogs, in which it abounds, and whose blackness it covers in summer with a snowy robe. For when it seeds in June and July, it is adorned with a loose, soft beard of silky cotton that waves gracefully in the breeze. Our native Irish poets often make allusions to it in their vernacular songs, comparing the fair complexions of their beloved ones to it.

The BELL RUSH (*scirpus lacustris*), with its soft, brown head, furnishes a good rustic hat-brush. Botanists say it has a tendency to raise and dry the wet ground where it grows; the roots and stems decaying, form turf, which, in its turn, is useful as fuel. It is the badge of the Scottish clan M'Kay, or Mackay. The SCALY RUSH, or Deer's Grass (*scirpus caespitosus*), is the badge or cognizance of the clan M'Kenzie.

The French, who are great device-makers, have one of a bunch of rushes bending in a storm, with the motto—"L'orage nous fait ployer, mais il ne peut nous briser." (The storm makes us bend, but it cannot break us.)

In ancient Rome it was an annual custom, that on the Ides of May the vestals should cast into the Tiber thirty human figures made of rushes, and called Argæi; the origin of which is said to have been, that the aborigines who dwelt in that territory, afterwards the Roman, were accustomed to drown in the river all the Greeks (then commonly called Argians) whom they met with. But Hercules at length persuaded them to relinquish the barbarous practice, and to substitute the rushy Argæi as an expiatory rite.

Rushes find a place in the fairy my-

thology. According to Irish tradition, the black Bog Rush (*schoenus nigricans*) furnishes the shaft of the elf arrows, which are tipped with white flint, and bathed in the dew that lies on the hemlock. And in Sweden the Elle maidens, or Elfin women, are represented as bearing in their hands and on their heads plaits of the Common Rush (*juncus effusus*). It is the pith of this species which is the best adapted of all the rush tribe for making wicks for our night lights, by whose gleams the thoughtful watcher sees

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

M. R. M.

When busy day hath sunk to sleep,
And gloom hath veil'd the sky,
And we a thoughtful vigil keep
While silent hours fleet by;
The taper's glance then may we mark
On dim-seen objects fall,
Portraying fitfully and dark
Their shadows on the wall.

Thus to our soul in musings come
The phantoms of the past;
Fair scenes of youth, a distant home,
Hopes, joys, too sweet to last:
Real no more—no longer bright,
Obeying mem'ry's call—
They come, but show in mem'ry's light,
As shadows on the wall.

And *they*, the parted, and the dead,
Unutterably dear:
Around them still Love's light is shed,
Shining on Sorrow's tear.
But chang'd is every hue—alas,
How dim and silent, all;
Across the pensive mind they pass,
Like shadows on the wall.

The radiant sun of glowing days,
The moonlight's tender beam,
The social hearth's domestic blaze,
The watchful taper's gleam;
Love's torch, and Mem'ry's lamp, where'er,
In cot or stately hall,
They shine, too sure they image there
A shadow on the wall.

Lights of this world! since thus ye be
Associate with shade,
O for yon realm, wherein to see
A better light display'd!
There is no cloud, nor changeful ray,
Nor night with sable pall;
There tears and sorrows pass away,
Like shadows from the wall.

REEDS, the near neighbours of rushes, have likewise their anecdotes and reminiscences. Ovid has thus fabled their origin: Syrinx, a beautiful Naiad, was beloved by Pan, but treated him with disdain, and fled from him. Her flight, however, being stopped by the river Ladon (of Arcadia), she invoked the aid of the river nymphs, and they transformed her into a bunch of reeds. As Pan lingered on the bank, bewailing her loss,* he heard the reeds, moved by the breeze, emit a low, mournful, but musical sound. He improved the idea thus presented to him, and framed the rustic pipe of seven unequal reeds, cemented with wax, with which he is usually represented by painters and sculptors, and which was called after the name of the Naiad.

The reeds of the river Cephissus, in Bœotia, were celebrated for yielding material for pipes and flutes, that excelled all others.

Midas, King of Phrygia, being called upon by Apollo and Pan to decide between them in a musical contest for superiority, was so tasteless as to award the preference to Pan and his pipe over Apollo and his lyre. Apollo was so displeased with the unwise connoisseur, that he affixed a pair of asses' ears to his head. Midas endeavoured to conceal his disgrace by letting his hair grow long, and made his barber swear solemnly never to divulge it to any human being. The man, overpowered with the weight of the royal confidence, and at length unable to contain it unspoken, yet dreading the consequence of telling it to any person who might repeat it, bethought himself of a middle course; and digging a hole in the ground, he whispered into it, "King Midas has the ears of an ass," and then closed up the hole. But a bunch of reeds grew up from it, which, whenever stirred by the lightest breeze, murmured, audibly and distinctly, the words of the barber, and gave publicity to the mystery—a lesson to those who have the keeping of State secrets.

Crowns of reeds were worn by the Tritons and submarine deities in the classic mythology.

Reeds were said by the Greeks to have tended to subjugate nations by

* "Dum que ibi suspirat, motos in arundine ventos
Effecisse sonum tenuem, similem que querenti;
Arte nova vocisque deum dulcissime captum
Hoc mihi consilium tecum, dixisset, manebit," &c.—*Ovid Metam.* lib. i.

furnishing arrows for war; to soften their manners by the means of music, and to enlighten their understandings by supplying implements for writing—for *pens** of *quills* are of much later introduction among scribes than the writing-reeds. These three modes of employment for reeds mark three different stages in civilisation.

A reed of an unknown species, found drifted on the shore of one of the Canary isles, inspired Columbus with the idea of a new world to the west.

A pretty French device represents a reed on the margin of a lake, shaken by the winds; motto, "*souvent agité, jamais abattu*" (often agitated, never cast down).

The REED-MACE (*typha latifolia*) is a showy aquatic plant, from three feet to six feet high, with a round, smooth, leafy stem, and handsome leaves, sword-shaped below and flat above. It is usually represented by painters in the hand of our Lord, as supposed to be the reed with which he was smitten by the Roman soldiers, and on which the sponge filled with vinegar was reached to him. In Poland, where the plant is not to be had, or is very rare, artists substitute for it the stalk of the leek in flower. Many foreign reeds are of much utility. We need only

mention the names of the sugar-cane; those noble Indian reeds, the bamboos; and the famous Egyptian papyrus, whence our "paper" is derived, and which, though once so abundant in Egypt, has now become very rare.

Reeds being aquatic plants, we will terminate our notice of them by a translation of a little poem on a rivulet, with which we conclude this paper, because it speaks peaceful and auspicious words:—

THE RIVULET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK LEOPOLD,
COUNT OF STOLBERG.†

(Trautes Roschen, sieh wie hell, &c.)

See, dearest! how the streamlet clear
Glides soft beneath the woodbine here,
Where blue forget-me-nots are growing,
Yonder in full cascade, with sound
That echoes through the vale around,
With crest of spray and foam-flakes crown'd,
Through rocks its prouder tide is flowing.

But sweeter far to me the stream
Here in its gentleness shall seem;
It doth our own calm life resemble:
Its placid moonlit course I see,
And fix my loving thoughts on thee,
While tears of joy so tenderly
Beneath my upturn'd eyelids tremble.

M. E. M.

THE DREAM OF RAVAN—A MYSTERY.

PART IV.—ANANTA BISHI COMMENCES THE SYMBOLIC INTERPRETATION OF THE DREAM—A HINDU
SAGE'S VIEWS OF HUMAN LIFE—GLIMPSES OF VEDANTIC PHILOSOPHY.

THE morning following the night on which Ravan had concluded the narration of his dream, rose with that full flush of orient splendour which is only to be witnessed in the East; where the magnificence and grateful coolness of the hours of sunrise and sunset, and the pearly lustre of the clear moonlight nights, come, in accordance with that remarkable principle of compensation which pervades all the arrangements of the universe, to atone for the dazzling glare, the oppressive heat, and the listless monotony of the tropical day.

Long before the first glimmer of the dawn reddened the tops of the eastern hills, or flung a glow upon the waters, the symptoms of the coming day began to show themselves. The flying foxes, or supposed vampire bats, that had been out all night preying upon the ripening custard-apples and other fruit in the orchards round the city, or stealing the toddy or palm wine from the gourd-vessels in which it was extracted, as by so many cupping-glasses, from the incised tops of the palm-trees, now flocked screeching home to the old banyan and other trees that surrounded

* From penna, a quill or feather.

† He died in 1819.

the tanks and temples of Lanka ; and hanging themselves up in the branches, by the hooks attached to the extremity of their leathern wings, with their heads downward, gave themselves up to an unmolested sleep for the day.

The long thin earthworms, leaving their holes, could be seen by the early traveller crossing all the roads and by-paths outside the city, all laboriously winding along in one direction, as if performing some painful penance, renewed daily before the dawn.

Flocks of pigeons, waking up from their slumber, covered the tops of the houses and temples, or winged their flight to the gardens.

Here and there, upon the roof of house or temple, a peacock might be seen stalking in his gorgeous beauty, or heard screaming from his metallic throat.

The water-carriers, with their bell-collared bullocks, trudged hastily through the dusky streets, anxious to fill their water-skins at the tanks and fountains of the city ere the sun rose.

The Titan youth galloped out, or drove their war-chariots to the plains

outside the city wall, to exercise their steeds, or practise archery ; while at every well and tank throughout and round the city were gathered crowds of early women, youthful and aged, withering and blooming, come to fill their pitchers ; and mixed with them crowds of Brahmins, young and old, performing their ablutions without taking off the garments that cinctured their waists and descended to their ankles, and intent on contemplation ; for, as already remarked, the Titanic court attracted to its neighbourhood crowds of priests, and devotees, and holy men, anxious, doubtless, to convert such eminent sinners.

The outposts of the two armies were now near each other ; and as the sun became visible above the hills, deep rolls of the nagara drum, and a simultaneous burst of martial music rose from either camp to greet its appearance ; and this was soon followed by the whole auxiliary army of monkeys, who lay encamped next to the Titan forces, singing the Bhupali, or morning hymn, in honour of Rama, and their own enterprising leader, Hanuman.

THE CHORUS OF MONKEYS SINGING THE BHUPALI, OR MATIN HYMN, TO RAMA.

Rama in his whole body of an azure hue !
Yellow ornaments of gold thereon !
There the sparkling of many gems !
There jewels beautifully show !

A yellow tiara cresting a yellow crown :
Yellow saffron on his forehead streaked.
The splendour of yellow earrings ;
Yellow wreaths of wild flowers round his neck.

A garment of yellow silk around his loins :
A yellow bangle on his ankle—worn as a badge of excellence :
The clash of yellow bells therefrom depending :
Yellow armlets tinkle.

A yellow medal beautifies his arm.
A yellow hero's bracelet on his wrist.
Wearing yellow signet rings ;
A yellow bow and arrows in his hand.

A yellow pavilion wide outspread ;
Therein a yellow throne.
Rama, Sita, Lakshmana seated thereupon ;
Dasa their servant sings their attributes.*

* Dasa, which signifies slave or devoted worshipper, is also the name of the author. The yellow complexion of this hymn has probably a mystic, as well as pictorial, sense ; for Dnyanadeva, in describing the five successive phases of, or stages of transit to, the beatific vision of spirit, makes the last and central one yellow, thus—

Red, white, grey, blue, the colour ;
Yellow saffron in the midst.

This note of defiance was answered by the Rakshas warriors singing, in return, the Bhupali, or matin hymn in honour of Krishna, the eighth and greatest Avatar, who had not yet appeared on earth.

Since the two armies had come into this close vicinity, the Titan chiefs had from policy studied to imitate all the discipline, the regular ordinances, and the religious observances of the hostile army, which brought with it to the south of the peninsula all the institutions of the Aryan or Brahminical civilisation, and introduced them even among the auxiliary army of monkeys whom Sugriva, the king of Monkeydom, and Hanuman, his prime minister, led on to the assistance of Rama. [In these fighting, debating, and devout monkeys, we see probably the wild aboriginal tribes of Southern India, whom Rama in his march southward from Oude encountered, won over to a state of semi-civilisation, attached to his person, and engaged in his aid in his expedition against Ravan, the giant monarch of Lanka, or Ceylon. Their descendants may still be seen in the Bheels, Colis, and other hill-tribes, who possess still the wild habits and agility of their monkey ancestors.]

But as all the songs and hymns in the invading force were connected with praise and worship of Rama as the seventh Avatar of Vishnu, the wily counsellors of Ravan advised him at once to counteract the effect of this religious enthusiasm in favour of Rama, and to disparage him in the eyes of the Titans, if not of his own troops, by celebrating with constant and ostentatious honours and worship that greater Avatar, Krishna, who was to succeed Rama, and surpass him by the totality of his divinity.

The result was, that while the Titans were fighting against one manifestation of Vishnu, they were singing hymns

in honour of the other. And never was Krishna worshipped with so much ardour by devout men, while upon earth, as he was, before he was born, by this generation of Titans [naturally the enemies of all the celestials], from pure enmity to Rama.

Hatred, or rather political rivalry, had blinded their intellects, and they perceived not that Rama and Krishna—and Hari, and Narhari, and Vamana—are all but different names of the one eternal Vishnu, the pervading and immanent spirit, who assumes many forms on earth for the sake of his sincere worshippers, the extirpation of evil and Titanic oppression, the maintenance of virtue and religion, and the protection of cows and Brahmins. From the eternal Bhagavata, and from Maricha and his clairvoyant disciples, who could look with clearness into futurity, and transport themselves at pleasure into any age—and in this instance made it their special business to instruct them—they knew all the predestined events of Krishna's life, were familiar with all his words to his beloved friend and disciple Arjuna; and with the songs and hymns that in future ages should be sung in his praise by his young playfellows the Gopals, or herdsmen; by the enamoured Gopis, or herdswomen of Gokula, and by pious men through all succeeding time. From these they selected, on this occasion, the following Bhupali, or matin hymn, which his foster-mother Yashoda in after ages sung to his cradle, and which to this day is often sung by the sari-clad maidens and matrons of Hindustan as their morning tribute of devotion, after they have darkened their eyelashes with powder of antimony, and adorned their hair with a circlet of white jasmine flowers, or pale yellow blossoms from the beautiful and fragrant champā:—

THE CHORUS OF TITANS SING THE BHUPALI, OR MATIN HYMN, TO KRISHNA.

Arise! arise! dear wearer of the wild-flower garland,
Fondle thy mother's cheek.
The sun has risen above the orient hills,
The dark night has ended.

I.

The cows for their calves are lowing;
The birds in the trees are pouring forth their notes.
At the door thy playfellows stand waiting,
They call for thee! oh, Yadu Raya!

Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

II.

Awake thou whose colour is the dark purple of the thunder-cloud,
My beloved, the delight of my soul!
Haste and look at Balirama [thy brother],
Thou abode of the virtues! thou brother of the meek!
Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

III.

Arise quickly, my darling,
Full of perfections! my dark-blue petting Kanha!
Haste to drink the milk from my bosom,
And bestow on me thy kisses.
Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

IV.

Hearing his own mother's voice,
Shri Hari [Krishna] soon awoke;
He began to suck the breast,
And all were filled with joy.
Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

V.

They beheld his form full of perfection, and beautiful,
They saw his brother Balirama near;
Yashoda's fortune blossomed forth,
Beholding her son the Lord of Life.*
Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

As the last echo of this matin hymn died away, a loud rustle was heard in the wood skirting the Rakshas outposts, and a stir was perceived among the branches. The Rakshas sentinel, imagining it was an ambuscade of the monkeys, fired an arrow into the thicket; but to his astonishment and terror, it came back, and glanced close to his cheek. Thinking it must be a powerful Yaksha, or treasure-guarding goblin that inhabited the wood, the sentinel threw down his bow, and was about to fly, when a voice called out, "It is only Vayu, the king's messenger." Ravan had subdued and enslaved all the elemental deities, and

compelled them to serve as domestic servants in his establishment. Thus Agni, or Fire, was his cook; Varuna, the Water Deity, his dhobi, or washerman; and this Vayu, or Wind, he made a sort of hamaul. In the morning he was compelled to sweep the floors and brush the furniture of the palace with invisible brooms and brushes; and all the day afterwards he either wheeled about his Vimana, or air-chariot, or pulled an invisible punka, or large Indian fan, to cool him, or ran on errands and messages through his kingdom and to his army. Speculation was immediately at work as to the destination or object of Vayu's present mission:

* In this piece we have many phrases which are constantly applied to Krishna, some in a double sense. Thus *Vanamali*, the wearer of the forest garland; *Megha Shama*, the thunder-cloud dark-blue in colour, *Yadu Raja*, the Yada King, or chief of the tribe of that name; and *Kanha*, or *Kanhoba*, the youth, are common substitutes for his own name. The term *Atmarama*, soul-delighter, or soul of the soul, employed in the second line of stanza II. besides its ostensible, has a mystic sense, which is here meant to be insinuated under the affectionate utterances of Yashoda; soul of my soul is in this sense equivalent to "soul of the universe which lives and moves in my own soul." The phrase *Saguna* also, rendered "Full of Perfection" in stanzas III. and V., has a double mystic sense—viz., the deity manifested with all perfections, or attributes, as contradistinguished from that ultimate and inaccessible depth of divine being, in which there is neither form, passion, nor attribute [in this latter point curiously agreeing with some of the European mystics treated of in the writings of Bossuet]; and which is accordingly distinguished as *nirakara*, without form; *nirguna*, without property or attribute, and *nirvikara*, without change or passion. The term used in the last stanza to signify Lord of Life, *Jivana Suta*, also indicates, by an equivocal frequent in these lyrics, the name of the author.

and the Titan warriors addressed him in a song which Madhavi Pankaja had

composed, and which was well known and often chanted in camp.

THE RAKSHAS WARRIORS' INVOCATION OF VAYU.

Nought stirreth around,
Yet, hark! to that sound;
"Swoo-oo" and "Ai-yu"!
Oh, bodiless Vayu!
Pause and come hither,
And whisper us whither
Thou speedest along!
Invisible wending,
The heather-tops bending,
Before us thou sweepest,
Behind us thou creepest;
By our ears rushing,
O'er our cheeks brushing;
Gliding by gholefully,
Murmuring dolefully,
Wailing Æolefully,
Dirges of song.
With "Swoo-oo" and "Ai-yu"!
Oh! bodiless Vayu,
Pause and come hither,
And whisper us whither
Thou speedest along?

THE VOICE OF VAYU.

Warriors, stop me not; I flee
On the Rakshas King's behest,
Thither in the glowing west,
Where the eight-fold banyan tree,
Girt with broad and green banana,
Forms a sacred hermitage;
Thence to bring the holy sage,
Ananta Rishi Yajamana.

Following the Æolian murmurs of Vayu, we arrive at the hermitage called Ashta Vati, or "The Eight Banyan Trees." In point of fact there was but one parent tree: but seven of the suckers, which it had originally thrown down to take fresh root in the earth, had now grown into massive trunks, sweeping in an irregular octagon round the central stem, and joined to it and to each other by picturesque arches, from each of which again descended fresh slender shoots towards the ground, which some had already penetrated, and others only approached, the rudiments of a future still more massive and extended arcade of foliage. The descending suckers fell so thick as to form almost a continuous curtain between the arches, and to shelter the centre of the retreat; and with the aid of one or two thick groups of broad-leaved plantain trees judiciously planted, and a mass of green creepers dotted with large trumpet-shaped white, or small and delicate scarlet and violet flowers, the sanc-

tuary of the Rishi was complete and impenetrable to the eye. It stood on a long high ridge of ground, and occupied nearly the whole breadth between two loose stone-walls enclosing cottages on either side, inhabited by his friends, admirers, and disciples. In front, descending by a gradual slope, spread a vast plain, green with the growing rice-crops, dotted here and there with solitary clumps of mango-trees of a century's growth, and terminating in groups, and at last in a dense grove, of feathered palm.

Behind, the ground descended abruptly into a still lower plain of less extent, breaking down at no great interval into a deep valley, and in the distance, through one of the more open arches of the banyan-tree, you could see the blue Antapa mountains, and glimpses of the sea, flowing in to fill up the recesses of its dentated base. Upon the plain between the hermitage and the mountain an army had once been encamped, and a great battle had been fought in the valley beyond.

Even now, after nightfall, spectre battalions were sometimes seen to march along the ground; and from the direction of the valley and the sides of the mountain a strange knocking was often heard at midnight, which some alleged was caused by the fishermen in the creeks repairing their boats, but others maintained to proceed from the valley where the remains of the slain warriors reposed.

The whole circuit of the hermitage resounded with the songs and various cries of many species of birds, the larger of whom walked boldly up to the very entrance, while the smaller built their nests in the leafier branches of the eight banyan-trees, and twittered all day overhead. A fat cow lay lazily chewing the cud on one side of the hermitage; a small white mare

grazed quietly in front; a tame gazelle, with a garland of flowers round its neck, galloped playfully about. A white cockatoo, a blue and scarlet lori, and two green parroquets, climbed up the leafy columns, and screamed by turns. In this retreat dwelt the Rishi Ananta, surnamed Yajamana, or as the court ladies softened it, Ezamana, i.e., the sacrificer: from his long devotion to the solemn offerings and stately ceremonials of religion. He was an intimate friend of the Rishi Maricha, and yet totally different from him: different in the taste which guided his choice of a retreat, in personal appearance, and in tone of mind.

The hermitage of Maricha was in the centre of a dense forest, corresponding strictly to the injunctions given by Krishna to Arjuna regarding

THE YOGI'S APPROPRIATE RETREAT.

A place in which Sadhakas, or practicers of particular discipline for attaining spiritual and thaumaturgic perfection, have been in the habit of dwelling; but where the footfall of other men is never heard.

Where trees sweet as amrita, or immortal nectar, to the very roots, crowd thickly together, ever bearing fruit.

Where, at every footstep, are waters of surpassing clearness, even without the autumnal season; where springs abounding are easy to be found.

Where the broken sunshine falls at intervals, and yet which is cool with shade; where the wind, scarcely moving, softly blows in intermitting airs.

Devoid in general of sound; so thick that the beasts of prey penetrate it not; no parrot, no humble bee is there (to disturb with its scream or hum).

Close to the water may dwell swans and a few flamingoes; the kokila also, or black cuckoo, may alight occasionally there.

Peacocks should not abide there constantly; but should a few come and go at intervals, let them, I forbid them not.

Thou art without fall, oh! son of Pandu, to seek out and find such a place; there let thy profoundly embowered hermitage be, or oratory dedicated to Shiva.

Maricha again was a skeleton: his features intersected with millions of needle-like wrinkles; his shrivelled skin smeared with ashes; his beard reached down to his girdle; his head was covered with a pyramid of coiled up, grizzled, sun-scorched hair; and his garments consisted of shreds of dingy, tattered bark. Ananta, on the contrary, though advanced in years, had a fresh and almost roseate look. His features, naturally handsome, wore the impress of a loving as well as a reverential nature, and the holy calm of a spirit at peace crowned their blended expression of dignity and sweetness. His beard and head were close shaven: and round the latter were wound with graceful negligence two or three folds of unbleached cloth, the end of which hung down on one side like a veil; a streak of fresh sandal unguent marked

his forehead horizontally; and his garments were of a snowy whiteness, and even fine in their texture. Ananta differed considerably from his friend Maricha in his spiritual exercises. Like him, he was a follower of the ascetic and contemplative life; but the pursuit of the Siddhis, or miraculous faculties, though he did not absolutely condemn it in others, he utterly avoided himself, pronouncing it a road beset with dangers, and often leading to the profoundest darkness. But even in the details of the ascetic and contemplative paths, he was distinguished from his fellow Rishi. As far as the discipline of Vairagya, or utter conquest over and freedom from passion, desire, and self-interest of every kind, he went fully along with him; and had come to be absolutely devoid of self. In the doctrine of *Tyaga*, or

renunciation of all things, he also coincided in the principle, but he applied it less to the letter, and more to the spirit and intention. Thus while Maricha scrupled on account of his vow of renunciation to wear any clothing but woven bark, and even renounced all action itself, Ananta wore fine and clean cotton garments, without being attached to or taking any pride in them; and took his part in useful action without looking to a reward; holding with the Gita, sect. xviii. that

“He is properly a Tyagi who is a foraker of the fruit of action.”

The practice of Tapa, or severe penitential austerities, was carried to excess by Maricha, who had stood on his head for a series of years; for a similar period upon one leg; hung suspended by one toe from a tree, with his head down for one decade; for another, stood gazing on the sun, so

motionless that, in the rainy season, the creeping plants grew up around him, the white ants constructed their clay galleries all over his body, and the birds seeing in him no longer any duality, ceased to fear him, and at last perched freely upon his head, and built their nests among the foliage with which he was entwined. But the most extraordinary penance he underwent was carrying for forty years on one hand, a flower-pot, containing a Tulsi, or basil plant, sacred to Vishnu. His nails not being cut, grew out at last like the claws of a vulture, piercing the flower-pot, and curling back till they grew into his flesh; so as to lock the hand, the plant, and the flower-pot together. While undergoing this singular penance, he obtained the name of Tulsi Bava, or the Holy Father Basil, and upon him the sarcastic Water-lily composed the following song:—

TULSI BAVA—THE MAN TREE.

For forty long years, in yon ruinous hut
Dwells a withered ascetic, whose arm is shrunk,
And devotees flock to the sacred Muth,
To kiss the feet of the blossoming monk.
His eyes with weeping are red and ferrety;
His sun-scorched hair all matted and carroty;
His body is smeared with a pale yellow crust
Of funeral ashes and charnel dust:
He lives upon leaves, and berries and hawa,
And doses with opium, his spirit to calm;
His nails are grown like a vulture's claws,
And, inward curling, have pierced his palm;
On which he supporteth, by night and by day,
O torment of wonder!—for ever, for ever,
Sleeping or waking, a flower-pot of clay,
Which he must, living, relinquish never.
Within the red flower-pot a Tulsi is seen,
A blossoming basil, that's sacred and green;
Twixt the growth of his claws and the force of his vow,
The hand, the vase, and the plant are now
So locked together, 'tis hard to scan
Twixt the talking shrub and the sprouting man.
If he walk, you behold a moving bower;
If he speak, 'tis the awful voice of a tree;
In springtime you meet with a man in flower,
And wondering ask, what can it be?
For forty long years, this penance he's borne,
Through autumn's rain and through summer's sun,
In age and in feebleness—weary and worn,
And still must bear, till his race is run.
Some live on the summit of pinnacles high,
Some hook themselves up, and swing over a fire,
Some drop themselves into the Ganges and die,
Some mount, all undaunted, the funeral pyre;
But here, in this Cingalese land we see,
Expiation is wrought on a different plan;
The sinner grows holy by fettering a tree,
And the innocent shrub is enchained for the man.

Ananta Rishi, though interiorly a man of mortified spirit, avoided all such excesses; for he considered them

often to spring from spiritual pride, or fanatic zeal; and he followed the maxims of the Gita, which says, sect. vi. :—

“The Yogi, or he who energises himself to recollect and reunite his scattered self by internal contemplation, is more exalted than the Tapasvis, those zealots who harass themselves in performing penances.”

Even in the performance of Yoga, or the internal contemplation and self-union, he differed from Maricha. The latter, following his mystic, thaumaturgic bent, was full of internal visions and revelations. Sometimes, according to the mystic school of Paithana, sitting cross-legged, meditating at midnight at the foot of a banyan-tree, with his two thumbs closing his ears, and his little fingers pressed upon his eyelids, he saw rolling before him gigantic fiery wheels, masses of serpent shapes, clusters of brilliant jewels, quadrats of pearls, lamps blazing without oil, a white haze melting away into a sea of glittering moonlight, a solitary fixed swan-like fiery eye of intense ruddy glare, and, at length, the splendour of an internal light more dazzling

than the sun or the whole star-paved court of heaven. An internal, spontaneous unproduced music [anahata] vibrated on his ear; and sometimes a sweet mouth, sometimes a majestic nose, sometimes a whole face of exquisite beseeching beauty, would rise out of a cloud before his inward gnostic eye, look into his soul, and advance to embrace him.

At other times, he followed the path laid down by the more ancient and profounder school of Alandi, and sought to attain, and sometimes deemed that he had attained, the condition of the illumined Yogi, as described by Krishna to his friend Arjuna, in the 6th Adhyaya of that most mystic of all mystic books, the Dnyaneshvari.

THE ILLUMINED.

When this path is beheld, then thirst and hunger are forgotten: night and day are undistinguished in this road.

Whether one would set out to the bloom of the East or come to the chambers of the West, *without moving*, oh! holder of the bow! *is the travelling in this road?*

In this path, to whatever place one would go, *that town* (or locality) *one's own self becomes!* how shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shall experience it.

The ways of the tubular vessel (nerves) are broken; the nine-fold property of wind (nervous æther) departs: on which account the functions of the body no longer exist.

Then the moon and the sun, or that supposition which is so imagined, appear; but like the wind upon a lamp, in such manner as not to be laid hold of.

The bud of understanding is dissolved; the sense of smell no longer remains in the nostrils; but, together with the POWER,* retires into the middle chamber.

Then with a discharge from above, the reservoir of moon-fluid of immortality (contained in the brain), leaning over on one side, communicates into the mouth of the POWER.

Thereby the tubes (nerves) are filled with the fluid: it penetrates into all the members; and in every direction the vital breath dissolves thereinto.

As from the heated crucible all the wax flows out, and then it remains thoroughly filled with the molten metal poured in;

Even so, that lustre (of the immortal moon-fluid) has become actually moulded into the shape of the body: on the outside it is wrapped up in the folds of the skin.

As, wrapping himself up in a mantle of clouds, the sun for a while remains; and afterwards, casting it off, comes forth arrayed in light;

Even so, above is this dry shell of the skin, which, like the husk of grain, of itself falls off.

Afterwards, such is the splendour of the limbs, that one is perplexed whether it is a self-existing shaft of Cashmere porphyry, or shoots that have sprouted up from jewel seed:

Or a body moulded of tints caught from the glow of evening, or a pillar formed of the interior light:

* This extraordinary Power, who is termed elsewhere the “World Mother”—the “Casket of Supreme Spirit,” is technically called Kundalini, which may be rendered serpentine, or annular. Some things related of it would make one imagine it to be electricity personified.

A vase filled with liquid saffron ; or a statue cast of divine thaumaturgic perfection molten down. To me beholding, it appears QUIETISM itself, personified with limbs :

As a painting of divine bliss ; a sculptured form of the sovereign happiness ; a grove of trees of joy, erectly standing :

A bud of golden champa ; or a statue of ambrosia : or a many-sprinkled herbarium of fresh and tender green.

Or is it the disk of the moon, that, fed by the damps of autumn, has put forth luminous beams ? or is it the embodied presence of Light, that is sitting on yonder seat ?

Such becomes the body, what time the serpentine [or annular] POWER drinks the moon [fluid of immortality descending from the brain], then, oh ! friend, Death dreads the shape of the body.

Then disappears old age, the knots of youth are cut to pieces, and **THE LOST STATE OF CHILDHOOD REAPPEARS !**

His age remains the same as before ; but in other respects he exhibits the strength of childhood ; the greatness of his fortitude is beyond comparison.

As the golden tree at the freshly-sprouting extremities of its branches puts forth jewel-buds daily new ; even so, *new and beautiful nails sprout forth* (from his fingers and toes).

He gets other teeth also ; but these shine beyond all measure beautiful, as rows of diamonds set on either side.

Like grains of tiny rubies, minute perhaps as atoms, so come forth over the whole body tips of downy hair.

The palms of the hands and soles of the feet become like red lotus flowers ; the eyes grow inexpressibly clear.

As when, owing to the cramped state of its interior, the pearls can no longer be held in by the double shell, then the seam of the pearl oyster rim bursts open :

So, uncontainable within the clasp of the eyelids, the sight, expanding, seeks to go outward ; it is the same, indeed, as before, but is now capable of embracing the heavens.

The body becomes of gold in lustre, but it has the lightness of the wind : for of water and of earth no portion is left.

Then *he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant !*

He taketh a turn with the wind ; if he walk, his footsteps touch not the water ; for such and such like conjunctures he attains many supernatural faculties.

Finally—

When the light of the POWER disappears, then the form of the body is lost—then he becomes hidden to the eyes of the world.

In other respects, indeed, just as before, he appears with the members of his body ; but he is *as one formed of the wind !*

Or like the (delicate) core of the plantain tree, standing up divested of its mantle of outward leaves, or as a cloud from which limbs have sprouted out.

Such becomes his body ; then he is called **KHECHARA**, or **SKY-GOER** ; this step being attained is a wonder among people in the body.

Behold the Sadhaka (the thaumaturgic saint) departeth ; but the talk of his footsteps remains behind : there in various places invisibility and the other supernatural faculties become acquired.

Ananta, without condemning such visions, and the [Rosicrucian?] pursuit after such a transfiguration and rejuvenescence, without expressing disbelief, or daring to pronounce them to be hallucinations, simply declared that his own experience had furnished him with none such. Admitting the infinite possibilities of the spiritual world and the internal life, he looked with wonder and respect on Maricha, but contented himself with the humbler exercise of fixing the contemplations of his spirit on the infinite moral beauty and goodness of the divine nature, and endeavouring, by contemplation, to transform himself to some likeness of the eternal love.

Maricha, notwithstanding the natural timidity of his nature, came down

from the mount of contemplation with a wild and terrible splendour on his brow, and a crazed, unearthly expression, which scared his fellow-men. Ananta, with a glow of sweetness and love, that encouraged and drew them towards him.

Thus Maricha Rishi was a scarecrow to all : the ladies of the court pronounced him an absolute fright, and the little children ran from him as from a goblin. Ananta Rishi, on the other hand—or, as he was familiarly termed, “*dear Ezamana*”—was a general favourite. Respected by the men, revered, trusted, and beloved by the women, he was absolutely idolised by the children, of whom he was intensely fond. He loved, indeed, every tree and flower ; he felt a glad sympathy with

all living creatures; but little children were his delight—and above all little girls. Among these he had one especial favourite, named Ghanta Patali, or “Bell Trumpet Tower,” who was constantly about him. Ravan, on his return from his failure in the contest for the hand of King Janaka’s [adopted] daughter Sita, who was won by Rama from all competitors by his breaking the bow of Shiva, which none of the others could even bend, found this little girl and her brother Ratnakara lying, apparently abandoned, among the beds of pink jhinga flowers that fringe the straits separating the island of Lanka from the main land, across which Rama and the monkeys afterwards built Rama’s bridge. In the same neighbourhood may still be seen a well of fresh water, springing up in the very midst of the estuary, and covered at flood tides by the salt waves. Its site is marked by a crowd of red and white flags and streamers, indicating that a local water-goddess is there worshipped. It is called among the barbarous fishermen that inhabit that region Sita-Hrad, or “Sita’s Well:” for a tradition prevails there, that Sita also was found in the neighbourhood, in one of the furrows among the same jhinga beds. For it is well known that Sita had no mother, and was not born in the ordinary way; but was found by her reputed parent Janaka in the furrow of a field or garden, and was thence named Sita, or Furrow-found, from Sit, a furrow.

What was no less singular, the little Ghanta Patali exhibited the most remarkable resemblance in her features and manner to Sita, which struck Ravan more forcibly every day, and attached him very strongly to the child. He handed over Ratnakara to Maricha for his education, and Ghanta Patali to the gentler Ananta; but the latter was often sent for, and was a good deal about the court; was made much of by the good Mandodari, whom she always called her “white mother,” though she was of a very deep shade of brown, approaching indeed to black; and was treated like a little sister by the affectionate Sulochana, to whom she clung like a second self. Her innocent, wild, joyous nature, and a certain innate delicacy and grace that attended every word and movement, made her the darling and delight of the whole court; and when Sita was made a captive in

the Ashoka grove, all presents, and all communications of a kind and courteous intent, were sent to her through Ghanta Patali, who soon became so charmed by, and attached to, the beautiful stranger, whom she herself so greatly resembled, that the good Mandodari became almost jealous. Sita loved her in return, and often wiled away the sad hours of her captivity by conversing with the tender, sweet-faced little orphan girl; teaching her to embroider, to string garland flowers, and to sing to the saramandal, or Indian dulcimer. Such was the pupil of Ananta Rishi. At the moment of Vayu’s arrival she was sitting up, very happy, on the roof of one of the cottages that lay beside the hermitage, watching with delight the process of re-roofing. A spotted cat was lying flat and obedient to her beck on a little wooden car beside her, and a white kid, with green ribbons round his neck, was playfully butting against her shoulder. But her head was just then turned aside, and her attention directed to a tree, in which she had hung up the Rishi’s vina, or lyre, to catch on its strings the sweet and wild vibrations of the wind, which almost maddened her with delight. Just at this moment it had begun to utter an unusually loud, screaming wail, which she had heard before, and which she knew announced the arrival of Vayu, or Wind himself.

Concluding rightly from this, that the Rishi had been summoned to court, whither she always accompanied him, she descended hastily from her high eyry, and ran joyfully into the hermitage, followed by her two favourites, who came galloping after her.

The summons of the King delivered, the Rishi, accompanied by Ghanta Patali, took his seat in the Vimana, or aerial chariot, which gods, demi-gods, and divine sages always have in attendance. That of Ananta was in shape like a large shell of the paper nautilus, resembling an antique barge rather than the chariots used for war. It was composed entirely of the fragrant grass called *dharba*, or *has-has*, neatly plaited together, bound by fillets of red wool, and spangled all over with the green and glittering wings of the Deccan beetle and large firefly, which sparkled like emeralds against the pale dull yellow of the grass; and all round it was edged with a fringe formed of

the ends of peacocks' feathers, giving it at once richness and buoyancy.

As soon as they were seated, the invisible Vayu recommenced his loud, humming murmur. The car rose in the air lightly; the tops of the trees bent before it; and after a short and pleasant excursion through the air, they alighted at the palace of Ravan. A group of female slaves was in attendance to receive Ghanta Patali, and carry her off to the chamber of Mandodari. Ananta was greeted respectfully by a crowd of learned and religious men, and conducted immediately to the council-chamber, where he found the Rishis in deep consultation, and exchanging troubled glances with each other. The imperious injunction of the Titan to interpret the dream had thrown them all into consternation, for all agreed that it foreshadowed great disaster, which it might be perilous to communicate. The majority considered that it foreboded no less than the death of Ravan, and the fall of Lanka. Maricha, however, who sat on the ground, throwing ever and anon a handful of cowrie shells on the pavement, and observing carefully the number that fell with the mouths upward, and the number in which the mouths were down, as well as the order which they assumed in their fall, shook his head mysteriously, and asserted that, although these disasters were certainly written in the future, they did not form, but preceded, the real interpretation; that the precise misfortunes indicated in the dream related to a far future state of existence, in which Ravan would probably not believe. The council of sages was not only divided on this point, but felt that, whichever interpretation they should agree to adopt, it would be equally hazardous to deliver it boldly to the Titan, since each must point, directly or indirectly, to his own destruction. In this dilemma they sought counsel of Ananta.

"Sages," replied Ananta, with modesty, after listening patiently to their appeal, "since the recital of the dream by the King, I have meditated profoundly upon its signification; and seeking, according to my wont, not for the occasional individual application of its symbols, but for their universal and eternal meaning, I have found revealed in this singular dream a series of the profoundest spiritual truths, with an admirable application to Ravan's pre-

sent position, which, if they but penetrate his heart, may lead him at once to send back Sita, and thus terminate this unhappy war, and preserve his life and kingdom. I will, if ye command me, encounter, and perhaps turn aside, the first rough edge of his violent temper, by this allegorical interpretation. If he yield to the lessons to be drawn from it, it is well; if not, it will at least gain time, and allow you adequate leisure to decide, after further consultation with the venerable Maricha upon the precise shaping and limits of the prophetic interpretation, and to prepare for its prudential utterance through his lips."

This proposal of Ananta Rishi was received with delight. It might render all further reply from them unnecessary: at all events, it averted the present danger, and gave time; and this, in the temper of the Rakshas monarch, was a great point.

The circle was accordingly arranged for the solemn delivery of the sage's utterance, as at the Kirtanas, or usual religious oratorios, where the preachers, entitled Haridasas or Ramadasas, according as they may be devoted more especially to Krishna (Hari), or to Rama, blend moral and religious instruction with music, lyric poetry, mythical narrative, and a dash, now and then, of proverbial wisdom, or amusing anecdote.

The Rishis stood up opposite the throne in a wide semicircle, in the centre of which, but a little in advance, stood Ananta and Maricha, as the chief spokesmen, wearing each a long garland of flowers round his neck. A little behind the two Rishis, forming a smaller semicircle in rear of the larger one, stood the musical chorus, consisting of one player of the vina, or Indian lyre, to pitch the key (which instrument the speakers also, for form sake, carried on their left arms); two players of the mridang, or small mellow drum; and four youths carrying in their hands two little convex cymbals, or rather shallow cups of silver called tala, bound together by a long string, with which they gently beat time as they sang, and led the chorus, in which the whole larger semicircle of Rishis were accustomed to join.

All being ready, Maricha despatched his disciple Ratnakara to inform the king; and, in a few minutes after, the royal procession entered the council-

chamber, amid a loud flourish of trumpets, and a deep roll on the large nagara drum, used only to announce the presence of deities and kings.

Ravan entered first, accompanied by his brother Bibhishana, his ministers, and Senapatis, and all took up their posts, standing to the left of the monarch's throne, except the Prince Bibhishana, who sat on a lower seat upon his left. Immediately next to Bibhishana stood the privileged Kamatur Rakshas, and behind the latter the court poet Madhavi, the Water-lily. The ministers and other commanders circled off to the left. Next entered the train of Queen Mandodari, who sat, surrounded by her standing attendant ladies, on a high throne, placed to the right of Ravan's. On the right of the good Mandodari, and on the same throne, sat the beautiful-eyed, noble-hearted Princess Sulo-chana, the little Ghanta Patali being seated snugly on a cushion between

them. On her left stood the subtle and witty Gupta. The corpulent Mahodari, the shrill-voiced Anunasika, the heavy Pankamagnā, and the other court ladies, stood in a circle round the throne of Mandodari. Maricha, as the senior Rishi, sprinkled the assembly with water, pronouncing the benediction "Kalyanam bhavatu!"—"May happiness attend you!"

The mellow mridangs beat a soft measure; the silver bell-shaped cymbals were gently struck together as a signal and prelude; and then, amid the deepest silence, and the breathless attention of the whole court, and surrounded by an expression of seriousness on every countenance, that gave a tinge of sadness even to the sweet face of little Ghanta Patali, and banished from the features of the hilarious Water-lily and the Kamatur Rakshas their habitual smile, Ananta Rishi opened his solemn discourse, and thus began:—

THE SYMBOLIC INTERPRETATION OF THE DREAM.

Through all the scenes and incidents, oh Titan! pictured in the succession of visions—for it is vision upon vision which compose thy mysterious dream—there is a foreshadowing and representation of real events, that lie embosomed in the far future, far beyond the precincts of thy present life, but a representation that is dim and indistinct, wrought out in the capricious lines and hues that constitute the hieroglyphic language of fantasy, into which the events of this outer, solid world must generally be translated, before they can be either foreshadowed or reproduced in the phantasmal sphere of dreams.

For know, oh Titan! the true nature of man, and the various conditions of being under which he exists, and of consciousness under which he perceives.

These are represented to us in the Vedanta system under three distinct aspects, which, however, contain really one and the same idea, more summarily expressed, or more fully developed.

In the first, most summary view, man is a *duality*; he comprises two modes of existence—one natural, one reversed. The original, normal, and true mode of his being, and which is therefore characterised by the term *SVA-RUPA*, or *OWN-FORM*, is the *SPIRIT*.

CONDITION (*atma-dasha*): in this his substance or being is consolidated Being—Thought—Bliss—in one [*sachchid-anandaghana*]. His state eternal *Turya*, or ecstasy. The opposite or reversed mode of his being is the *LIFE-CONDITION* (*Jiva-dasha*), comprising a subtle inward body or soul, and a gross outward body of matter, existing in the two states of dreaming and waking. Between these two conditions lies a gulf of Lethe, or total unconsciousness—a profound and dreamless sleep.

In the second view, which is given in the *Tattva Bodha*, and many other works, the idea is further expanded: man is there represented as a prismatic trinity, veiling and looked through by a primedial unity of light—gross outward body; subtle internal body or soul; a being neither body nor soul, but absolute self-forgetfulness, called the *cause-body*, because it is the original sin of ignorance of his true nature which precipitates him from the spirit into the life-condition. These three bodies, existing in the waking, dreaming, sleeping states, are all known, witnessed, and watched, by the spirit which standeth behind and apart from them, in the unwinking vigilance of ecstasy, or spirit-waking.

This prepares us for, and conducts

us to, the complete and fully-developed view of man as a quaternity, in explaining which we must retread the

same ground we have already gone over, but with more care and deliberation.

THE FOUR STATES AND TABERNACLES OF MAN.

There are four spheres of existence, one enfolding the other—the inmost sphere of Turya, in which the individualised spirit lives the ecstatic life; the sphere of transition, or Lethe, in which the spirit, plunged in the ocean of Adnyana, or total unconsciousness, and utterly forgetting its real self, undergoes a change of gnostic tendency [polarity?]; and from not knowing at all, or absolute unconsciousness, emerges on the hither side of that Lethean boundary to a false or reversed knowledge of things (*viparita dnyana*), under the influence of an illusive *Pradnya*, or belief in, and tendency to, knowledge outward from itself, in which delusion it thoroughly believes, and now endeavours to realise:—whereas the true knowledge which it had in the state of Turya, or the ecstatic life, was all within itself, in which it intuitively knew and experienced all things. And from the sphere of *Pradnya*, or out-knowing,—this struggle to reach and recover outside itself all that it once possessed within itself, and lost,—to regain for the lost intuition an objective perception through the senses and understanding,—in which the spirit became an intelligence,—it merges into the third sphere, which is the sphere of dreams, where it believes in a universe of light and shade, and where all existence is in the way of *Abhasa*, or phantasm. There it imagines itself into the *Linga-deha* (*Psyche*), or subtle, semi-material, ethereal soul, composed of a vibrating or knowing pentad, and a breathing or undulating pentad. The vibrating or knowing pentad consists of simple consciousness, radiating into four different forms of knowledge—the egoity or consciousness of self; the ever-changing, devising, wishing mind, imagination, or fancy; the thinking, reflecting, remembering faculty; and the apprehending and determining understanding or judgment. The breathing or undulating pentad contains the five vital auræ—namely, the breath of life, and the four nervous æthers that produce sensation, motion, and the other vital phenomena.

From this subtle personification and phantasmal sphere, in due time, it progresses into the fourth or outermost sphere, where matter and sense are triumphant; where the universe is believed a solid reality; where all things exist in the mode of *Akara*, or substantial form; and where that, which successively forgot itself from spirit into absolute unconsciousness, and awoke on this side of that boundary of oblivion into an intelligence struggling outward, and from this outward struggling intelligence imagined itself into a conscious, feeling, breathing nervous soul, prepared for further clothing, now out-realises itself from soul into a body, with five senses or organs of perception, and five organs of action, to suit it for knowing and acting in the external world, which it once held within, but now has wrought out of itself. The first or spiritual state was ecstasy; from ecstasy it forgot itself into deep sleep; from profound sleep it awoke out of unconsciousness, but still within itself, into the internal world of dreams; from dreaming it passed finally into the thoroughly waking state, and the outer world of sense. Each state has an embodiment of ideas or language of its own. The universal, eternal, ever-present intuitions that be eternally with the spirit in the first, are in the second utterly forgotten for a time, and then emerge reversed, limited and translated into divided successive intellections, or gropings, rather, of a struggling and as yet unorganised intelligence, having reference to place and time, and an external historical world, which it seeks, but cannot all at once realise outside itself. In the third they become pictured by a creative fantasy into phantasms of persons, things, and events, in a world of light and shade within us, which is visible even when the eyes are sealed in dreaming slumber, and is a prophecy and forecast shadow of the solid world that is coming. In the fourth the outforming or objectivity is complete. They are embodied by the senses into hard, external realities in a world without us. That ancient.

seer [Kavi Purana] which the Gita and the Mahabharata mention as abiding in the breast of each, is first a prophet and poet; then he falls asleep, and awakes as a blindfold logician and historian, without materials for reasoning, or a world for events, but groping towards them; next a painter, with an ear for inward, phantasmal music too; at last a sculptor carving out hard, palpable solidities. Hence the events destined to occur in this outer world can never be either foreshown or represented with complete exactitude in the sphere of dreams, but must be translated into its pictorial and fantastical language.

But besides this dim, prophetic character, referring to isolated events in

time, thy dream, like all other dreams, has a more universal and enduring significance, setting forth, as it does, in a series of vivid symbols, a crowd of spiritual truths and allegories that are eternally true to the human soul. The prophetic hieroglyphics it is not given me to read. That may lie within the compass of Maricha's powers, for he treads the difficult and dangerous paths of thaumaturgy, and ventures on the perilous gaze into the dread future. Mine be it simply to unfold before thine eyes, oh, king! the symbolic and moral interpretations of the vision, which, if thou be wise, will have for thee a profounder, because a more eternal interest, than the mere foretelling of transitory events.

THE SILENT AND DESOLATE LAND.

That desolate land in which thou didst wander, oh, Titan! with thy beautiful and mysterious companion, where silent cities strewed the desert, in which no life stirred, and no voice was heard in the streets, but all was death and desolation; where everything lay still or petrified; where gigantic ruins lay around, and the colossal forms of a by-gone life stared out on thee from stone, with an impress of solemn and eternal beauty, uttering a moan to the first beams of the rising sun, offers a true type of this mournful world. For what, in truth, is this earth but one immense ruin, or heap of ruins—a land of death and desolation — a desert strewn with the fragments of an extinct past?

If we contemplate external nature, we find in its stupendous mountain-chains, its gigantic volcanic peaks, shooting up aloof into the sky — its abrupt masses of scarped rock and table-lands — its scattered, solitary,

gigantic stones, far from their parent mountains—its tremendous clefts, and chasms, and valleys, the evidences and traces of immense convulsions in past ages. The whole earth appears a vast assemblage of sublime ruins. When we consult more closely the materials which form these ruins, we find with astonishment that they, too, are composed of other ruins; we find everywhere the marks of an extinct world. A gigantic vegetation of consummate beauty in its forms; broken fragments, too, of a creation of living creatures, colossal in size, wonderful in structure, and awful in power, surround us everywhere. The dead faces of extinct organisations look out on us from stone on every side with their sad, eternal beauty; and, as every fresh sun dawns upon the world of ruins, a mournful plaint is wailed forth from all past creations to greet his rising, which recalls to them their own former being.

THE CHORUS SINGS.

Even thus, oh sun! in thy eternal youth,
 Thou once didst rise on us!
 While we as yet were young, and seemed, like thee,
 To flourish in our strength.
 And thus ten thousand years, ten thousand ages hence,
 Shalt thou arise unchanged;
 When those, that now appear to bloom and live,
 Like us, have passed away!
 Then shall they sadly greet thy morning rising,
 From their dark stony chambers,
 As we do now, oh sun!
 Oh sun for ever young!

If we turn, continued the Rishi, from external nature to what is called the living world, we look in vain for life. Death meets us at every turn. The terrible Yama is everywhere. The whole animal creation appears upon the scene, merely to pass away by some form of violent death. To the peaceful herds grazing on the hill-side, Yama comes in the guise of the

tiger; to the innocent bleating sheep, as wolf or hyena. The snake seizes the frog from his moist bed, and drags him into his hole, or his crevice among the stones, crushing his limbs in the traction. The hawk pierces with his cruel beak the poor sparrow; the sparrow, in turn, transfixes or carries off the grub. Bird preys on bird; fish on fish, as it is written in the Mahabharata:—

The stronger fishes, after their kind, prey on the weaker fish.
This is ever our means of living, appointed to us eternally.

But man himself is the most terrible incarnation of Yama. He plunges with a savage joy into the thicket of bamboo or sugar-cane, to attack and slay the boar. He pursues over the plain the timid and graceful antelope; his arrows outstrip his fleetness; and the exhausted creature, that erst bounded in beauty and freedom, falls sobbing to the earth, and expires in torture. He gathers the dumb and patient sheep, and the helpless lambs, from the pastures where they bleated in joy, and consigns them to the slaughter-house. Behold yon porters passing even now the court gate with baskets on their heads full of the beautiful plumage of the Cingalese cocks gathered from the villages round Lanka, sitting happy together, all unconscious of their coming doom. They are bearing them to the camp to feed thy military followers. The festivity of man is the signal of death to the humbler creatures of the earth: he rejoices, or weds, and they die as the materials of his joy, victims immolated to his household gods. Even those creatures, upon whose flesh he has not yet learned to feed, he harasses to death by more protracted and painful means. The horse, that in his youth bore him in the day of battle or the pompous ceremonial, is, when age advances, and his fire abates, consigned to the merciless Vaisha, who trades in

hired chariots, and you behold thousands of those wretched creatures, lean, lacerated, and panting, driven by male Durgas (furies) through the city, without respite from sunrise till midnight, till at last they drop and expire in harness, or are rudely taken out and cast aside into some corner to die unseen and unpitied. And the dog, the honest friend of man; and the cat, self-adorning, playful, capricious, coy, timid, watchful, secretive, house-loving, but ever affectionate when gently treated, the friend and—be not offended, good Mandodari, for thou knowest their strong attachments—in some respects the type of woman, and the playfellow of children, the household Numen, and hieroglyphic of domestic life, — what becomes of these? Who sees their end? Into what by-way solitudes, what holes and corners do they creep, led by a mournful instinct of nature to conceal their agonies and yield up their breath? Ah! how many tragedies of animal agony daily take place not far from the dwelling of man, and he knows it not, or, knowing, lays it not to heart, or laughs in scorn of sympathy for animal suffering! And yet all creatures, Manu teaches, have their life in that awful Spirit in whom man, too, lives, and in them as in man that Spirit liveth—

Sarva bhuteshu chatmanam, sarva bhutani chatmani
Samam pashyan.

In all creatures the SPIRIT, and all creatures in the SPIRIT,
Alike beholding.

And let us look at man himself. Is life to be found in his dwelling? Alas! from the cradle to the cemetery where his body is laid upon the pyre, is not his course one long cry of suffering, and sorrow, and terror—one long re-

miniscence and foretaste of death? The householder in the prime of manhood, and his blooming, comely matron, who stand on the mid ridge of life, look down on either side upon two valleys of mourning. In one are

the cherished memories of beloved parents; she weeping for the beloved father, he for the poor tender mother. In the other, the idolised forms of children snatched prematurely from their arms, and wept alike by both; by her in loud lamentation, by him in stifled sobs and hidden tears. The mother dies giving birth to her babe, or lives to weep ere long over its corpse. Disease haunts man from his birth. Go into the mighty city of Lanka. In every street there passes you a funeral procession, with its red powder, its lugubrious flowers, its mournful rolling ululatus, and in its rear the mourning women stand before the door in a circle, beating their breasts. In every house there is a cry and a grief—an old man expiring; a child struggling; a strong man agonised; a woman weeping; a little girl with frightened and tearful face. And, as if the terrible avenger Yama had not imposed on humanity a sufficient measure of suffering and death, man goes forth himself in gold, and plumes, and gay caparisons, to crush the limbs, and dash out the brains, and pierce the heart and bowels of his fellow-man. And on the battle-field are left horrible sights, terrible cries, and fearful smells of death. And in the city the women weep, and break their bangles, and shave their heads, and put on grey unbleached or russet garments, and

are thenceforth held to be of evil omen. Oh, tragic man! whence is all this death in thy life? Alas! it is because an inward moral death reigns throughout all, that it must have this outward manifestation also. Men's souls are dead when they are born: this life is the autopsy, and the disease is made manifest to all. One died mad of pride; one phrenetic with anger; one leprous with sensuality; one had the fever of ambition; one suffered from the insatiable craving of greed; one from the malignant venom of revenge; one from the jaundice of jealousy; one from the eating cancer of envy; one from a surfeit of self-love; one from the paralysis of apathy. Many were the diseases, but death into this world the common result of all.

•Yes, death is triumphant here—death, physical and moral. The dead bring forth the dead; the dead bear the dead to the funeral pyre; the dead walk about the streets and greet each other, and bargain, and buy and sell, and marry, and build—and know not all the time that they are but ghosts and phantasms! That land of silence and shadows; of desolation and ruins; of sorrow and death, in which thy soul walked in the vision, oh Titan! is the world in which thy dead body now walks waking. Renounce and annihilate it, oh king! by asceticism and divine gnosis, and thus return to real life.

THE THREE MIRAGES.

Of the mirages which attracted thy observation on thy first entrance into the desert, and which again beset thy path after thou hadst forsaken the cavern of the Divars, and plunged into the silent wilderness, two have been already interpreted in thy own description. That blue Mriga-jala, or deer-water, which mocks the weary hart, and deceives the human traveller, in the wilderness, typifies, indeed, those false rivers of delight, and delusive hopes of happiness, which the world spreads afar off before the longing pilgrim who is a wayfarer in this wilderness, to lure him on in the perpetual pursuit of an unreal content and joy, but which ever vanish as we approach, and mock the fainting soul in the very moment of expected fruition.

That white mirage which built up

the Gandharva city of fairy palaces in the clouds, to melt again like mist into the air, is the emblem of that delusion which sets the blinded soul, instead of staying at home and attending to itself, and seeking its satisfaction there only where abiding peace is to be found, in itself, in seeking to know itself, and to recover its own true relation, a participation in the divine nature,—urges it for ever to depart far from itself, to forget itself, and its own high birthright; and build up for its solace vain projects in the distance—magnificent fairy castles and palaces in the clouds, or in the land of dreams, which ever dissolve as soon as built, and leave the soul in disappointment to begin afresh.

But the Kala Vivarta, that flitting black mirage, or mirage of Time, has a more special signification. This beset

thee at the outset, to denote, that, in all the events that were to follow in thy dream—in all the visions which were shown, and all which in relation thereto may yet be called up before thee, as well as in all the voices of interpretation which shall be uttered to thee—Time shall stand in a reversed relation, its unities and succession be broken, its distinctions confounded. The far, far future shall become present or past, the past become future, the present be pictured as yet to come or long gone by. All distinction and succession shall be forgotten and lost in an eternal present. Without this indication from the black mirage, neither the dream nor its interpretation would be intelligible.

But such a confusion and total reversion were impossible, if these distinctions were in their own nature real and eternal; and here we at length reach the profounder and enduring signification of the mirages, which thou, oh Titan! art, perhaps, as yet scarcely prepared to receive.

The blue mirage, which operates in space, and alters its relations, which presents the lake water as close at hand, and then withdraws it afar off; for ever deluding the eye with imaginary and ever-changing distances, typifies the temporary, delusive, and unreal nature of Space itself. Space has no real existence to Spirit. It is merely an order in which Spirit, when bound in the fetters of the intellect, shut up in the cell of the soul, and barred and bolted in securely within the prison of the body, is compelled to look out piecemeal on True Being, which is essentially one, in a broken, multitudinous, and successive way. Space is a mere *How*. It is not a *WHAT*. It is a method of analysis, an intervalling, or ruling off, to enable the multitudinous figures by which the intellect is compelled to express diffusively the totality which is one, but which, from its own now fractional nature, it cannot contemplate in unity, to be severally set down.

Time, too, is a *How*, and not a *WHAT*, a method of analysis, intervalling, or ruling off, which intellect employs to enable it to contemplate in successive parts the one eternal, divine Thought, when broken into fractional, successive intellections: and the one eternal, divine Sentiment, when re-

vealed to limited natures in history, or a succession of broken events. And this is what is indicated by the black mirage that to Spirit, Time has no real existence: it is only a necessary method and instrument of finite intellect.

What the blue image indicates as to Space, what the black as to Time, the white mirage, with its Gandharva fairy cities in the clouds, ever changing their form, and dissolving into nothing, typifies as to the multitudinous diversified forms of Matter in the universe. They have no real existence. They are the multitudinous, transient phenomena thrown off in space and time, by that which is ever one, constant, unchanging, and hath its being outside, and beyond both Space and Time—enfolding both: the current hieroglyphic writing in which it reveals itself, and in which alone it can be read by Spirit fallen into finite intellect, when it hath lost its pristine dignity and purity of nature.

And the same doctrine is applicable to individual personalities, which all arise in and re-subside, like waves, into the infinite impersonal ocean of Being, but for the contemplation of this mystery thou art not yet fully prepared, oh Titan! nor has it any type in the three images, which typify only Space, Time, and multitudinous divided Matter. To sum up. To Spirit, or True Being, there is no Space, no Time, no diversified Matter, no multitudinous Personality, no successive Thought, no historical Event.

True Being is universal, uniform, constant, unchanging, and eternal: and is termed *Sach-Chid-Ananda-Ghana*, a compacted *Being, Thought, Joy*. *Being* culminating to consciousness; conscious *Thought* returning and entering into *Being* with an eternal Joy. *Being* worketh eternally in the depths, but knoweth not itself. *Thought*, generated in the eternal centre, giveth forth the *GREAT UTTERANCE*, and calleth out *I AM BEING*. Being becometh thus revealed unto itself in Thought, and between the Thought and the Being, an eternal Joy ariseth: and these three are one *Ghana*, or solidarity of eternal life, filling all things, and yet minuter than an atom. That is the true *Dneya*, or object of wisdom; of it Krishna saith in the *Gita*, Lecture XIII. :—

THE CHORUS SINGS THE OBJECT OF WISDOM.

Without beginning and supreme—even BRIMH,
 Which neither can be said to be, nor not to be,
 All hands and feet ; all faces, heads, and eyes ;
 All ear ; it sitteth in the great world's centre,
 Possessing the vast whole.—Exempt from organ,
 It is the light which shineth thro' all organs.
 Containing all things—unattached to any ;
 Devoid of properties—partaking all :
 Inside and outside—the movable and motionless,
 Throughout all nature—Inconceivable
 From the extreme minuteness of its parts.
 It standeth at a distance, yet is present.
 Is undivided, yet in all things standeth
 Divided :—of all things it is the ruler.
 That which destroyeth now, and now produceth.
 The light of lights—declared exempt from darkness,
 Wisdom, and wisdom's aim, and wisdom's fruit,
 And within every breast presideth—THAT !

And thus is this inconceivable True Being described by Mukunda Raja, in the Viveka Sindhu, Lect. III. For, after first noticing the duality of Soul and God—

In the sky of OWN-FORM [or True-Being], in that which is devoid of property, ariseth an utterance of "JIV-ESHVARA," "Living creature and Lord" [or "Soul and God."] The eradication of this dual utterance from that place of unity, thou art to effect by *self-realisation* alone.

And then, laying down ecstatic concentration to be the great remedy for this disease called life :—

Wherefore this SUMADHI, or SELF-CONCENTRATION, is the divine tree of healing for those suffering under the disease of existence ; by it is ended the anguish and the pain which belong to pleasure in sensible objects.

He proceeds to describe True Being, the fountain of all existence :—

THE CHORUS SINGS THE FOUNTAIN OF EXISTENCE.

That which, distinct from the *Power-wheels* [or Power-spheres], is all sense, without parts—that immaculate Own-bliss, understand to be *Para-Brimh*, or most high Brimh.

That wherein this trinity or three-fold relation—the seer, the object of sight, and the [medium or process of] vision, disappears, that know to be supreme Brimh, devoid of opposition.

That wherein this trio—the knower the [medium or process of] knowledge, and the thing to be known, does not exist—that, my son, know to be supreme Brimh, undual.

If we would denominate it knowledge, there is there no knowing ; if we would call it ignorance, there is there no not knowing ; if we would term it nonentity, behold, it is a wonderful hidden treasure, without beginning being, even from all eternity.

Nonentity is nought. The opinion of those who contend for [Brimh being] nought, is vile. Happy they who in the world understand this, knowers of Brimh.

If we say it is, how are we to present it ? If we say it is not, how are we to get rid of it ? In a word, this Brimh, let those know to whom it belongs.

It is what stirreth him who is asleep, what awakeneth him who is stirred, what causeth him who is awake to feel [pleasure and pain], but it is itself without act.

As the heart of the crystal rock has a solidarity without interval, so supreme Brimh is one compact mass of consciousness.

Or again, it is all hollow, like the ætherial space ; pervasible, yet apart from the pervasion ; beautifully shining with its own light ; itself alone !

Bramha, Vishnu, and Maheshvara, when they become exhausted carrying on their respective operations [of creation, preservation, and destruction], then use the house of rest—namely, OWN BRIMH. [These active energies no longer working, subside into Brimh—the sabbatical form of Divine Being, in which there is no action].

That wherein is neither science nor nescience ; which cannot be compared to any other thing ; which is to be known to itself alone ; that know to be the divine science, the supreme Brimh, Own-Form.

Which even Sarv-Eshvara, or the *All Lord* himself, if he assume the egoity of knowing,* even he knoweth not the furthest limits of that OWN-FORM.

Wherefore egoity vanishes there, imagination also disappears, that *Brimh* itself only comprehendeth its own SELF-REALISATION.

After comprehending and pervading a thousand universes, within and without, the SUPREME BRIMH OWN-FORM is over entire, without residue [or deficiency], and without interval [or separation of parts].†

As the clouds melt into the æthereal space and cease to be, so in Own-Form the film of *Maya* ; when that is dissolved, *wholly Brimh* [or the absolute] alone is.

Recurring again in Lecture v. to the duality of the Soul and God, into which this primordial unity is separated, he calls the former *Thou*, the

latter *That* in this isolation, and thus he describes the divine principle which he calls *That* :—

THE CHORUS SINGS THE ETERNAL THAT.

Without the word *That*, the Lord the word *Thou* (individual soul) hath no subsistence; hear then again regarding the word *That*.

He who is *Param Atma*, or Supreme Spirit; *Maham Vishnu*, or the Great Pervader; *Adi Purusha*, the Primordial Soul; *Bhagavata*, the Glorious One; *Sach-chid-ananda-ghana*, the solidarity of Being, Thought, and Joy in one, He has been before declared unto thee.

He who is the All-Spirit, the All-Witness, the All-Lord, who is present within the bosom of every creature, who is never indifferent to his own servants;

That God without beginning and subtle [inapprehensible or unsearchable], who exhibits this universe, which is not; who again hideth it as a thing departed, though still in the same place;

Who, without ears, heareth; without eyes, seeth; without tongue, tasteth every flavour;

Who, without feet, walketh everywhere; without hands, taketh and giveth; who by a wish alone emancipates the soul;

Who, being close, is yet far off; standing afar off, is yet within the soul; through whose power the organs are quickened to perform their own offices;

As the one sun shineth in every country, so the same Supreme Spirit illumineth every creature—life, or soul.

This delicate word *That* is a body of pure intelligence—without form, pervading all things; yet, for the sake of his own worshippers, assuming an external shape.

There the When is an eternal Now.

The Where an eternal Here.

The *What* and the *Who* are one.—
A universal “*That—I*”—[*So-Ham*]
impersonal merging into personal; personal returning into impersonal, and feeling its identity with it.

But True Being is broken by the prism of *Maya* into a multitudinous phenomenal development, and it is then only it can be contemplated by Spirit become fractional itself, and fallen into finite intellect. As it is sung by the virgin poetess of Alandi—

A change, a mirage ariseth in True Being;
From the ONE, the many are evolving.

In this evolution, which is phenomenal only, the seed germinates into a thousand roots and shoots; the monad of light breaks into ten thousand rays. The sphere is spun out into an infinite thread; the lump of gold becomes broken into ten millions of jewels of infinite variety of make and pattern.

The *Sat*, Being, or substance of the Primordial Triad, is spread out into the phenomena of infinite material universes.

The one central *Chit*, or Consciousness, into infinite personalities and lives.

The unity *That-I* [*So-Ham*] which is the experience of the original consciousness, becomes dissevered first into *That* and *Thou*, and then into infinite *Is*, and *Thous*, and *Thats*.

The eternal Thought united with this Consciousness, into infinite successive cognitions, and systems of science, philosophy, and literature.

* i. e., If *Brimh* become Sarv-Eshvara; if, going out of the infinite impersonal all consciousness, in which there is neither knowing, nor not knowing, he assume the egoity of knowing, and thus become the egoistic and personal God, the all Lord, as such he knoweth not, and cannot know, the limits of that essence from which he has come forth, of that OWN-FORM, which is pure *Brimh*.

† “Spreads undivided, operates unspent.”—POPE.

The ANANDA, its harmonious Joy, into infinite tones of sentiment and passion, which produce the result of tragic history.

The infinite Here is rolled into space.

The eternal punctual Now, into successive time.

And the divine, eternal, and round life of True Being becomes evolved and extended, and rolled out, as it were, into successive history.

And that prismatic Maya itself—But I fear, said the Rishi, seeing the bewildered faces of his audience—and feeling he was getting beyond their comprehension, I fear I begin to grow unintelligible.”

Ravan said nothing. He was completely mystified; and was just then puzzling himself in the endeavour to solve in his own mind the problem, whether he had ten heads, or one, or any head at all, on his shoulders—if he had shoulders.

“I should like to know,” said the arch Gupta, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself, but quite loud enough to be overheard, as she intended, in the whole circle, “whether Madhavi Panza is a *How* or a *WHAT*.”

“In truth, good Rishi,” said the stout and simple Mandodari, with downright frankness, “I do not comprehend you. I cannot understand at

all what you mean by the True Being being rolled out into space and history. Am I not, for example, a true being? Now I cannot for the life of me conceive myself being rolled out into any sort of history, or into space or time either, without disappearing altogether under such a process.”

“These matters, oh transcendent Ezamana!” said Sulochana reverentially, “are above the comprehension of us poor females; explain to us rather, great Rishi, the vision of Zingarel. As she is a woman, we may understand more of her than of such subtle matters as Time and Space.”

“Oh! yes, dear Guru,” said little Ghanta Patali, clapping her tiny hands with a look of delight, “tell us all about that poor, dear Zingarel, and the terrible aligator, and that darling little cow of the sea.”

The Rishi was not sorry for this diversion. Perhaps he may have felt, if the truth could be seen, that he was getting out of his own depth, and becoming unintelligible even to himself. The ground of allegory, at all events, he thought, would be firmer and safer, than the transcendental metaphysics of the Vedanta philosophy. The moral, at least, would be clearer to the women; and he knew all their influence on history, even when refusing, like the good Mandodari, to be personally rolled out *into* it.

NUBIA AND THE NILE.*

IN this paper we propose bringing before our readers such additions to our knowledge on the subject of the Nile countries, as may be collected from the recent works of Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, and of the Prussian traveller, Dr. Lepsius. We lately noticed the three years' residence of the former of these gentlemen, in the Abyssinian kingdom of Tigré, which, until the appearance of his book, was undescribed, and intimated our intention of soon examining that more arduous, and, as we think, still more interesting journey

which he undertook on leaving that country, and which forms the subject of the concluding portion of his second volume. From Tigré Mr. Parkyns went westward, through deserts and untried countries, to Abou Kharraz, on the Blue Nile, a route which is altogether new, no European having been that way before him. Descending the Blue Nile from Abou Kharraz, we shall go on with Mr. Parkyns to Khartoum, the capital of Upper Nubia, where this river joins the White or true Nile. Then, parting from Mr.

* “Life in Abyssinia.” By Mansfield Parkyns. Vol. II. London: Murray. 1853.

“Discoveries in Egypt and Ethiopia.” By Dr. Richard Lepsius. Edited by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie. London: Bentley. 1852.

“Inner Africa Laid Open.” By William Desborough Cooley. London: Longman. 1852.

Parkyns, we shall ascend the Nile with Dr. Lepsius, from Cairo back again to Khartoum, and there, making our adieus to the travellers twain, we may conclude by glancing with Mr. Cooley at Inner Africa, directing our attention more particularly to what has long been called the source-territory of the Nile. We hope thus to gather in our rapid route whatever there may be of prominent interest, whether personal, geographical, or antiquarian, in the several works before us.

Mr. Parkyns left Adoua, the capital of Tigré, in the last week of June, 1845. The rains were setting in, and the remittance which, after long delays, had reached him just before, was sorely infringed on, by his paying off the engagements he had been obliged to enter into during his long residence in Abyssinia. Heavy rains and a light purse were serious additions to the inevitable difficulties of his new undertaking, and to which, it must be remembered, that he was in no wise compelled. A few days, and a route with which he was well acquainted, would have taken him to Massawá on the Red Sea, and so to Cairo, or home, and for that he had ample funds. Difficulties, however, instead of deterring Mr. Parkyns, were rather attractive to him, and certainly no European was ever better trained to meet the obstacles which lay before him. We have already introduced him to our readers as one, who, during his four years' wanderings in tropical Africa, wore neither hat nor any other covering for his head; who, adopting the usages of the natives, was unconscious of a shirt, and never knew a shoe, although in the various countries through which we have followed him, there are no roads, and such tracts as exist, are usually covered with the long and strong thorns which grow on most of the trees, and are constantly making pincushions of the traveller's feet. Mr. Parkyns, too, had acquired the Abyssinian liking for raw flesh, could live on but little water, and was not particular as to its purity; he was also well accustomed to sleep in the open air. Without these habits, he never could have encountered the perils of the way, or endured its miseries. As it was, abstinence, an *al fresco* life, and possibly the enjoyment of his passion for adventure, brought him scathless through dangers which few would think it possible to face and live —

through torrent rains which resembled a shower-bath, save that they lasted for hours, and which he had to meet as one would a shower-bath, taking off all his clothes to keep them dry; through mud, and marsh, and miasma; starving at times, and at times receiving wounds, which in England, and under the treatment of an experienced surgeon, would have kept him in his bed for weeks, but from which his Abyssinian training enabled him to recover almost at once, and perfectly.

The first incident of the journey was tragical, and occurred at the passage of the Taccazy, some fifty miles distant from Adoua, and the boundary of the kingdom of Tigré in that direction. The Taccazy, called also the Atbarah, is one of the great rivers of Abyssinia, and a principal tributary of the Nile, into which it flows 160 miles below Khartoum. It rises in the highlands of Lasta in Abyssinia, and takes its name "Taccazy," that is, "the terrible," from the impetuosity of its torrent. The Taccazy is the last of the affluents of the Nile; and from their junction down to the Mediterranean, a distance of 1,200 miles, the Nile does not receive a single brook. Mr. Parkyns describes the Taccazy as about as broad as the Thames at Greenwich, and as rapid and boisterous in its course as the Rhone when it leaves the lake of Geneva. Arrived at the ford where they were to cross, the guide directed them to halt while they made up their baggage into convenient parcels before entering the water, stowing the perishable articles in skins, and tying their clothes in bundles which they were to carry, each man his own, turban-like, on his head. While this was going on, an active and intelligent German, whom Mr. Parkyns had taken into his service at Adoua, but who is known to us only by his oriental name of Yakoub, entered the river:—

"I was," says Mr. Parkyns, who may better tell the rest, "proceeding very leisurely in my preparations, finishing a pipe, and waiting to be summoned, when I heard one of the Abyssinians call out, 'Come back, come back!' A black who was with us answered him, 'Oh, never fear, he's a child of the sea!' I looked up, and saw Yakoub wading out in about two feet of water, and occasionally taking a duck under as if to cool himself. Aware that he was ignorant of the language, I called to him, telling him that he had better not go alone, but wait till some one, acquainted with the

peculiarities of the river, should guide him; he answered, laughing, that he was not going much farther, and that he could swim. I did not think there could be any danger if he remained where he was, the water not being more than a yard deep, and he had told me before that he was an extremely good swimmer; but the guides had cautioned me of the danger of the whirlpools, currents, and mud, which they said rendered it impossible for anything, even a fish, to live in some parts of the torrent; so when on looking up I saw him moving about, I again called to him, begging of him with much earnestness to return. He answered something that made me laugh, at the same time swinging his arms about like the sails of a windmill, so as to splash the water all round him. He might have been thirty yards from the shore, and a little lower down the stream than where I sat. Still talking with him, I looked at what I was doing for a single instant, and then, raising my eyes, saw him as if trying to swim on his back, and beating the water with his hands, but in a manner so different from his former playful splashing, that, without knowing why, I called to him to ask what was the matter. He made no answer, but seemed as if moving a little down the stream for a yard or two, and then quicker and quicker. I was up in an instant, and ran down shouting to the people to help him, though at the same time I thought that he was playing us a trick to frighten us. A thick mass of canes and bushes, under the shade of which most of the servants had been sitting, overhung the river for several yards' distance, just below where I was. Having to pass behind these, I lost sight of him, and before I reached the other end of them the horrible death-howl of the Abyssinians warned me that he had sunk to rise no more. We ran along the shore for some miles, in the melancholy hope that perhaps the torrent might cast his body on to some bank, or that he might be caught by a stump or bough, many of which stuck up in the water, but it was an almost hopeless chance. The swiftest horse could not have equalled the pace of that fierce stream, and probably the body had been carried several miles before we had got over one. At times our attention would be attracted for a moment by a clot of white foam left on the mud, but at length we retraced our steps, sad, fatigued, torn to pieces by the mimosa bushes through which we had forced our naked bodies, and having seen no signs of Yakoub since he sank. From the time I saw him, full of health and spirits, standing splashing the water in the bright sunshine, what a change had come over our whole party! Twenty seconds after, his death-wail was raised—

“ ‘ One moment, and the gush went forth
Of music-mingled laughter—
The struggling splash and deathly shriek
Were there the instant after.’ ”

And now that we were again on the spot,

as if to make everything more gloomy, the sun was set, and scarcely a sound was to be heard but the dull moaning of that fatal river.”

They could never exactly determine how it was that this poor man perished, but the natives who saw him last, struggling where the water was deepest, and his head sinking gradually down, were all of opinion that a crocodile had taken him; and this too is the impression of Mr. Parkyns. Such fatalities are not unfrequent, and in our notice of the “*Life in Abyssinia*” we cited an account of the death of a French traveller, who, in crossing the river Mareb, was picked out by a crocodile as he was swimming between two blacks.

During the time thus occupied, the water had risen several inches, and was still rising; so, urged by their guide to lose no further time, they entered the river, two and two together, each pair connected by a couple of large poles laid across their shoulders, to which were tied portions of the baggage, and some heavy stones. The last addition gave them weight to resist the stream. It took them a long time to get over, and every one of them acknowledged to having been several times nearly carried off his legs. Mr. Parkyns mentions that the water reached his breast in the deepest part, and up to the chins of most of his people. “*In the morning,*” he adds, “we had looked forward to the crossing with the greatest pleasure, the risk attending it only appearing as a little spice to make it all the more agreeable. When we first saw the water, it seemed all bright, from the sunshine and our own cheerfulness; when we crossed it, it was dark, chilly, and the grave of our comrade.”

Having crossed the Taccazy, they were now out of Tigré and in Waldabba, the frontier province of Abyssinia in this direction, and next to the hostile territory of the Barea. The ferocity of their new neighbours was attested by the frequent occurrence of the bones of their victims; but as few travel in the rainy season, they had the greater hope of passing unmolested. After crossing a wild table-land, in some places covered with mimosa forest, they arrived, on the third day, at the Zarima. This river, they supposed, would have offered them no impediment; but on reaching it they found that it was a

deep rapid, with, in some places, nearly as much pretension to the title of cataract as the falls of the Nile in Upper Egypt. The guide, indeed, assured them that it would go down by morning, and probably be no more than ankle deep. Instead, however, of going down, it increased; and as they had not at all counted on this difficulty, and were unprovided with food, they were in a very serious predicament. All the industry of all the party could make out little more for food than a few dried vetches each, and they were as miserably off in other respects. The rains poured down upon them for three hours out of every four; while such fuel as they could procure was so saturated with wet, that they were scarcely ever able to get up a fire. Four days of a life like this reconciled them to the hazard of trying to cross the river as it was. This Mr. Parkyns, his guide, and some of the party did, with great difficulty, and aided by the frail contrivance of inflated goat-skins. The luggage porters and one or two of his people refused to cross, preferring to make their way up the stream until they reached some Waldabba village. Mr. Parkyns never heard of them afterwards; and as they were without provisions, and had to trust to fish or wild vegetables for subsistence, without, as we are told, much chance of obtaining either, their fate must be looked upon as doubtful.

This obstacle surmounted, our party reached a village, from which, after resting for a night, they continued their journey until they reached Cafta, a frontier town of this part of Abyssinia. Their route lay for some miles through a dense mimosa forest, and for the remainder of the way, across low plains, whose dark soil was moistened by the rains into mud, which, softening the skin of the feet of our shoeless travellers, rendered them more susceptible to the always-abounding thorns. Their couches in these morasses were not luxurious. Every night they collected pieces of wood, large stones, &c., building their beds of sufficient height to keep them above the mud; a tanned hide spread upon this, formed their sleeping-place, and when it came on to rain, their covering also. Sometimes they had green boughs to lie on; but it was rare to get them dry enough, and free from thorns.

Cafta is a market-town, much resorted to by Arabs from some of the Sennar

provinces. The goods for sale are principally country cotton stuffs, horses, and slaves. Here our author was taken for a Turkish spy, and arrested by the governor of the frontier; but luckily an Abyssinian came forward who stated that he knew him to be the friend of Prince Shétou, the Viceroy of Tigré's son; and he was thereupon not only liberated, but treated with marked consideration. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of a son of Nimr, a Nubian emir, which, as we shall see, proved of service to him.

After some days of refreshing rest at Cafta, our author again started for Soufi, on the Taccazy, where that river bends northwards in its course to the Nile. They passed through a well-wooded and picturesque district, which, however, they were told was haunted by a marauding and cruel tribe, but the worst enemy they met with was the rain. We have seen how they slept in the plains of mud by night; we shall now tell how, during the rains, they saved their clothes dry by day. Their method was, as Mr. Parkyns observes, at once simple and effective—"If halting," he says, "we took off our clothes and sat upon them; if riding, they were placed under the leathern shabraque of the mule's saddle, or under any article of similar material, bag or bed, that lay on the camel's back. A good shower-bath did none of us any harm; and as soon as the rain was over, and the moisture on our skins had evaporated, we had our garments as dry, warm, and comfortable as if they had been before a fire." This arrangement was the more important, as each man's wardrobe consisted only of what he carried on his back.

Thus travelling they reached the retreat of the Nubian emir, or, as he is called, "Mek" Nimr. It is situated on the summit of a hill, the site being chosen partly from its being more healthful than the plain, partly from its being less open to a surprise by the Egyptians; or, as Mr. Parkyns, adopting the phrase of the country, always calls them the Turks. The name of Nimr is historical, as he took a memorable part in defence of his country when it was first invaded by Moham-med Ali. The word "Nimr" means "the leopard," a sobriquet which the chief has long accepted. The title "Mek" is a corruption of "Melek," signifying king or prince. Before the occupation of Nubia by the Turco-

Egyptian forces, its various provinces were governed each by its own "mek," or king, who was at times tributary to the king of Sennar, at others independent. Nimr was prince of the Jàlyn, who occupied the country about Shendy and Matemma, or the Nile, S. E. of Dongola. Nimr was the Abd-el-Kader of that district; and the cause of his having to fly and take refuge in this far-off desert, was his having put to death Ismael Pacha, the son of the Viceroy of Egypt, and the commander of his forces. The story is told by Mr. Parkyns; and that finest feature of the tragedy—the devotion of Ismael's slaves—may remind the reader of an older instance of Egyptian truth—the famed fidelity of the attendants of Cleopatra:—

"Ismael Pacha, son of Mohammed Ali (the celebrated Viceroy of Egypt), had conquered all the Nubian provinces along the Nile. He came to Nimr's residence and began to bully him, as he had done all the other chiefs—among other things demanding immediate supplies of every kind of article he could think of, one thousand of each sort. Among these were a thousand camels. So Nimr prepared for their reception by collecting together a similar number of loads of millet-straw for provender, which were deposited in the yard and about the hut where the pacha lodged. Nimr, meanwhile, appeared unusually cheerful and polite to his guest, notwithstanding that he was threatened with the bastinado and other punishments if the supplies were not forthcoming in an impossibly short time. He promised to do his best, brought beer and food in profusion; and Ismael, having eaten as much as he could, and drunk more than was good for him, slept with that sort of heavy sleep usually attributed to owners of clean consciences. During the night the straw was piled round his hut and fired, the door being fastened outside to prevent his escape; and he was burnt to death with three white slaves who slept with him. It is said that his body was scarcely singed—for his slaves, when they saw the danger, had lain over him; and though they were reduced to cinders, he must have died of suffocation only. He had left his troops behind him; and the few personal attendants that accompanied him were surprised and killed by the Arabs as soon as their master's funeral pile was kindled. This is a rough sketch of the occurrence, which was the signal for the revolt of the whole of Nubia and Sennar. Mohammed Ali, immediately on hearing the news, despatched Mohammed Bey, the 'defterdar,' with an army to punish the rebels and take vengeance on the murderers of his son. The bey arrived at Shendy after a long and circuitous route, and after having most barbarously treated

the people of the country he passed through, but found that Nimr had taken himself off with many of his people to a safe place.

"The defterdar amused himself for a time by maiming some, killing others, and sending the best-looking of the young people off to Egypt for slaves. Among other atrocities he collected nearly the whole population of a village into a sort of penfold, and having packed them well with combustibles, burnt them alive. Nimr and his people fled first to Hallenga, then to the Hamran, thence to Soufy, afterwards to Gellabat, and at last settled down in their present situation."—p. 361–363.

On their arrival they were hospitably received by Immer, the Mek's eldest son, and shown to the guest's lodging attached to his dwelling. This was furnished with the simple comforts of an Arab's tent—rough stretchers, tanned hides, a large blazing fire in the centre, a heap of wood, and a jar of water; but cold, wet, weary, and half-starved, as they were, we can well believe that they entered it, as Mr. Parkyns affirms they did, with more of satisfaction than ever a traveller in England experienced on approaching a first-rate hotel. Immer, to whom Mr. Parkyns brought a communication from his brother in Cafta, welcomed them with genuine kindness. Coffee was brought in, with a few cakes, and some grilled bones, which he tasted with them. This, however, was a form, and not the substantial meal, about which they were all at the moment somewhat solicitous. That followed, as the Prince retired, and was borne on the heads of three dark slave girls. One of them carried a bowl of new milk, enough for ten persons. "She presented it to me," says Mr. Parkyns, with grateful recollection. "I tasted it; it was nectar, and she was Hebe! But no juice of the treacherous vine was ever half so sweet as that milk; and as for Hebe, I think she ought to consider herself highly flattered, that even for a moment I should have mistaken such a beauty for her." These slaves, we are told, are, like many girls of their country, models of form; but Mr. Parkyns, as he is compelled to own, cast his impassioned glance—not on these beauties, all faultless as they were—but on the food they carried. One had a wooden bowl, containing a pile of "rahiff," or cakes of millet and wheat, but little thicker than paper. There was also "melah," the standing dish

of Nubia, composed of many ingredients, of which meat dried and pounded is one, but the principal is "bamyā," a mucilagenous pod, well known in Nubia and Egypt. Our party supped, lay down to rest, and slept soundly. Next morning they rose truly refreshed, and prepared to make their visit to the Mek. Their interview with this remarkable man is thus described:—

"We found him seated on a mat, near the entrance, twiddling a rosary for a *passe-temps*. I was disappointed in his appearance: judging from all that I had heard of his deeds and character, I expected a physiognomy something like that of the repentant gentleman in 'Paradise and the Peri':—

"'Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eyes could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests.'

"But Nimr was not at all like that gentleman—oh, dear, no! Murderer, outlaw, as he is called, and brigand (as I suspect he is, after an honourable fashion), 'the Leopard' appeared to us in the shape of a good-natured looking old granddad, with a bald pate and comfortable rotundity. He is very fair, being but little darker than an Egyptian, and has a most benevolent expression of countenance, over which, however, one may occasionally detect the passage of a cloud, probably occasioned by the loss of his eyesight or of his home. He received us with much kindness of manner; coffee and bread were handed round, and I remained for some time chatting with him. The bread was in small cakes, half-an-inch thick, called 'gourusa,' which were broken into small pieces, and a morsel given to each person present. This was the repetition of the hospitable custom I have before alluded to. To have eaten bread and salt together, is an expression in Arabia tantamount to being friends; and no man need fear treachery on the part of a true Arab who has thus offered him these tokens of welcome. The poor old chief seemed to feel deeply the false character he bore among people who were unacquainted with him, and once or twice alluded to it rather bitterly, asking me how I had dared to thrust myself into the Leopard's den, or trust my life and property to the hands of such a set of villains as himself and people. I, of course, replied in a suitable manner, that it could be only a fool who would believe that treachery or crime could exist in the heart of a man who would sacrifice himself, as he had done, for the good of his country. In reply to his ques-

tion, as to what was my motive for visiting him, I told him the truth, that it was pure curiosity; that I was a man who, from my boyhood, had wandered in various parts of the world for the sake of seeing all that was worth seeing, and gaining experience; that having heard tell of him and his story far and wide, I had longed to see him, and make friends with him. He appeared in deep thought during the whole conversation, only putting his questions, and muttering in an absent manner, 'You are right, you are right,' to each of my replies. He asked me how he was to know that I was not a Turkish spy. I answered that I had never thought of that matter at all; and, moreover, that I expected the Turks could easily enough find a dark man to send in that capacity, if they wanted one, without risking a white. He very civilly told me that my voice was enough for him, it being that of an honest man. I held my tongue, though I own to feeling that this was but a poor compliment, for, from a bit of a cold I had caught, its honest tone was not at all common to me, being the effect of hoarseness. Immer, who was present, also was good enough to say that he would vouch for me with his life, though he had only just made my acquaintance."—pp. 370–371.

As they retired, the old man said, in an almost affecting tone, "You'll tell the world that, after all, you did not find us so very bad as some men think."

Nimr is safe in his present home. A Turco-Egyptian force could not, without extreme difficulty and great expense, cross the desert, from Soufi to Mai Gova; and even if they succeeded in doing so, they would only find that he and his people had flown long before their arrival. Nimr has true friends all over the Bellad es Soudan,* or country of the blacks; and on the first indication of a hostile movement, a courier, well mounted on their fleetest dromedary, would be sent over to him, who would travel much faster in one day than an army could in six.

Our traveller rested here for some ten days, and was much pressed to stay until after the rainy season, and in the interval to consider whether he would not live with them altogether. Immer thought to tempt him by saying that he should have the prettiest girl in the tribe for his wife; but Mr. Parkyns assures us that the bobby which might have carried him was of a different stamp. He had wild schemes of con-

* The Arabic name by which the provinces of Upper Nubia, Sennar, Kordofan, &c., are always called.

quering the Bâza, who infest the frontiers of Tigré, and making himself chief of their country; and thought that by residing alternately among the Abyssinians of Tigré and Nimr's people, he might eventually gain an influence with both. He would have had no difficulty in obtaining the government in Abyssinia, for which, as mentioned in our former notice, he had been entreating before leaving the country; and being now secure of Immer's friendship, they might act together, one on each side of the hated tribe. Thus, with the aid of European ideas, weapons, and dollars, it seemed by no means impracticable to do a good deal, and rapidly, in these districts — the more especially, as by proper diplomacy, he might reasonably count on the support of the Abyssinians, on one hand, and of the Turco-Egyptian government, on the other. These visions of dominion, however, all gave way before the nearer charms of crossing the desert in the rainy season, and completing his present journey. Immer had him supplied with the mules and camels he required, and sent with him an experienced guide, who would also make him known to the leaders of such tribes as he might meet. In the district through which they first passed, the whole population, old and young, appeared to have suffered from ague, which at this time of the year is prevalent in low situations. As they got on, their way lay between Scylla and Charybdis, as Mr. Parkyns says — that is, between tribes who were both hostile, and the guide directed them to walk as much as possible, with their guns ready for use. The walking was often imperative, from the nature of the ground, for they had to pass at times through dense jungles — at times over bogs, which took the mules up to their knees, even without their riders. They met with a good deal of game, herds of buffaloes, many antelopes, and a number of giraffes, whose long necks, as Mr. Parkyns tells us, acting as observatories, gave them notice of their approach. Next day the ground was clearer, and more firm than before; and they were riding along very comfortably, when all of a sudden the mule on which Mr. Parkyns was mounted snorted loudly, and shied back so abruptly that he was nearly unseated, and the contents of his newly-filled pipe were scattered to the ground. At the same moment one of his men

cried out, "The lions! — there they go!" —

"I scrambled up the camel's side, in order to get a peep at them over the tops of the bushes through which we were passing, at the same time calling for a gun. The lions, sure enough, were scampering, or rather bounding off, with their tails out at full length; I should think they must have covered thirty feet or more in each spring. I saw three — two full grown and a smaller one; but some of the people said they saw four. As for guns, I am ashamed to say that none were forthcoming. My own was loaded with small shot, and my rifle and the other gun were secured to the camel-saddles by my careful servants, who had tied them with many knots, lest they should fall off. I started soon after in chase of a herd of about forty giraffes, but the country being open, and I on foot, I fatigued myself to no purpose, running after them for more than two hours, without ever being able to get within reasonable shooting distance. They are very wary after having once seen a pursuer, and on his second approach shamble off almost before he can see them. Their gait is the most awkward-looking of any animal that I know, being something between the up-and-down movement of a rocking-horse and the waddle of a Greenwich pensioner on two wooden legs; nevertheless, they get over the ground at a great pace."—pp. 383, 384.

Returning from this pursuit, Mr. Parkyns found his party waiting for him a few miles ahead, and learned that, while he was away, they had seen another large herd of giraffes, and some ostriches. A night or two after this, while he was keeping watch, he was disturbed from his musings by a distant noise like a short growl, which, in a moment, was repeated, but more distinctly. As he was deliberating whether to rouse his party or wait, a tremendous roar, quite close to them, awoke some of them. The mules were in a pitiable state of fright, so they tied them and the camels close to the fire. The lion kept them on the alert till morning, and though with his roar, and the snorting and plunging of the animals, there was, as Mr. Parkyns says, noise enough to awake a log of wood, several of their party slept through all; and two of them being distinguished snorers, maintained their loud duet with amusing perseverance. The guide coolly said that it was always well to have such fellows in a camp, as, if a lion took any one, he was sure to select the man who snored loudest. In these countries it seems that the people, as well as the lions, have a

marked dislike to snoring; it diminishes the value of a slave, and, in some places, a person who has purchased one without being apprised of the defect has the option of returning him.

As they pursued their route they were often distressed from the want of water. At times, when they had reached a long-looked-for pool, they had very unsatisfactory evidence that their four-footed friends, giraffes and buffaloes, or a rhinoceros, had been there before them. At other times, and frequently, they had to drink the stagnant rain-water out of a horn, with a doubled cloth over the mouth, "sucking" it, as Mr. Parkyns says, and being obliged to take off the strainer every three or four mouthfuls, in order to clear it of the coating of mud which adhered to it.

At length they reached the river Taccazy, here called the Seylit, and often, as in our maps, the Bahr el Hamran, or river of the Hamran, from an Arab tribe which haunts its shores. They followed its course for a considerable time, and then cutting across the angle formed by its junction with the Atbara, they halted on the bank of that river, opposite to the village of Soufi. After the junction of the Taccazy, or Bahr el Hamran with the Atbara, their united streams are called by the latter name until they fall into the Nile, near Berber. They crossed the river at Soufi, on an "angareb," or native couch, supported by goat-skins, and aided by swimmers. It was a tedious and fatiguing business, as the current was strong; but there were none of those eddies and whirlpools which had caused them so much trouble in other places, and just at Soufi there are no crocodiles, although above and below it the river is full of them. This, Mr. Parkyns conceives, is probably owing to the rocks and rapids which are below the village. These animals, so common in the rivers of Abyssinia and Nubia, are not, it seems, found in Lower Egypt, the climate, as is supposed, not suiting them. Having crossed the Taccazy, or Bahr el Hamran, at Soufi, Mr. Parkyns was now out of Abyssinia; but he had still a long journey to accomplish before he could reach the Blue Nile.

The inhabitants of Soufi are mostly Jalyne, who fled with Nimr, from Shendy, and afterwards settled here, with the permission of the Egyptian Government, who limited their taxa-

tion to an annual payment of thirty piastres, that is, about six shillings a household. This appears to be a great deal for such poor people to pay, yet it is spoken of as moderate, and we are told that more would probably be extorted only that any attempt of the kind would surely drive them across the Atbara, once more to join their own Mek.

The country about the Syltite, as the Taccazy is here called, is inhabited, as we have said, by the Hamran, a sub-tribe of the Bisharin, who, with all the Bedouins east of the Nile, from these parts, and Massawá on the Red Sea, as far as the middle of Upper Egypt, are of the same stock, and speak the same language. The rest of the country towards the Blue Nile and Sennâr, is occupied by the Davainas, Shoukouseyas, and a few Jalyne. These inhabit the inland parts, and though many of them live in houses, are still considered as Bedouins. The banks of the Nile, it appears, are occupied by a different set of people, who are of various castes and races, but are not classed into tribes, like those we have mentioned. At Soufi they were detained three days, having found a difficulty in making out camels to take them on to Cattârif, their next station. The people do not like to let their camels go a journey at this season, both on account of the deep mud, and because of a fly which, at this time of the year, plagues the animals to such a degree as often to cause their death.

The way to Cattârif lay across a dark monotonous flat, without an undulation or a single tree; but they were told that when they arrived they would get anything at Cattârif as good as at Cairo. They found the place but a village, and though the market covered a considerable extent of ground, and the articles offered for sale were in greater quantity than they had before met with, yet they were of much the same description. Pepper (black and red), garlic, onions, common glass beads, cotton clothes, spices, and "kohl" (antimony), for the women's eyes, were the principal commodities. Our author commemorates that he here, for the first time, made his dinner of camel's meat, and liked it exceedingly. Having often eaten it during the three years that followed, he conceives himself entitled to say that it is about the best meat he knows. As to camel's milk, he clearly prefers it to that of any other animal, although he is aware that many

white men can't bear it. This is worth mentioning, at the same time Mr. Parkyns is so peculiar in his likings that his authority must be cited with reserve.

As they journeyed on, every member of the party, except our author, suffered more or less from fever or ague, and in consequence of this, they were sometimes compelled to halt before they had made much way. On one such occasion they were well received at a small village, and lodged in the mosque. The inhabitants were "Ténigas," or schismatics, and have a peculiar mode of clapping their hands when chanting their litanies. Here they give no offence, but some of them who went to Darfour were tried before a council, and their chanting being pronounced a dangerous innovation, several were expelled the country, and the others are supposed to have been put to death.

Having passed the long and dreary flats, they came to a small range of rocky hills, called "Jebel Attash," or "the Mountain of Thirst," and crossing it, met, in the plains on the other side, with a large camp of Beggara Arabs. These are Bedouins, who, it seems, are so called from their devoting themselves entirely to pasturing vast herds of horned cattle. They traverse long distances in search of grass, but their proper country is on the west shore of the White Nile, above Kordofan. A man among these, will sometimes own from one to two thousand head of cattle. The oxen are used both as beasts of burden and for riding, and, when broken in for the latter purpose, get over the ground well at an easy amble. When the tribe move on, some of these animals are laden with the baggage, others carry the women and children, and the procession forms, as we can well conceive, a picturesque appearance. The Baggara, we are told, never think of cultivating the ground, living almost exclusively on meat and milk, especially the southern tribes, among whom Mr. Parkyns assures us, that he has met men upwards of sixty years old, who had never tasted corn in any shape. This is the first instance we have met with in all this journey, of a prosperous Arab tribe; but we rejoice to say that it is not the only one; not long afterwards, our traveller, weary and wayworn, stopped towards evening at a Bedouin camp. The picture it pre-

sents of peace, plenty, simple hospitality, and happy industry, is at once so engaging and so graphic, that we gladly give it at full length; the more so, as we have hardly yet done justice to our author, by showing that he can view a scene with an artist's eye, and sketch it with a master-hand:—

"We arrived hot and fatigued after a long day's journey, just as the sun was setting. No one but the women and children, and a few infirm old men, were in the village, the greater part of the male population being out in the desert with the flocks and herds. We looked out for the largest and best hut, near which might be a convenient space for tethering the animals. As we passed between the rows of huts no one stared at us or made any remarks, but gave a cheerful and kindly answer to our salutation. Neither the mistress of the house we selected, nor an old man who sat at its door, nor any of the neighbours, seemed even surprised at our having come thus uninvited, but welcomed us at once, and while we were 'nakhing' and unloading our camels, busied themselves, some in preparing refreshments, others in collecting stretchers and mats for our beds; the neighbours volunteering their assistance and the loan of their furniture. As soon as we were seated, two or three patriarchs came to us, and, sitting by us, renewed their expressions of welcome. 'Abrey' and water sweetened with honey, sour milk, and sundry other cooling beverages, were brought in large calabashes by the children of the house. The old gentlemen took them, and, after tasting them, handed them to us, with 'Ah! this is nice and cool, you must needs be parched; drink, and moisten your lips.' Good old creatures! they seemed as if every gulp we took gave them as much satisfaction as it did the drinker. As a matter of course pipes were lighted, and, while enjoying that greatest of all luxuries to a tired man, we had time to look about us. I wish I could describe the scene,—that soft doubtful twilight that, for a single instant, separates the glories of a tropical day from the beauties of the night, and which seems to be the signal for all nature to be hushed—not as with us, gradually and imperceptibly, but at once. After a few minutes—

"A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths."

"In the camp innumerable fires were blazing, one or two before each dwelling; over these were grouped the young women of the tribe busily preparing for the return of their hungry fathers and brethren. You might have gone the round of the whole lot and not have found one absolutely 'plain,' scarcely one in ten that was not absolutely pretty. Their forms were exquisite, and

neither constrained by dress nor rendered ugly by fashion, but clothed in the light and elegant costume of innocence and a few shreds of leather and placed by nature in positions that would delight an academician, and drive a ballet-dancer mad from jealousy. Should any of my readers wish to paint the scene, they must not forget plenty of strong lights and shades from the fires, and if they can manage to introduce a distant barking of dogs, lowing of cattle, and bleating of sheep, it would greatly add to the truth as well as the interest of the picture. In a short time a stately herd of camels appeared leading the way for a multitude of smaller fry. The silence of the camp was, for a moment, relieved by the interchange of affectionate greetings between the men and their families. Then, after our host had welcomed us, and inquired if his people had treated us properly during his absence, supper for man and beast was supplied in profusion. The people of the house, and many of the neighbours, joining us, and the other families forming in knots near their dwellings, gave our evening meal the appearance of a great picnic party. After a little quiet friendly chat over sundry bowls of new milk, the stillness gradually returned to the camp, as its inmates dropped off one by one into the land of dreams."—p. 413, 416.

Our readers may not agree with Mr. Parkyns, but they will not be surprised to hear, that having, as he says, seen many different races of men, and tried their modes of life, he is persuaded, "that no civilised man enjoys half the happiness, either of mind or body, that falls to the lot of the desert Arab."

It was now moonlight, and adopting the plan of travelling by night, they were surprised to find with what rapidity they got over the ground. Halting before dawn to rest, they were in a few minutes all asleep,—all, for the man whose duty it was to watch forgot it, and joined the rest. Soon they were awakened, by a shouting from some little distance off, asking, "Who are you?" "Travellers." "Men or women?" "Men." "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Are you all so weak or drowsy, that you cannot look out for your lives and property in such a place as this? Had we been aught but honest men, we could have cut your throats like so many sheep." After this salutary warning, the speakers moved on, and as they got a little into the fire-light, it could be seen that their party consisted of eleven camels, carrying two men each, with some people on foot. They took

them to be Moorish soldiers, as it proved they were.

Next night they pursued the same mode of travelling, but, no doubt, with better discipline. Starting at dawn of day, they saw glittering in the morning sun, the whitewashed mosques and square-made houses of Abou-Kharaz, on the Blue Nile, the goal and object of their journey. It was then but two miles off; that distance passed, they entered the town, the strange figure of Mr. Parkyns moving the wonder of some Turco-Egyptian soldiers, who were collected about the coffee-houses. Alighting at the house of a native sheikh, they found there the rest and refreshment they needed. Our author had now the satisfaction of reflecting, that he had accomplished his arduous undertaking — that he was the first European who had tried this route, which — hard-earned immortality! — will be for ever marked as his, in the future charts of Abyssinia. So many were the perils of the way, and, what most persons will think worse, so great its miseries, that it will be long, we rather think, before any one who reads his book, will at all desire to follow him. It is always, however, a positive achievement to fix the geography of unknown countries, and especially to ascertain the condition of man, in regions which are at once remote and difficult of access. This last consideration had, probably, a practical interest for Mr. Parkyns, as he appears never to have wholly given up the intention of returning and playing the part of Chief in the high lands of Tigré, in which event the information he had acquired, and the friends he made in his present journey, might prove of the utmost importance.

After waiting at Abou-Kharaz a few days for a boat, Mr. Parkyns embarked on the Blue Nile for Khartoum, the capital of Upper Nubia. The river-sides are described as at times flat and dull, at others diversified with acacia woods, cultivated ground, palms, saggias, and villages.

The Blue Nile, called also the Nile of Abyssinia, and the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue River, rises in the Galla country, south of Abyssinia, about seventy-three miles west of Sokka the capital of Enarca. After a spiral course, it takes a north-westerly direction, and joins the White, or true Nile at Khartoum. The most celebrated of the many tributaries of the Blue River

is the Abàì, the Nile of Bruce. This rises in a swampy meadow near Mount Giesk, in the district of Sakkata, when, after making an extensive circuit, and receiving some affluents, it falls into the Blue Nile in about 11° north latitude. It is remarkable, that most of the affluents of the Nile take, at first, this spiral course, usually rounding insulated mountain masses, and then returning upon themselves at a short distance from their sources; and Dr. Beke* conceives it highly probable that the head stream of the White River, or true Nile, takes a like spiral course round a lofty mountain mass, similar to the snow-clad mountains of Sàmien and Kaffa.

The Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, which is the true Nile, is supposed to have its source in the mountainous edge of that table-land, which, separating the northern from the southern deserts, is the main water-shed of Africa. No traveller has ever ascended this river above 4° 42' 42" north latitude, where a ledge of gneis crossing it, barred the progress of the several expeditions of discovery sent out by the Viceroy of Egypt, and which were accompanied by Werne.† The natives say that it rises under the name of the Tubiri, at no great distance from the sea, in the country of Mono Moezi, which is a continuation of the elevated plateau of Abyssinia, lying to the north of the great Lake Zainbege, or Nyassa. They add, that it flows from the lake itself. At all events, it seems that it has its origin in the mountainous or hilly district of Mono Moezi, a word which is said to signify the moon, in all the languages of this part of Africa. This coincides with the early accounts collected by Ptolemy, who ascribes the source of the Nile to the *ορος σεληνος*, or mountain of the moon. Mr. Cooley, who has paid a great deal of attention to the geography of Africa, and whose observations are consequently entitled to great respect, remarks that in the language of the principal tribe of this district, the word moon is written "méze" not "monéze," and that the word "mono," "muna," or "muene," implies sove-

reign, and hence that the King of Portugal is known accross the Continent as "Muene Puto;" the latter word being the name of the territory "Portugal."‡ Mr. Cooley insists that this people have no idea of any connexion between the Mono-moezi," or as he writes it, "Moenemoéze," and the moon, and calls that the "lunatic system."§ Setting aside the philology of the matter, Mr. Cooley, notwithstanding, both confirms the old statements that there is a country of the Mono-moezi, and also gives us a great deal of curious and well-authenticated information about it. The most interesting circumstance connected with the recent accounts of these mountains of the moon is, that there is good reason to believe that they have been seen by Mr. Rebmann in 1848, and again by Mr. Krapft in 1849. These gentlemen, who are both Church Missionaries, and we may add, very experienced travellers, saw within that vague district, called by geographers the source-territory of the Nile, and in the neighbourhood of its best-marked point, the Lake of Nyassa, snow-clad mountains; and from one of these, "Kenia," Mr. Krapft says, there issues water, running north towards the basin of the White Nile. These main facts agree very strikingly with the native accounts, and the traditions we have cited. Mr. Cooley, with whose views they are at variance, tries hard to impugn them, but, in our judgment, without success. Their statements, that they saw these mountains, are precise, and cannot be controverted except by impeaching their veracity. We are unable at present to pursue this discussion, but refer such of our readers as may take an interest in it, to the pages of the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," and to those of Mr. Cooley's work on "Inner Africa" (pp. 91, 92, 101, 102), where extracts are given from the papers of Messrs. Rebmann and Krapft, which of themselves sufficiently show the nature of their adventurous and important journeys. Mr. Cooley, we are persuaded, is too sincere an enthusiast on the subject of African geo-

* "Beke on the Affluents of the Nile," and Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," vol. i. p. 376.

† "Expedition to discover the Sources of the White Nile in 1840-1841." By Ferdinand Werne. 2 vols. Bentley, London. 1849.

‡ Cooley's "Inner Africa Laid Open," p. 64.

§ *Ibid*, p. 65.

graphy willingly to undervalue either their difficulties or their importance. He expressly says, that "the countries thus explored to the south and west are new to geography, and highly interesting." He only wishes to melt the snow, and lower the altitude of the mountain range, and thus show that it cannot be the water-shed of the Nile. The question of snow or no snow, on which the whole matter rests, must, as it comes before the public, be decided by testimony. Mr. Rebmann says, that *he saw* the lofty Kilima Njaro, one of the summits of a mountain range "*covered with eternal snow.*" Mr. Krapft, in his account of a subsequent journey, states that *he saw*, even from a great distance, the same "*snow-capped mountain;*" adding that it "towered over the high mountains Bura and Ndara, which fact clearly shows, that the height of Kilima Njaro must be such as to reach the snowy region." A few days afterwards, when much nearer, he states: "When the sky was clear to the westward I saw the whole range of Jagga very distinctly. The mountain Kilima Njaro seemed to be distant only four or five days' journey. I saw its dome-like head glittering from a matter of transparent whiteness." On another occasion, and from a different quarter of this country, Mr. Krapft was shown a snow-clad summit, which he was told was higher than Kilimanjaro, and was called Kenia. These were not insulated mountain masses rising abruptly from plains, but mountain ranges, seen from summits which were themselves high, or from elevated valleys. We may add, that the name of the district from which these mountains are seen is "Chagga," or "Jagga," which, it appears, means "mountain," or "mountain country." The single fact, however, of the existence of perpetual snow on a mountain range under the equator, is conclusive as to its great elevation. Mr. Cooley's prepossessions appear to have been against the occurrence of a high mountain range in this direction; and hence, perhaps, the pugnacity with which he meets almost every fact brought forward by the missionaries. These discussions are not, indeed, without their interest to geographers, and the general reader will find in the "Inner Africa" sufficient account of the exploratory voyages of Messrs. Rebmann and Krapft.

After this *excursus* on the source-territory of the Nile, we return to our friend Mr. Parkyns boating it on the Blue River to Khartoum. That river makes a bend to join the White Nile at the city, and as they neared the turn, visions of the Golden Horn, at Constantinople, rose in the traveller's mind. Warehouses and cottages, built of brown mud, were, however, all he saw. These were the suburbs; but, after passing through tortuous alleys, little more than a yard wide, they entered streets broad and straight enough, but with little of the appearance of a town, being enclosed by long mud walls, and wholly unpaved. Such is about the amount of all Mr. Parkyns tells us of Khartoum. Dr. Lepsius writes the name "Chartâm," and says that it signifies "elephant's trunk," and has been applied from the narrow tongue of land between the two Niles, on which the city stands. He adds, that it is a new city, and that the houses are built of burnt brick. Mr. Parkyns's recollections of Khartoum are not likely to be of a cheerful character. He was confined there for five months by fever. When he had recovered, and found his purse replenished by remittances, he did not take the easy course of coming by Cairo home, but with unsated spirit set out on new travels through Nubia and Kordofan. These are to form the subject of another work if the present one is well received. The condition, we are happy to believe, has been already performed, and we venture to suggest that, in the forthcoming volumes, greater attention may be given to dates than has been shown in the "Life in Abyssinia." If, from the loss of the original journal, he cannot precisely recollect a date, he may sufficiently approximate it. This want of dates is the only defect in his narrative of the adventurous journey we have been describing. From the beginning to the end of it, there is but a single date, and that not over precise. He started from Adoua, in Tigré, "late in June (I will not be sure if it was not the first week in July), 1845;" but the period of his arrival at any given place afterwards, or of the conclusion of his travel at Khartoum, is altogether matter of calculation and research. We guess that it was the end of August when he reached that city, and cannot be far out; still it would be more satisfactory to have the date assigned.

Dr. Lepsius, of whose work we

shall now speak more particularly, was placed at the head of a scientific expedition, sent out in 1842, by the King of Prussia, to make researches and collections in the valley of the Nile and the peninsula of Sinai. It remained abroad three years, and its results are to appear in a great work on "The Monuments of Egypt and Ethiopia;" but, in the meantime, are presented in the present volume, in a popular form. The book is formed from letters, almost as they were written, to men of eminence who took an interest in the expedition, such as Alexander Von Humboldt, Bunsen, and Eichhorn; and, as may be expected from this circumstance, as well as from the high characters of the gentlemen engaged in the undertaking, it is an original and highly interesting work. Instead, however, of calling it "Discoveries," it would have been better named "Uncoveries," as the most novel of all its features is the excavating of tombs, and the deciphering of their inscriptions. The work is rendered from the German, and with a good deal of spirit, not into English, exactly—but into a cognate dialect, which may be called Anglo-German. This is just intelligible, and it is uncommon, but we rather think it will please a student of the German, more than the simple reader who knows only his mother tongue. Thus, at Cairo, he is made to say: "If I look upward from the street, I see on one side a prospect of magnificent mosques with their cupolas and slender minarets shooting into the air, with long rows of generally carelessly-built, but now and then richly-ornamented houses, distinguished by artistically-carved lattices and elegant balconies; on the other side my view is bounded by green palm trees, or leaf-wealthy sycamores and acacias. In the far back-ground at last, beyond the level roofs and their green interruptions, there came forth in the Libyan horizon the far-lighting sister-pair of the two great Pyramids, sunny amidst the fine æther, in sharply-broken lines." This is by no means bad description; but it is hardly English: and in like Homeric phrase, we are apprised of the prosaic fact, that, "In Thebes we stayed for twelve over-rich astonishing days."

Dr. Lepsius, who is a high authority on the subject of architecture, conceives that Egypt may claim the invention not only of the circular, but of the

pointed arch. The mosques at Cairo, together with some ancient remains in its neighbourhood, he thinks, establish this. Our extract is also another example of the Anglo-German fashion of the translation:—

"The next day the mosques of the city were visited, which are partly considerable for their magnificence, and partly of interest in the history of mediæval art, on account of the earliest specimen of the general application of the pointed arch. The questions touching this characteristic architectural branch of the so-called Gothic style, had employed me so much some years ago, that I could not avoid pursuing the old traces; the pointed arch is found in the oldest mosques up to the ninth century. With the conquest of Sicily by the Arabs, this form of the arch was carried over to the island, where the next conquerors, the Normans, found it in the eleventh century, and were led to employ it much. To deny some historical connexion between the Norman pointed arch of Palermo and our northern style, appears to me to be impossible; the admission of such a connexion would certainly render it more difficult to explain of the spiradically, but not lawlessly, used rows of pointed arches which occur in the cathedral of Naumburg in the eleventh century, and at Memvoen already in the tenth. The theorists will not yet admit this; but I must await the confutation of the reason. The Nilomatic, on the island of Roda, which we visited after the mosques, also contains a row of pointed arches, which belong to the original building, going back to the ninth century, as the carefully-examined Kufic inscriptions testify."—*Lepsius's Egypt*, pp. 55, 56.

It is well known that the arch does not occur in any ancient example of Grecian architecture. The only seeming approach to it is in the ornament called "The Lantern of Demosthenes," at Athens. That, however, is only an arch in appearance, and being contrived for ornament, attests their ignorance of the true principle. It is also known that in the ruined cities of Yucatan, the architecture of which has in its aspect, although not in its details, a striking resemblance to the Egyptian, there is found an arch, the point of which was destroyed by placing a beam across at the top. Dr. Lepsius saw near the pyramids a group of tombs, the single blocks of which exhibit the proper concentric mode of cutting. They belong, he says, to the twenty-sixth Manethoriæ dynasty of the Psammetici, i. e., in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., and, there-

fore, are of about the same antiquity as the *Clovia Maximæ* and *Carcu Mamertinus* at Rome. Dr. Lepsius also found in his researches, tombs with vaults of Nile bricks, as old as the era of the pyramids. He conceives that the brick arch, where the single flat bricks are only concentrically placed by the aid of the trowel, does not exhibit a knowledge of the actual principle of the arch—that is, its sustaining power; and that before the date of the Psammetici there is no instance of an arch, but only of pseudo-arches, cut, as it were, in horizontal layers; but he maintains—and we agree with him—that when this brick arch is ancient, there we may reasonably suppose that the next step was made, that is, the concentric stone arch discovered.

Lepsius made an excursion into the rich province of Faium, and by his own examinations confirmed the important discovery of Linant, the late Pacha's hydraulic engineer, in regard to the site and remains of that marvel of Egyptian antiquity, Lake Mæris. It ought to be in this province, but there is only one lake there, the Birget el Zoon, lying near its remotest boundary. This was accordingly fixed on, and visited as the true Lake Mæris. It is, however, a natural lake, while the ancient celebrity of Lake Mæris arose from the circumstance of its being artificial, and of vast utility, being filled at the overflow of the Nile, and at low water running off by canal, on one side, towards the lands of Faium—on the other, watering the region of Memphis, and at the same time yielding a lucrative fishery. We are also told that the Labyrinth and the metropolis, Arsinoë, now Medinet el Faium, were situated on its shores. The Birget el Zoon, the traditional Mæris of the antiquaries and showmen of Cairo, is devoid of all these marks. It is a natural lake, while Herodotus says, that the Mæris was artificial; it has hardly a fish, and though the Nile, when high, flows into it, not a drop of its water flows out again, and the Labyrinth, and the site of Arsinoë, are far from its shores. Linant* discovered what Lepsius calls “mighty mile-long dams,” of solid

construction, which form the boundary between the upper part of the basin of Faium and its more remote and less elevated portions. These, he says, were no doubt intended to restrain an artificial lake, which, the dam having been broken through long since, became dry. These, he says, are the remains, and the site of the true Mæris, and Dr. Lepsius having examined the localities, and seen, in addition to what we have said, that its boundaries touch the Labyrinth and the borders of Arsinoë, has no hesitation in corroborating his views.

Before leaving this topic, we may remark, that the name Mæris affords one out of the many examples of the misapprehension of the Greeks. The Egyptians called the lake “Phiom en merè,” or “The Lake of the Nile-flood;” the Koptic word, signifying “inundation.” From this word *mere*, water, the Greeks made out a King Mæris, who, they said, laid out the lake. The province subsequently derived its present name *Faium* from the Koptic *Phiom*, which means “The Lake.”

The twelve “over-rich astonishing days,” which the doctor passed at Thebes, are, to our mortification, the most barren in his book. He chiefly chronicles a feast kept in honour of his king, with flags, and song, and Rhenish wine, in that jewel of Egyptian buildings, the palace of the greatest of the Pharaohs, Ramses Sisostris.

At Philæ, the sacred island so beautifully situated in the Nile, they made a discovery which has excited much attention. Lepsius, describing it in his dialect, says, that in the court of the temple of Isis he found “two somewhat word-rich bilingual — i. e., hieroglyphical and demotic decrees of the Egyptian priests, of which one contains the same text as the Rosetta stone.” The part of the Rosetta inscription which precedes the decree is wanting; but, instead of it, there is a second relating to the same Ptolomæus Euphanes; and in the commencement, the “Fortress of Alexandria” — i. e., the city of Alexandria — is mentioned, which, we are told, is the earliest instance of its being met with on any monument yet found. The last seven lines — all

* “Memoire sur le Lac Mæris.” Par Linant de Bellefonda, Inspecteur-General de Ponts et Chaussées. Alexandrie: 1843.

that Dr. Lepsius had compared up to the time of the publication of this work—correspond with the Rosetta inscription, not only in the contents, but in the length of each particular line. These bilingual decrees both close, like that of the Rosetta stone, with the expression of an intention of setting up the inscription in hieroglyphics, Demotic, and Greek. The Greek is yet wanting.

On entering Nubia, Lepsius and his friends found that the Arabic, of which they had now learned a little, was of small service to them, the Nubians having a distinct language, differing from the Arabic in its primary elements. The Nubian, it seems, has no connexion in its construction or roots with the Semitic or Egyptian tongues, and apparently belongs to the original African stock. As in the Welch, the main body of the language is peculiar, while the words which designate whatever exhibits progress are borrowed. Thus the Nubians, not being a commercial people, only count up to twenty in their own language, and take the higher numbers from the Arabic. Their native animals have native names, but for houses and ships they use Arab terms. An examination of the Nubian language will be a great acquisition to philologists; and we are glad to hear that a grammar and vocabulary of this tongue, and a translation into it of the Gospel of St. Mark, are ready for publication.

As they passed along the desert, they observed that the caravan road was easily found, even where the sand had covered anew every trace of it. It was too well marked by the skeletons of the camels; and Dr. Lepsius counted forty-one of them in a half-hour's ride. Another feature of the desert, the phenomenon of the mirage, is thus referred to:—

“We saw the most beautiful *mirages* very early in the day. They most minutely resemble seas and lakes, in which mountains, rocks, and everything in their vicinity are reflected like in the clearest water. They form a remarkable contrast with the staring dry desert, and have probably deceived many a poor wanderer, as the legend goes. If one be not aware that no water is there, it is quite impossible to distinguish the ap-

pearance from the reality. A few days ago, I felt quite sure that I perceived an overflowing of the Nile, or a branch near El Michêreff, and rode towards it, but only found Bahr Sheitan, ‘Satan water,’ as the Arabs call it.”—*Lepsius on Egypt*, p. 147.

On arriving at Khartoum, or, as it is written in this work, “Chartum,” Dr. Lepsius remarked that the water-mass of the White Nile is greater than that of the Blue, and retains its direction after their union, so that the latter is fairly looked upon as the tributary. They may be distinguished long after their junction. The water of the White Nile is clearly paler than that of the Blue, and tastes less agreeably, probably owing to its passing through lakes in the upper countries, whose standing waters render it impure.

The most important, perhaps, of the discoveries of Lepsius, in connexion with the Nile, is that of a number of short, rock inscriptions, found near the temple of Semneh, beyond the cataract of Kalfa. These give the highest Nile level for a series of years, under the government of Amenemha III. (the Mæris of the Greeks) and his immediate successors; and prove that the river rose, four thousand years ago, nearly twenty-four feet higher than at present; and, consequently, must have caused quite different proportions of inundation and soil for both the upper and lower countries.

Such of our readers as are skilled in Egyptian lore, may know that Anubis, or Sirius, the dog-star, was worshipped for its supposed influence on the rising of the Nile. Their calender commenced when the heliacal rising of this star coincided with the summer solstice, the time at which the river began to swell at Cairo. This coincidence made its nearest approach to accuracy 3,291 years before the Christian era; and as the rising of the Nile still takes place exactly at the same period, it follows that the heat and rains in Upper Ethiopia have not varied for 5,000 years.* We may add, that in the time of Hipparchus the summer solstice was in Leo, and that it was probably at that time that fountains from the mouths of lions of basalt and granite were adopted as emblematical of the overflowing of the Nile.

* This is the calculation of Champollion, and Mrs. Somerville's “Physical Geography.”—Vol. i. p. 278.

Our skimmings of the pages of Lepsius may suffice to show that it is a work of actual value; and though, as we think, the translation reflects its German physiognomy too truly, we must add, that it is illustrated by a considerable number of learned and able notes.

Mr. Cooley's work was originally framed with the object of elucidating a large map, which he had prepared of the portion of Africa lying between the equator and the southern tropic. This he has been unable to bring out; but as the value of comment on progressive discovery is liable to change, he has thought it best to publish his Memoir without further delay. It is accompanied by a small map, which answers the purpose of showing, at once, his inquiries and his views.

Mr. Cooley is no novice on the subject of African geography, nor does he approach its doubtful points without previous preparation. More than twenty years ago he published a Memoir† on Southern Africa, in which he pressed the expediency of exploring the heart of that region in a particular direction, pointed out the facility with which it might probably be done, and stated that he conceived it would be found that certain streams, which he named, were the head waters of an important river, the Manisa. These anticipations, it appears, have all been verified in the recent travels of Messrs. Oswell and Livingstone. In 1845, he published a paper on the geography of the great lake Nyassi;‡ and in his present work he is enabled to compare his observations of that date with the later discoveries of our missionaries in Eastern Africa. He is a rude assailant in any point that he contests; but even when unsuccessful, must be allowed to be well acquainted with his weapons; and although, as we have seen, he occasionally impeaches the reports of missionaries, his incredulity is at least impartial, extending alike to Jesuits, Portuguese priests, and to those who are the acting *employés* under our great Protestant Societies.

The great achievement of Mr. Cool-

ey's work is, that it takes us across the whole continent of Africa, from the neighbourhood of Loanda, south of the Zaire, on the western coast, to Kilwa, the corresponding point on its eastern shore, authenticating the way by references chiefly to Portuguese writers. The line of march goes at times somewhat north, and sinks again a good deal south, and it is supported by authorities to such an extent, that the reader has a *bonâ fide* feeling, that this part of Inner Africa is laid open. This is accomplished by taking three routes:—First, from the western shore to Lucenda, the capital of Cazembe, a great kingdom which lies just half-way across. Next, that of another traveller who, starting from Tete, south of Cazembe, reached the same point, Lucenda, from the east, having passed very near to the great lake, or inland sea of Nyassi. The short remainder of the course across, is then made out from Kilwa, to the lake just mentioned.

In the year 1802, Francisco Honorato Da Costa, superintendent of the Portuguese factory at Casange, not far inland from Loanda, sent two Pombeiros,§ or native travellers, into the interior, with instructions to cross the continent, if possible, to the river Zambeza, near the lake Nyassi. Their objects were commercial, but they thought it best to represent themselves as envoys of Mueneputs (the name by which the King of Portugal is known), seeking a brother of their chiefs, who had travelled in these countries a few years before, and had not been since heard of. The Pombeiros had only made an eight days' march when they were arrested by a petty chief; they however got off, and, on about their twenty-second day, arrived at Secúlo, the town of a chief named Bomba, who is styled in Da Costa's account as "Ruler and lord of all the Sango, and passage to the interior." Here, with the obstructive policy so prevalent in Africa, they were detained for upwards of two years. At length, ransomed by Da Costa, they were allowed to proceed, and a few days afterwards crossed the Quango. After being again detained

† "Memoirs on the Civilisation of the Tribes near Delagoo Bay." By W. D. Cooley. London. 1830.

‡ "Memoirs on the Geography of Lake Nyassi." Printed in the "Journal of the Royal Geographical Society."—Vol. xv.

§ Pombeiro is a Portuguese word, formed from the native "pambu," a journey.

and ransomed a second time, they entered a desert, five days beyond the Quango, which it took them ten to cross. They were then on the frontier of the Muropúe, or king of the Moluas, and in forty-eight days from the banks of the Quango, reached his residence. The Muropúe, pleased with their presents, and especially with a scarlet coat and gilt buttons, not only received them with kindness, but sent ambassadors to Da Costa, at Casange. This was in 1805, and yet these ambassadors only reached Casange in 1808. They were fine-looking men, with long beards, their legs and arms loaded with copper rings, and their heads adorned with parrot's feathers. They brought as presents slaves, skins of apes and zebras, mats, rush-baskets, bars of copper, and salt.

The territory of the Muropúe is separated by the river Luburi from that of Muinga Mucenda, lord of the frontier, whose office it is to supply the wants of travellers on this, which is, we are told, the most difficult part of the road between the Muropúe and the Cazembe. Our Pombeiros, having passed the Luburi, crossed the district of the salt and copper mines, which are the mainspring of the inland trade of the continent, and traversing the dominions of the Cazembe, reached his far-off residence and chief town, Lucenda, on the last day of 1806. Here they remained for four years, and at last setting out on their return, they re-appeared at Casange in 1815.

The Cazembe was formerly a vassal of the Muropúe but is now an independent sovereign, and being master of the copper and salt mines, has made himself the most powerful chief in this part of Africa. His town, Lucenda, stands on the northern bank of a broad marsh, and is unhealthy; but having some rivers near which give it commercial advantages, it is probably, on this account, retained as the residence of the chief. Mr. Cooley observes, that though the place has been visited by two Portuguese expeditions—one in 1799, and the other, under Major Monteiro, in 1831, the former remaining nine, the latter four months—the information collected is but scanty. The accounts of these expeditions refer to the great lake or sea to the east of Nyassi, but supply no sufficient particulars as to the communications with it.

The Pombeiros were persevering men, but the record of the second route, from Tete to Lucenda, rests on the narrative of a more accomplished traveller, that of Dr. Francisco José de Lacerda, who had become favourably known by his travels in Brazil. He left Tete with a large retinue, on the 3rd of July, 1798. On the 7th of August he halted near the town of Mucanda, and met with nations whose traffic extended to Mozambique. The country he had crossed was generally arid, and the water in the village wells as white as milk. Their course, which had hitherto been N.N.W., now became more westward, and they found many traces of the Moviza hunters, who kill the hippopotamus for food. The journey had now become distressing. "Trees and bogs hindered the march; the country was dreary, the night very cold, the day burning hot." At length they entered a spacious valley filled with villages of the Moviza, whose slender clothing is made from bark, and whose frizzled heads are powdered with a bright, red dust got from wood. Their millet harvest being just over, the people were nearly all intoxicated with a newly made beer. Passing on, they arrived at the Zambeze, and "here," says Lacerda, "end the famished territories of these frizzled and periwigged people, the Moviza." The aspect of the country before them was altogether changed, and a level plain extended to the horizon. Crossing this, and then wading through a wide marsh, the expedition arrived at Fumo Chipaco, a town belonging to a subject of the Cazembe, and the largest they had yet seen. Here they were received with kindness, but only halted for a day, and continuing their march through undulating tracts or low plains, spread over with stagnant water, they after some days found themselves in a very different district. The vast trees which covered it, brought to Lacerda's mind the forests of Brazil, and elephants were numerous. This leaf-wealthy region, as Dr. Lepsius would call it, was succeeded by another so desolate, that the seven days it took them to cross it, seemed as so many ages. They passed remote villages which had been deserted on account of lions, but pressing forward, at length experienced another of these scenic contrasts which are nowhere so frequent as in Africa.

They found themselves in a lonely hamlet, where they were regaled with delicious *sura*, or palm-wine, made of the wild palm called uchinda, and found that the inhabitants were bound to deliver it, fresh, every third day at the residence of the Cazembe.

As this circumstance indicates, they were now near to Lucenda, which they reached on the 2nd day of October, and their ninety-second from starting. On their arrival, poor Lacerda, worn out by the journey he had accomplished, took fever, and on the 18th died. The command of the expedition now devolved on Father Francisco Joze Pinto, whose unfitness for the office was soon apparent in the insubordination of his followers. The Cazembe, much provoked at the delay of the presents, sent to draw two of Father Francisco's teeth. The hint was sufficient; and he afterwards showed the party much kindness, except that for some time he refused their application to be allowed to return westward to Casange; assenting to it at last only on the condition of two of the soldiers being left behind to await another opportunity. These men were still at Lucenda when the Pombeiros arrived there.

Having so far made good the line of communication across Africa from Loanda, on its western shore, to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassi, we take up the third route, describing the remaining distance from Kilwa, on the eastern coast, to the lake. This may be sufficiently indicated by the following extract:—

"The road from Kilwa to Sâi (the Jáu of the Portuguese) goes, S. W. for a month to the Livuma, a great river, navigated in large canoes capable of containing thirty people. From the Livuma it passes through Kingombe, the seat of a maravi, or independent chief, to Lukelingo, the capital of Jáo, in fifteen days. West from Lukelingo, at a distance of seven days' journey, Irjesa, a remarkable mountain densely peopled in small hamlets, from the summit of which Nyassi, or the lake, may be seven or eight days distant. Thus, according to Nasib, the Mião (native of Jáo) who gave this account, the lake, or Nyassi, at the foot of Irjesa, is two months' journey distant from Kilwa. His master, Khamis ben Othman, a Sawahite, thought that the distance might be travelled in a month; but Nasib, who had no idea of rapid marching, and who laid much stress on the labour of dragging tusks of ivory and carrying cakes of wax, would only admit that the time of the journey might be reduced to six weeks. His day's journey may be reckoned at six miles, and the distance of Nyassi to Kilwa, by the route indicated, 870 miles."—Cooley's "Inner Africa," pp. 51, 52.

There is much more upon the subject of the route and of the lake; but for further information on these topics and others, already glanced at, we refer to the work itself. We have shown that it is not devoid of interest for the general reader, although it abounds in geographical discussions which can never be popular. To the earnest student of African discovery, and to any who may desire to learn the way of access to Portuguese authorities upon this subject, and how to use them, Mr. Cooley's work will be invaluable.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.*

WHEN ominous mutterings, presaging oriental war, were first heard from the Bosphorus, committees of both Houses of Parliament were sitting in anxious inquiry into the state of our Indian empire. The then existing relations between the East India Company and this nation were drawing to a close, and it became necessary to renew or remodel the Government of Hindostan. The growing complication of the Turkish question, fostered by the anxiety for peace manifested by the western powers, fixed the attention of the nation in the same direction, though almost all other subjects of public interest were neglected. Every man felt that the Eastern war was the great question of the day; and all who thought deeply on the subject knew that to England the fate of Hindostan was the most important portion of that question.

Here, girt by the ocean, defended by our colossal fleet, we could mock the power of Russia; Portsmouth would hardly be another Sinope; and even were the Dardanelles in the hands of the autocrat, and Stamboul, rebaptised, become the metropolis of a new eastern empire, generations must elapse ere the naval forces of the Czar could menace our islands with the yoke of Muscovite despotism. But it required little reflection to cause grave solicitude for our Indian empire. Vast mountains and trackless deserts separate the Russian from the Anglo-Indian frontier; but those mountains and those deserts had not proved sufficient barriers to stay the Mogul irruption of earlier days. Could the Czar be deemed less potent than former Tartar sove-

reigns? Russian intrigue had been busy on the frontier — Russian gold had raised us up external enemies. Was there not danger that Russian machinations might penetrate to the very heart of our Asiatic possessions, and thus sap the foundations of our power? Had our rule been so beneficent, and our legislation so wise, that the defence of British Government might be entrusted to the hearts of the people?

These and similar reflections prevented the state of India from being even for one moment forgotten. Information with respect to the British empire in the east was sought on all sides; and the demand was met by a most overwhelming supply, in all forms, shapes, and sizes, from the reports of the committees of the two Houses — a mass of printed paper weighing some stone and a-half — to the couple of sheets which constitute the *brochures* of the Indian Reform Association. Unfortunately one suffers here from the *embarras des richesses*, aggravated by the fact that, as well in the evidence taken by the committees, as in the various books and pamphlets, the East India Company and its system of government seem, in some sort, to be upon trial; and the different witnesses and authors take views as opposite as can well be conceived — some ranging themselves as supporters, but many more as opponents, of the present system; so that, on rising from their perusal, one is tempted to exclaim with old Demipho, “*Incertior sum multo quam dudum.*”

Amongst the champions of the East India Company, the laurel must be awarded to Mr. Kaye. The iniqui-

* “Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government.” By Lieutenant-General Sir C. J. Napier, G.C.B. Westerton: London. 1853.

“The Administration of the East India Company.” By John William Kaye. Bentley: London. 1853.

“Memorials of Indian Government.” Edited by John William Kaye. Bentley: London. 1853.

“First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons upon Indian Territories.” London. 1853.

“First, Second, and Third Reports of the Committee of the House of Lords upon Indian Territories.” London. 1853.

“Administration of Justice in Southern India.” By John Bruce Norton, Barrister at-law. Pharaoh and Co.: Madras. 1853.

“India Reform Pamphlets.” Saunders and Stanford: London.

ties of native rule, and a keen perception of the blessings of European civilisation, have given a strong bias to his mind; and his writings, keeping out of sight the shortcomings and errors of those to whom our nation has hitherto entrusted the government of its eastern possessions, bring prominently to our notice the advantages conferred by British rule. He cannot be accused of intentional misstatement, seldom even of want of candour; but, with the exquisite tact of a skilful advocate, he diverts the mind from dwelling upon any parts of the subject save those benefits to the country and its inhabitants which chiefly occupy his own mind. He throws a rosy light over English dealings with our Asiatic brethren, and flatters national pride by contrasting our countrymen as rulers of a subject-province with the former sovereigns or viceroys of eastern race. His views are enunciated in language always graceful, often eloquent; and the statistics and reasoning which might weary many, are interspersed with life-like pictures of Indian incident, which make the book interest those who love not to keep the mind in too continued strain. His is a pleasant view of the various questions which arise. Few can resist the charms of flattery, and it is pleasant to hear that the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of our nation have proved unlimited, and that its rule brings blessings and blessings alone to its dependents. But it is more than doubtful whether the enjoyment thus afforded may not be too dearly purchased—whether, if we listen exclusively to praises, we may not be lulled into charmed sleep, and find at length that the government of India has passed from our hands.

Fortunately, the nation is not likely to be long permitted to remain in such a trance. In addition to the yelping herd, driven by demagogic envy to assail all existing institutions, voices of graver moment will rise against misgovernment, tyranny, and oppression, wherever they may exist, sometimes wrung out by strong sense of injustice suffered, sometimes the warning of farsighted and disinterested patriotism, sometimes the expression of sympathy with suffering humanity; and good men will brave the peril of being deemed calumniators, rather than keep silence when silence might perpetuate

remediable evils. Many motives concurred in inducing Sir Charles Napier to write the pages upon which his pen was employed when he was stricken by mortal disease. Those who knew him well, know that no human heart ever beat which sympathised more keenly with unmerited suffering. Could such a man see unmoved the yoke which we bind on the subjects of the States still cursed with native rulers, the miseries which errors and prejudices often inflict on the Oriental subjects of the British Crown, in spite of the unquestionably benevolent intentions of the home legislature? None saw so clearly as Sir Charles Napier, the dangers to which the Indian empire is exposed. His singularly sagacious mind, and the prescience which belongs to genius, had caused him to give warning after warning to the then Indian Government. But his words were unheeded, as though he were afflicted with the curse of Cassandra. Was he not bound to give the English people an opportunity of knowing the perils which encompass their possessions? A long course of underhand resistance to his most useful measures, followed by a contumelious rebuke for conduct which, in all human probability, saved India from a sepoy mutiny, forced this high-hearted old soldier to resign the command to which he had been called by the unanimous voice of the nation, when it believed our Indian empire to be in the extremity of peril. It was due to those who had so confided in him, no less than to himself, to show that he had not lightly relinquished his trust. All these reasons combined to produce what may be esteemed as a legacy to the country which he loved; and the warnings contained in the "*Misgovernment of India*" cannot have been uttered in vain.

We have in it what is, in fact, the complement of Mr. Kaye's book—either would give but an imperfect idea of our true position; but Sir Charles Napier prevents us from tranquilly assuming that our government of the Indian peninsula is the best possible, and that all interference with the present system is a tempting of Providence; while the "*Administration of India*" encourages to further exertion; shows that the blood so freely spilt from Plassy to Goojerat has not been unfruitful, and completely extinguishes the wild idea that Hindoos

would be more happy and better governed, if left to their own native sovereigns.

For his service in this respect be all praise given to Mr. Kaye; however we may dissent from his views upon other points, in this he has most fully and completely established the case he seeks to make. It might, perhaps, have been imagined that labour to this end was hardly necessary; but the hardy promulgators of paradox, who rejoice in peace congresses and vegetarian dinners, have, from their head-quarters in Manchester, inundated the kingdom with the India reform pamphlets, in which we find sighs over the golden days of prosperity enjoyed by the Hindoos under the rule of Mogul despots and Marhatta freebooters, and tales of the glories of India and the happiness of its population, which seem drawn from the "Arabian Nights," and which refer to various periods, from times when the barbarians of Britain still covered their tattooed skins with the spoils of the chase, till the happiness of India culminated under the great Shah Jehan.

It was unfortunate for the Indian reformers that Tavernier and Sir Thomas Roe travelled during the reign of that magnificent prince; their graphic pictures of his enormous wealth and prodigal largesses, of the splendour and luxury of his court, were certainly sufficient to induce any incautious *laudator temporis acti* to choose his reign as a golden age heedless of the wiser example of the Young Englanders, who merely maintain that here there once was a Saturnian realm, but never fix the precise period. The reformer is, however, essentially in a false position when he tries to recall the past; and we are, therefore, not so much surprised at the rashness which permitted him to say of a half-civilised sovereign within historic times, "that he reigned not so much as a king over his subjects, but rather as a father over his family;" but we really must deplore it. Had he confined himself to the tales of Arian and Strabo — had he praised no monarchs later than Avoca or Vicbrermadytia, it would have been at least difficult to disprove any assertions which might have been made respecting them; and the good old maxim, "*omne ignotum pro mirifico*," would have ensured our admiration. But Shah Jehan is a little too near our own times, and Mr. Kaye thus disposes of his claims:—

"The prince, who covered acres of land with carpets and gold; who reared above them stately pavilions glittering with diamonds and pearls; whose elephants and horses were lustrous with trappings of jewels and gold; whose crimson tents stretched out over long miles of level country, and whose throne the practised eyes of European lapidaries valued at six millions of English money, might well be regarded as the most magnificent sovereign of the earth; but magnificence is not benevolence. It must be admitted that the most lavish of our English viceroys has never been more than partially *Sultanised* — our splendour is at best but tinsel and tawdriness beside the lustrous magnificence of the royal courts. We have never attempted to compete with them in this direction. Let credit be allowed them for their royal progresses, their stately palaces, their gorgeous tombs. The genius of our country does not display itself in demonstrations of this kind. But we have far greater wonders to show, far grander spectacles to exhibit. When we have got millions to spend, we do not lock them up in peacock thrones.

"Did these royal progresses benefit the people? I am very certain they did not. The approach, indeed, of the Mogul camp was something like the dreaded descent of a great flight of locusts. The inhabitants of the country through which the Emperor passed, shrunk from the contact of the royal traveller. The honour may have been great, but the injury was greater. Even if the personal character of the monarch himself was such as to cause him to desire the full indemnity of the people, his influence was not sufficient to secure it. If his benevolence dictated payment to the uttermost pice of every one who supplied the royal camp, it may not uncharitably be doubted whether his satraps were equally scrupulous and equally honest. My impression is, that the people paid heavily for the honour of these royal visits. There is one legend, at least, which favours the idea that the coming of the great Mogul was looked upon almost with as much horror as English people anticipate the approach of cholera in these days.

"The Emperor had constructed a sort of regal hunting-box at a place called, in his honour, Badshahmehal. The waters of the Doab canal ran past it and supplied its sporting fountains, and its marble baths. Thither went Shah Jehan, with his courtiers, and his servants, his wives and his concubines. Brief, however, was their rustication. From this pleasant retreat the court, as tradition asserts, was soon scared away in fluttering confusion. At the foot of the hills that disfiguring disease, so well known among Alpine residents, the goitre, happened to be very common. There were some clever people in the neighbourhood of Badshahmehal, who turned it to good account. Assembling a number of women so afflicted,

they sent them into the Zenana with supplica. At the sight of the unseemly facial appendages with which the poor women were decorated, the ladies of the court, filled with horror and pity, eagerly asked what had produced such cruel deformities. Well instructed beforehand, the women answered that the air and water of the place had caused these ailments; that no one ever escaped the affliction who resided long in these parts, and that the ladies would soon discover this unhappy truth for themselves. Such alarming intelligence as this burst like a loaded shell among the inmates of the Zenana. They soon appealed to the Emperor. Would he leave them in such a pestiferous country to be so afflicted and disfigured? Their entreaties are said to have prevailed."

The ladies escaped, but the Doab canal being no longer required for royal luxury, seems to have been very soon permitted to fall into decay—a fit retribution for this unworthy trick upon the court beauties.

"It is stated, that the royal progresses of Shah Jehan had no visible effect upon his coffers—that all his vast undertakings, indeed, were managed with so much economy, that he left an overflowing treasury, and a jewel-house groaning with wealth. We may gather from this significant fact some idea of what it was that caused the people to regard with unmingled horror the approach of the Mogul court. It would be curious to ascertain what was the amount of forced labour extracted from the people, and to what extent they were paid for their supplies. It is easy 'to manage vast undertakings with economy,' if little or nothing is to be paid for work or materials. And I hardly think that, with such data before us, as costly expeditions undertaken at little cost, and the popular dread of the Emperor's approach, it is very unfair to assume that the rights of the people inhabiting the country through which the despot dragged the cumbrous length of his gorgeous camp, were very slenderly regarded, either by the sovereign himself, or by the officers who attended his court."

Mr. Kaye's reasoning is here conclusive to show, that the real condition of the Indian people was much less tolerable under their best sovereigns, than the glowing descriptions of early travellers, who saw merely the outside of matters, would lead their readers to believe. But, with a despotism, the fate of a community depends on the

life of an individual; there is always the risk that a Domitian may slay and succeed to a Titus; and the people who to-day enjoy as good government as the power of a sovereign can compel the higher officers to distribute to the people, may to-morrow have to endure all the miseries which can be heaped on them by beings whose moral nature has been destroyed by the possession of unbridled power, and the indulgence of ceaseless debauchery, and who often seem rather to resemble the beasts of the forest, than men created after God's own image. We must never forget that all the Mogul sovereigns were not Akbars or Jehans—the licentious Jehanguire, the fanatic Aurungzebe also had their place in the roll of kings, and their inglorious successors, living dissolved in the luxury of their Zenanas, permitted the whole noble empire to drop into fragments.

What then became the condition of the Hindoo population, when the ill-omened brood of usurping princes writhed and struggled in hopeless, endless confusion from one end of the peninsula to the other, devastating with their rabble soldiery the territories of their neighbours, and inflicting on their own wretched subjects miseries such as those described in the following passage from Mr. Mangle's* evidence:—

"The whole history of India teems with examples, in different parts of the country, of the violent and cruel methods which were taken, from time to time, to collect the revenue of the native princes, or to raise it, or to make the Zemindars more amenable and more subservient to the Government. Perhaps the only way to show the committee what the state of things was at different periods, is to mention facts which occur to my memory; on this subject, of course, I can only give examples. One of the managers of the revenue at Korshedabad, for example, before our period, made an enormous pit, which he filled full of all sorts of ordure, and filth, and dead carcasses of animals, and nicknamed it Paradise; and into this pit he plunged, up to the neck, all Zemindars who were in arrear of revenue, and kept them there till they paid what he chose to demand from them. He also made a very large pair of leathern pantaloons, which he filled with rats, and cats, and other animals, and insects and biting creatures, and strapped them round the waists of the Zemindars who were in default, until

* Fourth Report Commit. Com., p. 105, quere 6294.

they paid their revenue. Then, I have understood, that the Rajah of Purnea, who was a very large payer of revenue to the native Government, was put into a cage, and hauled up to the top of a very high tree, and kept in this cage like a bird till he paid his revenue. It is also a matter of history, that in the year 1732, Roostum Khan, who was managing what are now called the northern Circars of Madras, hunted out all the Zemindars of that part of the country; and as to those whom he could not catch himself, he offered a reward for their heads, of which he made two great pyramids; and Mr. Grant, who was then, I think, the resident at Nagpore, states that he himself had seen one of those pyramids of skulls, which remained as a monument of the revenue system of our predecessors. These instances are of comparatively old date; but within a very few years, when Lord Hardinge was Governor-General of India, I have seen a letter from the resident at Lucknow to Lord Hardinge, in which he states that one of the revenue collectors in Oude — a protected state — had sold one thousand men, women, and children into slavery, in order to realise the revenue of a particular district. The fact is, that, with very rare exceptions, where they have been wise and just administrators, the revenue system of the native states, whether in time past or time present, has been bad beyond belief or conception.

Thirty years ago, I travelled through Oude, and the first eight or nine days I was there, I heard cannonading going on in the course of collecting the revenue. Lord Metcalfe told me, as an illustration of what had existed before our time, that upon our first getting possession of the Delhi district, when he went out to make the settlement he was obliged to take a regiment with him; but when he went at the end of the year to make the collections, he was obliged to take two regiments and guns. Now that part of the country is as quiet, and the revenue is as easily collected, as it is within five miles of Calcutta. Every village was then fortified; every mud fort now is level with the ground, and the whole of the population living in hamlets all over the country, as in Bengal."

Society had been reduced to a chaos; and to organise it required an impulse from a new and higher civilisation. This has been the task of England; and so far as the frame-work we have succeeded. From Cape Comorin to the Hindoo Koosh, from the Indus to the Bramahputra, all is peaceable. The Ryot cannot now see the fruits of his labour swept away by the whirlwind passage of a Mahratta army; no one now is authorised to oppress in our dominions:—

"The poorest cooley is entitled to all the

solemn formalities of a judicial trial; and the punishment of death, by whomsoever administered, and on whomsoever inflicted, without the express decree of the law, is a murder, for which the highest functionary in the Company's territories is as much accountable as a sweeper would be for the murder of the Governor-General in Durbar."—"Administration of India," p. 43.

It is impossible, in fact, that British rule should be otherwise than beneficial to an Oriental people. Errors in judgment may occur—ignorance may mislead, prejudice may blind—but the nation and the legislature, as representing the nation, consider the government of India a sacred trust imposed on them, to be administered for the benefit of the subject population.

With the Orientals, the most opposite principle prevails; their maxim of rule might almost be expressed—"The subject is created, to be applied in such way as shall best conduce to the happiness of his sovereign." Some princes, endowed with a larger sagacity, may perceive that their own well-being really depends on that of their subjects. One or two, in the long records of Asiatic history, may have been even sufficiently bizarre to derive positive pleasure from witnessing the happiness of their dependants; but the possession of irresponsible power, the indulgence of unrestrained passion, in general do their work upon heart and brain too surely, and it is difficult to imagine misery deeper than that to which the masses are reduced by subjection to Asiatic despots.

Viewed from the point of former misgovernment, the dominion of England has, unquestionably, improved the position of her immediate subjects almost beyond measure. The institution of caste, the peculiar character of the Hindoo sacred books, and the hatred of change, so omnipotent in the Oriental mind, have stereotyped the civilisation of Hindostan, and, as it were, frozen it up at a point which it had attained, when our ancestors were savages of little higher grade than the Bosjesmans. The habit of mind which here governs, ever seeking something new, and grasping at external circumstances more favourable to mental development, have now placed us on an elevation, from which we have bestowed, out of our abundance, some advantages upon the Hindoo. We have, upon the whole, and for the

interest of the masses, governed them better than they ever were governed before; our rule over them has, day by day, improved, as the influence of the Company has diminished, and that of the British nation has increased; but it is only by comparison with what is worse, that ground for complacency can be discovered. When we consider the present government of India abstractedly with reference merely to the present state of political science, we are constrained to admit, that English rule in the East has been unworthy of Europeans, blessed with the lights diffused in this our nineteenth century.

To test this, let us examine in detail some branches of the Indian government. Take the administration of justice, unquestionably one of the highest and most important duties of the ruling power: what has been done by the East India Company in this respect? We will give the answer in the forcible language of Mr. Bruce Norton, an English barrister, for many years practising in the Company's courts at Madras. He lays down "these two simple propositions:—first, *that throughout the length and breadth of the whole of this Presidency (Madras), those who occupy the judicial bench are totally incompetent to the decent fulfilment of their duties*; and, secondly, *that so long as the present system continues, there is not only no hope of any amelioration, but on the contrary, things must go on ever from bad to worse, until in the lowest depths there is at last no lower bottom still.*"

These propositions Mr. Norton proceeds to prove from the reports of the highest courts of civil and criminal appeal in the Presidency, published with the authority of those courts. He carefully analyses the cases, and, in the following words, pronounces his deserved condemnation of the judges and their decisions:—

"The faults, errors, puerilities, and mistakes are precisely those which we should expect to find emanating from men who have only 'common sense;' and no well grounded acquaintance with the common principles of jurisprudence, or the law of evidence, to guide them. They exhibit an utter want of knowledge of those points to which judicial attention should be confined—a most lamentable ignorance of the law of evidence—an utter helplessness in the appreciation of testimony; a frequent oversight of material issues; perpetual digressions

into purely irrelevant matters; wrong applications of law when they venture to apply it; an inability to control the proceedings before them; admissions of documents not legally proved, and of evidence the purest hearsay; decisions upon issues not raised, or upon wrong or immaterial issues; strange and inconclusive lines of argument, and reasoning foreign to the matter in hand; irregularities in proceedings; carelessness, or inability in drawing up decrees; findings utterly contrary to evidence, and so forth; of all which copious instances shall be given—in short, it is one uniform dead level of incompetency."

Few jurists will dissent from this opinion of Mr. Norton's, after a perusal of his work; and short as is our space, we must make room for one or two cases which may serve to show that men to whom an unlimited jurisdiction over the lives and properties of our swarthy fellow-subjects has been entrusted—men upon whom it was proposed to confer power to try criminally any Englishmen whose unkind fate should have placed them in the Mofussil—manifest positively as little judicial capacity as the worst stipendiary magistrate who ever was inflicted upon a petty sessions' bench in Ireland.

Take, for example, the first case mentioned, where the "plaintiff sued for 55,270 rupees due on a bond. The defendant denied the claim in toto. The judge nonsuited the plaintiff, *and fined him 55,270 rupees for bringing the suit!*" The next case mentioned by Mr. Norton is also worth attention:—

"The conduct of the judge is thus set forth in the special appeal which was allowed by the Sudder Court. 'The special appellants urge that exhibit No. 78 is *not the copy of an original deed but the copy of a copy*; that the witness called to prove *that the original was deposited with him, declared he knew nothing about it*, and that the civil judge refused to allow them to summon the alleged attesting witnesses to the deed, or to adduce documentary evidence to prove it a forgery.'

Again, a judge lays down the following astounding principle—"Besides *the probability always is, that the suits and bonds of plaintiff are false*; he has long been generally and publicly considered a forger and suborner of perjury." Such instances could be indefinitely multiplied, and unfortunately, there is no more reason for relying on

their skill in criminal matters. One case, where the judgment is a sort of converse of the French verdict of *circumstances atténuantes*, claims some attention. "The prisoners are convicted only of 'culpable homicide' under aggravating circumstances." The reasoning on which the crime is reduced from murder is curious. It does not appear that there was any quarrel or affray out of which the attack took place. On the contrary, though there seems to have been some ill-feeling between the parties, the judge states:—

"That it was the intention of the prisoners, at least, to break a leg of the deceased; that they had tried to commit the offence on the previous evening, and that they *deliberately arranged* to get the deceased made drunk, are highly aggravating circumstances. . . . I do not see any reason to suppose that they *intended* to kill the deceased, but that they *intended* to do him some severe bodily harm; I do not see any reason to think that the wounds were inflicted with any other instruments but clubs.'"

Now, these are but instances taken from Mr. Norton's collection, not by any means the most startling to a lawyer, but as revolting to that plain common sense, that inward light, which the advocates of the present system boast as the guide of the present judges. These cases, in fact, demonstrate, that something more than mere relationship to a director is necessary to constitute a good judge.

Mr. Norton confines his strictures to the bench at Madras, where he himself practises, and we have not evidence of the same conclusive character to fix the judicial officers of the other presidencies with similar incompetency; but the depositions of the witnesses examined before the committees leave us little room to hope that the system which has produced such consequences in the south of the peninsula, has worked better in the west or north. In Bengal and Bombay, the bench is equally filled with men destitute of legal or judicial training; nay, there is too much reason to fear, by men whose mental energies and capacity are insufficient to qualify them for the more favoured branches of the service. Indeed, there seems to be

but little attempt made to defend the present system; even Mr. Kaye's ingenuity can do nothing better than make counter-attacks, or try to lead public opinion on a false track; and in so doing he has, to say the least, not manifested his general candour. Take, for example, the following evidence of Mr. Halliday, to which he refers, as proof of the confidence which the nation repose in the Company's courts, and Company's judges:—

"As far as regards the integrity of the judges, their (the natives) confidence is complete; they have little or no notion of the possibility of corrupting an English judge—it scarcely ever enters into their imagination. They may, perhaps, have sometimes a difference of opinion as to the acuteness and intelligence of some of the judges; and I dare say that, as compared with the acuteness and intelligence of the native judges, those qualities in the English judges are often, in the minds of the natives, at fault; but in the integrity and in the honest and earnest desire of the English judges to do justice impartially between man and man, the natives have the highest possible confidence."

Why, this exactly presses home the very complaint, which has not, for many years, been of corruption, but of gross and miserable incompetence. Mr. Kaye goes on to say—

"As to those judicial inconsistencies and other *bêtises* which have been cited so freely from the records of the Company's courts in Madras, it appears to me that nothing could be easier than to cite from the records of any court an equal array of unintelligible decisions. I have a great respect for the English bench, and the utmost faith in the honesty and ability with which justice is administered in this country; but if incomprehensible decisions, startling sentences, and furious inconsistencies are to be cited as proofs of incapacity and corruption, it would not be difficult to fill a volume with such proofs culled from the assize intelligence contained in a six months' file of a London journal."

Now this is very ingenious, but if possible still less candid than before. *En passant* we may repeat, that the Company's European judges are not accused of corruption, but of complete incapacity. But the attempt to bring down the English bench to a level with the Mofussil judges is really too bad.

* It must be observed, that the judgment in this case imports a crime short of murder.

Mr. Kaye throws over his meaning an obscurity which seems intentional; but if he means to assert that the rulings of the English judges, even in the hurry of *Nisi Prius*, are characterised by "incomprehensible decisions, startling sentences, and furious inconsistencies," we must take leave simply to contradict him. It is, indeed, a very rare occurrence, when those whose minds have been applied to the study of legal reasoning, fail to perceive the principle of an English decision, although they may think it misapplied in the particular case. The very technical reasoning of a lawyer is, for the most part, utterly incomprehensible to those who have not given long attention to it; and decisions perfectly in accordance with the law may, to those who know not what the law is, seem startling indeed, and furiously inconsistent. But such is not the case of the Madras decisions reported by Mr. Norton, to which Mr. Kaye so tenderly refers. Incomprehensible to any one they certainly are; but only a lawyer can see how deplorably ignorant of everything like legal principle must be the men who are entrusted with the administration of justice in India, convicted of incapacity, not on the loose notes of a newspaper reporter, but on the records of their own courts, preserved and published by themselves, as though they were impressed with Dogberry's anxiety to be written down an ass. Surely Mr. Lewin, an ex-judge of the *Sudder-Adawlut* hardly goes too far when he says, that some of the judges are scarcely fit to be "trusted with the life of a flea." Incompetent, if they gave their best attention to their duties, they occasionally utterly despise the toils of office; for instance, one gentleman recommended a fellow-creature to be hanged, and another to be transported, by a document which he never even saw. His misconduct was in this case discovered by the native clerk, who saved the judge the trouble of deciding, having converted the word *vestige* into *westage*, which, of course, demonstrated to the judges of the superior court that the sentence had never come under the eye of a gentleman educated in England.

Further to confuse these incompetent men, and a direct consequence of their incompetence, the greatest imaginable laxity is permitted to exist in the pleadings: "They run to the most enormous lengths, being stuffed

full of every argument which the ingenuity of the native pleader can devise. They travel into the most irrelevant matter; and I have seen a plaint, in which a man laid claim to a house, from which he wished to oust the defendant, conclude with a recapitulation of the eminent services which his great-grandfather had rendered the Honourable Company, upon the occasion of the invasion of *Hyder Ali*."

Again, these judges, untrained, ignorant, and careless as they are, have to sit in judgment under difficulties unknown to our tribunals, where the matured and disciplined minds of our venerable judges are not distracted by the perusal of documents, the contracted and somewhat hieroglyphical writing of which renders them almost illegible; by a Babel-like confusion of barbarous tongues imperfectly understood, and, above all, by the reckless falsehood of the natives. Nothing like that is known here, where the getting up an alibi, proved by one or two witnesses, is the utmost which the zeal of our most infamous secret societies can accomplish. But the complication of an utterly false accusation, met by an equally untrue defence, could never be imagined here. Take, for instance, a trial for murder before Mr. Lushington, detailed by him in his evidence before the Lords' Committee. A wealthy Zemindar, falsely accused of murder, in the first instance absconds; he then procures a dependent of his to offer himself as the real murderer to the police, who were seeking for evidence. The police refuse to believe his story, but the persevering self-accuser goes about the country to every court of justice, at last obtains a trial, but is acquitted, not being able to induce police-officer, judge, or *Sudder*, to believe his story. Meantime the Zemindar is brought to trial—an army of about fifty witnesses appears on each side, and directly contradict each other upon all material facts. The judge, who has obtained the assistance of several native gentlemen as assessors, clears the court and proceeds to consult, and the decision these gentlemen come to is, that every word spoken on one side or the other was utterly false. Such cases as this can only be met by acting, as Mr. Lushington states to be done in the native courts, and deciding upon

principles similar to those upon which Solomon decided, or, as he explains himself, quite without regard to oral evidence.

We have dwelt at some length upon this branch of the subject. The imperfections of the Indian judicial establishment, and the difficulties of duly administering justice in the East, could not be lightly passed over; but other departments also claim our attention, and we are compelled to leave them for the present, merely begging the reader to bear in mind Mr. Norton's propositions, which we believe to have been abundantly proved, while we proceed to examine the state of the police in India, a department there intimately connected with the judicial. Of the Indian police we may say, that no voice has been raised in their favour; those who were most disposed to veil their faults dwelt on their inefficiency, their sins of omission are the most favourable side of their character. Of such men we maintain in India a force estimated to be equal in number to our army there, costing to the Government almost as much per head as our noble sepoys, and costing the population amongst whom they live sums which never can be even estimated. This legion of peons, birkendauzes, &c., is maintained at this enormous cost, with hardly the slightest resulting benefit. True, they act as menial servants to the magistrates and collectors; but the salaries of the civil officers are surely sufficient to pay for the domestic services rendered to their receivers; and the principal labours beyond those imposed upon the police, seem to be extortion from the peasants, and assistance to robberies. In a country for years under British rule and government, with this enormous police force, treasure cannot be transported without a military escort; the magistrates cannot venture to sit without a guard of sepoys. Thuggee and dacoity grew and prospered under the fostering eye of the police, and were only checked by a small and well-organised force, directed to the suppression of these particular crimes; and as the crowning test of what may be done for crime by judicious police arrangements, a joint-stock company for the robbery of ships in Bombay harbour existed for very many years, whose books were a perfect model of regularity, thus exalting crime to an established profession. In proof of

their rapacity we may again refer to Mr. Norton, who says:—

“The eagerness with which even the pettiest place is sought after, the price which is often paid for office of the most trumpery nature, shows that the bait which attracts so many is not the *mere* pay, which is trifling, but the opportunity which place offers for unlimited exaction.

“I have myself seen as many as a hundred able-bodied men draw up in line like a company of soldiers, before a collector's door, candidates for the vacant berth of a discharged peon, whose pay is perhaps five rupees a month, but whose place is in reality worth a vast deal more, according to the owner's capacity of swallow.

“The most common-place order of everyday life cannot be given without affording occasion for bribery and extortion.”

If this were to rest on the *dictum* of Mr. Norton alone, it might be alleged that his prejudices against the system misled him, and that, at any rate, living chiefly in the Presidency, his opportunities of acquiring accurate knowledge of the working of the police in the Mofussil were deficient. But the whole tenor of the evidence confirms his opinion, and we cannot feel much surprise at any enormities which those men may commit, when we find the following description of the Indian police from Mr. Caldecott, an old officer of that very force:—

“A birkendauze is paid at the rate of four rupees a month, just above what a common labourer gets; and he has out of that to find himself in uniform and arms, as well as to keep up appearances, and he has very great power. The appearances he has to keep up are not consistent with four rupees a month; the powers are consistent with his picking up a good deal if he is dishonestly inclined, and the want of a reasonable subsistence makes him—compels him almost to be to a certain degree dishonest.”

In proof of the complete inability, the miserable disorganisation of this force, we may refer to the following evidence, which seems rather to relate to a country bordering upon robber fastnesses than to the Bengal provinces—the oldest and longest settled of the possessions which the English hold in India:—

“How is a dacoity perpetrated?”

“The natives of Bengal, as your Lordships are aware, are timid and very easily alarmed. A noise is heard in the village when it is dark, perhaps in the middle of

the night. The chockedars generally decamp; they may have been, or may not have been, in collusion with the people committing these illegal acts. The inhabitants bar their doors and windows, and conceal themselves in every possible way—in fact, the dacoits are allowed to do whatever they please. They usually confine their attacks to villages, and do not attack the shroffs because they have almost invariably a large force of up-country birkendauses to take care of their property, who can really be trusted."

In fact, as the same witness goes on to say, the defect of the police in the lower provinces is so thoroughly recognised, that those who might be deemed worth robbing are obliged to rely for protection on bodies of attendants hired by themselves. In truth, so notorious are those defects, that even Mr. Kaye is compelled to admit the worthlessness of this force in the following words:—

"Although the Indian constabulary force has been modelled and remodelled; though first one system has been tried, and then another: every description of organisation that has yet been attempted has been found to be equally inefficacious for the protection of life and property, and the detection and punishment of crime. Instead of protecting life and property, these men, under whatever name they draw a certain amount of salary, whether they belong to the regular police or are the village watch, only protect rapine and disorder."

One slight correction must be made. (See "*Misgovernment of India*," p. 385.) A system was tried in one district by which life and property were protected, and crime was detected and punished; but the district was Scinde, the originator was Sir Charles Napier, and the principle of organisation was the military system, analogous to that of our magnificent Irish constabulary; and we can hardly expect from so sincere a worshipper of Leadenhall-street as Mr. Kaye, that anything accomplished by that man, in that place, with such a system, would merit special and favourable mention.

It may, perhaps, be said, that these departments do not fairly illustrate the character of the Indian government, and that the other branches of the service, both civil and military, are in every respect above the level of the judicial and the police establishments. This, we are happy to

say, is so. Were it otherwise — were the collectors as incompetent as the judges; were the army as disorganised as the police force — no human power could enable England to retain its Indian empire for a year; but we think that the very fact of the judicial and police departments being those in which misgovernment is most manifest, is evidence almost conclusive against the working of the system in existence prior to the act of last session, and strongly suggestive of the propriety or necessity of a still greater change than was effected by that statute. Had all the various departments shown equal advances and equal deficiencies, we might have attributed our short-comings to external circumstances, which we were not in a position to master. But here a slight analysis will make it evident that the failure arises from vices deeply rooted in the system, and which, perhaps, can never be eradicated if the East India Company continue to be interposed between the Crown and its Asiatic subjects, although it is very probable that the new law, much weakening the influence of the Company, may greatly diminish the evil.

Mr. Kaye, in the opening of his book, gives a formula, by the aid of which that analysis may be much facilitated, and we can discover the reason of the comparative inefficiency of these establishments:—

"When Mr. Barlow, then secretary to the Indian Government, drew up the elaborate minute on which the Bengal regulations of 1793 were based, Sir William Jones, to whom this important document was submitted, struck his pen across the three first words. The correction which he made was significant. Barlow had written, 'The two principal objects which the Government ought to have in view in all its arrangements are, to ensure its political safety, and to render the possession of the country as advantageous as possible to the East India Company and the British nation.' Sir William Jones, I have said, erased the three first words. Instead of '*the two principal* objects,' he wrote, '*two of the primary* objects,' and then he appended this marginal note, 'I have presumed to alter the first words. Surely the principal object of every government is the happiness of the governed.' Sixty years have passed away since that significant correction was made, and it is now a mooted question whether the practice of the British Government in India during that time has been in accordance with the words of Mr. Barlow or those of Sir William Jones."

To us it seems that both hypotheses are justified. Mr. Barlow represented the idea of the Company which he served, Sir William Jones that of the British crown and nation, whose judicial officer he was. The East India Company seem never to have been completely able to shake off its original character of a mere trading partnership, whose only cement was the common desire of pecuniary gain; and the traditional maxim of the Board of Directors, from the days when its despatches forced Warren Hastings to outrage the Begums, till the unjust imposition of the salt tax drove the Eusofzyes and Afreedees into war, with us has been "*rem, si possis recte, si non quocunque modo rem.*"

The British nation, however, takes a different point of consideration; and, not being misled by any adverse interest, controls the Company when it appears to be acting without sufficient regard to the well-being of the subjects. The action of the Board being thus confined to minor arrangements, one by which the revenue may be indefinitely benefited is the provision of the best and ablest civilians for that branch of the Company's service; and a large preponderance of testimony demonstrates that this has been the rule. All the civil servants belong to the same corps; but the able, the active, and energetic are soon selected for revenue appointments, which are made prizes in themselves, and the path to higher preferment; while the judicial bench is left as a refuge for those who are unfit for employment of a class more important to the Directors. The office of judge is thus too often bestowed on men inferior to their fellows in all the qualities which the bench most requires. And when we remember the mode in which civil appointments in India were hitherto given, we can only wonder that the character of the Mofussil courts had not sunk lower still. Each Director had on the average one nomination to Hayleybury per annum. The claims of kindred or election promises decided him in his selection; and the candidate must have been ill prepared, indeed, whom the examiners then rejected. Once passed the various formal studies of the college (no Herculean task), the fortunate youth became a covenanted servant of the Company, which was bound for the future to supply him with employment, or to support him in idleness, giving a

true socialist *droit de travail*; and the steadily increasing salaries ensured by the seniority system were strong inducements to rest contentedly on his original mental development, whatever it may have been.

Further, as it required the strong influence of a Director to obtain a civil appointment, such influence was occasionally not less available afterwards to restore to the service an unworthy protégé; so that, as it was asserted by one of the witnesses before the Commons' committee, when a civil servant is accused, "we judge of a man's chance of escape or otherwise from the influence he may have in this country" — ("Fourth Rep. Com." p. 71, qu. 6007) — and all the vigour and high feeling of Lord William Bentinck, when Governor-General, were taxed to resist such restoration. Due consideration of these circumstances will show that one of the weakest points in the Anglo-Indian system was that of nomination to Hayleybury, which rendered it, indeed, wonderful that so many men of high administrative power should have been found amongst the civil servants; and, in fact, only to be accounted for by knowing the admirable effects of early responsibility upon the vigorous minds of English gentlemen. The nomination system was not blamed for selecting the worst, but for, in a great measure, omitting the consideration of merit in the selection. If the admirers of the Company's government can point to the Shores, the Lawrences, the Pottingers, we much fear that the list of those who, having been unwisely placed in a position beyond their powers, have sunk beneath its weight, is longer still. And if some of our compatriots have been almost deified by the grateful people whose district they administered, the devil-worshipping Shanars, who continually add to the number of their devils, for many years worshipped an Englishman in that capacity, offering upon his tomb spirits and cigars.

Again, the military service was a mere graft upon the original constitution of the Company, and seems never to have been regarded with a very favourable eye; and the government of India, created by the sword and upheld by the sword, is purely and completely a civil bureaucracy, in which the highest military authorities are overruled even in military matters by civilians. This system, probably in great measure

founded on analogies mistakenly drawn from higher civilisations where a constitutional balance of power is understood, has, in semi-barbarous India, produced many and great evils—among these not the least the resignation of Sir Charles Napier; and he has left a warning against the dangerous lengths to which the system has been carried. He knew that we are but as a garrison in an enemy's country; that, if a serious mutiny were to exist for a day, British rule in India would be a thing of the past; that we are held there by the bayonets of mercenaries; and in nervous language, wrung from him by his own bitter experience of the working of the system, he thus describes its absurdities:—

“In England, the commander-in-chief stands in presence of the sovereign, which nearly extinguishes his responsibility; he is in contact with the Government; his duties are, by long custom, defined, and the regulations of the army are clearly and well laid down. If war comes on, it is the result of political arrangements with which he has no concern—he has, in fine, no greater responsibility than may attach to him as commander of an expedition, if he quits England at the head of one. He provides for the number and equipment of troops wanted for service; but even then shares it with the ministers, or throws it entirely on them. His slight accountability is absorbed by the powerful Government with whom he is in daily consultation during peace; and when war comes, the war minister is the real commander. If the military man dislikes this, he can resign; and though to surrender a post so honourable and lucrative requires firmness, that is all—the ex-chief puts on his hat, walks out of the Horse Guards to his club, reads his successor's name in the gazette, and goes home to dinner.

“The poor Indian general cannot do so with a like facility and coolness: he does it, though. Of fourteen commanders-in-chief in India since the year 1792, two have resigned before their time; and of those who did not, two were governors-general; of the others, but two held their commands to the last, suffering all things.

“In India *peace is never certain for a single day*. Take the last four wars. That of Cabul was so sudden as to be proclaimed only by a massacre. In Seinde, war was proclaimed by a battle; and if Outram, the political agent, had been allowed to direct affairs there, as the political agent, M'Naughten, was at Cabul, the same disasters would have befallen our army. The Bundelcund war also was proclaimed by a battle. The first Punjab war came down like an avalanche, and the second was equally sudden. When war thus breaks out, the commander-

in-chief becomes the responsible man before the world. He lies down at midnight in peace, he wakes at daylight to fight a general action. On the 18th December, 1845, peace reigned in India—on the 18th a fearful battle took place at Moodkee, when sixteen British officers, with three hundred and sixty privates, were laid dead. An Indian commander-in-chief may in a moment find himself, without preparation, responsible for the safety of the Indian empire. His position is in no way like that of the home commander-in-chief, on whom events so sudden and so terrible cannot burst. Therefore, the former ought to have power commensurate with his vast responsibility.

“When the second Punjab war broke out the governor-general was at Calcutta—the commander-in-chief was at Simla, 1,200 miles distant; the British resident at the court of Dhuleep Sing, was in Lahore, 800 miles from the commander-in-chief. Moolraj, of Mooltan, revolted in April, 1848; and in July the Lahore resident, Sir Frederick Currie, sent a force against him. This he did in exercise of civil power, contemptuous of the commander-in-chief's antagonistic opinion. Who was Sir Frederick Currie? A civilian, assuredly knowing nothing of war. Who was this commander-in-chief? An officer whose military exploits had won for him a peerage. Failure followed of course; and it was not until a siege of five months, by troops of unsurpassed gallantry, that the political folly was redeemed by the capture of the place. . . . Woe to the country whose ruler employs subordinates to advise, to suggest, to dictate about military matters. In India political subalterns are allowed to dictate to a general in the field, though no able minister would do so, knowing it must make a good general bad, and a bad one worse.”

These ideas suggest grave reflections, especially when we remember that the people with whom we deal in the East, acute and intelligent as they may be in many respects, manifest a singular obtuseness with respect to everything like constitutional government. A divided rule they cannot understand; with them the Executive must be all or nothing. They bow to the supremacy of our material force; but their faith in that supremacy may not unnaturally be weakened, when they see the heads of the army which upholds our power subject to the control of civilians of inferior grade. In all the other colonies, the ordinary practice is to select as the representative of the Crown some officer of distinction, who can, in case of need, unite the supreme civil and military command; and it does seem a question worthy of grave consideration, whether that practice be not, as a gene-

ral rule, even more suitable for India than for almost any other portion of the British Empire.

Without doubt, there are many and serious objections to any proposition which suggests the bayonet as a foundation of Government. For many years past the policy of England has been to mould the institutions of her dependencies into forms as much resembling her own as their different circumstances will permit; but in India there are as yet no materials upon which to found such an imitation. The districts of India where most has been done to increase the civilisation of the people, are precisely those non-regulation provinces which have been governed by military men, upon what may be termed the military system; and Mr. Kaye's description of the labours by which their soldier-rulers converted Arracan, Mairwara, and Candesh from pestilent jungle or robber fastnesses, to valuable portions of our dominions, is not only one of the most fascinating portions of his book, but gives us strong reason to hope for the future of Hindostan. When we see such success attending the endeavours of Dixon, Boyle, and others—when we remember what Sir Charles Napier himself effected in Scinde—we cease to feel surprise that Sir Erskine Perry, one of the most enlightened lawyers of the age, should have deemed the army the school from which all branches of the service, save the judicial, should be filled. This idea, however, goes a little too far. Sir Erskine Perry most probably conceived too low an opinion of the civil service, from having had his attention chiefly directed to their performance of judicial duties; while his opinion of the military officers may, on the other hand, have been a little too high, from having watched the success of their rule in the wild and

newly-subdued districts, success arising from the happy choice of the individuals, and the unlimited power conferred upon them. And thus it was, that in recently conquered and unsettled territories suttee and human sacrifices have been completely suppressed, and child-murder in a great measure checked; while in Bengal, where cumbrous forms and divisions of authority are predominant, the life of every inferior Hindoo is dependent on the will of his priest, who, by a word, can sentence him to a lingering death on the shores of the Ganges.*

But even if their military training were the secret of the success of the Dixons, Boyles, &c., Sir E. Perry's suggestion would not be admissible. Bitter complaints have been made by general after general, that the regiments have been weakened by the removal of their due proportion of officers, while no increase of numbers could compensate for a systematic transfer to civil employ of those who manifested energy and ability. It must never be forgotten, that upon the army, and upon the army alone, we still rely for the preservation of our Indian empire; and that were the reins of discipline once relaxed, should any material diminution of our physical power occur, our rule in Hindostan would have ended for ever. When a Government is odious to the subject population, it can only be maintained by the overpowering strength of its army, and we have in India "one hundred and fifty millions who hate us mortally." This may not be literally true; but the concurrent testimony of almost all those who know India best, confirms this terrible fact in substance and spirit. Nor can we feel surprise thereat. Upwards of fifty millions of those one hundred and fifty remain the subjects of native rulers, and

* In the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Kean, 2nd Report, Lords' Committee, 298, speaking of the habit of exposing the sick to die by the side of the holy river, he says, "It is a most awful opportunity; the priest has it on his lips to say this man is fated to die; and upon the priest putting that sentence, it only remains, in spite it may be of his own earnest entreaties, to hand him over to the hired bearers"—in point of fact, consigning him to the grave ere he is dead. Mr. Kean mentions a wealthy Baboo, whose relatives, after inducing him to make a will, had him carried to the water. Fortunately, an English doctor knew the state of his case, and informed a man of influence of the fact, stating that the Baboo ought to live for a month. The official was energetic, and destroyed the will, thus removing the motive for the contemplated murder; while by threatening to have the guilty parties tried for murder, if the Baboo died within the month, he had him restored to his home, where he lived for many years afterwards. However, such a *Deus ex machina* rarely appears to save the perishing Hindoos.

to them our presence and our power has produced unmitigated evil. Frightful were the atrocities committed by the Moguls and their successors; but when oppression passed the limit of endurance — when the hand of the tyrant pressed too heavily on the larger masses of population — an outburst of popular frenzy tore the tyrant from his throne.

This was a miserable refuge, it is true. Who can calculate the accumulated suffering of the years of misgovernment which produce a rebellion? Who can tell the hellish passions excited in civil war—the frightful wrongs inflicted in its course—the check to progress which it gives, the disappointment which it leaves behind? But the warning spectre is ever present to the eyes of the tyrant, and many a foul crime is prevented by the fear that the endurance of the people might at length be exhausted. Miserable as is this refuge, we have taken it from the natives of the subsidiary states of India, and we have substituted no other. The protected ruler knows that, for our own sake, we dare not permit society to be disorganised in any state within the limits of our empire; and that, no matter how stained he may be with crime, how infamous may have been his rule, how oppressive his tyranny, the strong arm of British power will maintain him on his throne, and will hold before him, fettered and powerless, his miserable subjects to endure all the evils which untamed appetites and insatiable rapacity can inflict. The rule of an Indian subsidiary prince resembles that of Kehama, against which the warnings of conscience and the threats of rebellion are both alike vain; and the unhappy subjects of these infamous Rajahs well know the cause to which to attribute their sufferings. Can we doubt that they pour forth, each to his own deity, many fervent prayers for the destruction of the tyrant-supporting English; or that, if the evil day come upon us, we should meet neither aid nor sympathy from the oppressed population of the subsidiary states?

It might be imagined that if genuine gratitude did not bind the native princes to our cause, a nice sense of expected benefits would have that effect; but the passions of men are too generally stronger than their judgment. The haughty British Government, restraining the outward movements of the hot-blooded Indian prince, offering him

unpalatable advice through the mouth of the resident, crushing his early dreams of ambition, beating down his wily oriental diplomacy by stern western truth and material force, is, perhaps, even more hated by the rulers whom it supports, than by the subjects whose fetters it rivets.

As to our own immediate subjects, the reflection is more painful still. After more than half a century of government always better than that of any Eastern potentate, and steadily improving, we have not yet succeeded in acquiring the affection of any considerable proportion. Even in the states immediately subject to British rule, an immense majority "hates us bitterly." Yet we cannot wonder at this ceaseless hostility, great as have been the benefits conferred by European government. Let us consider the nature of those benefits, and we see at once that they are all, so to speak, negative. We have introduced a fixed, iron system, which guarantees the people from cruelties and exactions like those practised by the native Governments; we have secured the fields of the ryot from the risk of destruction by the passage of ill-disciplined troops; but there is nothing tangible to him in this. The present generation knows not what was the misery endured by its fathers under the yoke of native despotism, and it feels often heavily the rule of the Company, while very few, indeed, are capable of comprehending the higher benefits bestowed upon the land by introducing the vivifying principle of progress, in lieu of the icy fetters of caste. True gratitude for our rule could hardly be expected under these circumstances. Then how much is there to outweigh, in the mind of the masses, any sentiment favourable to us. We cannot lay out of consideration that feeling of dislike to the ruling power which the payment of taxes, and the restraints of law, always excite amongst the uneducated; but we must add thereto innumerable causes of hatred arising from our peculiar position. The Musulman hates the power which has wrenched from the faithful a realm once the noblest which obeyed a follower of the Prophet. Can the Hindoo love those whose religion and habits outrage every superstition in which he believes? No hour of our life is spent without some deed which would be, according to Hindoo notions, degra-

dation even for a pariah; yet we exalt ourselves above their holiest Brahmins. How can the Eastern help despising us, swine-eaters, wine-drinkers, as we are? Yet he knows that we despise him for his falsehood and perjury. The energetic and aspiring feel they have little chance of success under our rule, if their ambition carry them to desire anything beyond the desk of a *Sadder Awmeen*, or the sword of a *sou-badar*. Our very virtues are galling to them; for they know that our love of truth and our steadfastness of purpose are sure to destroy the fine-spun web of falsehood with which they love to envelop their dealings.

What, then, is to be the result of our connexion with India? Are we always to remain thus a hostile and conquering race, until the hour of England's weakness comes, and the empire, the growth of so many years and such exertions, is again returned to chaos? Are we bound to continue to impose our rule upon an unwilling people—*usque ad finem*? Are we even justified in the attempt? Shall the noble British blood which has so freely and so frequently moistened the burning plains of Hindostan, produce no effect? Shall we abandon the edifice created by the labours of those who have fallen? In despair we might almost say, this were our wisest and most righteous course, were it not for one grain of solace—one seed rich in future promise. Hated as we may be, all do not now hate us. A class of native Indians has begun to exist who better appreciate the motives, the character, and the actions of our country. As Sir Charles Trevelyan says:—

“The effect of a training in European learning, is to give an entirely new turn to the native mind; the young men educated in this way cease to strive after independence according to the original notion, and aim at improving the institutions of the country according to the English model, with the ultimate result of establishing constitutional self-government. They cease to regard us as enemies and usurpers, and they look upon us as friends and patrons—and powerful beneficent patrons, under whose protection all they have most at heart for the regeneration of their country will gradually be worked out. According to the original native view of political change, we might be swept off the face of India in a day; and, as a matter of fact, those who look for the improvement of India, according to this model, are continually hatching plots and conspiracies with that object; whereas,

according to the new and improved system, the object must be worked out by very gradual steps, and ages may elapse before the ultimate end will be attained; and in the meantime the minority, who already regard us with respect, and aim at regenerating their country with our assistance, will receive continual accessions, until, in the course of time, they become the majority.”

Here is the hope to which we cling. Year by year education in India advances, not only in the number of natives who receive its benefits, but in the class of education afforded. The earlier efforts in favour of native education were indeed singularly ill-directed. At home, the acquirement, more or less perfect, of two dead languages was then deemed the fitting education of a gentleman, and facility in classical quotation, or the power of composing Greek iambics or Latin elegiacs, were amongst the most admired mental gifts. This opinion may have been carried a little too far here, though, without doubt, such an education opened to the student, and compelled his attention to some of the noblest productions of the human mind. When, however, men impressed with the necessity of a “classical” education came to establish or enlarge colleges in the East, they were misled by a mistaken analogy, to an extent which would have been ludicrous had the subject been less grave than the education of a people. Latin and Greek were too evidently inadmissible in the curriculum of a Hindoo university; but there were “learned languages” and “sacred languages” in the East also, and Arabic and Sanscrit sat triumphant in the professorial chairs.

With Lord William Bentinck, however, a different course commenced; in 1835, by a famous minute, he gave a death-blow to the system, “and from that time English education has been as dominant in the chief Government schools throughout India as before it was languid and depressed.” True it is that much controversy still prevails as to the attention to be paid to the spoken languages of the Peninsula; true, the germs of discord with respect to religious instruction already appear; but the one great principle, the inculcation of living European knowledge, instead of the absurdities of the Vedas, or the inflated verbosity of the Khorân, has been established, and the effects produced, could hardly have been anticipated

— Hindoo students of the highest caste, by whom the touch of a corpse would once have been esteemed an impurity almost inexpiable, now crowd to witness and assist at dissections; while it may well be hoped that the Roorkee Engineering College will be able soon to furnish, in a great measure, the staff required for the conduct of those great public works, to the construction of which the East Indian Government now stands pledged.

To men educated and cultivated in our literature and knowledge, England can never be a hostile country; they must ever deem her the mother-land of the mind, loving her as the ardent youth of Europe love Greece and Italy. They will see the benefits which we have conferred, and they will pardon our errors when they compare this with the government which might be expected from any native system as yet possible in India. These considerations do unquestionably give us hopes for the future. On our side, again, there seems to be every prospect of better government being ensured. The East India Company survives, but it survives merely on sufferance. The constitution of the Board of Directors has been modified and improved, and, above all, the distribution of civil offices will no longer be entrusted to individuals capable of being swayed by friendship, by family affection, or, it may be, by baser motives. If offices under the Company had never been sold, statutes making such sale a criminal offence would never have been passed. From henceforth, however, the temptation will be removed, and with civil employment the rule in the first instance, at least, will be appointment by merit; men will not in future be able, after two years of intense idleness, to pass in the ruck at Hayleybury, having secured a safe and comfortable independence; on the contrary, the open

examination will draw from all parts of the kingdom the very *élite* of those who, under the present system, crowd the professions in this country. And it is not, perhaps, too much to expect that those young men, in the first instance selected by their proved capacity, and subsequently developed by active employment and early responsibility, will become the ablest body of administrators with which any country was ever blessed.

If this be the result, we have little ground for despondency with respect to the future of India. The misgovernment which we have had to deplore arose chiefly from the failure of too many of the European officers, and the want of any trustworthy class of natives from whom to select worthy subordinates. These impediments once removed, but few alterations in detail will be required to infuse a new life into every department of the public service in India. Red-tapists, desirous of receiving the largest possible salary in return for the least possible labour, will be succeeded by men of higher views and aims. The influence of the Company will be reduced to a minimum, while that of the nation will become greater and more direct, and the abuses which have grown with or been fostered by the former system, will soon cease to exist. Gradually the English will be deemed the guardians, not the proprietors, of India; and when this idea is once diffused amongst the population—when once the population is sufficiently enlightened to receive it—Brahmins and Moolahs, Russian gold and Russian intrigue, may do their worst; they will never remove the rule of England from Hindostan till her mission has been fulfilled, and the slaves of oriental myths have been civilised and freed by European truth and European knowledge.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLVII.

MAY, 1854.

Vol. XLIII.

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DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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receiving heat from the sun, communicate a portion of it to the air which comes in contact with them. The heat of the sun *passes through the air without warming it*; but when it falls upon the earth, that becomes hot, and then the air that touches it gets warm also.

This is the explanation of the very remarkable fact, that in the great range of the Himalayas the snow line is 4,000 feet lower on their south side, though looking down on the burning plains of India, than it is on the north side. On the north side is the lofty table-land of Thibet, which in summer is heated by the rays of the sun, and acts like a great "heater" upon the air that comes in contact with it, and makes it warm enough to melt the snow to that much greater height above the sea, than the air on the south side, where the mountains slope rapidly down to a depth twelve or fourteen thousand feet nearer the sea-level than the table-land of Thibet.

There are yet one or two other little matters to be attended to before we thoroughly understand the nature of the snow-line. We have seen that we mean by it the line where snow is permanent throughout the year — that is, where the summer heat is not great enough to melt it. It depends, then, on the amount of the summer temperature, and not on the *mean annual temperature*.

It is clear that we might easily find places on the earth where great summer heat is more than compensated for by excessive winter cold; where, consequently, the average temperature of the whole year is at or below the freezing point, and yet the snow is not permanent, because the heat of summer suffices to melt it away. The line of permanent snow, therefore, will be lowest, compared with the mean annual temperature, in those places where the variations of temperature are least, and where the humidity of the air is greatest. It will, therefore, be lower on mountains within the tropics, where there is little difference between summer and winter, than it would in higher latitudes having the same *mean* annual temperatures, but where the difference between summer and winter is great. For the same reason the snow-line will be lower, *cæteris paribus*, on islands than in the interiors of great continents.

Yawn not, dear reader, we beseech thee. This preliminary explanation may be dull, and very possibly you knew it all before; nevertheless, it is necessary to recall it even to your well-instructed mind — because, perhaps, you might not think of it, and at all events your next neighbour might not know it; and unless he and you have it both fresh in your memories, you will, perhaps, find us quite mysterious farther on, when we wish to be most intelligible.

Wherever we have mountain ranges whose summits pierce far into the regions of icy cold, that are always to be found at no enormous height above the sea, it is obvious that all the moisture deposited upon those summits must be in the state of snow and not of rain. Ever-increasing stores and accumulations of snow, therefore, must be taking place therein, which would in time add greatly to the apparent height of the mountains, if it were not that, from time to time, the snowy piles become too steep for their own support, and at length slip from above, and being once loosened, communicate motion to the adjacent mass, and come thundering down into the valleys in the terrific form of an avalanche. These great slips are more peculiarly apt to take place when the summer sun is acting upon the snow, and melting either some of its whole surface, or at all events the lower portions of its surface. It is obvious that, during summer, there must, about the lower margin of the snow, be a kind of debatable land, where it sometimes freezes and sometimes thaws, or where it thaws just in the middle of the day and freezes during the whole of the night. Large portions of snow, therefore, during some six or eight hours of the day, are melted into water, some of which, doubtless, sinks into the earth, or escapes down the slopes as water; but a large part of it is arrested in its progress by the cold of the subsequent sixteen or eighteen hours, and converted into ice. To compare large things with small, this icy fringe round the lower margin of the snow-fields, is like the fringe of icicles that we may see along the eaves of our houses when the roofs are covered with snow, which is being partially melted either by the rays of the sun, the increasing warmth of the air, or the heat generated in the house itself.

Even this latter condition is imitated

on the great scale in nature; because the earth has a proper temperature of its own, which increases towards the interior, but is perceptible even at the surface, where, however, its effect is supposed to be only sufficient to melt a thickness of ice equal to a quarter of an inch during the year. In addition to this, however, must be reckoned the heat imparted to the crust of the globe by the sun's rays, which are absorbed by it, and the heat stored up and diffused to a depth of 100 feet or so.

The lower part of the snowy mass that environs the summits of lofty mountains will, in the hot days of summer, become saturated by the water melted from the surface of the higher parts, and the whole frozen at night into a mass that is not exactly either ice or snow, but something between them. In Switzerland this substance is called "firn."

Now, here we have the origin of glaciers — wherever the valleys on the flanks of snow-clad mountains are so disposed as to regularly receive these alternately melting and freezing products of the snow, these pass into glaciers. A glacier is a great stream of ice constantly flowing from the huge snow masses above down to a certain point, where it as regularly "thaws and dissolves into a" river. The fact of its motion is undoubted, and its amount for the middle part of its surface is during summer about three feet in a day on an average, according to Professor Forbes.

How and why does it move? This is a point on which there has been much discussion. The old idea of De Saussure is, that a glacier moved simply by the pressure of its own weight and that of the superincumbent masses; that it partly slid and was partly pushed down the valley, as any smooth substance might be down an inclined plane. The inadequacy of this source of motion, however, is shown by the fact of the glacier not being arrested by any obstacles, such as great knobs and bars of rock, and by its accommodating itself to the shape of the valley — expanding and contracting with its changes of shape; spreading now into a lake, as it were, and then shrinking into a river; not being arrested by the buttresses of the ravine, but continuing its course down it. The friction between the lower masses of a glacier and that of the rocks on which it rests is enormous. The

rocks spreading under its bed, and those forming the sides of the valley which are rubbed by it, are ultimately shaven, and planed, and ground as smooth as polished marble; and the sharp blocks of rock which fall into its crevices, or drop in at the holes of its sides, are used by it like the diamond points of a glass-cutter to engrave deep grooves and scratches in the surfaces of the hardest rocks. If the glacier merely depended on the effect of gravity to enable it to slide down a plane so slightly inclined as the beds of glacier valleys generally are (the angle of inclination varying generally from 4° to 9°), it is clear that it must be arrested by all these obstacles in its path, and by the effects of such an enormous amount of friction. If a ship's ways were strewed with sand and broken road-metal, instead of smoothed by grease, it would be rather difficult to launch her into the water.

Agassiz and De Charpentier proposed to account for the motion of glaciers, by supposing that all the water which penetrates into the crevices during the day freezes at night, and that its expansion starts every portion of the glacier forward. Professor J. Forbes showed this notion to be untenable, inasmuch as this water does not freeze in the manner supposed, and because the glacier moved fastest during the hottest day, when, according to this notion, it ought to be quite still.

A more ingenious and philosophical hypothesis was started by our eminent fellow-citizen, Mr. R. Mallett, and brought before the notice of the British Association at Liverpool, in 1837. A paper descriptive of this is to be found in the first volume of the "Journal of the Geological Society of Dublin." This hypothesis supposes that glaciers move by the hydrostatic pressure of the water accumulated beneath them, between their base and the rock bed. This water must lift the glacier; and as the water then flows out, the glacier would sink again a little in advance of its previous position. The glacier thus might be partly floated, partly propelled, either by small starts, or by a slow, continuous action, down its bed. These hypotheses all suppose the glacier to be a perfectly solid and absolutely rigid body, having a complete incapacity for motion among its particles; but in 1842-43, Professor James D.

Forbes, of Edinburgh, proposed a notion that was quite new and startling, but which seems since to have been pretty generally adopted, and is probably the true one, in spite of the apparent difficulties in the way of its reception. His idea is, that a glacier is not a perfectly rigid body, as it would be if it were made of glass or marble, but that it retains in its apparently solid condition some little of the plasticity and fluidity it possessed formerly when it was water. He believes that glaciers do not slide, or push, nor are pushed, nor started, nor lifted, nor in any way impelled down their beds by extraneous force, but that they actually *flow* down them, exactly as a river flows down its bed, only as much more slowly than a river, as ice is more solid than water. This plasticity, and demi-semi-fluidity would account for all the changes of form in a glacier moulding itself to the varying shape of its bed, for the rate and character of its motion and for some of the most striking peculiarities of its structure.

One of the most remarkable of these peculiarities is the "ribbon structure" of Professor J. Forbes, a regular alternation of bands of dirty ice with those of clear green, which form coats or shells, as it were, in the glacier, running parallel to its length and appearing vertical in its upper and middle parts, but spreading and flattening out towards its termination. A glacier may thus be likened to a quantity of thick mortar or treacle, or other viscous fluid poured down a gently-sloping channel.

Another striking peculiarity in the structure of a glacier, are the "crevasses," those great ragged vertical fissures leading down into the blue icy depths and crystal caverns of its base. These, though often irregularly disposed, have a general tendency to cross the glacier, but what is most striking about them is, that though the glacier travels perpetually onwards, the "crevasses," year after year, open at the same spot. Professor J. Forbes likens them to the breaking waves of a rapid river, where the stream strikes upon some rock concealed in its bed. The ice flows onward, gaping always when it reaches the same spot, probably in consequence of some inequality below, and then gradually coalesces again as it proceeds, either from the collapse of the ice during the next summer, or

from combined heat and pressure, when the cause of fracture no longer operates.

We have now got an outline notion of the structure, and the motion of a glacier. It is a stream of ice flowing from the vast reservoirs of everlasting snow on the mountain heights, fed by tributary streams pouring down every ravine, and by occasional avalanches, and tempests of snow and rain, and passing through a mountain valley, where, even in the height of summer, thaw and frost are perpetually striving for the mastery, till it reaches a limit where heat prevails over cold, and the slowly-moving glacier suddenly melts, and rushes forth as the arrowy river.

It must, however, be also recollected, that this limit is not an invariable one. A succession of mild winters and warm summers will cause a glacier to shrink in its bed in all directions, its sides will not reach nearly so high up the precipices of the ravine; its termination will not come nearly so far down the bottom of the valley. Cold seasons, on the other hand, will cause it to swell in all directions; to climb the vertical heights, and to stretch its devastating march far beyond its usual boundaries, invading perhaps the cultivated fields and the habitations of man, and overwhelming with its wintry ruin the once smiling and flowering territories of spring.

This ruin, once effected, is almost perpetual. The ice and snow may melt away, and retreat far towards their own fastnesses; but they do not the less leave ruin and devastation behind them, and for this reason — the ice comes not alone. We have hitherto looked on a glacier as a wonderful piece of mechanism; we have seen that it is a machine in motion; but we have said nothing about the work it performed. This leads us to a still more wonderful part of our subject — a part which causes us to look upon glaciers not merely as rare and distant natural curiosities, to be visited once, perhaps, or twice in a lifetime, but as having had a permanent effect here even in our land, on the mountain-slopes and the fair fields of Ireland.

The effect of snow, when undisturbed, is a conservative one; it protects all beneath from the effects of extreme cold, as of extreme heat; from the corroding effects alike of air, and winds,

and rain. The crags and pinnacles, then, of a great mountain-chain, when their crests rise far within the limits of perpetual snow, and are for ever covered by its protecting mantle, remain, probably, unchanged and untouched for countless ages. Not so, however, near the lower limits of the snow in summer time. Every particle of "fluid water" that sinks into the crevice of a rock, or is insinuated between its particles, acts, when it is again frozen, with an irresistible strength, in rending and tearing it asunder. Fragments of rock, therefore, of all sizes, from the minutest grain of sand up to huge masses of many hundred tons, weight, are daily and hourly detached from their parent bed, and falling on to the surface of the glacier below. Wherever a glacier strikes against a cliff, it is there continually receiving on its breast these fallen fragments. If it were stationary, it would soon be altogether buried under piles of debris; but, as it is always moving slowly onward on its course, this *pile* of ruins is converted into a *stream*. Just as a broad river, if it passed under and received the refuse of a perpetually working sawing-mill, would, on that side, be covered by a stream of sawdust, and chips, and blocks of wood, so a glacier, when it rubs against a great mass of lofty overhanging rock, is covered by a long line of lumps of rock floating on its surface, as it flows down the valley.

We have before mentioned how the glacier, as many of these blocks sink into its crevices, uses them like graving tools and diamond points, in scoring and grooving, and employs the sand in polishing the rocks as it passes over them, and thus contributes to undermine the cliff above, and add to its own burden. Almost every glacier has along each margin a regular line of blocks and fragments of all shapes and dimensions. In Switzerland these lines are called "*moraines*," a term that is now generally adopted in all countries. On the lower parts of a glacier, however, there are often, in addition to the two lateral or marginal lines of moraine, one, two, or more lines in the central parts, called *medial moraines*; and sometimes the whole surface is strewed over with blocks of rock. These are produced in this way: When two valleys unite, and their glaciers are brought together, the two lateral moraines that margin their ad-

jacent sides, coalesce at the point of junction of the two streams, and thenceforward flow on, as a united band, down the centre of the united streams below. In the higher portions of a glacier, where many tributaries pour down their confluent ice-streams together, many independent lines of stones will thus be started off from the several points of junction of the valleys into the central regions of the glacier stream. These may, according to the regularity or irregularity of the motion of the glacier below, be either all kept apart, or more or less united. Many blocks may disappear into crevasses, and thus sink into the mass of the glacier; but all, whether above or below, are continually carried forward by the mass on which they rest, or in which they are embedded, and eventually arrive at the limit where the glacier melts away. Here they fall to move no more; and accordingly, the termination of a glacier is always marked by a vast pile of blocks, called the *terminal moraine*, stretching in mounds of rubbish and ruin all round its margin. If a glacier extend its boundaries, it both pushes some of this old accumulation farther onward, and carries all its fresh accessions to its new limits; and thus it happens that the extension of a glacier not only carries instant devastation in its path, but leaves permanent desolation, in the shape of countless masses of misshapen rock, to encumber the ground for ever after.

In high latitudes, where it so happens that the glacier ends in the sea, and great pieces of it are continually being broken off and floated away as icebergs, it is clear that this terminal moraine will not be formed, but that the carrying power of the ice will be continued still farther, and the blocks of rock will be carried off in detachments, each iceberg bearing its freight of them, and the moraine thus strewed piecemeal over the bottom of the ocean, far and wide, wherever the scattered icebergs may happen to break up or melt down, and deposit them either in groups, or slowly, one by one, over, perhaps, vast and distant areas.

There was a time, geologically a very recent one, although historically it was incalculably remote, hundreds and thousands of years probably before the creation of man, when the tops of the Irish mountains, as those of nearly

all western Europe, existed as islands in a shallow sea, which then spread over all our present plains and low lands. The climate was then both damper and colder than at present, so that the summits of the hills were capped by perpetual snow, and glaciers poured down their valleys, in many instances dipping into the sea, and sending off an annual crop of icebergs. We can see the traces of these glaciers on the flanks and in the glens of our mountains, in polished surfaces and deep grooves and scratches in the hardest rocks, such are now known to be made by glaciers; we find occasionally a terminal moraine, or huge pile of loose blocks crossing a valley, and often forming the barrier or dam of a mountain lake, and we can track the progress of the ice-floes and bergs by the huge blocks of rocks dropped here and there over the lower hills, and valleys, and plains. At the mouths of many of the glens that issue from the recesses of the granite hills of Wicklow, regular streams of blocks may be seen spreading out over the low ground, thick at first, as a close-packed flock of sheep, and gradually more widely scattered as we recede. Blocks, the size of small cottages, some of them ten to twenty feet in the side, are perched here and there on the eminences, showing where a heavily-freighted mass of ice had been stranded in the old sea—the blocks being of granite, while all the rocks on which they rest, and which spread for miles around them, are slate and sandstone. Of smaller blocks, gradually decreasing down to pebbles, the number is legion; not a gravel pit, not a road-cutting, nor even a ditch in many districts, but what shows them by scores.

What is here said of Ireland is equally true of Wales, England, and Scotland, and of all Europe north of the Alps, and west of the Ural Mountains.

Smile not, kind reader, at that phrase, "*equally true*," nor let any thought of doubt and incredulity arise in your mind. The main facts we have now been telling you are as absolutely *true* and *certain* as are any branches of human knowledge. No human history rests upon such a mass of indisputable evidence as this history of the pre-Adamite condition of our portion of the globe—evidence that cannot be tampered with; records that cannot be

lost, or destroyed, or obliterated, and the interpretation of which is agreed in by men of the most cautious and searching intellects, the most various training, the most opposite creeds and opinions, social, political, and religious.

Now for one application of this knowledge. Men travel for various reasons—most persons, perhaps, for recreation and amusement; in search of a healthy excitement, in exchange for the toils and the business of life. We pass through strange lands and places; we see new countries; the eye revels in the beauties of nature seen under novel forms, and the imagination is roused and stirred by visiting spots memorable in history, the scenes of great deeds, or the monuments of a hoar and venerable antiquity.

All these are worthy objects of travel; but how greatly is our pleasure heightened, and our interest strengthened and prolonged, when, from our knowledge of the wonderful works of nature, we can add to them objects such as we have just glanced at. Our souls glow within us when we rest upon some broken stone at the foot of a ruined tower, in some wild and solitary glen, where the dark waters of the lake break against rugged cliffs, or mirror on its bosom the high embattled crag, and whence the swelling breast of the mountain rises into upper air, till it is veiled in flowing robes of clouds. Our imagination is appealed to by the past, by the mouldering handiworks of man in contrast with the apparent stability and everlasting duration of the great features of nature; but how much stronger is that appeal made, when our thoughts are carried back into still more remote antiquity, into periods when man himself did not exist, when the mountain glen was an inlet of the ocean, when the sea rolled its waves above the spot on which we stand, when the mountain was washed on all sides by its waters, or, perhaps, was itself buried wholly in its deep abyss "deeper than did ever plummet sound!" To a traveller whose mind is thus stored with knowledge, no spot, however bare and desolate, is devoid of interest. Every rock is a chapter in a wonderful history; every stone an anecdote; every sand-bank, every gravel-pit, even every ditch and mud-hole tells him "tales of the times of old."

When the mind is once aroused to

take an interest in unravelling the mysteries of nature, no road is dull or tedious, no hardship or inconvenience is regarded, no fatigue, no danger even, but is braved and encountered in the pursuit.

Just, too, as our own voyagings and travellings become enlivened and vivified by our having some great object always before us to be the end of our labours, so does our interest in the records of the travels of other men become heightened, when those men have travelled with such an object.

The writings of ordinary travellers, even when they have been men of ability and observation, and when they have passed through interesting regions, are, too often, *fade* and insipid, dealing in trifling personal adventures and details, which excite little interest at the time, and soon pass from the memory; but scientific travels in the hands of those who understand the subject treated of, almost always glow with life, and implant never-dying pictures and images in the brain of the reader, which become to him a possession for ever.

These words are but the natural expression of our thoughts, after the perusal of Professor James Forbes's book on Norway. Travels in Norway abound, written often by men whose sojourn in the land has been far longer, and their journeys in it much wider and more various than those of Professor Forbes; but we never before got any distinct notion of the country, such as we seem to have now, after the perusal of his book.

His visit to it was a short one, and his passage through it rapid. He landed at Christiania in the latter part of June, 1851, crossed to Drontheim, made a coasting voyage in the steamer from Drontheim to Hammerfest and back again; then sailed down to Bergen, and crossed from that again to Christiania, before the end of August. He has, however, evidently so engrafted all that he has read of the country, and learned from the labours of others, on that knowledge which he acquired from personal observation, that he gives the reader, without labour, and almost unawares to himself, an admirable notion of the whole structure and ex-

tent, form, aspect, climate, and appearance of Norway, and of the manners, and customs, and modes of life of its inhabitants.

We well remember the great interest with which we read Professor J. Forbes's former travels in Switzerland,* and expected, therefore, no less from his pen, when we opened his book on Norway. The book itself, too, is excellently got up, and beautifully illustrated with coloured plates, in chromo-lithography, by Mr. Haghe, from Professor Forbes's own sketches; and an admirable map, compiled by Professor Forbes himself, from all the most recent authorities.

One of Professor Forbes's main objects, in his visit to Norway, was the examination of its glaciers, and the comparison of them with those he had previously seen in Switzerland. He everywhere found confirmation of the views he had previously formed respecting them, the only modifications being due to the differences in the structure of the two countries.

Norway is, we all know, a mountainous country; but the character of the mountains is widely different from that of the Alps or those of Britain. Norway is a great irregular table-land, with immense desert moors stretching in gentle undulations over miles and miles of space at a height of three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea. From these vast moorlands the highest mountain-peaks rise, often with a gradual slope, to a height of 7,000 or 8,000 feet.

The general effect of such scenery is that of dreariness and desolation rather than grandeur and sublimity. These lofty moors are called "fields" or "fjelds," exactly the same word that is used in the north of England to designate a precisely similar form of ground. On the borders of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, the wild elevated moorland tracts are all known as "fells." There, as in Norway, the beauty and picturesque scenery of the country are confined to the valleys. In Norway the valleys are most remarkable. The lofty table-land is furrowed in some directions by profound ravines with precipitous wall-like sides, that wind through the country, seldom

* "Travels through the Alps of Savoy," &c. By James D. Forbes, F.R.S., &c. Black, Edinburgh. 1845.

ramifying and subdividing — but now expanding into a lovely valley, with its lake and its green meadows; now contracting into a narrow fissure between rock-bound heights, dark with pine forests and hoarse with the noise of waterfalls. In the neighbourhood of the coast, the bottoms of these ravines pass below the level of the sea, and the valley becomes a “fiord,” or “frith,” as the Scotch call it. The west coast of Norway is accordingly penetrated by narrow, deep, winding arms of the sea, with steep and lofty boundary-walls ramifying in all directions. These features of the country are graphically described by Professor Forbes in the following passages:—

“The journey from Christiania to Thronthjem we accomplished in eight days, on two of which we partly rested, and one day was spent on the heights of the Dovrefield. The distance is estimated at about 330 English miles, but of this about eighty miles are performed by steamer on the lakes of Miosen and Losna. In no part of the road can the scenery be characterised as reaching the pitch of Alpine sublimity; it is, however, tolerably characteristic of the Norwegian style, and in some places may be called grand. Such are the entrance of Gulbrandsdal between Lillehammer and Moshuus, the pass between Laurgaard and Haugen, and the descent of the Driva from Kongsvold to Drivstuen. These are all scenes in valleys or ravines, and as such are probably equal to any to be found in Great Britain. But we have more striking mountain scenes in Scotland than, perhaps, any which this great highway, across one of the most massive mountain chains in Norway, presents. But this is, in some degree, characteristic of the country. The ravine and coast scenery of Norway are the most picturesque — few of its mountain ranges, at least south of the Arctic circle, present noble outlines. Whilst in other countries the plains and valleys constitute the greater part of the area, we have here masses of a considerable height, in which the valleys and other excavations form the exception, and are, in very many cases, either troughs or ravines. The eye longs to look out beyond, and to see the commanding summits which, in other mountainous lands, form the boundaries of the valleys, and which, from time to time, are usually exposed to view. But in Norway we may travel for days together in hollows which command no distant prospects whatever, and may be in the immediate neighbourhood of the greatest mountains in the country without being aware of it. All this is well illustrated on the road from Christiania to Thronthjem, which has been so often described by travellers, as to require no farther notice here,

except in so far as it illustrates the physical geography of the great northern peninsula.” —pp. 8–9.

In some parts of the coast, however, a different character is assumed by the mountains, which have been eroded into more needle-like forms—

“It is quite impossible to describe the varied grandeur of the scenery of the coast from between the Fjorden-fiord and the Vest-fiord, one of the greatest of the inlets on the western shores of Norway. As the steamer pursued its rapid course through a tranquil sea, and under the very rocks, new forms of mountains rose in succession, assuming more and more the true granitic character, and often nearly the volcanic, as the red colour and the forms of false craters, frequent in certain granitic formations, obtained more and more. The brightness of the green with which the shores and bases of the hills were clothed, added to the beauty of the effect by contrast with the ruddy hues of the bare summits, and the large patches of snow which still rested in the hollows; but as sunset, or rather as midnight, approached, and the attractions of another calm and mild evening rivetted us to the deck, a still more astonishing prospect was presented to us. In approaching the station of Grötö, the steamer was navigated through a singular natural canal, of so intricate a kind, that more than once it was impossible to divine how she should be extricated; and in one place the depth of water is so inconsiderable, as to be only navigable within a certain time of high water. This difficult passage, called Bringebeer Sound, saves a wide circuit; the granitic rocks have low, shaven, undulating surfaces, which conceal the distant horizon. On leaving the thriving merchant's establishment at Grötö, and emerging from the labyrinth of low islands and headlands, we find ourselves quite suddenly in the Vest-fiord, with the stupendous range of the Lofodden islands spread in a moment panorama-like before us. In but a few instances have I been so struck with any prospect. Mr. Everest has described the Lofoddens, and truly, as resembling the jaw of a shark. From the place I describe, more than one-third of the entire horizon (125°) was occupied by the sharply-defined jagged summits of this wonderful range of island mountains. The actual extent on the map, from Rost, the outmost of them, to the sound or channel which separates Hindö from the mainland, is no less than 130 English miles; and the whole of this extent is one mass of peaks, which at a distance appear inaccessible, as many of them probably are. To sketch such an outline would be all but impossible, and, if possible, could give no idea of the scene. The sun still hovered over the pinnacles of the Lofodden when I retired at

a late hour. We were then in the midst of the great Vest-fiord, dreaded by mariners for the terrible swell of the ocean, and the real dangers of the Maelstrom when the wind blows from the south-west. It was now in the diametrically opposite quarter, and the warmth, the stillness, and repose of everything, recalled thoughts of the sunny south, far more than a latitude considerably to the north of any part of Iceland. No doubt all these things wear a very different aspect according to the accidents of weather. Nothing struck me more on this voyage than the almost complete absence of low fogs, indeed, of mists of every kind, which mar so often the really grand scenery of our own Hebrides, and especially of Orkney and Shetland. Under other circumstances, with the mountain tops obscured, and the sea rolling in a heavy swell, a voyage to the Lofoddens would be far from a pleasure excursion, and I can conceive no country where the impressions of a traveller are likely to be more dependent on the weather."—pp. 59–61.

Professor Forbes closes his account of Norway with some general observations on the peculiarities of its scenery that are so striking, that we cannot resist the temptation of extracting them:—

"The scenery of Norway, which is, of course, the result of its physical peculiarities, may be divided into three classes—that of its valleys, its *fields*, and its *fiords*. The first resembles, on the whole, that of the tamer parts of the Alps—often picturesque, sometimes grand, and occasionally highly pleasing, especially near the lakes. The second is in some degree peculiar to this country, and must disappoint many who are not prepared for its singularity. These *fields* or *fjelds*, are often interminable wildernesses, undulating or varied only by craggy heights devoid of majesty, rarely attaining the snow-line, but spotted over with ungainly patches of white. Von Buch, all whose descriptions betray a very ardent determination to exalt the scenery of Norway, compares the aspect of Sneehättan to that of Mont Blanc as seen from the Breven! But it would be difficult, I should think, to find a seconder for such a judgment. The height of the summits of Norwegian mountains above the table-land which forms their base, is usually too small to give them much effect. But the scenery of the fiords and the profound valleys, which may be considered as the mere prolongation of them, is the really distinguishing feature of Norway as regards the picturesque. It is analogous, indeed, to that of the west coast of Scotland, but on a scale of much greater grandeur; and by those who have fully appreciated, with due leisure and under favourable circumstances of weather, the magnificent scenery of our Hebrides, including

Orkney and Shetland, and the western fiords, the praise will not seem small. The depth of the inlets, the precipitousness and continuity of the cliffs, the number and singular forms of the rocks and islands, occasion a succession of prospects the most varied and surprising. Then the frequent appearance of perpetual snow, and the occurrence of glaciers close to the sea, give a vivid contrast to the luxuriance of vegetation, and the warm tones of colour which in fine weather commonly prevail.

"But, of all the contrasts which Norway presents to other mountainous countries, the abundance of running water is, perhaps, the most striking to a stranger—its noble rivers and its impressive waterfalls are, perhaps, the features of the scenery most generally dwelt upon; and many tourists seem to make the latter the sole or main objects of their search. This, I think, is a mistake. A cascade is a noble object as forming part of a landscape, but it is often situated so as to be well seen only when every other part of the landscape is excluded. If dwelt upon exclusively, it becomes a mere *lusus naturæ*, not an element of scenery; and, if made the exclusive object of a laborious journey, can scarcely fail to disappoint. I have not seen the most celebrated falls of Norway, for my other objects of inquiry did not lead me near them; but, having visited those of other countries, I have come to the conclusion that, setting aside the curiosity and rarity of a lofty cascade, smaller waterfalls, unexpectedly discovered in picturesque situations, convey a truer sense of pleasure and beauty to the mind than the thundering shoots which tumble often into nearly inaccessible gorges. In the former class Norway abounds beyond calculation—running water of a bright and sparkling green is seen on every side, at least in the valleys; it pours over cliffs often in a single leap, but more frequently and more effectively in a series of broken falls spreading laterally as it descends, and rivetting the imagination for a long time together in the attempt to trace its subtle ramifications. The sound is rather a murmur than a roar, so divided are the streams, and so numerous the shelves of rock tipped with foam; whilst a luxuriant vegetation of birch and alder overarches the whole, instead of being repelled by the wild tempest of air which accompanies the greater cataract. At other times single threads of snow white water stretch down a steep of 2,000 feet or more, connecting the *fjeld* above and the valley below; they look so slender that we wonder at their absolute uniformity and perfect whiteness throughout so great a space—never dissipated in air, never disappearing under debris; but on approaching these seeming threads we are astonished at their volume, which is usually such as completely to stop communication from bank to bank.

"The source of this astonishing profusion of waters is to be found in the peculiar dis-

position of the surface of the country so often referred to. The mountains are wide and flat, the valleys are deep and far apart. The surfaces of the former receive and collect the rain, which is then drained into the narrow channels of the latter; and as the valleys ramify little, but usually preserve single lines, and are wholly disconnected from the *fields* by precipitous slopes, it follows that the single rivers which water those valleys represent the drainage of vast areas, and are supplied principally by streamlets which, having run long courses over the *fields*, are at last precipitated into the ravines in the form of cascades. The system might be represented in a homely way by great blocks of houses in an old-fashioned town, the roofs of which collect and transmit the rain-water by means of communicating gutters, until, on reaching the street, the whole falls by means of open waterspouts, flooding the water-ways below.

"But there is also another reason for this striking abundance of water. The fall of rain is large, if not excessive, over a great part of Norway. It is also, no doubt, greater on the *fields* than in the valleys of the interior. The height of the mountain plateaux is such as to be covered more or less with snow during two-thirds of the year or more; during this period the rivers and cascades are comparatively in many cases absolutely dry. The vast accumulations of autumn, winter, and spring, are to be thawed during the almost constant warmth of the long summer days. In this season alone, the interior of Norway is usually visited, and we see the result in the amount of drainage concentrated into that brief season. In the Alps, no doubt, a similar cause is active; but the comparative rarity of the cascades is explained by the absolute want of table-lands, and the infinitely-ramified character of the valleys. In the Pyrenees, which have a still more ridge-like character than the Alps, the cascades are more numerous, but yet far more scanty."—pp. 248-52.

Professor Forbes has much to say respecting the glaciers and snow-fields of Norway, giving an almost complete enumeration of the most remarkable of them. He describes the plane of perpetual snow as just hovering over the country, and believes that a diminution of the mean summer temperature to the extent of even 4 deg. Fahr. would bury a large portion of the country under perpetual snow.

It is a singular and wonderful link in the natural features of the world, that the climate of Norway is largely influenced by that of the Gulf of Mexico. The Gulf Stream it is that, traversing the wide Atlantic, and sweeping by our own shores, and giving us our mild

winters, impinges on the coast of Norway, and expends the last of its warmth in melting the snows and tempering the rigours of its Arctic clime. But for that great river of warm water, Norway would be scarcely habitable. Suppose that all North America were to be depressed a couple of thousand feet or so, and its great central plain between the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains converted into sea, the Gulf Stream would then flow up that open space; and not only should we be deprived of it, but the return cold current from the north would probably sweep down our shores, and Scandinavia and Britain would be again buried in fog and snow through the greater part, if not almost the whole of the year.

We have no space to give any of Professor Forbes's details as to any of the particular glaciers of Norway, but his general summary of them is so interesting that we must make room for it:—

"The forms of the Norwegian mountains, contrasted with the Alps, have been aptly enough compared by Wittich—the former to the embrasures of a parapet, the latter to a ridge-and-furrow roof, the depressions in the former representing the profound gorges which intersect the rocky plateaux; in the latter, the usual alternation of mountain and valley. When such mountains are covered with snow, the difference of effect is manifest; in the former it spreads over vast table-lands with tolerable uniformity, or melts in the profound intersections; in the latter it drifts and slides into valleys of great elevation, and by accumulation it forms glaciers. The glaciers of Norway are not therefore so large as might be expected, or at least there are but two or three large ones in the whole country, and these are of an order inferior to such great glaciers as the Aar, Aletch, and Mer de Glace of Chamouni. The largest glacier in Norway (Lodal) may be rudely estimated to have only *one-seventh* of the surface of the Aletch glacier, tributaries in both cases being excluded; but the snow-field connected with it may cover 400 English square miles at least, which probably exceeds in extent anything in the Alps. The perpetual snows of the Fondalen are much larger, and those of Sulitelma not inferior.

"It results from all the observations which I was able to make in Norway (and there is that in the *physiognomy* of glaciers which enables us to form a tolerably just opinion regarding even those which I did not actually walk over), that the conditions and structure of the Norwegian glaciers are almost identical with those of Switzerland,

with the exception merely of the table-like forms of the snows with which they are connected. Even the climatic influences have much in common. The elevation of the Alpine valleys produces an effect analogous in many respects to the higher latitude of Norway. The intense heat of the summer days in both situations is notorious, aided in the one case (Norway) by the almost constant sunshine; in the other (Switzerland) by the influence of height in increasing intensity. The cold of winter is exaggerated in a similar manner in both situations. The fall of rain is no doubt very great in Norway, from its exposure to the Atlantic; but the enormous mass of the Alps favours the formation of cloud to such an extent as nearly to compensate this. Whilst the plains of Switzerland and Piedmont have but 30 or 35 inches of rain annually, there falls at the Great St. Bernard (8,000 feet, chiefly of course in the form of snow) nearly 60, and in the south-eastern Alps the fall of rain quite equals that at Bergen. Many persons will be surprised to learn that at Tolmezzo, only 1,000 feet above the sea, 90 inches of rain fall. From these *data* we can perceive the strong analogy which prevails between Norway and the Alps. The chief difference is no doubt to be found in the shortness and greater comparative intensity of the summer heat in the north.

"Every thing which I saw in Norway tends to confirm the theory of the cause of the motion of the glaciers, expounded by me some years ago, as well as the facts on which that theory was chiefly based. The leading facts attempted to be established in my former work on this subject, as results of observation, are these:—1. That the downward motion of the ice from the mountains towards the valleys is a continuance and regular motion, going on day and night without starts or stops. 2. That it occurs in winter as well as in summer, though less in amount. 3. That it varies at all times, with the temperature, being less in cold than in hot weather. 4. That rain and melting snow tends to accelerate the glacier motion. 5. That the *centre* of the glacier moves faster than the sides, as is the case in a river. 6. The *surface* of the glacier moves faster than the bottom, also as in a river. 7. The glacier moves fastest (*other things being supposed alike*) on steep inclinations. 8. The motion of a glacier is not prevented, nor its continuity hindered, by contractions of the rocky channel in which it moves, nor by the inequalities of its bed. 9. The crevasses are for the most part formed anew annually—the old ones disappear by the *collapse* of the ice during and after the hot season.

"These well established facts give rise to certain peculiarities in the form and appearance of glaciers, which are easily recognised by one accustomed to such observations, but on which we cannot now dwell. All of these I have observed on one or other of the Norwegian glaciers.

"I conclude, therefore, that the differences are slight and immaterial between the glaciers of central Europe and those of Scandinavia. The theory of their motion, which I have deduced from the facts above stated or referred to, is this:—That a glacier is a plastic mass impelled by gravity, having tenacity sufficient to mould itself upon the obstacles which it encounters, and to permit one portion to slide past another without fracture, except when the forces are so violent as to produce discontinuity in the form of a crevasse, or more generally of a bruised condition of the mass so acted on;—that in consequence, the motion of such a mass on a great scale resembles that of a river, allowance being made for almost incomparably greater viscosity,—hence the retardation of the sides and bottom: Finally, that diminution of temperature, diminishing the plasticity of the ice, and also the hydrostatic pressure of the water which fills every pore in summer, retards its motion, whilst warmth and wet produce a contrary effect. These are the opinions which I laid down in 1842, and which ten years' experience and consideration have only tended to confirm.

"In one instance only have I been able to infer the probable annual progress of the ice of a Norwegian glacier. This was in the Krondal glacier, of which, by means of the intervals of the 'dirt bands,' I estimated the annual progress at 168 feet. It appeared to me to be pretty much what I should have expected in Switzerland in a similar situation. I conclude, on the whole, that the plasticity of the Norwegian glaciers are greater in summer than in those of the Alps, and also that their season of rapid motion is probably shorter, which will compensate on the whole for its greater swiftness. This might be also inferred from the fact, that so long as the day is perpetual, or nearly so, the long diurnal pause in the liquefying process which produces so marked and impressive an effect towards sunset on the Swiss glaciers scarcely occurs; thaw is or may be almost continuous; the ice is dissolving unintermittedly for weeks together. This also produces an excessive amount of melting snow during the twenty-four hours, part of which goes to lubricate and saturate the glacier. It is easy to see how effectual such a *continuous* action must be in softening the ice, compared to an intermitting one. Again, the shortness of the arctic summer is well known: six weeks of fine weather is a fair allowance. Consequently the season of greatest plasticity is as short as it is intense; the growth of the glacier may be compared to the growth of the luxuriant herbage. Consequently a long winter of comparative immobility fills up most of the year.

"This, I say, might have been inferred beforehand; but my observations, so far as they go, lead to the same conclusions. I may mention, as a striking though incidental illustration, the beautiful little glacier of

Kaagen, in lat. 70° , in which the form of a *trickling tear* is so well exhibited as to present strikingly a 'collective instance' of the plastic theory, bearing evidence in its mere aspect, of the ductility and tenacity of the gravid drop. I might indeed affirm that a glance at this one phenomenon from the deck of the steamer would have satisfied me, had other proof been wanting, that the consistence and mode of progression of a glacier is the same in latitude 70° as in latitude 45° . The remarkable state of collapse and reconsolidation of the crevasses which I observed on the remarkably crystalline and firm ice of the Nygaard glacier early in the month of August, is a similar example."—pp. 232–37.

He alludes more briefly and incidentally to the interesting subject of the great former extension of glaciers over Norway—an extension of which there can be no doubt. The amount of this extension, however, and the precise character of the effects due to it, may still be in some degree a matter of controversy. The phenomena to be explained and accounted for are so numerous and so various, not only in Norway but in Britain and Western Europe generally, as well as in North America and other parts of the globe, that they evidently cannot be referred to one simple action. Glaciers, icebergs—floating or stranded, drift ice, shore ice, strong currents, lines of breakers, the slipping of sand and mud laden with blocks, the washing to and fro of shingle and pebbles—all these actions have to be taken into account before we can fully understand the complicated appearances exhibited in connexion with what geologists call "the drift." After mentioning some difficulties that occurred to his mind as regards these matters, Professor Forbes says:—

"On the other hand, I will state some considerations which seem to lessen or remove difficulties which have been urged against the opinion that Norway was once *nearly* covered by snow and ice. That this was really the case is, I think, rendered probable by the facts so well described by Esmark, as well as by the grooving and polishing of the valleys connected with the great plateaux in the direction of their declivities (as in the valleys of the Driva and the Jostedal), and by the evidence for a limit to the height of the abrading action, which lowers as we approach the coast, and is marked by the contrast of the *roches moutonnées* below, with the rugged peaks which rise over them. To these may be added the existence of moraines, especially *terminal* moraines; and,

though I speak conjecturally, I have little doubt that the *terraces*, which are well known to exist in Sweden and Lapland between the Kjölen range and the Gulf of Bothnia, are due, in some degree at least, to the continuous moraines of ancient glaciers descending on that side from mountains still partially covered with perpetual snow. Such moraines almost invariably produce lakes; and it is well known that a chain of lakes at nearly equal heights above the sea interrupt the courses of the numerous rivers of that wide and desolate country. I repeat, however, that this is only a conjecture."—pp. 242–43.

We would not have the reader suppose that, while the grand objects of nature are the principal matters described in Professor Forbes's book, the human interest is altogether forgotten. Glimpses of the habits and characters of the people are continually afforded us, revealing a population for the most part singularly estimable, a strong, brave, honest, frank, and independent race, worthy of their own pine-sheltered valleys, and in harmony with the grandeur and massiveness of their country. Take the following little picture as a wayside sketch:—

"The space in front of the inn, and the inn itself, were crowded with peasants—the occasion being, as we understood, letting the contracts for the improvement of the line of road which we had just traversed. We had here consequently a good opportunity of observing the characteristics of the male inhabitants of this district of Norway. The opinion of a passing traveller ignorant of the language, is, perhaps, hardly worth stating; but, having some faith in physiognomy, I will venture to record my impression at the time—that I had never, in any country, seen so fine a peasantry, in point both of general appearance and of expression, as on this journey, and more particularly on the north descent of the Dovre. The younger men are tall and muscular, and their deportment unites manliness with gentleness in a remarkable degree. As the hair is worn long at all ages, the appearance of the aged men is venerable and occasionally highly striking. The costume is extremely becoming, being of pale brown home-manufactured woollen cloth, slightly embroidered in green, with a belt, curiously jointed, of leather and brass, from which hangs a knife (also made in the rural districts) with a carved handle, which is used in eating. A hanging red woollen cap completes the dress. Some travellers declaim against the slowness and stupidity of the Norwegians. Slow they may be as regards the deliberateness of their actions, but, so far as the experience of this journey extends, I

should describe them as, in general, more than commonly intelligent and courteous."—p. 32.

This population seems to be singularly scattered over the country :—

"With the exception of Lillehammer on the Miosen Lake, nothing like a village has been passed since we left Christiania; yet Gulbrandsdal is one of the most populous and fertile districts in Norway. It is a singular peculiarity of the country that villages are almost unknown, at least if we except the west coast, where there is a slightly greater tendency to concentration. When we look at Munch's excellent map, and see it crowded with names, we fancy that the country must be populous. But these spots so named are single houses, or at most two or three nearly connected, where as many families reside, which constitute a *gaard* (pronounced *gore*), usually occupied by a peasant proprietor, who (at least in the remoter districts) takes his name from the *gaard* which he possesses or where he resides, as is common in the Scottish Highlands. This dissemination of houses, this absence of villages—an index in some degree of the peculiar political condition of the country, and the universality of landownership—is one of the most singular features of Norway. It gives at first a dreary interminable aspect to a country, like that of a book unrelieved by the customary subdivision into chapters, where we are at least invited to halt, though we are at liberty to proceed. Another feature is the paucity of churches in most places, although again in others they seem crowded in needless profusion; the last is a very rare exception—but I recollect on the way from Bergen to Christiania passing *four* in a single stage. I think we did not see as many in the whole journey by land from Miosen to the Dovrefield. They are almost invariably of the homeliest description; trees seem rarely to be purposely planted near them; and, what is stranger still, they are usually quite isolated, or with only the *praestengaard* or parsonage in the neighbourhood."—pp. 12–13.

The travelling in the interior of the country is by a sort of gig, called a "kariole," with room for only one passenger, and no springs :—

"The horses are changed at every stage (of which the usual length is from six to twelve English miles), being furnished by the neighbouring peasants, who in rotation are bound to supply them. The owner or his boy accompanies the carriage, and usually sits on the top of the traveller's bag or portmanteau. To secure horses, it is necessary to send on a *forbud-seudel*, or schedule, ordering them to be in readiness on a given day and hour. If the traveller disappoints the

postmaster, either by delay or non-appearance, he is liable to a fine. It is most economical to send these schedules a day or two before, by the letter post, to the different stations on the line of journey; but those who are making their first essay in this novel mode of travelling, do wisely not to commit themselves so far beforehand. In general the traveller may confidently expect civility and honesty both from the postmasters and the peasants, even though his knowledge of the language (Danish) be trifling. If he calculate the sums he is due correctly beforehand, and be provided with sufficient change, there is no risk of detention."—pp. 7–8.

Professor Forbes speaks in high terms, not only of the honesty, but of the punctuality and exactness of the people :—

"This punctuality and consciousness of the importance of time, and of knowing habitually within a trifle of what o'clock it is, and keeping engagements accordingly, is a feature not unimportant, I imagine, in the civilisation of a people. Although before I travelled in Norway, I was quite aware of the *theory* of posting, and supposed that it might be maintained with tolerable exactness on a great line of communication, such as that from Christiania to Throndhjem, it appeared to me nearly incredible that relays should be ready to a minute on unfrequented roads, where days may elapse without a single demand for horses, which, moreover, must be procured from peasants living often five or ten English miles from the post-house. Even the road across the Fillefield is so little traversed that now, in the height of the season, I did not fall in with a single person posting in the same direction, and met but one (English) party in the opposite one. The highway in some places was nearly grass-grown; but still the relays were always ready, the postmaster or his deputy usually on the spot, and (as I was provided with plenty of small coin) the settlement was made in a moment, and without remark, or, more generally, the money was received with thanks. Not the slightest attempt was made on the whole journey (nor any other which I made in Norway) to exact a penny more than the legal fare, nor in any way or manner to take advantage of a traveller whose helplessness, as regards the language, and consequently, explaining or enforcing his rights, was only too palpable. Yet I cannot too strongly urge the immense advantage which even the casual traveller enjoys who has made himself acquainted, however slightly, with the Danish language. It is usually considered an easy acquisition, especially to one who is conversant both with English and German. I cannot say, however, that I found it so. The German word was sure to occur where it should have been the English

one, and *vice versa*. Besides, there is a large infusion of words resembling neither language, especially of the shorter ones—prepositions and the like—which give an entirely strange sound to the spoken tongue. Unfortunately there is no good or even tolerable Danish and English dictionary, nor any grammar well adapted to the traveller's use."—pp. 179-80.

After closing his account of his tour in Norway, Professor Forbes suddenly transports us to the borders of France and Switzerland, and gives us a few chapters descriptive of former tours among the almost unknown mountains of Dauphiné, and some in the central parts of Switzerland, including an ascent of the Jungfrau. These are all fairly connected together by a common subject, namely, the exploration of the *ice-world*.

The chapters are very interesting; and we hardly know which to admire most, the intellectual or the bodily vigour and activity of Professor Forbes. Scientific men are not much in the habit of boasting of their feats of strength or skill, of the hardships they endured, or the dangers they have braved; but any one who is acquainted with the ground, and who reads Professor Forbes's account of the glaciers he has traversed, the precipitous heights he has scaled, the Alpine passes he has broken through, must know that, even among the inhabitants of these countries themselves, few men could be found who would have been able, or who would have dared to accompany him, except the most active, and hardy, and well-practised of the chamois-hunters and shepherds that live among the mountains. Some passages in the account of the ascent

of the Jungfrau make one shudder to read them; and we really doubt whether the object to be obtained justifies men in exposing themselves, and inducing others to expose themselves, to such awful risks. We will not harrow our readers by quoting any descriptions of these; but one passage gives us a glimpse of so much beauty, that we cannot more fitly close this article than by appending it:—

"Viesch is a magnificent specimen of a glacier. The crevasses in the *firn* became wider as the slope was greater, and we saw some yawning chasms with greenish-white walls (the colour of the *firn*), forty, sixty, or eighty feet wide. But the grandest of all were some just under our feet. A casual opening in the snow but a few inches wide, disclosed to us several times some of the most exquisite sights in nature. The crevasses of the *firn* or *nèvé* are not like those of the glacier—mere wedge-like splits with icy walls—but roomy expanded chambers of irregular forms, partly snow and partly ice; partly roofed over with tufted bridges of snow; partly open to the air, with vast dislocated masses tossing about. Stalactites of ice, possibly forty or fifty feet long, hanging from the walls and sides exactly like those in the finest calcareous grotto, but infinitely superior in so far as the light which shows them is not the smoky glare of a few tallow candles, but a mellow radiance streaming from the sides of the caverns themselves, and which, by the faintness or intensity of its delicate hue, assists the eye in seizing the relations of many parts.

"I do not recollect to have imagined anything of the kind so exquisitely beautiful as one in particular of these chasms, over which by chance we found ourselves walking, when a gap not a foot wide in its snowy roof admitted us to the somewhat awful acquaintance of the concealed abysses over which we trod."—pp. 808-9.

MEMOIR OF COLONEL CAMERON, OF FASSIFERN, K.T.S.,

SLAIN AT QUATRE BRAS, 1815.

FROM among the many distinguished Scottish officers who served under Wellington, if we could select one, for the delineation of his career, it would be John Cameron of the House of Fassifern and Locheil.

This brave soldier was the eldest of the seven children of Ewen Cameron, Laird of Fassifern, and his wife Lucy Campbell, of Barcaldine, whose father succeeded to the estate of Glenure on the death of her uncle Colin Campbell, who was shot at the Ferry of Ballachulish, in Appin, by Allan Breac Stewart, otherwise known as *Vic Ian, Vic Alaster*, — a crime for which the Laird of Ardsheil was judicially murdered by the Duke of Argyle at the Castle of Inverary.

Ewen Cameron was the son of John, a younger brother of the great Locheil, who commenced the insurrection of 1745; and it is said that this powerful chief, on being summoned by Prince Charles to attend his memorable landing in Moidart, on the 25th July, was predisposed to warn him against the projected rising of the clans.

"If such be your intention Donald," said John of Fassifern, "*write* your opinion to the Prince, but do not trust yourself within the fascination of his presence. I know you better than you know yourself, and foresee that you will be unable to refuse compliance."

But Locheil preferred an interview with the Prince, and the event proved the truth of Fassifern's prophecy. He joined him immediately with all the clan Cameron, and the gallant revolt of the clans immediately followed. Fassifern was taken prisoner after Culloden, and was long detained in the Castle of Edinburgh; there he was kept so close that the year 1752 arrived, yet he heard nothing of the barbarous execution of his brother, the amiable and unfortunate Dr. Archibald Cameron, until one evening a soldier brought him a kettle with hot water. He took off a paper which was twisted round the handle, and found it to be the "last speech and dying confession, &c., of the traitor Archibald Cameron." He

immediately ordered a suit of the deepest mourning, and on appearing in it before the authorities was brutally upbraided by the Lord Justice Clerk for putting on mourning for a traitor.

"Alas!" said Cameron, "that traitor was my dear brother!"

"A rebel!" retorted the judge scornfully.

Colonel John Cameron, the grand-nephew of the Jacobite Chief, was born in Argyleshire, at the farm of Invercaddie (a house which belonged to his family before the acquisition of Fassifern), on the 16th of August, 1771, only twenty-five years after the battle of Culloden, and while those inhuman hutcheries, for which the name of Cumberland is still abhorred in Scotland, were fresh in the memory of the people. According to the old custom, common to Scotland and Ireland, he was assigned to the care of a foster-mother, named M'Millan, who dwelt in Glendescherie, on the shore of Locharkaig. Thus, born and bred among the Gael, while the clans were unchanged and uncorrupted, and when the glens were full of that gallant race, with all their old traditions and historic memories, their military pride, and peculiar prejudices, Cameron was reared as thorough a chieftain as if he had lived in the days of James IV. Educated among his native mountains, sharing in the athletic sports of the people, and those in which his foster-brother, Ewen M'Millan, who was a fox-hunter in Croydart, and a year his elder, excelled, young Cameron grew up a handsome and hardy Highlander, and early became distinguished by that proud, fiery, and courageous temperament, for which he was so well known among the troops of Lord Hill's division, and which sometimes caused him to set the rules of discipline, and the aristocratic coldness of Wellington, alike at defiance, if they interfered with his native ideas of rank and self-esteem.

In the "*Romance of War*," a work which has made his name familiar to the reading public, a faithful descrip-

tion of him will be found. He was above the middle height; had a pleasing, open countenance; curly brown hair; and bright blue eyes, which, when he was excited, filled with a dusky fire.

Arms were then the only occupation for a Highland gentleman, and thus in his twenty-second year, on the 8th of February, 1793, he obtained an ensigncy in the 26th, or Cameronian Regiment, commanded by Sir William Erskine. He never joined that corps, but on raising a sufficient number of men in Lochail, procured a lieutenantcy in an independent Highland company then being formed by Capt. A. Campbell, of Ard-chattan. He was gazetted on the 3rd of April; but this company was either disbanded or incorporated with the old 93rd Regiment, to which he was appointed lieutenant on the 30th of October, in the same year. He did not join this regiment either, but busied himself in raising a company, to procure the rank of captain in a corps of Highlanders, which, in obedience to a *letter of service*, dated 10th February, 1794, the Duke of Gordon was raising for his son, the young Marquis of Huntly, then a captain in the Scottish Regiment of Guards. This battalion was to consist of 46 officers, 64 staff, and 1,000 rank and file, to be raised, as much as possible, among the clan of Gordon.

From the lands of Fassifern and Lochail Cameron drew a company, principally of his own name and kindred, all hardy and handsome young Highlanders, among whom were his foster-brother, Ewen M'Millan, who never left him; two Camerons, Ewen and Angus, whom he made sergeants; Ewen Kennedy, for whom he procured an ensigncy, and another, who died a lieutenant. With these, all clad in their native tartans, he marched from the Braes of Lochaber to Castle Gordon, in Strathspey, where he was introduced to Alexander, Duke of Gordon, the *Cock o' the North*, by his uncle, the Rev. Dr. Ross, of Kilmanivaig, the worthy author of the statistical account of that parish. He at once received a company in the Duke's own regiment, to which he was appointed on the 13th of February,

1794, and with which he attended the grand muster of the whole at Aberdeen, on the 24th of June, when the corps was named the *Gordon Highlanders*, or 100th Regiment, afterwards and now the 92nd. The uniform coats and vests were scarlet, faced with yellow, and laced with silver to suit the epaulettes. The kilts and plaids were in one piece, each containing twelve yards of Gordon tartan; the claymores, dirks, buckles, and sporrans were mounted with silver; the bonnets were plumed with black ostrich feathers, and encircled by the old fess cheque of the House of Stuart. The men were all Highlanders; scarcely one of them, and but very few of the officers, could speak English; the enthusiasm was so great in Badenoch that, in some instances, fathers and sons joined its ranks together.

At that time, when the French revolution menaced Europe with anarchy, and the Convention declared war against Britain and Holland, the number of Highlanders in our service is almost incredible. During a period of fifty years the clans furnished *seventy-six* battalions of infantry, some of which were twelve hundred strong.*

How many could the Highlands raise now? Centralisation, corruption, and local tyranny of the most infamous description, have turned their beautiful glens into a silent wilderness, and the very place where Cameron raised his company of soldiers is now desolate and bare. "I can point," says the author of a letter to the Marquis of Breadalbane, on his late ruthless *clearings*, "to a place where thirty recruits that manned the 92nd in Egypt came from,—men before whom Napoleon's Invincibles bit the dust,—and now only *two* families reside there together. I was lately informed by a grazier that on his farm, a hundred swordsmen could be gathered at their country's call, and now there are only himself and *two* shepherds." The brave Gaël, who crowded in tens of thousands to the British ranks, saw not the reward that was coming; evictions and wholesale clearings of the Scottish poor were then unknown. God gave the

* As an example of the number of *officers* belonging to the clans, who served during the war and escaped its slaughter, we may state that there were on full and half-pay commissions, in 1816, 22 Buchanans; 67 Camerons; 22 Drummonds; 26 Fergusons; 41 Forbeses; 49 Grahames; 90 Frazers; 96 Grants; 144 M'Leans and M'Kenzies 248 Campbells; and other names in the same proportion.

land to the people—they believed it was theirs; but the feudal charters have decided otherwise, and the clans have been swept from Lochness to Lochail, and from Lochail to the shores of Lochlomond. The hills and the valleys are there, but the tribes have departed, and who can restore them?

Cameron, of Fassifern, embarked with his regiment at Fort George, in Ardersier, for Southampton, where, as kilted corps were unusual then in England, its arrival created a great sensation. From thence the battalion sailed for Gibraltar, under the command of Huntly, its colonel commandant, and disembarked at the Rock on the 27th of October. It was on this occasion that Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, composed her now popular song, "The Blue Bells of Scotland."

At Gibraltar a coolness ensued between Cameron and the Marquis, and from that hour they never were friends. The former having had a dispute at the mess with a Capt. M'Pherson on some point of Highland etiquette, high words and a duel followed. Captain, afterwards Colonel Mitchel, C.B., and Knight of St. Anne of Russia, was Cameron's second. Happily nothing serious resulted; and next day at the mess Lord Huntly drank wine with them all, begging that in future no more such quarrels might occur, and concluded by saying—

"I may be pardoned in requiring this, as, I believe, all the gentlemen here are the tenants of my father."

"No, Marquis," said Fassifern loftily; "by Heaven here is one who is no tenant of the house of Gordon."

The young Marquis frowned; he did not reply, but never forgot the haughty retort.

In sentiments and character, even in manner, Fassifern belonged to a past age—to a period of time beyond our own; for the stern pride, the Spartan spirit of clanship, with all the wild associations of the Gaël, deeply imbued his mind, and gave a decision to his manner and a freshness to his enthusiasm. Proud and fiery, like all his race, he had the defect of being quick and hasty in speech; but he never called aloud the name of an officer on parade, though more than one was reprehended by him in terms of severity, which, when the gust of passion was past, his generous spirit told him had been too great. He was a rigid dis-

ciplinarian, strict even to a fault, and yet withal he possessed a charm which won him the affection and respect of all his regiment. To English officers who did not understand him, to Wellington in particular, his pride seemed perhaps more petulance, and his Highland chivalry (the result of his education), eccentricity; but of these more anon.

After receiving its colours on Windmill-hill, the regiment embarked for Corsica, and on the 11th of July, 1795, landed at Bastia, where, under the influence of Paoli, the allies had landed in the preceding year, and united the birth-place of Bonaparte to the British dominions. After suppressing a rebellion in Corte, a town in the centre of the isle, and forming the secret expedition under their Major, Alexander Napier, of Blackstone, to reduce Porto Ferrajo in Elba, the Highlanders returned to Gibraltar, where General de Burgh publicly testified his approbation of their conduct.

Cameron who was now, by the death of Major Donald M'Donald, of Boisdale, senior Captain, accompanied the regiment to Portsmouth, where it landed in May, and from whence it went to Dublin in June, 1798. Here he became attached to a young lady possessed of great personal attractions, and announced to his father his intention of marrying. But old Ewen Cameron had imbibed some curious prejudices against the Irish, for a false rumour had gained credence in the Highlands that Prince Charles had been betrayed at Culloden by his two Irish followers, Sullivan and Sheridan. There was great consternation in Fassifern and the Braes of Lochaber, when it was announced that the young laird was about to wed a stranger; and, however absurd this prejudice may appear, old Fassifern set all his wits to work, and contrived to have the engagement broken off completely. A quarrel ensued between the lovers; rumour speaks of another duel with some one; but from that time to the hour of his death Cameron was never known to form another serious attachment.

At this time the Irish were in arms; Vinegar-hill was valiantly fought and lost by them; the Highlanders were kept incessantly on the march, and their belts were never off. During these operations, when encamped near

Moat, they were re-numbered as the 92nd regiment of the line.

After being quartered in Athlone, on the 15th June, 1799, Cameron embarked with the regiment for the camp at Barham Downs, where the troops destined for the expedition to Holland were assembling under Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The Gordon Highlanders were brigaded with the 1st Royal Scots, 25th, or Scots Borderers; the 49th and Cameron Highlanders under Brigadier Sir John Moore. The troops sailed from Ramsgate, landed near the Helder; and on that evening the Gordon Highlanders, after having fifteen men drowned, fought bravely at the battle of the Sandhills. Here they and Cameron first saw the French, for whom he felt an hereditary abhorrence, having been reared to believe, like every Highlander, that they had trifled, forty years before, with the best interests of Scotland, and betrayed Prince Charles and the clans to England.

He served at the head of his company, in all the operations under the gallant Moore—during the advance to Oude Sluys, the action at Crabhenden, where Captain Ramsay of Dalhousie was wounded; the engagement with General Brune; the attack on Alkmaar; the retreat to Zuype; and the battle of Egmont-op-Zee, where it is probable that his French antipathy received an additional incentive, by the infliction of a severe wound. In that decisive charge, by which twenty pieces of cannon were *retaken* from the enemy, a ball struck one of his knees; and as he was falling, the arm of the faithful McMillan was the first to support him. Here the Marquis of Huntly was wounded in the shoulder; and neither he nor Cameron ever fully recovered the effect of these bullets. In this affair the Highlanders had 288 officers and men killed and wounded.

Among the latter was the henchman Ewen, who lost an ear. Rendered furious by the wound, regardless of Cameron's orders, he rushed among the French, and drove his bayonet, with a ball at the same moment, through the body of the soldier who had wounded him. Returning to his company, he said, in Gaelic, to Cameron—

“You see what yonder son of the devil has done to me,” and pointed to his ear, which was dripping with blood.

“He served you rightly,” said Cameron, in the same language; “why did you skirmish so far in front?”

“*Dioul!*” muttered Ewen; “he won't take my other ear.”

Here Sir John Moore was severely wounded, and Cameron desired two Highlanders to carry him to the rear. Moore afterwards offered £20 to the soldiers who carried him off. The reward was proffered to the regiment on parade; and it is a noble trait of it, that *no man* ever stepped forward to claim the fee. On being created a K.B., and requiring supporters for his arms, Moore addressed the following interesting letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, then commanding the regiment:—

“Richmond, 17th Nov., 1804.

“MY DEAR NAPIER,—I have been for some days on leave in London, and received your letters there. I am here with my mother for a day, and return this night to Sandgate. My reason for troubling you for a drawing is, that, as a Knight of the Bath, I am entitled to supporters. I have chosen a light-infantry soldier for one, being Colonel of the 1st Light Infantry regiment; and a Highland soldier for the other, in gratitude to, and in commemoration of, two soldiers of the 92nd, who, in the action of the 2nd October, raised me from the ground, when I was lying on my face, wounded and stunned (they must have thought me *dead*), and helped me out of the field. As my senses were returning, I heard one of them say, ‘*Here is the General; let us take him away,*’ upon which they stooped and raised me by the arm. I never could discover who they were, and therefore concluded they must have been *killed*. I hope the 92nd will not have any objection (as I have commanded them, and as they rendered me such a service) to my taking one of the corps as a supporter. I do not care for the drawing being elegant; all I want is the correct uniform and appointments. Any person who can draw a figure tolerably, but will dress him correctly, with arms, accoutrements, and in parade order, will answer every purpose, as I want it for a model only, from which a painter may draw another. If you are at a loss for a person to do this, I dare say Lieutenant-Colonel Birch would do it, or get one of the officers of the department to do so, if you sent a man properly dressed to Colchester; but I think your own quarters will produce some one sufficiently expert. I received your letter by Captain (Peter) Grant, before I left Sandgate: he seems a very gentlemanly young man. I do not think I can recommend a proper adjutant to you at present. Remember me

kindly to my friends of the 92nd, and believe me, my dear Napier, sincerely, &c.,
 "JOHN MOORE."

"Lieut.-Col. Napier, of Blackstone."

After the convention at Alkmaar, and the cessation of hostilities, the regiment embarked near the Helder, and landed at Yarmouth on the 29th October. Though still suffering from his wound, Cameron obtained the temporary command of a light infantry corps under Lord Hopeton. This provisional battalion was exercised on Barham Downs, where he won the reputation of a zealous and able officer. He came home on leave to his native glen, kindly bringing with him Ewen McMillan, who had a craving to visit his old mother by the shore of Loch-arkaig.

They rejoined the Highlanders soon after, and the next scene of Cameron's service was in Egypt. Before embarking, his regiment was supplied with *yellow* knapsacks, having a red thistle painted on the backs of them.

Fassifern accompanied his regiment on General Maitland's futile expedition to the Isle de Houat, from whence, with other regiments destined for the Mediterranean, they embarked under Lord Dalhousie's orders; and after touching at Port-Mahon in Minorca, passed on to the attack of Cadiz, which was abandoned, in consequence of a pestilence that infected the coast. The expedition then sailed for Malta; and from thence to the Bay of Marmora, on the coast of Asiatic Turkey, where Abercrombie had concentrated 15,000 men to expel the French from Egypt. He had six regiments of dragoons, and forty battalions of infantry, seven of which were foreign.

Fassifern served with distinction in all the operations of the Egyptian campaign, including the landing effected under a desperate cannonade on the shore of Aboukir; the bloody contest round the Tower of Mandora, where his company occupied a conspicuous position in front of the line, as skirmishers, and his Colonel, Erskine of Cardross, received a mortal wound, and where of his comrades there were 109 officers and men killed and wounded. The intrepid conduct of his regiment was particularly mentioned in the des-

patches of Abercrombie, whose guard of honour was daily furnished from its ranks. Cameron was at the battle of Alexandria, where, on the 21st March, 1801, he received a wound under the left eye, and saw the brave Abercrombie receive his death-shot.

The troops then advanced to Rosetta; and by the time when the Gordon Highlanders entered Grand Cairo—"the Queen of Cities"—the capital of Moaz El Kehira, their shoes were completely worn away. Quarter-master Wallace was ordered to procure an immediate supply; but there was one gigantic grenadier from Speyside, for whom a suitable pair of brogues could not be found in all Grand Cairo.

For his services in Egypt, Cameron received a large gold medal from the Grand Seigneur; and on the promotion of Major Napier to the lieutenant-colonelcy, he obtained the majority on the 5th April, 1801; and seven months afterwards, on the conclusion of that convention, by which Grand Cairo was surrendered, the Highlanders were ordered home to Scotland, and were quartered in Glasgow.

About this time a dispute occurred among the officers. Some of them, who were Lowlanders, insisted that the Gaelic, which was generally spoken at the mess, should be abolished there. It was put to the vote, and, by an overwhelming majority, the Celts secured its retention; but in those days, there were in the regiment twelve gentlemen of the clan Donald, all kinsmen, who invariably voted together in everything, and could carry any point they pleased. These factions were known as the national and anti-national parties.

After the short peace of Amiens, war was declared again; and when the army was increased, the Gordon Highlanders were strengthened by the addition of a second battalion, and Major Cameron marched with it to Weely in England, to join the force mustered to oppose the expected invasion by Napoleon. The invasion ended in smoke; but the battalion remained cantoned in England until 1807, and in the preceding year lined the streets of London during the funeral of Nelson. Fassifern embarked with them at Harwich on the Danish expedition, under Lord

Cathcart; and, for the first time, served under Wellington — then Sir Arthur Wellesley — at the attack on Kioge, where Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, at the head of the Highlanders, charged the Danes, who were routed, with the loss of their artillery.

After the bombardment of Copenhagen, and the return of the troops to Britain, Major Cameron, in consideration of his services, received a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy on the 25th April, 1808; a full lieutenant-colonelcy on the 23rd June following; and was shortly afterwards ordered on the Swedish expedition under Sir John Moore, who led 10,000 men to assist Gustavus Adolphus IV., a gallant but fiery and intractable prince, against whom Russia and France had united their arms. The violent temper of the Swedish monarch rendered this undertaking completely futile, and, without achieving anything, the expedition returned to Britain.

As junior Lieutenant-Colonel, Cameron now remained with the second battalion at home; while the first, under Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, accompanied Sir John Moore a third time on that fatal service, from which he never returned. In 1809, the gallant Napier fell with his leader at Corunna, and then Fassifern obtained the command of the first battalion, committing the second, in February, to the care of Lieutenant-Colonel Lamond, of Lamond. Thus, at the early age of thirty-seven, and after only fifteen years' service, he found himself at the head of one of the finest Scottish regiments in the service of his country.

In July, with the right wing of the first battalion, he embarked on board *H. M. S. Superb*, 74, at Harwich, on the great expedition under the Earl of Chatham, in Sir William Erskine's brigade. He was at the landing on Breesand in Walcheren, and the occupation of Ter Goes on south Beveland. He landed with 998 Highlanders; but so fatal was the Dutch pestilence, that in October only 250 of them were on parade; and the grenadier company, which was entirely recruited from Aberdeenshire, was reduced to *two* sergeants and *three* privates. Cameron deeply regretted the loss of his men. The first who died was a fine young clansman, whom he had brought with him from Lochaber, and he attended

his funeral in the churchyard of a neighbouring village. After addressing the soldiers on the merits of the deceased, "Cover him up with the greenest sods," said he, "for he was a brave lad, a good soldier, and true Highlander!"

On its return from this disastrous service, his battalion occupied Woodbridge Barracks in England. At this time, an Englishman obtained an ensigncy in the corps, which Cameron considered an innovation; for while, on one hand, he disliked the French, from old associations, on the other, he was not, for the same reason, over partial to Englishmen, and was wont to affirm, "that a Southern in the kilt reminded him of a hog in armour." Unfortunately for himself, Ensign Mudge (for such was the name of the new acquisition) had no particular love for the kilt, at which he railed on all occasions, and once, in very coarse terms, at an Artillery ball in Woolwich, which so roused Cameron's Highland ire, that he vowed, "if such remarks were ever made again by Ensign Mudge, he would bring him to a general court-martial!" At this time, the officers of the 42nd wore the kilt constantly, by their own desire.

Undeterred by Cameron's threat, Mudge wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, stating that his health would not permit him to wear a dress so unchristian and uncivilised. Sir David Dundas addressed an answer, not to him, but to Fassifern, stating that his Majesty had no further use for the services of poor Mr. Mudge, on whom this result, which Cameron and his Highlanders hailed with satisfaction, fell like a thunderclap.

While at Woodbridge, he invited to the mess Dr. Moore (the venerable father of the hero of Corunna), who afterwards addressed to him a letter, expressing his high sense "of the kind and social reception" he had met with from him and his officers. After this, in July, 1810, the battalion marched to Canterbury, previous to embarkation for Spain; Cameron obtained a short leave of absence, and so much had he become attached to the corps, that he wept when he left it even temporarily. On revisiting his native glen, his aged father, then in his seventieth year (the old laird was born in 1740), expressed great reluctance to part with him again, for, like a true

Highlander, he had some dark forebodings of the future.

His three sisters were married: Mary, to M'Donald of Glencoe; Jean, to Roderick M'Neill of Barra; and Catherine, to Cluny M'Pherson; his eldest brother Duncan was practising as a writer to the signet, in the capital; and Peter, the second, was away in command of the Balcarras. The old laird was almost alone at Fassifern; he represented to the Colonel, that, though he was only thirty-nine years of age, he had received two wounds, from one of which he still suffered; that he had been many times engaged with the enemy, and had seen enough of war. He urged him to settle at home and to marry; offering him his second estate of Arthurstone, in Angus; but the love of his profession was too strong in the heroic heart of Cameron, and he rejoined his battalion, then under the command of Major Archibald M'Donell (of the family of Keppoch), at the far-famed *Lines* of Torres Vedras.

To make his regiment as efficient as possible, he ordered that no officer who had been less than ten years in the service should ride on the march; this diminished the number of useless horses which every regiment then possessed; while to increase the number of bayonets, he turned the whole of the band into the ranks; thus, throughout the whole Peninsular War, he retained only the bagpipes, drums, and fifes. His regiment belonged to the 1st Brigade, or General Howard's, in the 2nd Division of Infantry, or Lord Hill's, with the 50th, under Colonel Stuart, and the 71st Highlanders, under Colonel Cadogan, with both of whom his fiery temper and jealousy on points of etiquette soon involved him in a coolness that lasted till they were both removed by death. The Highlanders entered Spain by the way of Albergaria, and their peculiar garb soon changed the constant cry of "*Live the English,*" to "*Viva los Escotos! Viva Don Juan Cameron, y sus valiente Escotos! Viva!*"

This was when following up the retreating Massena. Notwithstanding all the efforts of that general to restore the barbarities of ancient warfare, much good feeling prevailed between the French and British when out of the field. Of this, one anecdote will suffice.

A French picket in front of Cameron's regiment, were about to slay a bullock for their dinner, when the animal broke loose, and dashed across the neutral ground, where a Highlander killed it by a single ball, and his comrades proceeded immediately to cut up their prize in view of the hungry and disappointed foe, who sent over two soldiers, waving white handkerchiefs. Under these extempore flags of truce, they brought a message from their officer, saying that he was "sure Scottish soldiers were too generous to deprive his men of the only provisions they had seen for some days." The Highlanders sent them back with half the beef, several loaves of bread, and a bottle of rum. After this, they became so familiar that some of our pickets went over and drank with those of the enemy, until Wellington's order forbade it as unsafe and improper.

Cameron distinguished himself by his activity, at the head of his gallant Highlanders, in all the arduous operations of that sanguinary war. He led his regiment at Fuentes d'Onor, where it was on the right, covering a brigade of nine pounders, when it endured a severe cannonade, and had thirty-seven officers and men killed and wounded. Major Peter Grant had his arm torn off by a cannon shot, but he survived to die lately, at a good old age, amongst his kindred in Strathspey.

The regiment was then 897 strong. Cameron was at the second siege of Badajoz, and at the surprise of Gerard's division, on the 29th of October, 1811, when, on a dark, rainy morning, and under cover of a dense mist, Sir Rowland Hill's troops attacked the village of Arroya del Molines, or the Mills-of-the-King. In this brilliant affair, Fassifern attacked the two retreating squares of the French with his Highlanders, and breaking through one, sword in hand, formed on the *other* side of the *Puebla*, and completed the overthrow of Marshal Gerard, who had all his artillery, baggage, money, officers, horses, and 1,400 men taken. In the charge through the village, Cameron received a wound in the sword hand, and Captain M'Pherson, with whom he fought the duel at Gibraltar, was shot by his side. On this occasion, the Highlanders had a parody made on the old song of "Johnny Cope," for

Gerard, until he heard the pipers of the 92nd playing that popular air, believed the attack to be a mere exchange of shots between his videttes and the guerillas. Cameron's wound was a narrow escape, and is thus related by an eyewitness* :—

“The captain of the grenadier company having been wounded early in the action, the senior lieutenant, on assuming the command of it, made a false movement, on perceiving which the colonel, greatly irritated, repeated his former orders in a voice of thunder, and, as was his usual custom when displeased, struck his left breast with his right hand, which then grasped the hilt of his sword. The last syllable of his orders had just been delivered, when a bullet, despatched by one of the enemy's riflemen, struck the first joint of his middle finger, shattered the bone, passed through the handle of the sword, and struck his breast so violently, that he relinquished the command of the battalion to Major Mitchell, in the full conviction that the ball had passed into his body. On being undeceived, the gallant colonel instantly rejoined his battalion, and, with his middle finger dangling by a small piece of skin only, remained at the head of his Highlanders to the close of the engagement.”

When the French were completely driven out, and when Hill's division was on the march for San Pedro, Cameron, who had lost much blood, was conducted by Ewen M'Millan to a house in Arroya, to have the wound dressed, and the finger, which yet dangled by a sinew, cutoff. On entering, they found it occupied by a noisy and tipsy party of Spanish dragoons, who, notwithstanding the rank and wound of Fassifern, endeavoured to eject him. High words ensued, and a dragoon dared to aim a blow at his head with a sabre. Cameron instinctively raised his wounded hand for protection, and had his right arm cut to the bone. Rendered furious by the sight of his master's blood, M'Millan levelled his musket at the head of the insolent Spaniard, and would have shot him dead, but that Cameron, who was aware that the Conde de Penne Villamur's dragoons occupied the whole village, exclaimed—

“Desist, Ewen, for God's sake do not fire!” and struck up his foster-brother's musket, the bullet from which

pierced the ceiling. He never could discover the perpetrator of this severe wound, from the effects of which he suffered long.

During the harassing marches of Hill's division in the desolate Estramadura, his native hardihood never flinched, though the miseries endured by the troops were excessive in that naked district, where they were constantly in arrears of pay, bivouacking without tents or fires, or cantoned in roofless and ruined towns, marching day and night in the wet and chill of winter, or the heat of the summer solano, when the white dust blew down the mountain passes, and the air became thick with flies; when the soil of the vast plains cracked and rent; when the perspiration rose in hazy steam above the marching columns; when comrades fought like tigers around the wayside wells and casual pools, to fill their canteens at the puddle through which, perhaps, the advanced guard had passed an hour before; when years of hardship, danger, starvation, and rags were to be endured, Fassifern never had a day's illness, or absence from parade; nor did his hardy Gordon Highlanders ever lose a man, save upon two occasions.

These exceptions were Lieutenants Marshall and Hill, two fine young officers; the first of whom died in a wretched bullock car — died of sheer starvation, just as he was being conveyed into Badajoz; and the second, unable to keep up with his men, perished of the same awful death among the mountains, between Talavera and Toledo. It is said that, on many occasions, Fassifern would have starved also, but for the vigorous efforts of his foster-brother and henchman, Ewen M'Millan, who, despite Lord Wellington's orders, plundered the Dons without mercy, when the comfort of his chieftain and master required him to do so.

After incessant skirmishes and daily marches along the banks of the Tagus, and after a desperate affair of outposts at La Nava, on the 18th May, 1812, Hill marched to destroy the forts erected by the French at the bridge of Almaraz. The 50th, and a wing of the 71st Highlanders, formed one column, which was destined to attack Fort Napoleon,

* Lieutenant Hope, 92nd.

Cameron with his regiment, and the remainder of the 71st, had orders to support the attack, and storm the *tete-du-pont*. Both columns were amply provided with scaling ladders. As the troops descended a *rut* of the Sierra, in Indian file, about midnight, Mr. Irvine, a gentleman volunteer, left his ranks to obtain a draught of water. This was contrary to express orders, and such was Cameron's strictness, that he dismissed him from the regiment on the instant, and the poor fellow was left alone among the mountains of Romangardo.

Being proud of his own regiment, Cameron had a great jealousy of the 71st Highlanders; and when the attack commenced, on some of their bullets, in the twilight and confusion, whistling over his own ranks, he called aloud—

“Seventy-first! what the devil are you about? Do you wish the ninety-second to return your fire?”

Fort Napoleon was stormed in gallant style. Captain Candler, of the 50th, was shot through the head; but the French were driven towards the *tete-du-pont*. Then Cameron entered it with them pell-mell, with bayonets charged, muskets clubbed, swords and sledge-hammers. But the commandant of Fort Ragusa, on the opposite side, cut the pontoon bridge, and thus the whole garrison of Fort Napoleon found the deep Tagus before them, and the foe behind.

Eager to capture Ragusa, many of Cameron's men flung themselves into the river, and daringly swam across. Privates Gall and Somerville were the first men who brought over the pontoon bridge. On gaining possession of the platforms, which were literally ankle-deep in brains and blood, the 1st brigade slued round the cannon upon the French, and blew their heads off in scores, as they crowded into the square of the little fortress, where the 71st Highlanders captured a standard of the *Corps Etranger*.

The dead, 436 in number, were thrown into the ditch, the ramparts, with eighteen cannon, were hurled over them, the stone towers were blown up, the barracks and storehouses burned down, and the whole place laid bare. In the general pillage which ensued, a Highlander became mutinous to Cameron, who raised his claymore to cut him down, but the

descending blow was turned aside by a sergeant, named Taylor, who kindly interposed his pike between them. Even when the gust of passion passed away, Cameron could not forgive the affront of Taylor's interference before the men, and was headstrong enough to resent it in the following manner:—When the sergeants drew lots for the command of a firing party to shoot a deserter at Coria, Taylor escaped this hateful ballot, but nevertheless Cameron ordered him to take charge of the execution. Taylor gave him a glance full of reproach, and burst into tears, yet he obeyed, and shot the culprit dead. Then Cameron repented the casual malevolence which is sometimes to be found even yet among the Celts, when an affront has been given them. At Merida, he was pall-bearer during the grand military funeral, generously bestowed on the commandant of Almaraz, who had been slain there by an officer of the 71st Highlanders, and was buried with the honours due to a British officer of the same rank.

Cameron's native dislike to receive orders from seniors, his jealousy of the 71st, and *Old Half-hundred*, involved him in many quarrels with Colonels Cadogan and Stuart, and even in an angry correspondence with Wellington, for whom he never concealed his antipathy. It was then currently rumoured in the Highland regiments, that the great Duke had some dislike to their nation. The Gordon Highlanders added, that he hated old Sir William Stuart, Fassifern, and Major Mitchell, from whom they averred that he withheld many honours to which they were entitled. What amount of truth these rumours contained, it is now impossible to learn. High words ensued on one occasion between the Colonel and his great leader, to whom he said:

“My Lord Marquis, thank God! I am beholden to no man for my bread—not even to the service, for I have a comfortable home to retire to whenever I please.”

The real source of this bitterness of feeling is unknown; but it continued during the whole war, and might have had a dangerous termination, had Cameron survived Waterloo, for he never forgave a public affront.

On one occasion, his pride revolted at General Howard, for keeping the

regiment too long under arms one day before inspection! and he sent Lieutenant Grant to the Brigadier's billet with a brief message, "that the regiment awaited him."

On another occasion, it chanced that by mistake he and a Spanish Colonel were billeted on the same mansion, and as it was thought too small to accomodate both, he resolved to turn out the Don who was already in possession of the premises. On Cameron arriving with the colours, which were borne by his cousin, Ewen Ross, and another ensign, and were escorted by four sergeants with their pikes, the Spanish colonel appeared in the doorway with his toledo drawn and pistols cocked. Fassifern drew his claymore. "Forward, gentlemen," said he; "at all risks I command you to lodge the colours!"

The sergeants charged with their pikes, and we know not how the affair might have ended, had not Villamur's corps of Spanish horse turned the corner of the street, which forced the rash chieftain to parley with the cavalier, and share his quarters in peace.

After the night of blood at Almaraz, Cameron and his Highlanders, marched by Fuente del Maistre, Los Santos, the hill of Albuera, and many other places, bivouacking with their brigade wherever night found them, preparatory to the attack on the forts at Salamanca, and the battle there, which was fought, while Hill's division covered Lord Wellington's rere. After joining the grand army on these contested plains, the Highlanders were reviewed by their great general. Rations had been served out that morning; the sheep-heads had been assigned to the 92nd, and when they marched past by open column of companies, every sixth man carried a sheep's head in his left hand.

When Wellington entered Madrid, the Highlanders of Cameron for one night occupied the Escuriel, in the chapel of which the remains of a king and queen of Scotland (Malcolm III. and St. Margaret) are said to lie, having been conveyed to Spain in 1560. After Cameron marched to Aranjuez, his cousin, Ewen Ross, had a narrow escape from a terrible death. Having been ordered to the rere with sick from the brigade, and having no less than twelve wagons full of officers, he reached Badajoz, after en-

countering many difficulties, and there found that various outrages committed by the detachment of Lieutenant H——, of the 28th, were laid to the charge of his party, such as shooting and plundering the paisanos, robbing them of *burros*, wine, and provisions. Lack of Spanish prevented the gallant Highlander from explaining that he was not the guilty person; and the Marquis del Palæcio, governor of Badajoz, illegally tried him by a Spanish court-martial, and unscrupulously sentenced him to death! Then fearing to carry this sentence into execution he sent him, under an escort of Portuguese horse, to Elvas, where an English officer saved him from a rabble who were bent on his destruction, and he was enabled to rejoin Cameron in safety. On this march he saved from starvation Mr. Irvine, the poor volunteer, whom he found in a sad state of destitution near Truxillo.

Cameron and his Highlanders endured great misery on the disastrous retreat from Burgos. Deprivation of food reduced the poor men almost to skeletons; their uniform was worn to rags; many were barefooted, and shirtless. Undeterred by the cruel exhibition of a soldier hung *daily* at the head of the column (for of twenty men under sentence of death for plundering, one was thus by Wellington's order sacrificed every day), the 92nd shot some wild pigs in a wood through which they passed. *Big Dugald Campbell*, one of their favourite officers, drove his long claymore through the body of a boar which he pursued through the thicket, and claimed from some cazadores. This prize he shared with Cameron and other officers, but the affair drew forth a most severe reprimand from head quarters, and this was at a time when a *duro* was given for a handful of oats or nuts, and when some of the officers had no food for six-and-thirty hours but a few mushrooms or acorns.

Fassifern's regiment formed part of the small force which was left with General Howard to secure Wellington's retreat, by defending the old ruined town of Alba at the passage of the rapid Tormes. There the 50th, 71st, and 92nd, made a gallant stand on the 8th of November, 1812. After a long and fatiguing march, and just when about to receive a little ration of dry bread—the first food after three

days of starvation — the appearance of the whole pursuing French army under Joseph Bonaparte, summoned the brigade to man the old and shattered walls of Alba — a relic of the Moorish wars — while the sappers undermined the bridge of the Tormes. Two green hills overlooked the town and river. Between these and the wall, within pistol-shot of the 92nd Highlanders, a French staff-officer, mounted on a white charger, had the temerity to ride leisurely reconnoitering, and followed by an orderly on foot. Twenty Highlanders levelled their muskets to shoot this daring fellow, but the chivalric Cameron cried aloud: "Recover your arms there! I will by no means permit an individual to be fired on!"

This officer who acted so boldly, and thus escaped so narrowly, proved to be no other than *Marshal Soult*, who, in ten minutes after, ordered eighteen pieces of cannon up to the heights, from whence they poured 1,300 rounds of shot and shell on the brave brigade of Howard. This they endured until the 13th, by which time Cameron lost forty-two men killed and wounded. At day-break, on the morning of the 14th, a despatch arrived from Wellington, directing Howard to abandon Alba, as the French cavalry, 3,000 strong, had forded the river above the town and turned his flank. A Spanish garrison was left in the old castle of the *Castigador de Flamencos* — the walls were abandoned, and the bridge blown up. Lieutenant John Grant of the 92nd was the last officer who quitted the town, being left to bring off the sentinels, just as the French entered, and he was struck by the stones as the bridge exploded, at the very heels of his party.

Wellington's admirable foresight saved Howard's brigade, which retired to winter quarters at Coria, in Leon, when, with many other officers and soldiers, Colonel Stewart of the 50th, as brave a Scot as ever drew a sword, expired of exhaustion and fatigue. A soldier of the 50th carved a rude stone, to mark where this old officer was laid.

Refreshed by six months' rest in winter quarters at Banos, in a beautiful valley of Leon, overshadowed by high mountains, Cameron, after commanding the 1st brigade during General Foy's attack on Bejor, marched with his Highlanders, when the whole

army advanced to turn the famous positions of Jourdan on the Ebro and Douro, and to meet him on the green plains of Vittoria, where, on the 21st of June, 1813, he again commanded the 1st brigade of Hill's division, and carried the heights of La Puebla, when the gallant Cadogan fell amid heaps, — yes, literally heaps, of his brave Highlanders.

Sir William Stewart having ordered Cameron to secure the heights, added, "yield them to none without a written order from Sir Rowland Hill or myself, and defend them while you have a man remaining." On this Fassifern ordered the pipers to strike up the "Camerons' Gathering," and the regiment advanced with great spirit and alacrity up the mountain side.

After this victory, the most decisive of the Spanish war, Cameron pushed on with his brigade towards the Pyrenees, beyond which the conqueror drove the French like a herd of sheep, and then garrisoned the heights by a chain of outposts previous to besieging San Sebastian, and blockading Pampeluna. On this occasion the care of the important pass of Maya was entirely assigned to Cameron, with the 1st brigade, after it had crossed the Bidassoa, and skirmished with the routed French until darkness set in, on the 7th July.

Cameron commanded this great outpost until the 25th of that month, when the French advanced to storm the heights under the Duke of Dalmatia, who had assumed the command of Jourdan's discomfited host, and was directed to retrieve all its disasters by driving the British beyond the Ebro. Full of confidence and of hope, at least to relieve the two beleaguered fortresses, this brave marshal sent his legions against the various passes in the mountains which Wellington, who was then urging on the siege of San Sebastian in person, had occupied by battalions and brigades.

Cameron's force was encamped in the centre of a lonely gorge, and his outposts were far down the hillside in advance; and these, on Sunday the 25th, descried the division of General Drouot, 15,000 strong, advancing on the road that led from Urdax. Coming on with great spirit, they drove in the three light companies of the brigade, which Cameron had despatched as skirmishers in front, and gained the

high rock of Maya before the 2nd brigade of infantry could come to his support. His little band were thus left to defend that steep and narrow pass against *five* times their number. On this fatal morning the strength of the Gordon Highlanders was only 55 staff, and 762 rank and file.

To deceive the foe as to his real strength, Cameron skilfully divided his Highlanders into two wings, in open columns of companies, thus giving the slender battalion the aspect of *two* regiments; but this *ruse* was useless, as the traitor-muleteers, who, for the few weeks preceding, had been passing between the mountains and French outposts, had made Soult fully aware of the actual force left to defend the Pyrenees at every point. The moment the action commenced, Fassifern detached the 50th to the right, where, after a desperate conflict, it was driven back and forced to leave the ridge.

Under Major M'Pherson, Cameron then sent forward first the right wing, and then the left, of his brave Highlanders. Then ensued one of the most appalling scenes of carnage recorded in the annals of that protracted war. The Highlanders stood like a rampart, in which, however, frightful gaps were made by the bullets of the French, who came on, in one vast mob, shouting and brandishing their eagles. Separating the 1st and 2nd brigades, they descended upon the pass of Maya from one flank, while a fresh division poured upon its front from the Urdax road. Cameron, who had repeatedly ordered a *charge*, which was unheard amid the roar of the musketry, then made the whole fall back gradually upon the rock of Maya, a movement which was slowly and desperately covered by the left wings of the 71st Highland Light Infantry and Gordon Highlanders, which, by relieving each other, drenched in blood every inch of the ground, and there these gallant men defended the rock for ten consecutive hours, until—just when ammunition was falling short—the brigade of General Barnes arrived to their succour, and Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir William Stewart, a fine old soldier whom all the troops loved well, ordered Cameron's brigade *not* to charge; but, exasperated by the slaughter they had endured, they rushed upon the French with the bayonet, and the Gordon Highlanders "*for the first time disregarded orders,*

and not only charged, but led the charge," and recovered every foot of ground as far as the pass from which they had been driven. In this headlong advance the pipers played the "*Haughs of Cromdale,*" and the line was led by Captain Seton of Pitmedden, bonnet and claymore in hand. But the slaughter in their ranks was terrible, for 19 officers and 324 rank and file were killed, wounded, and missing. Among the wounded were—Cameron, who was shot through the thigh, and forced to leave the field; Major Mitchell who succeeded him; Captains Holmes, and Bevan, who died when his arm was taken out of the socket, and Ronald M'Donald of Coul; Lieutenants Winchester, who commanded the light company; Donald M'Donald, Chisholm, Durie, M'Pherson, and Fife, who, after having one ball turned by a button, and another by his watch, was struck down at last; Gordon, Kerr Ross, and John Grant, who was shot through the side. Among the ensigns were Thomas and George Mitchell, Ewen Kennedy (one of Cameron's Lochaber men) who bled to death on the field, and Alaster M'Donald of Dalchosnie, a youth of eighteen, who afterwards expired of a wound in the head, and was buried by four of the wounded officers in a hole just outside the town of Vittoria, where Holmes said a short prayer over his grave.

Sir William Napier, in his history, thus alludes to Fassifern and the two regiments of Highlanders:—

"And that officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron) still holding the pass of Maya with the left wings of the 71st and 92nd Regiments, brought their right wings and the Portuguese guns into action, and thus maintained the fight; but so dreadful was the slaughter, that it is said the advancing enemy was actually stopped by the heaped-up mass of dead and dying. . . . The stern valour of the 92nd would have graced *Thermopylae*."

Strange to say, Lieutenant Gordon died at Edinburgh, sixteen years after, under the hands of a surgeon who was extracting the ball received at Maya, and he lies now in the Calton burying-ground. Two balls grazed Cameron, but the third pierced the fleshy part of his right thigh. In great agony he called to M'Millan, who slung his musket, rushed to his side, and led his horse by the bridle out of the field.

"The gallant Cameron, who has so frequently bled for his country," says the *Pilot* of 12th October, 1813, "received *three* shots in his person, his horse received three, and three more were found in his cloak, which was strapped before his saddle in the usual manner." He lost so much blood, that, being unable to reach Vittoria, which was a hundred miles distant, and to which all the wounded were ordered to repair, he remained at an intermediate village until the scar healed, and he could rejoin the regiment at Roncesvalles, after it had been engaged between Lizasso and Egnaros, and on the heights of Donna Maria, having in both affairs 120 officers and men killed and wounded. Captain Seton brought the regiment out of the field: thus the speaker of the House of Commons, on the 24th of June, might well say that the Spaniards of future times would point, with pride, to the places "where a Stuart made his stand, and where the best blood of Scotland was shed in their defence." For his bravery at the Pyrenees his Majesty was pleased to permit Cameron to bear upon his shield the word *Maya*.

From this period he was incessantly engaged in all the operations along the French Pyrenees, in daily skirmishes, and the capture of entrenched camps. The country was now covered with snow, and the troops endured many privations, which Sir William Stuart (brother of Lord Galloway) did all in his power to alleviate, by issuing extra allowances of rum, which won him the cognomen of *Auld Grog Willie*, and his popularity was so great among all the troops, that his appearance was always hailed by a noisy cheer, and shouts of "God bless you, Sir William!" Lord Wellington disliked this, and compelled the general to refund to government all those *extra* allowances of rum served out to the poor soldiers amid the snows of that severe winter on the Pyrenees.

Cameron, who had long remarked that those officers of his 1st battalion who became, by promotion, members of the 2nd, and should consequently be at home, were always unfortunate if the corps were engaged, before the passage of the Nive ordered four of them to leave immediately for Britain, when the troops were just about to cross the river.

"God bless you, gentlemen," said

he, as they bade him adieu; "I am now tired of war, and may well wish I were going with you."

But, mounted on his charger, he was the first to cross the Nivelle, below Ainhoe, when his daring Highlanders were ordered to storm the strong redoubt in rear of the village, where they drove out the French and took possession of their huts. He led them through the Nive at Cambo; and in the attack upon those heavy columns which occupied the ground between the intrenched camp at Bayonne and the road to St. Jean Pied-de-Port, he fought valiantly at the battle of St. Pierre. There (Napier relates), at one period of the day, the overwhelming cannonade and musketry drove the 92nd in rear of the hamlet; however, on being succoured by their old comrades, the 50th, and Ashworth's *Caçadores*, they reformed behind St. Pierre, and "then their gallant colonel, Cameron, once more led them down the road, with colours flying and pipes playing, resolved to give the shock to whatever stood in their way. The 92nd was but a small clump compared to the heavy mass in front;" but Fassifern led them on as of old, and the *heavy mass* rolled before their bayonets like mist before the wind. Four times that day he led them to brilliant charges, and four times the foe was driven back. Cameron had 13 officers and 173 rank and file killed and wounded; but he obtained an honorary badge, inscribed with the word *Nive*.

After the attack on the enemy at Hellette, in the lower Pyrenees, where General Harispe was driven out, and forced to retire to Melharin; and after that gallant conflict on the heights of Garris, where he lost Seton of Pitmedden, and twelve other brave fellows, the scene of his next achievement was the pretty village of Arriverette, on the right bank of Gave de Mauleon, where the French endeavoured to destroy a wooden bridge, to prevent Wellington from following them; but a ford being discovered above it, Cameron boldly threw himself into the stream, at the head of his Highlanders—crossed under a fire of artillery, stormed the village, drove back the enemy, and, by securing the bridge, enabled the whole troops to pass. For this eminent service, his Majesty granted to him, as an additional crest of honourable augmenta-

tion, a Highlander of the 92nd foot, "armed and accoutred, up to the middle in water, his dexter hand grasping a broadsword; in his sinister a banner, inscribed 92nd, within a wreath of laurel all proper, and on an escroll above the word *Arriverette*."* But Cameron had now a fresh cause of displeasure at his great leader; for, on applying to him, through Lieutenant-General Lord Niddry, for leave to inscribe *Arriverette* upon the regimental colours, Wellington declined, without affording any satisfactory reason. He acknowledged, in his reply, that "the 92nd forded the river, and attacked and took the village against a superior force of the enemy, in most gallant style;" but added that it was beneath their reputation to explain *why* they should not have *Arriverette* on their colours. This ambiguous reply Cameron considered another affront, and never forgot or forgave it.

He received an honorary badge for his conduct at the battle of Orthez; and on the 2nd March, 1814, distinguished himself at the capture of Aire so prominently, that George III. desired him to bear Embattled in Chief above the old cognizance of Lochiel (as the heraldic record above quoted has it)—"a representation of the town of Aire, in allusion to his glorious services on the 2nd March last, when, after an arduous and sanguinary conflict, he succeeded in forcing a superior body of the enemy to abandon the said town, and subsequently had the honour to receive an address from the inhabitants, expressive of their gratitude for the maintenance of discipline, by which he had saved them from plunder and destruction." The address, which was so complimentary to his distinguished regiment, was signed by M. Codroy, the mayor, in the name of the people.

From thence he accompanied the troops in that hot and brilliant pursuit, which did not cease until the French evacuated Toulouse, and the white banner of Bourbon was displayed upon its walls. The seizure of Paris by the allies, the abdication of Bonaparte and proclamation of peace, the restoration of Louis XVIII., rapidly followed, and the peninsular army was ordered home.

In the last skirmish near Toulouse, Cameron had his favourite horse shot under him; and, though there was hot fire of musketry sweeping the place where it lay, M'Millan deliberately undid the girths of the saddle, and brought it away with the cloak and holsters, saying, that "though the French were welcome to the dead carcase, they should not get the good accoutrements."

When encamped at Blanchefort, two miles from Bordeaux, Cameron obtained his brevet colonelcy on the 4th June, 1814;† and when cantoned at Pouillac, his Highlanders joyfully received the route for Scotland, and on the 17th July embarked on board H. M. S. *Norge*, which, however, by a change of destination, landed them at the Cove of Cork.

While his regiment, now reduced to one battalion, was in Ireland, Cameron returned, on leave, to his native glen at Fassifern.

Wellington had then won all the honours a subject could attain: patents of nobility, baronetcy, and knighthood were issued for generals of division and brigade; Orders of the Garter, the Bath, and the Crescent were unsparingly lavished among the heroes of the war; but the brave Cameron, notwithstanding all his services—though he had been almost riddled by musket-shot, and had served in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, and France, at home and abroad for twenty-one years—found that the Duke of Wellington had omitted his name in the list of officers recommended for honorary distinctions. He visited London, and complained to the Duke of York, who offered to have him gazetted as an additional Cross of the Bath.

"I beg your highness will excuse me," said he, "for as my name has been omitted, I will not accept of it now."

"Sir," replied the Duke, "do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"A Prince of that royal blood for which I have too often shed my own; but am yet willing to do so again. And I have the honour to wish your Highness good morning."

In this haughty fashion he quitted the Horse Guards, but was afterwards

* "Record:" Lyon-Court, Edinburgh.

† Note of his services furnished to Author from Horse Guards.

prevailed upon to write to Wellington.

Justly indignant, he wrote a fiery remonstrance to the Duke, who was then at Vienna, and who, in one of his letters to the Earl Bathurst, dated 5th February, mentions it as a *somewhat imprudent production*; but his Grace replied to the following effect:—

“Vienna, 5th February, 1815.

“SIR,—I received your letter of the 8th January, this morning, and I have transmitted it to the Secretary of State, with my recommendation of you.

“The Government fixed the occasions on which medals should be granted to the army, and framed the rules, according to which I was bound to make the lists of those to whom they were to be granted; and not having received their orders to recommend for medals, for the service at Arroya del Molinos, Alba de Tormes, Bejar, Aire, or at Ar-riverette, it was impossible for me to recommend you for a medal at Fuentes de O'noro, or in the Pyrenees, according to the rules by which I was bound, to make out the lists of those I recommended. I have not an accurate recollection of the lists for Bayonne, the Nivelle, Orthez, and Toulouse; but of this I am very certain, *that I have never failed to do your services justice*, as it was my earnest desire to render it to every officer and soldier I had the honour of commanding.

“I have nothing to say about the selection of the officers recently appointed Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath. I did not know their names till I saw the list of them in the *Gazette*. If you had known these facts, I hope that the same spirit of justice by which I have always been animated, would have induced you to spare me the pain of reading the *reproaches and charges of injustice* contained in your letter; and that you would have defended me in the 92nd Regiment; and would have shown them that the regulation, and not I, deprived you of those marks of honour which they wished to see you obtain. As these facts are in the knowledge of everybody, it is scarcely possible to believe that you were not aware of them, and I attribute the harshness of your letter solely to the irritation which you naturally feel in considering your own case. However the expression of this irritation, however unjust towards me, and unpleasant to my feelings, has not made me forget the services which you and your brave corps rendered upon every occasion on which you were called upon; and, although I am afraid it is *too late*, I have recommended you in the strongest terms to the Secretary of State; and have the honour to be, &c.,

“WELLINGTON.

“To Lieut-Colonel Cameron,
92nd Regiment.”

Cameron saw there was something at least generous in the tone of this letter, and he sent a memorial for the Order of the Bath; for the medal which had been given to officers engaged at Fuentes de O'noro, and also for the order of the Tower and Sword. Wellington replied as follows:—

“Vienna, February, 1815.

“SIR,—I have received your letter of the 13th January, and the copy of your memorial, in answer to which I can only inform you, that I had no concern whatever in the selection of the officers of the army lately under my command, to be Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath; and as I see that the number limited is filled, I am quite certain that no application I can make will answer any purpose. I will inquire about your claim to a medal for Fuentes de O'noro. I have recommended you for the Portuguese order of the Tower and Sword; and have the honour, &c.,

“WELLINGTON.

“To Lieut-Colonel Cameron, 92nd Regiment.”

Fassifern received the Portuguese order, but he was too much of a Highlander to forget the first unmerited affront, of being omitted or forgotten; and now we can but hope that this omission of the great Duke was, at least, an unwitting one.

Like every Highlander of the old school, and like many of the present day, Cameron believed in the *Taisch*, or Second Sight; he had one other fancy, a dread of being on the water, or at sea; thus he who would face without flinching a shower of grape or hedge of bayonets, has been known to grow pale at the rocking of a small boat.

When at home, on leave, in 1815, he visited Mor'ar, in Lochaber, the seat of Colonel Simon M'Donald, a retired officer, who had joined the 92nd at their first muster in 1793. One day when passing along a lobby together, and about to enter the dining-room, M'Donald started back, with his eyes fixed in his head, his face pale as death, and his limbs trembling.

“In God's name, what is the matter Mor'ar?” asked Cameron.

“Nothing,” replied M'Donald, after a pause, and greatly agitated; “nothing.”

“You *have* seen something, Simon,” continued Cameron, impressively, for he knew, or believed, that the gift of the *Taisch* was hereditary in the family of Mor'ar.

“Well, then, I have seen something, Fassifern,” said M'Donald, passing a hand over his eyes with a troubled expression; “but do not ask me what it was.”

Mor'ar was thoughtful and sad for a long time after, and it was currently believed that he had seen some vision of his old friend's approaching end; for the day-dreams of the Highland seers are always fraught with death and sorrow. Immediately after this, war broke out again; Bonaparte quitted Elba, returned to Paris, and resumed the reins of government, while Louis XVIII. withdrew to Ghent.

Wellington once more took the field, and the 92nd Highlanders were ordered to Flanders, with the other forces under his command. Cameron hastened to rejoin, in Ireland, where the regiment was still stationed. Its second battalion, under Lamond of that ilk, had been disbanded at Edinburgh, all save twelve sergeants, and 174 soldiers, who, with five officers, marched to Portpatrick to join the head-quarters; and on this route an interesting episode occurred.

As the Highlanders, with pipes playing, marched past a little wayside cottage, an old and white-haired man came out to see them, and was immediately recognised as their brave and favourite general in Spain, Sir William Stuart, who, neglected by the Government, had retired there to brood over his unrequited services. A hearty cheer welcomed “*Auld Grog Willie*.” Then the brave Stuart burst into tears, and wept like a child. The detachment was formed into line, and inspected by him; perhaps the last military duty he ever performed, for rumour says that he died soon after of a broken heart.

Cameron embarked with his Highlanders at Cork, for Ostend, from whence, with eight battalions under his command, viz., the third battalion of the Royal Scots; the 28th, 32nd, 42nd, 44th, 79th, 92nd, and third battalion of the 95th Rifle corps, he marched, *via* Ghent and Bruges, to Brussels, where, on the 3rd June, 1815, his Highlanders, with the brigade to which they belonged—the 5th or Sir Denis Pack's—were reviewed by Wellington, then a Field Marshal. In the 5th corps were also the 1st Royal Scots, the 42nd Highlanders, and 44th Regiment.

When Pack's brigade was under arms in the Park of Brussels, the Duchess of Richmond, who had been Lady Charlotte Gordon, passed in an open carriage along the line. Colonel MacQuarrie, of the 42nd, gallantly made his Highlanders *present arms* to her, as the Duke of Gordon's daughter, while the pipes played a salute; but on her approaching the 92nd, Cameron, still true to his old feud with her brother the Marquis, gave the orders—

“Gordon Highlanders, order arms—stand at ease!” and thus coldly was the fair Duchess received by the clan regiment of her father.

On the 12th June, Napoleon left Paris at the head of his brave army, and the British poured from Brussels. “The 42nd and 92nd Highlanders marched through the Place Royale and the Parc,” says the “Circumstantial Detail;” “one could not but admire their fine appearance, their steady, military demeanour, with their pipes playing before them, and the beams of the rising sun shining upon their glittering arms. On many a highland hill and in many a lowland valley will the deeds of these brave men be remembered. It was impossible to witness such a scene unmoved.”

It was at four o'clock, on a bright midsummer morning, when the Highlanders of Pack's brigade marched through the Namur gate, and, mounted on a black Spanish horse, Fassifern was at the head of the 92nd. Gallant MacQuarrie led the Royal Highlanders. They were in the division of Sir Thos. Picton, and about two o'clock in the day came within range of the French artillery in front of Gemappe, near a farm-house, now immortalised as *Les Quatre Bras*, where the main road from Charleroi to Brussels is crossed by that which leads from Nivelles to Namur. This was doomed to be, as his friend Mor'ar had, perhaps, too surely foreseen, the scene of Cameron's last achievements.

The 92nd were ordered to line a ditch in front of the Namur road, on the left flank of the farm-house; Wellington took his station near, and a hot cannonade swept over them. The proud and fiery Cameron, still pursuing his feud with the Duke, never deigned to take the slightest notice of him, but allowed him to pass and repass his post without according either salute or recognition. So full was he of bitter-

ness at Wellington, for having withheld from him the cross of the Bath, &c., that he cared not a rush whether the field was lost or won. At four in the afternoon, the Black Brunswick Horse failed in a charge in front of this position, and their brave prince fell by a mortal wound. Inspired with new ardour, a body of French cavalry, which had taken the colours of the 69th, or South Lincolnshire Regiment, swept forward, and then the 92nd, the moment the Brunswickers were past, poured an oblique but deadly volley upon the foe, piling men and horses breast high before the roadway. Attended by one soldier, his servant, M. Bourgoyne, an officer of these horse chasseurs, clad in light green uniform, tried to escape round the flank of the 92nd. His brass helmet had fallen off, and displayed his curly black hair; he was a handsome young man, and waved his sabre, repeatedly shouting "*Vive l'Empereur.*" Cameron evinced no disposition to molest this gallant Frenchman, but Wellington exclaimed, "92nd, d—n it, do not let that fellow escape." Fifty or sixty men then fired at him; but, such was the speed of his horse, the smoke, confusion, and inutility of firing with fixed bayonets, that he escaped all their shots, and caracoled his horse along the whole line of the 92nd. Then Private Harold Chisholm, and a corporal of the 42nd Highlanders (who had lost his regiment and joined Cameron) unfixed their bayonets, knelt down, fired, and the chasseur fell to the earth, while his charger limped away on three legs. M. Bourgoyne had been shot through both ankles. Several Hanoverians now rushed forward to bayonet him, but he was rescued by Lieutenants Chisholm and Ewen Ross, who had him borne to the rear. Lieut. Hector Innes encountered his servant, who was run through from behind by a Belgian lancer and slain. M. Bourgoyne was afterwards sent to Brussels; and his family in Paris expressed to Lieut. Winchester, and other Highland officers, their deep gratitude for his preservation.

Again the chasseurs charged, and again they were repulsed; while a fire of cannon and musket-shot was thinning fast the ranks of Cameron. Forming under cover of these attacks, the French infantry, flanked by artillery, possessed themselves of a two-storied

house, and in heavy column advanced beyond it with great spirit.

"92nd!" exclaimed the Duke of Wellington, waving his cocked hat, "prepare to charge."

Fassifern remained scornfully immovable on his black horse, with a storm of shot whistling about him.

"Colonel Cameron, 92nd, prepare to charge!" exclaimed the Duke again with great vehemence.

Still Fassifern paid not the slightest attention, when the adjutant-general, who knew his haughty temper, rushed forward and repeated the order in great excitement. Then, on hearing it from *other lips*, he raised his bonnet, set spurs to his horse—the whole regiment sprang over the ditch which bounded the road, and with bayonets, charged, dashed through the smoke upon the enemy, and routed them. Officers and men fell fast on every side; but on they went until the gable of the two-storied house at the corner of the Charleroi road broke the centre of their line. Then they formed up in two wings, rank entire, with the house in the centre; and Cameron sent forward his cousin, Ewen Ross, with the light company into a wood of olives to skirmish, where he received a severe wound in the groin. At that time the grape-shot of the French artillery was sweeping the corn-field between the wood and the farm house, and shredding away the ripe ears like flakes of snow in the wind. A body of French, who occupied the upper story, were firing briskly from the windows; and others who lined a thick thorn hedge, defended the avenues to the building.

Here it was that the brave Cameron, of Fassifern, fell; but the accounts of his death, as related by Siborne and others, are not strictly correct in detail. He had led his Highlanders close to the hedge, when a shot from the house passed through his belly, entering on the left side, and passing out on the right, tearing the intestines, and inflicting a mortal wound. At the same moment his horse sank under him, pierced by four musket balls.

The regiment gave a wild cheer, burst in the gates of the garden, and fearfully was he avenged by the charged bayonet and clubbed musket; but ere this, Major Donald M'Donald of Inch, Captain William Grant, Lieutenants Chisholm, Becher, and M'Pherson, were killed, and soon after barbarously

stripped by the French, or by the soldiers of the 33rd, or *First Yorkshire Regiment*, who disgraced themselves by stripping to the skin many of their own dead, officers and men. Nineteen officers of the 92nd were wounded, and 280 rank and file killed and wounded. The aged mother of Chisholm received a widow's pension from the Government, and Campbell, the adjutant, brought his claymore and watch home to her in Strathglass, as mementos of that dark day at Les Quatre Bras.

Ewen M'Millan and another Highlander carried Cameron into what the soldiers not inaptly named the *bloody hospital* at Gemappe, where his wound was at once pronounced to be mortal. On the position being abandoned, in his hereditary hatred and horror of the French, he expressed great dread of being left to die in their hands; and by nine in the evening his faithful and sorrowing foster-brother procured a common cart, the only vehicle to be had, and placed him in it with Ensign Angus M'Donald, who was also severely wounded, and conveyed them towards Brussels. On the way Cameron asked if the enemy had been defeated? M'Millan answered "yes," though such was not the case, but the poor fellow's heart was ready to burst.

"Defeated—then I die happy!" said Cameron; "but, oh! I hope my dear native country will believe that I have served her faithfully."

After this the power of language failed him; but Angus M'Donald (who afterwards died from the effect of his own wound) related that he heard him praying fervently in Gaelic, and in whispers. He was sinking fast. As the cart passed near where his cousin Ross lay wounded, the latter sent his servant, Angus Sutherland, to inquire how he was; but Cameron's speech was gone—he could only shake his head mournfully, without replying; and just as the cart entered the village of Waterloo, he laid his head on the breast of the brave and good M'Millan, on whose arm he had reclined, and expired without a sigh.

His faithful follower conveyed the body in by the Namur gate, through which Cameron had that morning ridden forth at the head of his Highlanders, and took it straight to the billet they had occupied in Brussels. As he was obliged to rejoin the regiment without delay for the coming conflict at

Waterloo, he made a rough deal coffin, and in this placed the body of his master, brother, and friend—for Cameron had been all these three to the poor Highland private; and thus he interred him, still in his full uniform, by the side of the King's avenue, on the Ghent road, the *Allee Verte*. This was on the evening of Saturday, the 17th of June. The body was conveyed to its hastily-made tomb, in a common cart, for poor Ewen could afford nothing better; and the only persons who accompanied him were the landlord of the billet, an honest Belgian, and three wounded Highlanders, who, with their open scars, had tottered out of Brussels to pay the last tribute to him they loved so well, and had followed so long.

A captain of an English regiment was buried near him; and there in that lonely place the graves lay undisturbed until the month of April, 1816. In that year the colonel's brother, Captain Peter Cameron, of the Balcarris, came to Brussels, accompanied by Ewen M'Millan, who led him to the well-remembered place, where the graves lay, near three trees at a corner of the *Allee Verte*. The remains were exhumed, placed within another coffin, and brought by them to Leith, from whence a King's ship conveyed them to his native Lochaber, where a grand Highland funeral was prepared.

From Fassifern the remains of the colonel were borne for five miles, on the shoulders of his friends and clansmen, to the old kirkyard of Kilmalie, where, in presence of 3,000 Highlanders, his aged father, then verging on his eightieth year, laid his head in the grave, a second time, while the pipes played a lament; and now he sleeps in his native earth by the tomb of the MacLauchlans, the *Leine Chrios* of Locheil. Donald Cameron, his chief, was in attendance, and seventy gentlemen of the clans dined in honour of the occasion, at the Inn of Maryburgh.

In consideration of his son's brilliant services, the venerable Ewen of Fassifern received a baronetcy, and in Kilmalie a monument has been raised above the grave of the hero of Arriverette. Its epitaph is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, and may well merit a place here, from the elegance of its expression:—

"Sacred to the memory of Colonel John Cameron, eldest son of Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, Bart., whose

mortal remains, transported from the field of glory where he died, rest here with those of his forefathers. During twenty years of active military service, with a spirit which knew no fear, and shunned no danger, he accompanied or led, in marches, sieges, and battles, the 92nd Regiment of Scottish Highlanders, always to honour, and always to victory; and at length, in the 42nd year of his age, upon the memorable 16th of June, 1815, was slain in command of that corps, while actively contributing to achieve the decisive victory of Waterloo, which gave peace to Europe. Thus closing his military career with the long and eventful struggle, in which his services had been so often distinguished, he *died*, lamented by that unrivalled general, to whose long train of success he had so often contributed; by his country, from which he had repeatedly received marks of the highest consideration, and by his Sovereign, who graced his surviving family with those marks of honour which could not follow, to this place, him whom they were designed to commemorate. *Reader, call not his fate untimely, who, thus honoured and lamented, closed a life of fame by a death of glory!*"

Few of Cameron's old comrades now survive. We know of only three officers and four privates living of the regiment, which, between the 27th August, 1799, and the 18th June, 1815, had killed and wounded 117 officers and 1634 men. After being discharged, Ewen M'Millan (who could never learn

one word of English) died at Callart, the seat of Cameron's brother, and now sleeps by his old master's side at Kilmalie. He it is whose memory Scott has embalmed in his "*Dance of Death*," and—

"Who for many a day
Had followed, stout and stern,
Where through battles, rout, and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassifern!

Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends' and foeman's gore;
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Suinart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morven long and tall;

And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatré Braa,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
Of conquest, as he fell!"

Riddled with wounds, Col. Donald M'Donald of Inch died in 1830, and is interred at Edinburgh; Lieutenant Winchester died there in 1846. Captain Campbell died, by leaping over a window, with a pistol in each hand, to chastise a friend who had insulted him; some have died as emigrants among the wilds of the far West; many more are lying near Uppark, in Jamaica, where the close-ranked headstones show where 1,300 of the Gordon Highlanders are sleeping far from their native hills; and now Paymaster Gordon, and Lieutenant Ewen Ross, John Grant, and Alexander Gordon, alone survive to wear the war decoration.

DANTE AND HIS TRANSLATORS.

A PASSAGE in one of Dante's prose works asserts the impossibility of translating into another language any poetical work. The original work he regards as subjected to a harmony modulating the words and thoughts which must be altogether lost in the process of transference. Owing to this, it is, he says, that though there are translations from the Greek prose writers, Homer has not been translated into Latin; and, he adds, that the Psalms, which have been translated from Hebrew into Greek, and from Greek into Latin, are deficient in every grace of either music or versification; that, in the first process of passing from Hebrew to Greek, all that originally distinguished them was lost.*

There is great truth in the general proposition, as it is plain that no harmony, substituted for that of the original poem, can be identical with that which was before the author's mind; or that which he had succeeded in rendering audible to other ears. To produce, by other means, the same effects as the author has produced, seems all that it is possible for a translator to propose to himself; and for this reason alone, were there no other, it seems to us self-evident that the laws of the language into which any poetical work is proposed to be translated, and not those of the original language, should exclusively be thought of by the translator. There is no peculiar fitness in selecting the *terza rima* of the early Italian poets for a translation of Dante, if it have been found that the effect in English is tediousness and monotony. Blank verse, cast into such forms as Cary has adopted, is more appropriate. The Miltonic involutions of phrase are not absolutely unlike the tone of Dante's more formal style, and from any of the varied metres which are called by the common name of blank

verse, the transition to any other is so easy that we regard it as, probably, giving better opportunities to the translator of Dante to exhibit a faithful representation of his author than he could otherwise command. The power of passing, without a sense of abruptness, from one style to another, made Dante, who has called the majestic style of Virgil by the name of Tragedy, give to his own more varied poem that of Comedy. Cary, whose translation is far the best that English literature furnishes of any work whatever, has the one only fault of being too uniformly grave. There are several scenes that seem to us spoiled by this. The grotesque attitudes and speeches of the demons, by whom the travellers through Hell are pursued during part of their journey—the actual dangers in which for a while they are, or seem to be—are, we think, less effectively given by Cary, than if he had allowed himself to pass with more freedom into easier forms of verse. The transitions in Cowper's poem of "The Task," may express what we mean, though, lest our meaning be misunderstood, we must add, that no style whatever would less represent Dante than Cowper's.

It is not surprising, however inadequate as the translation of poetry must always be—in truth, where successful, it most often is another poem—that of such great works as Dante's, there should be several translations. No man can read and study such a work without great labour; without his mind being for the time overpowered, or, it may be, potentiated by the mind under whose dominion it has placed itself. Every part of such a work bears upon every other part, and it is really a task of less labour to present all to one's mind through some process of translation which compels one to think of the entire work

* "Sappia ciascuno, che nulla cosa per legame musaico armonizzata si puo della sua loquela in altra transmutare senza rompere tutta sua dolcezza e armonia. E questa é la ragione per che Omero non si muto di Greco in Latino, come l'altre scritture che avemo daloro e questa e la ragione per che i versi del Psaltero sono senza dolcezza di musica e d'armomia; ne essi furono trasmutati d'Ebreo in Greco, e di Greco in Latino, e nella prima trasmutatione tutta quella dolcezza venne meno."—Conchevito, l. 7.

together, than by analyses and statements, and re-statements, of hundreds of propositions—each reduced to something of accuracy only through hundreds of exceptions—to seek to render a clear picture of any single part—the value of the poem being, in truth, not that of any single part, but of the whole. Though each particular part is elaborated with unceasing effort, the effect is, as in a Gothic cathedral, the effect of the whole. In our literature there are few single passages of Dante translated—while several men of genius seem fascinated, as by a spell, and have each in their way given us the whole work. Among the efforts of such men, Mr. Cayley's translation holds a respectable place.* The delicacy, the beauty, and the propriety of a motto which he has placed in one of his title-pages greatly struck us—

“Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem
Quod te imitari avel.”

—*Lucretius*.

Of the earlier translators, Hayley—whose case, however, furnishes an exception to our last remark, as he only translated the three first cantos of the “*Inferno*”—is far the best. He adopted the *terza rima*, and managed it with exceeding skill and ease. It is not surprising that a man of moderate talents, translating Dante, should in such a work have written something not absolutely unlike poetry, although his original works can scarcely be given the name. The triple rhymes in most of the specimens we have of such metre disturb the ear with almost the same sense of absurdity as wounds the eye at the sight of the three legs of a Manx penny, which seem to be going, with great vehemence, nowhere, and to be utterly useless for any purpose either of motion or rest. Hayley uses his crutches dextrously, and, now and then, even treads, with a firm foot, the burning marle. It is, we think, a real loss to English literature that his translation was not continued. Boyd was the next. Many parts of his translation were well executed, and he was a graceful and accomplished scholar; but the period in which he lived was, perhaps, the very worst of English literature. The language of poetry was then altogether conventional. Nothing could be expressed with directness or

earnestness; and Dante, whose great power arises from burning intensity of purpose, was, perhaps, the very last writer who could be adequately, or at all, represented by a style in which frost was expected to perform the effect of fire. Beside his general fault of style, which was the vice of the age in which his lot was cast, not his own, Boyd unluckily broke up the poem into stanzas, and thus varied essentially its character—for less than the perpetual interlacing of the rhymes does not give anything of the metrical effect of the original; and if the translator feel it within his privileges, as we think it is, to dispense with this difficult ornament, we yet think that, in some way or other, the continuity of the narrative should be preserved—not broken as it everywhere is in Boyd. We ourselves are inclined to think that if stanzas are to be chosen, that of Spenser, with some variation of the closing line, would give more the effect of the original than any other. In a stanza not unlike Spenser's, Chaucer has told the story of Ugolino, where he refers to Dante, from whom, however, he does not affect to translate. Whatever form of verse he adopted, the continuity might be sufficiently preserved, and yet the translator break the narrative into paragraphs—a liberty from which all the translators who use rhyme shrink, and which even Cary uses too little. It is not improbable, however, that Boyd's book was more read at the time in which it was published in consequence of what we must now regard as its faults. It certainly did something for the study of Dante in England. It is the work of a scholar, and well deserves its place in the library of the student. We are glad to see that in Mrs. Foster's very pleasing volume, “*Italian Literature*,” published by the Chambers's of Edinburgh, an extract from his translation has been given. It is not, however, a passage in which Boyd has been successful, nor, to say truth, are we satisfied with any version that we have seen of the story of Francesca.

Of the later translations, we shall only say with respect to Cary's, that we regard it as alone—itsself a great poem, and doing more for the English student of Dante, than all other

* Dante's “*Divine Comedy*.” By C. B. Cayley, A.B. Longmans. 1853.

books put together. The very remote sources of illustration — lurking often in such obscure and worthless volumes of old Italian poetry, that Foscolo complains of their being mentioned in the same breath or printed in the same page with Dante — which Cary brings forward, often, very often fix beyond dispute the meaning of phrases which have baffled editors and commentators. Cary's own reading seems to have lain most in the elder poets of every country. Chaucer is more familiar to him than the dramatists of Elizabeth's day, and the dramatists of Elizabeth's day than any later poetry of England, except Milton. From Milton, almost exclusively, his own style is formed. His translation, though cast in somewhat a more formal mode, as we think, than the original, is more nearly literal than would be easily believed by persons who have not been led to examine it particularly. The earlier French writers often afford light in cases of difficulty; but we are even more struck by the happiness of Cary's quotations from passages of the Greek classics, which were wholly unknown to Dante, but which are often brought forward to vindicate from some gloss of commentators, or some conjecture of editors who would amend the poet's text, his true meaning, by showing how kindred minds had expressed themselves, and how, in truth, poets are the best interpreters of poetry. The description of assistance which might be expected from students of school divinity, we do not think has been yet brought sufficiently in illustration of this great poem. Ozanam's* book has greatly disappointed us. It makes a promise, which is in no way fulfilled. The later translators — Cary being excepted from the number, for this and better reasons—all, as far as we have seen them, have adopted rhyme; and, with the exception of Mr. Bannerman, the greater part of whose work is in the old couplet of Dryden, have written in the *terza rima*, or in verse intended to imitate it. Of these translators Merivale was the earliest, and is the best; and not in any way lessening the praise which we feel Cary to deserve, or thinking that his laurels could be in

the slightest danger from any triumph of another translator, we think it is a real loss to our literature, that Merivale did not execute a translation of the entire poem in the tone and manner in which he has translated particular passages. The scene between Dante and Casella in the "Purgatory," is one which in his translation re-appears in almost the beauty of the original; and the praises of Ancient Florence, from the "Paradise," becomes in his hands a very admirable piece of painting. Merivale was fond, in his prefaces and notes, of dwelling on the thought that form was of the essence of poetry; and in his translations—he was fond of translating—he sought as far as he could to imitate the very cadences of the poems which he was engaged with. His translations from Schiller, often very beautiful, would, we think, have been better, had he in this allowed himself more freedom, and consulted only the genius of his own language. From what we have said, our readers will be prepared to hear that his translations from Dante were executed in the *terza rima*. A considerable part of Dante's "Inferno" was translated into this same metre by the late Mr. Shannon, many passages of which were not without beauty. Shannon however, though possessing the accomplishment of verse, was an irregularly educated man, easily caught by a theory; and some of the modern speculations which convert the poem into a political and almost atheistic romance, had seized hold of his imagination, and rendered it impossible for him to work in the spirit of his author. He printed some seven or eight books of the "Inferno" in a volume, which he strangely called "Arnaldo, Gaddo, and other Poems, by Lord Byron." The book excited no curiosity, and the unmeaning title-page gave some reason to doubt the author's perfect self-possession. Merivale anxiously endeavoured to force this translation on public notice, but we believe it attracted little or no attention.

We are not quite sure that any metre having the same effect as the *terza rima* of the Italians can be produced in Eng-

* "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizieme Siecle." Par A. F. Ozanam. Paris: 1840.

lish. The Italian line is of eleven syllables—the last short, and ending in a vowel. This alone is sufficient to show, that whatever the resemblance to the eye, the ear cannot be affected in the same way where the line is of ten syllables; where the vowel termination is the exception, not the rule; and where the line scarce ever ends with a short syllable. The resemblance is apparent, not real. In Riccoboni's account of "The Theatres of Europe," he mentions the efforts of the Dutch to imitate French verse in its masculine and feminine rhymes. "I caused," he says, "a Dutchman to pronounce to me some words chosen out of feminine rhymes, and I perceived that the syllable *en* sounded continually in my ears, notwithstanding the different sound that every word bears—that it never changes its sound, and that it is always pronounced. They assure me, that in familiar discourse it is sometimes almost mute, or at least softened, but that in the theatre and in the pulpit they always pronounce it strong. . . . In French we but rarely perceive that the feminine rhymes terminate in *e*; and in Dutch we hear plainly that they all terminate in *en*. In effect *image*, *jalousie*, *chimere*, *sacrifice*, *perfidie*, *adore*, *colore*, &c., and an infinite number of words of French feminine rhymes, do not appear to end in *e*, and each has a different sound; but in the Dutch these words, *leden*, *voren*, *tyrannen*, *wonden*, *gebroken*, *zoonen*, *barbaren*, and in all the rest of their feminine rhymes, the syllable *en* sounds continually, and consequently the monotony is inevitable."

The effect is, we think, in the same way necessarily a wholly different one in the English language, where a line of different length, and otherwise essentially different from the Italian, is adopted; and we therefore think the translator unwise, who, from any supposition that he is imitating his author, selects the metre. We are, therefore, the more disposed to welcome Mr. Wright, who, using a six-line stanza, so arranges his rhymes as to produce something of the effect of the *terza rima*. In the *terza rima*, except in the case of the first rhyme of each canto, and the last, every terminating sound is three times repeated, no two lines in immediate sequence rhyming, and the corresponding sounds never being se-

parated from each other by more than the interval of a line. In English, as far as we can judge, the effect is produced not by the repetition of the sound three successive times, but simply by the alternation. This, we think, any one may prove to himself by taking up Hobbes's translation of the "*Odyssey*," which is in the alternate rhyme of Gray's "*Elegy*," but in which the lines run into each other with the freedom of blank verse, and in which whole pages often move on, without certainly giving any very great pleasure to either the ear or mind, to much the same tune as the Dantesque of English writers. Mr. Wright uses the same six-line stanza as Boyd, but arranges his rhymes differently.

We transcribe a few lines from the *Paradise* of each, for the single purpose of showing the difference of the arrangement of rhymes, which gives Mr. Wright the advantage of the continuity of the narrative being less broken.

Beatrice and Dante are in the planet of Mars. He has expressed some fears, not altogether unreasonable, that if, on his return to earth, he publishes what he has seen in the other world, it may be regarded as severe satire. Beatrice, among other things, says:—

"Like to the wind shall thy reproof be found,
Which chiefly doth the loftiest heights
assail;

And hence a greater glory shall redound.

Wherefore no spirits here to thee are shown,
Or in the mount or in the dolorous vale,
Save those whose names and characters
are known.

"For he who hears thee will not be inclined
To give full credence, and to rest secure,
If the example brought before his mind
Be based in root ignoble or obscure."

—Wright.

"Your song must like the ruffling storm assail
The towering hill, and spurn the lowly vale,
And deal forth honour and eternal shame
To sinners and to saints of high degree—
Be like yourself ingenuous, bold, and free,
And lofty deeds in lofty notes proclaim.

"Ghosts of renown alone thy leader showed
To heaven or earth, or by the Stygian flood,
For those are they who spread the example
wide,
And show what course to shun, and what
pursue,
With noble patterns from the nameless crew,
Ingenuous natures rarely are supplied."

—Boyd.

Though we at first only looked for a passage in which we could conveniently place in juxta-position the translators who, having deviated from the *terza rima*, adopted somewhat the same kind of stanza, we may as well from the books before us transcribe other versions of the same passage, and before doing so, it may be convenient to some of our readers if we give Dante's own words, who, as now and then will happen, seems more easy to be understood than most of his interpreters:—

“Questo tuo grido farà come vento
Che le più alte cime più percote
E cio non fia d'onor poco argomento.
Perì ti son mostrate, in queste mote,
Nel monte, e nella valle dolorosa
Pur l'anime che son di fama note;
Chè l'animo di quel ch'ode, non posa,
Nè ferma fede per esempio ch'haia
La sua radice incognita e nascosa
Ne per altro argomento che non paia.”

Cary's translation follows:—

——“The cry thou raisest
Shall, as the wind does, smite the proudest
summits;
Which is of honour no light argument.
For this there only have been shown to thee
Throughout these orbs, the mountain, and
the deep,
Spirits, whom fame hath note of. For the
mind
Of him who hears is loth to acquiesce,
And fix its faith, unless the instance brought
Be palpable, and proof apparent urge.”
—Cary.

Mr. Cayley's translation is—

“Thy proclamation shall be as the wind,
By which the tops most lofty most are
blown,
But herein matter of much praise wilt find;
And therefore only spirits famed and
known,
Both in these roundures and the dolorous
glade,
And in the mountain, have to thee been
shown,
Because the reader's mind will not be stayed;
Nor is faith planted by example ta'en,
From subjects mean or rooted in the shade,
Nor by no topic which is else than plain.”
—Cayley.*

We suspect some misprint or accidental inadvertence in the last line. We close our group of English translations with Merivale's, in every respect the best of all:—

“Thus as the wind the loftiest battlement
Most rudely shakes, so thy loud voice shall be,
Nor this be of thy praise light argument;
Therefore the spirits thou wast given to see
In these blest orbs, that mountain and yon
vale

Of tears are those alone of high degree;
Seeing the mind of him who hears the tale
Will scarcely to example credence yield,
Of lowly root obscure, nor let prevail
One proof, that is not clear as day revealed.”

—Merivale's *Poems*, vol. ii. p. 248.†

We do not well know how we have got among the tortured spirits of translators — as, to say the plain truth, we for the most part are disposed, unless when stern duty compels us, to think of Dante alone, forgetting utterly all his interpreters — Cary still excepted; for England could almost as little do without Cary's “*Vision of Dante*” as without the “*Paradise Lost*.” But as we are among the translators, we may as well see what the Abbé Piazza, who has given a Latin translation of the entire work, has done with the passage. Piazza's is, on the whole, a very curious and very clever work. The Latin will every now and then jar on a classical ear; but when a man has to represent new bodies of thought, which were never present to the minds of the ancient poets, he must express himself in language which they could not have used. It is not merely that the language, as Dante says of Virgil, when they first meet, is that of one hoarse from long disuse of speech; but it is that combinations of thought, only intelligible to Christians, are what have to be represented; and, in addition to this difficulty, the superadded one, created by the peculiar dialect of the systematising schoolmen. We are so little in the habit of reading any but classical Latin, that the ear is more offended at finding St. Francis of Assisi and Thomas Aquinas speaking hexameters in heaven, than it would be at

* In our Number for September, 1853, there are some remarks on Cayley's and Carlisle's translations of Dante, which we feel it desirable to state are not by the author of the present paper.

† See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for 1841, Vol. xvii. p. 431, for extracts from several translations of Dante's Praises of Florence—Paradise. Canto 15.

any representation of the same thing in the words of any modern tongue. With this apology for Piazza, we transcribe his version of the passage :—

“ Iste tuus mugitus erit, ceu flamina verti
Quæ majore ictu magis alta cacumina pul-
sant :
Id que hominis fuerit generosum pectus ha-
bentis.
Propterea sphaeris licuit tibi cernere in istia,
In monte, in diræ nigra formidine vallis
Tantum animas, quarum sunt nomina cogni-
ta fam ;
Nam mens illius, qui fanti accommodat
aures
Nescit stare, fidem neque habet si exempla
sequantur,
Quorum sit radix plerisque ignota latensque,
Aut si res minime claro se lumine prodât.”
—Piazza.

Piazza was an accomplished scholar. We do not know sufficient of the arrangements for education in Italy, to know the precise rank or position which he occupied, when we are told that he was appointed by the Bishop of Vicenza to a chair of ancient literature at Vicenza. He had been educated at Padua, appears to have been a man of very studious habits, and to have cultivated literature with distinction. He translated “Pindar” into Italian, and the translation is mentioned with high praise. He was over sixty when he thought of amusing the decline of life by translating “Dante” into Latin. He lived to seventy-six, and had just completed his translation when death came. A few passages of his translation were printed for the purpose of being circulated among his friends, and he was rewarded by hearing their praises of the work. He died, however, before the publication of the work. His death took place in the year 1844. His book was published at Leipzig, in 1848, edited by Karl Witte, who had himself, in association with Kannegiesser, published a German translation, with some valuable comments, of Dante’s lyrical poems.

Of Dante’s lyrical poems, Italian critics differ almost as much in their estimate as the English do with respect to the sonnets of Shakspeare, which Steevens said that even an act of Parliament could not make men read, and which, in our day, are by many felt to be among the most beautiful poems in the language. Still, through Dante’s smaller poems chiefly, and through his

own comments on them, are we enabled to learn, with any distinctness, the particulars of his early life, and of that youthful passion which, formed in boyhood for one little more than a child, gave a colouring to his whole after-life ; and, we think it probable, had also some effect on the imagination of other poets, and aided to create that fantastic exhibition of love which we find in so many of the Italian poets and romancers. The “Laura” of Petrarcha and the “Fiammetta” of Boccaccio, with the perpetual quibbling about the Laurel and the Flame (which would be Trifling, if in love anything can be Trifling), are, in truth, but repetitions of Beatrice, whose name runs, in Dante’s verse, into the thought of blessing, bliss, heaven, and all such thoughts as can be associated with the word Beatrice. Even in what would appear to be direct narrative, there seems to be mingled something of imitative fiction, as, while we cannot admit Biscioni’s and Rossetti’s inferences, that the ladies are, in all cases, mere allegories, it certainly seems impossible, except something in the Italian manners and habits of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries may explain it, that in so many cases these platonic lovers should have actually met all in the Holy Week, at church, at the first hour of the day ; ladies, each of whom marries another, and each of whom dies before her adorer ; each of whom, too, is transferred to the same third heaven. Rossetti regards the mysterious female, *the lady of the mind*, as the type of a perfect monarchy ; as a something, the thought of which exists to animate and inspire, but which, if it is to be supposed as ever having had existence on earth, is now passed away, and has no other reality than its ardent worshippers themselves can give it, by fixing their imagination on a phantom. That the shifting cloud of allegory may now be like a whale, now very like an elephant ; that the same outward reality, more especially if it be a young lady, may, just as her lover fancies, symbolise poetry, or philosophy, or theology ; be the Old Babylon or the New Jerusalem of the religious or political enthusiast ; is, we think, not only very conceivable, but is in the drama of life acted every day by everybody, a character perpetually re-appearing. All that we love, and feel, and wish, we

associate in thought with the one being, for whom alone—such is evermore the dream of youthful passion—we live. To infer, as those commentators do, that these men did not love—that there were no Lauras, no Beatrices, nothing in actual outward life to which their thoughts referred—is, we think, not alone inconsistent with all the evidence which we have, or can have, on the subject, but with the nature of man. That in these loves there was much that was fantastic, much, as there is in the whole relation of the sexes to each other in every country, dependent on arbitrary and conventional manners, we can entertain no doubt. The old devotional attentions of the young knight to his mistress; the solemn courtesies and strange formalities of the courts of love; the peculiar relation in which it would seem that at all times in Italy married ladies received attentions from admirers, which in our country would imply more than it would be just to infer from them in Italy, remove in some degree the kind of surprise which we cannot but at first feel when reading the love verses of the great Italian poets. Yet how much must be allowed for the habits of the time, will perhaps be more felt when it is remembered what indulgent interpretation is required from the reader of such poems in our own literature; as, for instance, Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets, most or all of which were addressed to a married woman. We are too apt to think of poetry as if it were the direct language of present passion. If a great poet be right, it never is. It is not the language of assumed passion, but the language of a passion which has passed away; the language of a state of feeling which, having been experienced in all its turbid strength, is recalled in a state of calm. If this be so, there is no insincerity in these poems, even though there may be much that can be shown to be inconsistent. We should anticipate much of romance to mingle with every statement; nay, we should not feel surprised, in many of these cases, to find the poet, for the purpose of showing that all sensual thoughts had passed away, describing the lady as married, as passed into religion, or as dead. In fact, we should as soon ask Donne, or Cowley, or any of our own "metaphysical" poets, to swear to the truth of their songs, as expect entire truth from the Italian poets in revela-

tions of the kind. That the maiden whom the poet calls his first love, should, as he passes through the successive stages of life, be still a part of his dream, is what every one will recognise as in the ordinary experience of mankind. This is beautifully illustrated in Coleridge's "Garden of Boccaccio." The image of the lover's earliest dream is with him in every stage of life, reappearing ever in some new aspect:—

"And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
Yet radiant still, and with no earthly sheen,
Whom, as a faery child my childhood wooed,
Even in my dawn of thought—*Philosophy*;
Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than *Poesy*."

The supposition that there was no real flesh and blood Beatrice had been advanced early by Filelfo, was examined, disproved, and forgotten, till revised by Biscioni, and, with a hundred other less plausible theories, brought before the English public by Rossetti, who supported his views with great acuteness and considerable learning, and whose edition of the "Inferno," of Dante—we regret that his labours did not extend to the entire work—are of very great value.

The family of Dante, the *Alighieri*, lived in that quarter of Florence which was near the church of San Martino del Vescovo. In their neighbourhood, near the Church of Santa Margarita, lived Folco Portinari, his wife, Donna Celia, and a daughter, Beatrice, or, as she was more often called, Bice. Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, mentions that, on the first of May, at Florence, it was the custom to celebrate the feast of the new spring. In 1274, the year with respect to which he writes, the habit was to have a great many parties on that day. One was at Portinari's house, to which Dante, then having almost completed his ninth year, went with his father; and there he first saw Beatrice, a child just eight years old. "He," says Boccaccio, "though yet a child, received her image into his heart with so much passion, that while he lived she never departed from it."

In the "*Vita Nuova*" Dante himself describes her first appearance. She was dressed in scarlet; and he mentions her wearing a sash, suitable to her tender years. At that moment he says that the vital principle trembled in his heart, and uttered these words,

Ecce Deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi. The Animal Spirit, whose seat is the high chamber of the brain, and to whom all the Sensitive Spirits communicate their perceptions, felt very much surprised, and addressed the Spirits of Sight, who, we presume, were seated in Dante's eyes: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra.* We fear that we may mistake the *dramatis personæ* who were conversing together in the poet's inner man, but the "*Spirito Naturale*," whose residence is in that region of the human frame where the processes of digestion are carried on*, began to groan and weep; and his utterances were heard, expressing themselves in what seems very good Latin, such as the Belly need not have been ashamed to use in talking with the Members, if they should at any time be engaged in serious dialogue, as in the apologue of old, in the days of the Republic. *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps.*

Love, he adds, from that moment ruling his imagination, acquired entire ascendancy over him. He, as often as he could, endeavoured to see his little angel, as he calls her, and says her grace and deportment were such, that she might, in the words of Homer, be called the daughter, not of mortal man, but of God. The passage in Homer which he appears to have been thinking of, is probably that in which Helen is spoken of:—

"*Αἰνῶς ἀθανάτου θεῆς ἡς ὥρα ἰκάνει.*"

It would appear that an interval passed of some years before the same radiant image again beamed upon him. If we understood rightly his narrative in the "*Vita Nuova*," about nine years after this first meeting he again sees her, now in the full beauty of womanhood. She was dressed in white, and walking between two ladies older than herself. As she passed through the street in which he was, she saw and saluted him. He felt as though he had reached some world of blessedness, and, overpowered, retired to the solitude of his chamber. He had already learned something of the art of verse; and a dream is recorded by him, as having

at the time occurred, which he recorded in rhyme; and, sending his poem to some of the then poets of Florence, he asked for an interpretation of the vision.

In the fourth watch of the night he tells us that Love appeared to him. Love held in his hand the poet's heart. A lady, wrapt in a mantle of scarlet,† lay sleeping in the arms of Love, who at last awakened her, and gave her the poet's burning heart to eat. Love gave it to her with characteristic courtesy. She ate in fear, and then the poet beheld Love retire weeping.

None of the answers which he received quite satisfied him, though Guido Cavalcanti and Cino da Pistoia were among his correspondents on the occasion. Dante da Maiano, a poet whose name is lost in that of the boy, to whom it is probable he thought he was doing too much honour in any notice of his sonnet, suggested that the dream was a premonitory symptom of insanity, and suggested his consulting a physician. It would appear that his health did suffer from the intensity of his feelings, and that his friends became anxious. He told them that it was love, and did what he could to mislead them as to the object. Among other things he did—and this may show us that the interpretation of these poems may be more difficult than would at first appear—he wrote a poem, addressed to a lady, one on whom he wished to throw the suspicion of her being his *innamorata*, and in this poem were stanzas intended for the true Beatrice. There were other devices practised by him for the same purpose of concealment; one was, when he wished to celebrate the name of his mistress, his writing a poem which contained the names of sixty Florentine belles. The death of Beatrice is recorded in the "*Vita Nuova*," which was written four years after that event. The "*Vita Nuova*" contains several love poems, and Dante's own explanations of them. It closes with the mention of a vision, in which he was directed not to write more about Beatrice till he could do

* "*Lo spirito naturale, il quale dimora in quella parte ove si ministra lo nutrimento nostro.*" *Vita Nuova, Opere Minori*, Vol. v. p. 268. See DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 1847, Vol. xxix. p. 412, for a paper on the "*Vita Nuova*," which contains some very beautiful translations of some of Dante's early poems.

† See Dante's interpretation, as well as his sonnet, "*Vita Nuova*."

so in a manner more worthy of her. He then expresses a hope, or rather may be said to make a vow, that if it be the pleasure of Him through whom all live to spare him life, he will speak of her as never before was woman spoken of; this vow was gloriously fulfilled in "The Divine Comedy." A comparison of dates and of minute incidents has satisfied Witte, one of his German translators, that the *Vision* here alluded to was the first conception of his great poem, then dawning upon his mind. In some of the early editions it is called "The Vision," which increases the probability of the conjecture. It would also fix what, however, without such proof, is pretty certain, that in the imagination of the poet the latter parts of the poem, "The Purgatory" and "The Paradise," were from the first the parts of his subject most prominently before him, and that for the sake of telling the *good* which befel him in his pilgrimage, the *evil* is also related—

"Yet to discourse of what good there befel
All else will I relate discovered there."

We are not surprised that many shrink from the study of Dante; still less surprised are we at the fascination which it has for others. It is one of the books which occupies the whole man, which cannot be taken up and laid down at pleasure. The most minute acquaintance with mediæval history is necessary; the most accurate knowledge of the modes of thinking of the thirteenth century is not less than sufficient to understand him;—the sciences, the literature, the philosophy, the theology of a world that may be almost said to have passed away, has to be recalled;—the astronomy of a day when the earth was supposed to be in the centre of the universe, around which, and for which, the revolving planets moved; then beyond the seven planets the eighth heaven of the fixed stars, and the *primum mobile*, with whose motions from east to west all the others moved. Not alone has the astronomy of our day to be thrown aside, and the earlier system applied to the illustration of Dante, but astrology is to be disinterred. There are passages in Dante where he seems to deride astrology. Many of its

professors we find, in the "Inferno," punished under circumstances which would make one think that the poet regarded their science as fraudulent and vain; yet in the conversation in "Paradise" with Charles Martel, the differences which we see between parents and children, are referred to the stellar influences presiding at birth. The different powers and capacities of men are, he says, caused by the influence of the heavenly bodies at the time of nativity, and on these influences, and not on the physical constitution of their parents, their powers and capacities depend:—

"— were the world below content to mark,
And work in the foundation nature lays,
It would not lack supply of excellence.
But ye perversely to religion strain
Him, who was born to gird on him the sword,
And of the fluent phraseman make your king;
Therefore your steps have wandered from the
path."*

The studies of Dante's day were what they called the seven sciences—the *trivium* and *quadrivium* of the old Universities. The *trivium* comprehended grammar, rhetoric, dialectics; the *quadrivium*, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. "How pleasantly," said the Emperor Conrad III., "men of learning pass their time!" In speaking of the astronomy of Dante's time, one of his biographers says, that he regarded the heavens with a longing desire towards them as the loftiest objects of human contemplation, and the abode of departed spirits. It is curious that each of the three divisions of his great poem ends with the word "*stelle*;" and the stars are perpetually introduced. Many of the old commentators on Dante described his hell as covered over with a thin crust, which separated it from the abodes of men. If so, it was a skreen through which the star-light was able to pierce. In one of his letters he speaks of the light of the heavens as a thing from which he cannot be shut out—"Quidni? nonne solis astrorumque specula ubique conspiciam? Nonne dulcissimas veritates potero speculari ubique sub cœlo?"†—

"I care not, Fortune, what you may deny.
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright-
ening face;

* "Paradise," Canto viii.

† Dante "Opera Minore." Fraticelli, Vol. iii. p. 2, 161.

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns by living stream at
 eve.
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children
 leave—
 Of fancy, virtue, reason, nought can me be-
 reave.”*

Music probably owed its place in the old systems of education to the important place which psalmody and chanting occupied in the Church services. Boccaccio tells of Dante's love for music; and in the songs of the “*Vita Nuova*” it is distinctly stated that they were accompanied with the instrument. Through the great poem of Dante numberless passages prove it. A passage in the beginning of “*The Purgatory*” alluded to by Milton, himself a musician as well as a poet, will recur to the minds of many of our readers. It is where he meets Casella; a bark is seen approaching over the waves, conducted by an angel, laden with spirits for Purgatory. After a while Dante recognises Casella:—

“Then one I saw darting before the rest,
 With such fond ardour to embrace me, I,
 To do the like, was moved. O, shadows
 vain!
 Except in outward semblance. Thrice my
 hands
 I clasped behind it—they as oft returned
 Empty into my breast again. Surprise,
 I needs must think, was painted in my
 looks;
 For that the shadow smiled, and backward
 drew.
 To follow it I hastened but with voice
 Of sweetness it enjoined me to desist.

“Then I — If new law taketh not from
 thee
 Memory or custom of love-tuned song,
 That whilome all my cares had power to
 'suage,
 Please thee therewith a little to console
 My spirit, that, incumbered with its frame,
 Travelling so far with pain is overcome.”

“‘*Love that discourses in my thoughts,*’ he
 then
 Began, in such soft accents that within
 The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle
 guide,
 And all who came with him, so well were
 pleased,
 That seemed nought else might in their
 thoughts have room.”

The canzone which Casella sings is one of the most beautiful of Dante's minor poems. It had been set to music by Casella. We may as well mention here, as a proof how suggestive everything in Dante is, and how impossible it is to understand the poem without repeated study of each particular passage, with all such aids as are likely to illustrate it, that through this canzone there prevails a tone of cheerfulness, of exulting hope. The Madonna of the song is one in whose countenance are expressions which show—

“The ineffable delights of paradise.”

The song sung “in the milder shades of purgatory,”† is altogether anticipatory; and whatever may have been its original design, nothing can be conceived more happy than it, as introducing our pilgrim to the world of hope and purification from all earthly stains. In the same way, when the party, with whom Casella is, being met by Dante, are heard singing the 114th Psalm, Dante's language is—we quote Cary, whose translation is nearly literal:—

“‘*In exitu Israel de Egypto*’
 All, with one voice, together sang, with what
 In the remainder of that hymn is writ.”

The student of Dante will find it useful, when passages of Scripture are quoted, to look at them in their context, and, if he have the opportunity, to read them in the Vulgate. The Psalm commencing with “*In exitu Israel de Egypto*,” is in that version called the 113th, and comprises the whole of the 114th and 115th of our version. The delivery of God's people from captivity is made the emblem of the release of those spirits from the servile cares of earth, and their passing to a state in which the intelligible purpose of living for a better world is before them, as the animating principle of action. The idolatries which seduce man from the service of his Maker—their absolute unmeaningness when examined by any true test—are dwelt on, and then comes the triumphant burst of confidence in God—“*Domus Israel speravit in Domino; adjutor et protector eorum est. Domus Aaron speravit in Domino, adjutor eorum et protector eorum est;*”

* Thompson “*Castle of Indolence*.”

† Milton.

and the Psalm closes with words which were, no doubt, peculiarly in the poet's thoughts — “Non mortui laudabunt te Domine; neque omnes *qui descendant in infernum* — sed nos qui vivimus benedicimus domino ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.” We have seldom been led to look to the passages indicated by Dante, without finding much that was illustrative; and his referring in so distinct a manner to the entire of the Psalm, and not merely to the words with which it commences, which alone given in his text, fixes his meaning here, and suggests an examination of the same kind in other instances.

We know not how we have passed from Dante's studies to discussions which, at the moment, we should wish to avoid, and from which we must return. In the “*Convito*” of Dante, there is a curious passage, in which he assimilates the seven sciences of the *trivium* and *quadrivium* to the seven planets. Grammar resembles the moon, for reasons that seem fanciful enough. The variations of language are not unlike the changes apparent in the lunar orb. Mercury has two properties, such as dialectics are said to have by Dante: first, it is the smallest of the planets, and next, its light is more hidden by the rays of the sun than any other star. Dialectics in the same way is packed into more compendious treatises than any other sciences, and the arguments on which it relies are less clear. Venus and Rhetoric are like in this respect. Venus is the clearest and most beautiful of all the stars. Venus, too, is an evening as well as a morning star, and the power of rhetoric is felt both by him who hears an orator present before him, and him whom it affects through literature. Arithmetic and the sun go together, for each throws light on all the others. The sun, too, cannot be gazed upon by the human eye, and Number is infinite; considered abstractedly, it in the same way baffles the mind. Mars and Music have properties in common. The position of Mars among the other planets suggests relations of musical proportion. Mars attracts around him, from his heat, which is as that of fire, immense bodies of vapour—those vapours often

kindle, and present meteoric appearances, which are understood to predict the death of kings, and to perplex nations with fear of change.* Music, in the same way, attracts the human spirits, which are, as it were, vapours of the heart. Jupiter moves between the ardours of Mars and the chill of Saturn; and Geometry has the same cool complexion and calm temperature. Astrology seems to resemble Saturn chiefly in its remoteness. The inferences which man makes in respect to astrology — a science which includes astronomy—do not, in any degree, detract from the certainty of the principles on which it is founded. Above the planets, in the learning of Dante's days, was placed the heaven of the fixed stars; and this, for reasons too subtle for us to state, was by him associated with Physics and Metaphysics. Above this was the Crystalline sphere, which represents to his eyes Moral Philosophy. The crystalline was the sphere of justice, and on justice depend, in the last resort, all the movements of society; as in the Ptolemaic system the motions of all the inferior heavens were regulated by, and depended on, those of the crystalline. Suppose its motions, even for a moment to cease, and confusion irremediable would occur in every one of the planets. The results Dante particularises with something of prophetic dread—that awful as this would be, the extinction of moral philosophy would be something yet more deplorable—so he allows the crystalline heaven and moral philosophy to live and die together.

Beyond this, the ninth heaven was the Empyreum, which, not without an apology for the presumptuous comparison, he would yet compare to the divine science, or Theology—a science which, he says, is full of peace, and in which there is no strife of opinions; into which no sophistical arguments can ever enter. The nature of the subject of this science (*lo quale é Iddio*) makes it one of absolute certainty.

Dante might have remembered, that although the subject of theology is the divine nature, yet man it is who examines it, and that error cannot be excluded from any science dependant on the exercise of human investigation.

* “L'accendimento di questi vapori significa morte di regi, e transmutamento di regni”—*Convito*, ii. 14.

Theology, considered as embodying the speculations of any particular period is, perhaps, of all the sciences, notwithstanding the crowd of attendant ministers, queens and concubines, which fascinate Dante's imagination, the one which has done least for future generations of mankind: "*Sessante sono le regine e ottanta l'amiche concubine e delle ancelle adolescenti non e numero.*" All other sciences, says the poet, King Solomon calls queens, and concubines, and maidservants, and theology he calls a dove, because free from any stain of controversy; and he describes her as perfect, because the light of the truth, which it is hers to see, keeps the human heart at peace. The thought which connects, in this way, human sciences with the heavenly bodies, is one worth stating at this length, not only for the sake of showing the strange analogies which had the effect of arguments with all but a few minds at the period about which we write, and with some minds even more than the effect of argument, but because through the entire of "The Paradise" of Dante, where the poet ascends from star to star, the connexion, arbitrary as it would seem, is often stated, and more often implied.

Of the learning of his age, Dante appears to have been a perfect master. Though he afterwards studied at Bologna and Padua, and perhaps at Paris and Oxford (for the two last are also stated by some of his biographers), yet before he had left Florence he had been educated by Brunetto Latini, who is described as one of the most learned men of his time. He held the office of secretary of the Florentine Republic. What it was is not easy to say, such is the grandiloquence of Italian phraseology. At times we find the office called *dictator*, at times *notary*, now and then *chancellor* — all names which are alike applied to express offices of the highest importance and dignity, as well as to some which, however important, are of no dignity at all. In the course of his pilgrimage he meets the spirit of Brunetto, who is made to foretell a future of glory and prosperity to his illustrious pupil, which, in the meaning the words seem to convey, was never fulfilled. At parting, Brunetto, anxious for his fame on earth says—

"I commend my *Treasure* to thee,
Where'er I yet survive; my sole request."

The *Treasure*, in which Brunetto thought to live for ever, has not preserved his fame. It is in French. Cary tells us that it has never been printed in the original language; he says that there is a copy of it in the British Museum, with an illuminated portrait of Brunetto in his study prefixed. It is divided into four books; the first was "Cosmogony and Theology;" the second, a "Translation of Aristotle's Ethics;" the third, "On Virtues and Vices;" and the fourth on "Rhetoric." Cary also gives an account of his "*Tesoretto*," an Italian poem, which, and not the other, we almost think was the work alluded to in Dante. Brunetto describes himself as returning from Spain, to which he had been sent on an embassy from Florence by the Guelph party. At Roncevalles he meets a scholar, who tells him the Guelphs have been driven out of Florence. He wanders into a wood, where he meets Nature, who reveals to him the secrets of her operations. Some time after this, he finds himself in a desert:—

"Wile away! what fearful ground
In that savage part I found.
If of art I aught could ken,
Well behoved me use it then.
More I looked the more I deemed
That it wild and desert seemed.
Not a road was there in sight;
Not a house and not a wight;
Not a bird and not a brute;
Not a rill and not a root;
Not an emmet, not a fly;
Not a thing I mote descry.
Lone I doubted therewithal
Whether death would me befall:
Nor was wonder, for around
Full three hundred miles of ground,
Night across on every side,
Lay the desert bare and wide!"

On the third day of his travels he finds himself in a pleasant plain, where are assembled many emperors, kings, and philosophers. Here Virtue and her daughters dwell. From this he passes to the region of Pleasure, or Cupid, who is accompanied by four ladies, Love, Hope, Fear, and Desire. Here he meets Ovid, who teaches him, not the art of loving, but of conquering love; and advises him to escape from that land. He escapes—meets a friar, to whom he confesses his sins, and then returns to the forest, where he meets Ptolemy, a venerable old man; "and here," says

Cary, from whom we abridge this account, "the narrative breaks off." The opening of the allegory, and something in the way in which it is conducted, reminds one of the "Commedia;" but, in truth, this incident of losing one's way in a wood is everywhere, and the thought of representing the other world in vision is not the property of Dante more than of a hundred others. Dean Milman, in his "History of Latin Christianity,"* just published, gives us legends of the kind, which were the popular belief, embodied in religious romance, of the sixth and seventh centuries. He quotes from the "Dialogues" of Gregory the Great the story of one Stephen, which the Pope says he heard from his own mouth. Stephen had seemed to die—some accidental circumstances delayed his interment. While in the trance of seeming death, he "went down into hell, where he saw many things which he had not before believed." When, however, he was brought before his judge, it appeared that a mistake had been made, and the summons, which it would appear had been misdirected, or delivered at a wrong house, was intended for another. Stephen—Gregory's Stephen—returned to find the other Stephen dead. However, his own time came—he died of the plague, and straightway another vision, probably suggested by his, was circulated. A soldier, who recovered from the disease of which Stephen the dreamer died, told of a trance and a dream, and in the dream he, too, was in the other world. He first passed a bridge; beneath it flowed a river, "From which rose vapours dark, dismal, and noisome." Beyond it were "fragrant meadows, peopled by spirits clothed in white. In these were many mansions, vast, and full of light. Above all, rose a palace of golden bricks; to whom it belonged he could not read. On the bridge he recognised Stephen, whose foot slipped as he endeavoured to pass." As he fell there was an anxious struggle for him on the part of frightful demons and of beautiful angels. What the event was, the dreamer did not see. We have here, not alone the angels and demons, but something of the architecture with which Dante gives the effect of abso-

lute reality to his scenery—more, far more than Milton. We wonder that in the many illustrations of Dante there is not, as far as we know, any attempt to fix, by map or landscape, the topography; than which, indeed, no representation can be conceived more distinct than the language of the poet. The opening of the 12th Canto of the "Inferno" is a remarkable instance of this:—

"Era lo loco ove a scender la riva
Venimmo, alpestro.
Qual 'e quella ruina che nel fianco
Di quà da Trento l'Adice percosse
O per tramuota o per sostegne manco,
Che da cima del monte onde si mosse
Al piano é si la roccia discoscasa,
Che alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse;
Cotal di quel burrato era la scesa."

"The place, where to descend this bank we drew,
Was alpine-like,
As is that landslip, ere you come to Trent
That smote the flank of Adige, through
some stay,
Sinking beneath it, or by earthquake rent;
For from the summit, where of old it lay
Plainwards, the broken rock unto the feet
Of one above it might afford some way,
Such path adown this precipice we meet."
—Cayley.

The 15th Canto, in the way, gives a scene not easily forgotten:—

"One of the solid margins bears us now
Enveloped in the mist, that, from the
stream
Arising, hovers o'er and saves from fire
Both piers and water. As the Flemings
rear'd
Their mound, 'twixt Ghent and Bruges,
to chase back
The ocean, fearing his tumultuous tide
That drives toward them; or the Paduans
theirs
Along the Brenta, to defend their towns
And castles, ere the genial warmth be felt
On Chiarenta's top, such were the mounds
So framed, though not in height or bulk to
these
Made equal by the master, whosoe'er
He was that raised them here."
—Cary.

We do not know whether Dante at any time contemplated marriage with Beatrice. We do not know whether, when he saw her again after the first interview

* "History of Latin Christianity." Vol. I.

in their childhood, she was not already the wife of another. It would appear that she died in the year 1290, and that in the next year Dante married. The marriage is said to have been unhappy. For this there is little or no evidence; less than none, we may say, when those who seek to make out the proposition quote, in its support, from the "*Inferno*," nothing but the complaint of one tortured spirit, who is made say that his wife's savage temper has been the main cause of bringing him there. Dante is presumed to have been thinking of his own wife when he makes one of the characters in his drama thus speak, and the hundred passages in which he expresses his love for women and children, and his sense of domestic enjoyments, in language more beautiful and more true than can be found in any other poet, are wholly overlooked. There was, no doubt, in Dante's case, as in Milton's, one element of discord in his lot—his wife was nearly related to some of his most formidable political opponents.

We find it impossible to give an intelligible account of the Florentine parties of Dante's day, or even of the circumstances which produced his exile from his native city. The rival factions of Guelphs and Ghibbelines had for nearly two centuries distracted Italy. It is not easy to describe either of them as representing anything of a principle; but the Guelphs may, for the most part, be stated as supporting and supported by the Popes—the Ghibbelines as Imperialists. This is not a statement which would at all times be accurate, as, in the fluctuations of party, we find Ghibbeline Popes and Guelphic Emperors, and the adherents of each occasionally split into divisions, in which the extremes of each are more distant from each other than from some of the sections of the opposite party. The feelings and interest of Florence were with the Guelphs. It was the popular and, as it were, the native party. The object of the Florentines was to break down the power of the nobles, and to secure their own municipal liberties. The thought of Italy as one, was not any part of their conception. The Ghibbelines, or Imperial party, presented to their minds this last imagina-

tion—having, however, the disadvantage of having no way of realising it except in the person of a German prince, a stranger, whose claim to their devotedness was his styling himself the *Cæsar*, and thus representing himself as having the rights of the Roman Emperors. The distractions created in Florence by these factions, and by the claims of the noble families to hold the government in their hand, led to frequent changes. In 1282 it was enacted, that as the idle and indigent were generally parties to every outrage, all should be expelled from Florence who could not exhibit that they had the means of honest living. A strong police force was established, and, to get rid of the distinction of patrician and plebeian, they determined that none should hold office who did not belong to one of the incorporated trades of Florence. The nobles got enrolled in one or other of the guilds, and from the guilds were chosen the *Priors of Arts, or Trades*, to whom the government of the city was entrusted. The office lasted for two months; was very laborious; was unpaid, except that, during the period of office, the Priors lived in public chambers, which were supported at the expense of the city. After his period of service, the Prior was ineligible for two years.* Dante is said to have at first belonged to the Guelph party; he himself would say he was of none. In 1300 he was chosen Prior, having previously become a member of the "*Art of Druggists*." In the course of his Priorship, faction had arisen to a greater height than ever; and the bold step was adopted of banishing several of the principal men of both parties—the parties not being properly Guelphs and Ghibbelines, but Florentine factions of *Neri* and *Bianchi*, who would fall under other descriptions. The *Neri*, as the party of the nobles, would seem to be that to which Dante from his connexion should be more naturally attached. If so, it is a proof of his fairness of purpose that the public accusation against him was of favouring the *Bianchi*. Some prejudices arose against him from one set of the exiles being recalled sooner than the other, but this was after his office had ceased. If we understand these Florentine faction-fights rightly, all, both *Neri* and

* Napier's "*Florentine History*." Vol. I. p. 304.

Bianchi, were Guelphs — though ultimately the Bianchi were classed with Ghibbelines.

In the year 1302 Dante was himself banished, in common with the whole Bianchi party.

No less than three sentences of condemnation were pronounced against Dante in the early part of this year — one on the 27th of January; the second on the 10th of March; and the third in April. In one of these sentences his goods were declared confiscated, but the Florentine mob had already anticipated the State, and his house was plundered of every thing of value, even before his condemnation. Dante was absent from Florence at the time, on an embassy to Rome. This gave the court of law the opportunity, perhaps the right — for legal formalities appear not to have been deviated from — to decree him contumacious, and to annex to the sentence the addition, that if he should ever return to Florence, or its dominions, he should be burned to death. His wife's rights to a portion of his property were fortunately not affected by Dante's banishment. To support herself and her children, however, she was compelled to live upon it; and thus were her fortunes and those of her husband separated.

Dante appears to have lost all self-possession on hearing of this sentence. Hitherto he had been classed with the Guelph party in Italian politics, and his banishment, whatever were the grounds assigned for it, was to be referred to the violence of an extreme section of the Guelphs. The sentence itself, if, as we think it likely, the three sentences are to be construed as one, each confirming and enforcing the other, from some real or supposed defect in the proceedings, was banishment for two years; the penalty of death being a part of the sentence only in case of return before the expiration of that period. Dante, however, was provoked by what he felt to be a wrong and also an insult, for he speaks with offended dignity of being classed with some of the other offenders; and he, as far as a private man could be said to do so, declared war against Florence. Councils of war were formally held by Dante and the other exiles, and he was one of a directing committee of twelve, who having obtained military aid from Bologna and Pistoia, made an actual at-

tack on Florence, gained for a moment possession of one quarter of the city, but were ultimately forced to retire.

We have said that the Guelphs were divided into two factions — the more violent were the Neri; the more moderate the Bianchi. When the Bianchi were driven into banishment, they found themselves often among Ghibbelines, and were classed with them, not very reasonably, though very naturally, by the Neri. The Ghibbelines were also divided among themselves into factions — the more violent of them were called the "Secchi," the "dry;" the more moderate bore the name of "Verdi," or the "green." The "green" Ghibbeline and the "white" Guelph were regarded as belonging to the same party; and the sources from which aid was first obtained by the Florentine exiles were princes and cities which were classed with the "green." This is worth mentioning, chiefly as showing that Dante did not, in his banishment, do anything that seemed to himself inconsistent with his professed political views.

That Dante soon after was classed with professed Ghibbelines, and that all his great works are written in the spirit of an Imperialist, there can be no doubt. In the circumstances of Italy, rather than in those of his private life, the explanation is to be sought. The Guelph party had in truth become a French rather than an Italian party. The Popes were French; the see was transferred to Avignon; the unity of Italy, if a dream, was yet a patriotic dream; and it was absolutely inconsistent with either the humbled position of the Papacy as it existed, or with the ambitious claims of the Papacy, which if better times were to be imagined for it, contemplated rather the general interests of Europe than the particular objects which Italy might be supposed interested in. The elevation of Henry of Luxembourg to the Imperial throne gave hopes to all of the real improvement in the affairs of Italy — to none more than to Dante. He had till now, during his wanderings of several years through Italy and France — and, if we are to believe some of his biographers, even England — endeavoured, in every form of expostulation and supplication, to obtain a reversal of his sentence of banishment; but, on the election of Henry, he assumed a different tone; and it would

appear, when Henry, in the course of the year, encamped before the gates of Florence, that Dante had little doubt of being triumphantly restored to all that he had lost. The campaign ended in nothing; Henry died in the following year, and with him all Dante's hopes. His wanderings, both before and after this, are sought to be traced chiefly through scattered allusions in his works. We cannot think that the effort has been very successful either in Troja's or Balbo's work. Letters have been forged, and fictions of every kind resorted to, to gratify the vanity of the families with whom he occasionally resided. Distress and dependence were his portion through the whole of his life after his banishment; and how it was possible that his great work should have been created under such circumstances, is but one of the miracles which, in the case of every mighty work of the human mind, we must be satisfied with admiring, without the power of suggesting an adequate solution. At all periods of his life, Dante seems to have been employed on embassies; and the communications of princes were then carried on more through the travels and personal exertions of educated men than in ours. Dante's last residence was in the palace of Guido, whom some speak of as the father, some as the nephew of the Francesca to whom he has given immortality. He had been sent by him on an embassy to Venice, in which he was unsuccessful; he returned in fever, occasioned by disappointment. It terminated fatally in 1321.

The periods at which his great poem was written are not known. The date which he gives to his imaginary voyage is 1300, the year in which he held the office of Prior. Among the persons of his "Comedy" are none who did not die before that year; but as he ascribes a power of prophecy to persons in the other world, he is enabled to advert to incidents that are subsequent to that year.

We have exceeded the limits which we had proposed to ourselves, and yet have left a good deal unsaid which we should have wished to bring before our readers. We have already mentioned most of the English translations which we had any opportunity of seeing. Of the later ones in rhyme we prefer Wright and Cayley. Of Cayley, as his book has led us into this discussion, it is

fair to give a specimen; and as a passage, of which our readers will be likely to remember the original, answers the purpose best, we select the story of Francesca:—

" ————— ' Poet, with yonder twain
I crave to speak, who move in company,
And seem so light upon the hurricane.'
Then he replied, ' Await, until they be
More nigh, and thou shalt pray them by
the love
Which them controls, and they will come
to thee.'
As soon as toward us on the blast they move,
I lift my voice, ' O spirits harassed,
Come and speak with us here, if none re-
prove.'
As doves that by affection called, with spread
And moveless wings to their sweet nest
repair,
Through the air gliding, by volition sped;
Thus from the troop, which Dido holds, they
fare,
Approaching us across the air malign,
So strong the loving call had reacht 'em
there.
' O thou quick spirit, gracious and benign,
That, seeking us, the tawny air dost pierce,
Even us, who did the ground encarnadine;
Had we the monarch of the universe
Our friend, his peace for thee should be
our quest,
As thou hast pity on our pain perverse.
Whatever thou to speak and hear may list,
We will give ear to, and will speak to
thee,
So long as yet the blast remaineth whilst.
The land where I was born is by the sea,
Upon the margin, where descendeth Po,
With all his followers at peace to be.
Love, whom the gentle heart is quick to
know,
Seized him by that fair person, which, it
grieves
Me still to think, I was despoiled of so.
Love, who from loving none beloved re-
prieves,
So kindled me to work his will again,
That still, thou seest, my side he never leaves.
Love led us to one death; the place of Cain
Awaiteth him, by whom in life we bled.'
These words proceeded to us from the twain.
When I the wounded spirits heard, my head
I hung adown, and sometime kept it low,
Until, ' What thinkest thou?' the poet said.
Then I began, when I made answer, ' O,
What dear desire, what many thoughts
and sooth
Have led them both unto this bourne of woe?
I turned to them and spoke myself, ' In truth,'
Francesca, ' I began, ' thine agonies
So pierce me, I can weep for woe and ruth;
But tell me, at the time of your sweet sighs,
How love, and by what token did concede
That you the dubious passions might sur-
mise?'

And she replied, 'There is no pain indeed
 Like the remembering of happy state
 In grief, nor will thy guide to learn it need ;
 But if such eagerness to penetrate
 The first root of our love, thy mind incite,
 As one that speaks and weeps I shall relate.
 One day we had been reading for delight
 Of Lancelot, how love had him compelled ;
 We were alone together, dreadless quite.
 This reading many a time our eyes had held
 Upon each other, and our cheeks made
 pale ;
 One only passage our endurance quelled ;
 For when the smile desired, in our tale,
 Was kissed by such a great and loving
 one,
 This man, who never from my side can fail,
 Kissed me, all quivering, my mouth upon.
 The book, the author, Pandar's trade was
 plying ;
 That evening we could read no further on.'
 As in that guise one spirit was replying,
 The other wept so sore, my senses fled
 Through pity, as if I had been a-dying ;
 I dropt upon the ground as drop the dead."

Mr. Cayley announces a body of notes to the entire work, which we shall be very anxious to see. Without such assistance the work cannot be understood.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his "Italian Poets," has given an abstract of the story, in which it is a subject of regret to us that this pleasing writer feels it necessary, in every second page, to express how wholly he differs from this author on every question of morals and religion. If so, why translate him? There is also a prose translation of the "Inferno," by Dr. Carlyle, which we have seen but for a moment. It, however, we believe, does all that is possible to be done in prose for the explanation and illustration of the author. There is also a prose translation of the entire work by the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, from which we have received very great pleasure—pleasure increased by our believing Mr. O'Donnell to be a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, as we are glad to welcome all such men as they appear in the walks of general literature. O'Donnell gives, for the most part, a very faithful representation of the original. His views of the poem are those of the earlier commentators, and his notes are often very useful. There are some inaccuracies, which may be easily re-

moved in future editions. On the whole, the book will be found useful to students of the poet; and there are many who will prefer this almost literal version to the more ambitious attempt of translating the work into any metrical form.

The prose translators, however, as far as we know them, are scarcely more literal than those who have written in verse. And, we must own, that for ourselves we prefer metrical forms. One advantage they possess, that it is more easy in them to follow the author's arrangement of words—for transpositions are easy and natural in verse, which could not be attempted in prose without violating proprieties of language.

Cary's is likely to be ultimately regarded as a great name among English poets. We chiefly know him through translation; and though we have read his "Pindar," and his "Birds of Aristophanes," we feel that "The Vision," as he calls the "Divine Comedy," is the work through which he will live. We feel pride in having almost the right to speak of Cary as an Irishman;—though himself born at Gibraltar, both his parents were of Irish families. "He was the eldest son of William Cary," at the time of the poet's birth (in 1772), "a captain in the First Regiment of Foot, by Henrietta, daughter of Theophilus Brocas, Dean of Kil-lala. His grandfather, Henry Cary, was Archdeacon, and his great grandfather, Mordecai Cary, Bishop of that diocese." Cary's wife was also Irish—"He married, in 1796, Jane, daughter of James Ormsby, Esq., of Sandy-mount, near Dublin."*

Boyd, by whom a good deal has been done to illustrate Dante, was also Irish. His translation we have not lately seen, and our recollection of it is, that it is too diffuse. Still, we remember when we read it with pleasure—in the days of early-boyhood. Lamb at all times maintained it was the best English translation.

In Moore's "Memoirs of Byron," a commentary on Dante and a translation are spoken of by an Irish gentleman of the name of Taaffe. Byron praises the Commentary. We remember to have seen a volume of the Com-

* "Memoir of Cary." By his Son. London: 1847. In this book an intention was announced of printing some original poems of Cary's, which we believe has not yet been done.

mentary, and our impression is, that the praise was not justified. We should, however, be glad to meet with the book again. We are not sure whether any part of Mr. Taaffe's translation was published. We have some recollection that the translation is described in the Commentary as executed in the *terza rima*, but in octosyllabic metre.

But of all that has been done for Dante, either in England or Ireland, we should most wish to see a translation which yet remains in manuscript. In Hardy's "Life of the Earl of Charlemont," we are told that Lord Charlemont—who was one of the most accomplished men of his time, who was, probably, better acquainted with Italian literature than any other man of that day, and who seems to have possessed very great poetical talents—had written a history of Italian poetry, with translations as nearly literal as was consistent with his exhibiting in English the metres of the original. Hardy gives some of his translations, in which even the order and arrangement of the rhymes is in studied imitation of the poems which he wishes to reproduce. The fidelity of these translations is greater than anything which, till then, had been exhibited in our literature. To express the general meaning of a passage was all that even our best translators had before attempted. Lord Charlemont endeavoured to give every minuter shade of meaning, every lurking grace of style; and while it is as impossible for any man to do this completely, as it would be for two persons walking in the same grounds to see precisely the same landscape, which shifts for ever to the view of each, yet, to make the effort, is to have done something; and in each of the little poems which Hardy gives, from "Testi," from "Ludovico Dolce," from "Guarini," and from "Petrarca," we have, with great distinctness, perfect images brought out—no evasions or half-meanings. Lord Charlemont's language is not quite free from the faults of style of the period in which he lived. The liberties which, by some forty years of

effort, Wordsworth and the poets of the first half of the present century slowly conquered, had not been yet won; and it is only amazing, with so imperfect an instrument as the English verse of his day was, Lord Charlemont could have effected so much. Hardy tells us that Lord Charlemont "speaks of Boyd's 'Dante' as one of the best poetical translations in our language, and one which is only prevented from being a *real* translation by the constant uniformity of its merit. It,"—we presume Boyd's adopting a plan which allowed of greater deviations from the original than Lord Charlemont thought desirable,—“first induced him to give a version of Dante, of which,” adds Mr. Hardy, “as well as of all his translations, he speaks with the most engaging modesty and diffidence.” Of Mr. Roscoe, whom he highly recommends, he says:—“His translations make me blush for mine. Yet, I must say, that excellent as they are, they share in the glorious fault of being *too poetical*; and the latitude he has allowed himself rendered this part of his labours, to me at least, not entirely satisfactory, by lessening that resemblance to his originals, which, I must persevere in thinking, the first object of translation.”*

From this passage it would appear that there exists a translation, probably of the entire of the "Commedia," but certainly, of considerable parts of it, by Lord Charlemont. It also appears that it is constructed on principles of translation which exact entire fidelity to the author translated. Mr. Hardy has not stated what form of verse has been adopted; but as Lord Charlemont's translations from Petrarch and others imitate the very arrangements of rhyme which he finds, we have little doubt that in this case he adopted the *terza rima*. It would be a real service to literature if the attention which Dante has of late attracted should lead to the publication of Lord Charlemont's history of Italian poetry, and of his version of Dante.

* Hardy's "Life of Charlemont." Vol. ii. p. 441.

THE PAINTER FESTUS.

A FRAGMENT OF A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

I.

WHEN Cœur de Lion filled the world with awe,
 Whose crimson banners mocked the Syrian blue,
 Cleft a wide path through icy bands of law,
 Led up to Salem his stout retinue
 Of six-foot English, crashed full many a flaw
 In Paynim harness: then our Guernsey knew
 A man whose fame old Time has rendered fainter,
 A very celebrated landscape-painter.

Artist, and architect, and mesmerist;
 Lover of beauty, whether evanescent
 It lingered in the sunset amethyst;
 Or in the eyes of some sweet Norman peasant
 Shone liquidly; or chased the broken mist
 Across the ocean-fields of foam incessant;
 Or, 'mid religious dimness ('twas a holy age),
 Hung o'er some chapel, hid in densest foliage.

A lazy being: old poetic Ocean
 He loved to gaze on through the summer hours—
 To watch the white sails in their shifting motion,
 And pelt the moments with artistic flowers;
 And strive to analyse each swift emotion
 Of his strange spirit, and build the transient towers
 Called "Châteaux d'Espagne," up against the sky,
 Which the breeze ruined as it floated by.

His studio overhung the flashing brine:
 He placed a sofa in its niche luxurious,
 And lay and watched the changeful hyaline,
 And pencilled sketches very quaint and curious;
 Sipping the while some light Provençal wine—
 Neither ascetic was he, nor penurious,
 And liked to see about his airy chamber
 Great globular caraffes half filled with amber.

The man had magic in him: alien lore
 He had attained, I rather fear unduly;
 Could say what chanced on Cyprus' distant shore,
 Or in bleak March foretell the fates of July;
 Or with a word the wide world travel o'er.
 His name was Festus: for his surname, truly
 It might be Tupper, Dobree, Brock, or Carey,
 Or any from our isle's vocabulary.

The seven-league boots which Peter Schlemihl strode in,
 And went from isle to isle, o'er mount and river,
 In mighty paces that would frighten Odin—
 Chamisso's famous purse, the bounteous giver
 Of untold gold, which always briskly flowed in—
 Gyges' high ring, which could its lord deliver
 From human sight—Festus all these possessed,
 And gave their virtues very little rest.

Besides, he understood neurhypnotism—
 Could comatize at any time or distance,
 And by the aid of the clairvoyant prism
 Gather the whole world's news without assistance.
 Though somewhat touched by the prevailing schism,
 He was the luckiest fellow in existence :
 His pictures always sold, however hazy—
 He might have made a fortune, but was lazy.

He was no wit—few painters are, I fancy ;
 Nor of rich eloquence a great dispenser.
 With all his mesmerism and cheiromancy,
 Was neither chess-player, cricketer, nor fencer ;
 But strong in his unshaken occupancy
 Of Art's chief pinnacle, he feared no censor ;
 Studied whate'er he listed, sketched and rambled,
 And on life's pathway like a setter gambolled.

About his studio walls he painted oft.
 Here were long golden, glimmering, haunted glades,
 With the acacia's scented blooms aloft ;
 And underneath Boccaccio's youths and maids,
 All song and glee ; their turfen couches soft
 With scarf and gem most bright. There Cypris fades
 Into the distance, while Anchises strides
 Down where the Xanthus all the plain divides.

Those are the Northern Moors. Long miles of heather—
 The dark tarn hidden by granite walls, where drink
 Herds of the red deer, sweeping down together
 O'er chasm and valley to that moss-grown brink :
 Roar the great larches in the calmest weather ;
 'Neath horny hoofs the tender heathbells shrink,
 As the wild herd dart off with sudden onset,
 And pass away into the farseen sunset.

That picture shows where great Plantagenet,
 England's own Lion, rides o'er Syrian sands.
 In a pure sky the terrible sun is set ;
 The ostrich lies across the desert lands ;
 The olband stalks there ; chargers foam and fret
 'Gainst the hot wind, and knightly iron hands
 Droop as doth pass the noble cavalcade,
 With standard fair and quivering lance arrayed.

And there, amid his pictures, Festus lay
 Dreaming ; below, the sea-foam ever whitens
 Upon the silver margin of the bay.
 I see where, rich with gold, the sunlight brightens
 The purple waters, stretching far away
 By silent Herm. The amber sunset heightens—
 The artist dreams—the surges fret and die—
 Up to that chamber comes stern Destiny.

II.

In the fantastic fabric of Mosul
 No sprightlier beauty ever was enfolden
 Than she who entered. Summer skies were dull
 To those sweet eyes ; her tresses, richly golden,
 Lay on white shoulders, round and beautiful
 As Cytherca's at her birth, beholden
 On ocean calm. Let the time-stream flow by—
 'This was the dreamful Painter's Destiny.

A broad straw hat—sweet ringlets—dancing eyes—
 Small, slender fingers worthy of Titania—
 A voice in which the depth of passion lies :
 These things oft mystify artistic crania.
 What wonder Festus felt the shadow rise
 Of a colossal, heart-enthraling mania ?
 What wonder Echo told the unclouded sky,
 This is the dreamful Painter's Destiny ?

Fair Ada came for portraiture. Long ages
 Might he have toiled in vain—a fruitless wooer
 Of all the mysteries of the Italian sages—
 Her charming face to paint. An instinct truer
 Led them to wander where wild ocean wages
 A ceaseless war ; or tranquilly he drew her
 To roam where leafage green and glimmering streams
 Hinted a landscape for the artist's dreams.

Blue Moulin Huet oft (the queen of bays) '
 Saw them slow wandering on its winding verge,
 And with their merry choric roundelays
 Mocking the wild songs of the windy surge ;
 And watching ever, through the golden haze,
 Rock, sand, and hillside vanish and emerge
 As the tide swept them. Thus the painter made a
 Picture (upon his inmost heart) of Ada.

Till by the margin of the eternal sea
 A knightly form once met them. That high brow
 O'erhung wild eyes, whose passionate wrath or glee
 Could make great monarchs at his bidding bow,
 Or fill the world with laughter : it was he,
 Whose life's divine romance is written now
 In sanguine letters—Syria's fierce invader—
 Richard Plantagenet, the great Crusader.

"O lady fair!—O son of Art!" he said,
 "Forth to the East my mighty warships go,
 Along the unfurrowed deep. My father dead,
 Urged me no lingering vain delay to know ;
 But for the welfare of his spirit fled,
 And for my sins, to strike a giant blow
 At fell Saladin. Festus, be it thine
 With me to pass to sunlit Palestine.

"Upon the ruddy vines of Israel
 The crescent moon shines brightly. There the gem
 Of all earth's cities doth in sorrow dwell—
 Much wouldst thou dare to paint Jerusalem."
 Sweet Ada's bosom, with its sudden swell,
 Tear-filled her bright blue eyes. "Thy diadem,
 O Sire," said Festus, "scarce could tempt me hence,
 From art, and love, and pleasant indolence."

"Unknightly dreamer!" laughed the kingly Lion.
 "Now, surely some slight solace there might be :
 Thou and thy bride might gaze upon Orion
 Together, rising from the autumnal sea.
 Festus, I need thee. When my white sails fly on
 Towards the bright Orient, and the winds blow free,
 'Twill be far better than the durance vile
 Which fetters thee within this dreary isle.

"To see the turbaned Turk, the Egyptian dark ;
 To pass the desert—one wide sea of sand ;
 The giant Pyramids in awe to mark,
 Which by the azure Nile for ever stand :
 Wilt thou lose this ? Come, tread my gallant bark—
 Press a sweet farewell on that lily hand.
 Consider, Festus, a new world 'twill be."
 He said, "My love is world enough for me."

And yet he went. That very summer eve,
 When from the sea the western breeze came flying,
 And the pale moon began her spell to weave,
 And sounds of life from town and field were dying,
 Then Festus felt his Ada's bosom heave
 In utter grief: then to his vows replying,
 She only said—"Return, return again !
 Let not my never-ending prayers be vain."

The Painter went. With dawn upon the morrow
 Sprang to a light skiff Festus and the King :
 He in his heart repressed a load of sorrow,
 While the breeze fanned him with an unseen wing ;
 The calm sea rocked him in its glimmering furrow ;
 Strange visions urged him to his wandering.
 Yet gazed he back, while sailors songs were uttering,
 And saw white garments on the sea-sand fluttering.

Even as he who sundered Helen's bridal
 Thought of his pale CEnone many a time ;
 When on the immortal hill a golden idyl
 They wrought, and chanted antique pleasant rhyme
 Under the pinewoods: so, when winds were idle,
 In the strange stillness of the midsea clime,
 Dreamt Festus sadly of rocks and snow-white surf,
 And Ada wandering on the fragrant turf.

III.

Festus in Araby. The King and he
 Rode without parley o'er the desert wild—
 Rode through the scorching of the sandy sea
 Wordless. They twain, by traitorous guides beguiled,
 Had lost their followers. With high heart and free,
 Still they passed on: and now the hero smiled
 With huge content—"Heaven grant, my hungry Festus,
 In yonder tents a stout sirloin be drest us."

Tents, not their own, shut out the grey horizon ;
 And steeds and camels pastured round about ;
 And Bedouins, grim as travellers e'er set eyes on,
 Lay smoking there—a quaint and motley rout ;
 To them a monarch of King Richard's size, on
 An English steed, seemed very queer, no doubt.
 Yet sat they still, with long and solemn faces,
 Infecting with tobacco the oasis.

Up to the largest tent they rode. Thereunder
 They saw a brazier heaped with burning charcoal ;
 An Arab maid, with large blue eyes of wonder,
 A grey, long bearded chieftain patriarchal ;
 Tables with viands strewn, nor far asunder
 Delicious liquids in great goblets sparkle,
 Whereof the maid straightway presents a chalice,
 Cool as the waters of our English valleys—

Cool as the waters which, from green Helvellyn,
 Leap o'er rough chasm and terrible abyss,
 Through many a heathy pass and fissure swelling,
 Known only to the eagle, till they kiss
 The grey hill-farmer's mossy cottage-dwelling
 Deep in the glen—so fresh and cool was this
 Great vase of purple Shiraz, iced to zero,
 Which slaked the fierce thirst of the English hero.

Then said the Sheik—"Great King of Christendie!
 Into my hundred-gated halls descend,
 And taste the feast prepared." Thereat they see
 A downward path, without apparent end.
 On strides the monarch then, with footstep free,
 And through dark, winding, sandy ways they wend,
 Opens a door at length, and scenes Elysian
 Burst suddenly upon their startled vision.

Halls hung with tapestry, whose domes divine
 Were massed with pictures lovelier than Giorgione's:
 Of ruddy children, 'neath a wavy line
 Of foliage—Hebe, as her silken zone is
 Suddenly loosed: there comes, as from a shrine,
 Odour more sweet than aught from fair Cologne is;
 And they behold in porphyry and beryl
 Tables deep-carved with scenes of love and peril.

They hear the ripple of an unseen stream—
 Such as in English woodland dense and shady
 Oft glads the traveller with devious gleam;
 They hear the sweet song of an unseen lady
 Chanting strange melody, whose echoes seem
 Divine: no listeners they, in hunger's hey-day.
 Richard the King was something to admire, as
 He dined on roast gazelle and quaffed his Shiraz.

They dined—they slept. Next morning through the rooms
 Widely they wandered, and no end could find;
 Inhaled the breath of exquisite perfumes,
 Which floated ever on the entering wind;
 Gazed on strange beauties 'mid the haunted glooms;
 Or, on a costly soft divan reclined,
 Enjoyed a new sensation, as they took a
 Protracted whiff of narghilly or hookah.

Each morn they drank strong coffee, never fearing
 The occult narcotic poison of caffeine;
 Each day lay long on silken couches, hearing
 Inexplicable melody divine;
 Each golden eve, as sunset tide was nearing,
 The two sat resolutely down to dine;
 Each night their wandering spirits 'gan to roam
 To the fair purlieus of their English home.

Of Berengaria thought the warrior King:
 The Artist dreamt of Ada, and the sweet
 Time they had spent in Guernsey wandering,
 And longed full oft for Hermes' swift-winged feet,
 Forth to these granite isles at once to spring,
 And clasp his bride. Even to the desert's heat
 They could not then emerge—the Arab's malice
 Kept them close prisoners in his wondrous palace.

The gate whereby it had been theirs to enter
 They failed to find. King Richard's shout of wrath,
 Though louder far than ever made by Stentor,
 Brought them no guide to that mysterious path.
 As well might they have dwelt at earth's dark centre,
 Where Demogorgon his dread mansion hath,
 As daily quaffed their wine of Persian growth
 In those delicious chambers, ever loth.

Daily, by unseen ministry, there came
 Exquisite viands, hunger to awaken ;
 Each day their listening ears the very same
 Sweet gush of water heard ; still unforsaken
 Were they by melodies which knew no name :
 Nor ever were the golden visions taken,
 Which, at the climax of their useless anger,
 Kept them enfolded in luxurious languor.

IV.

But the caged Lion chafed in sullen mood,
 Soon tiring of the *dolce far niente*—
 For Richard loved wild valleys warfare-strewn,
 And fierce encounters where rough blows were plenty—
 Loved to hew down the turbaned Paynim brood
 (One English knight to heathens five-and-twenty)—
 “O in my gripe had I that chieftain's neck fast !”
 He cried, each morning as they sat at breakfast.

Festus was eating nectarines, and making
 Caricatures upon the porcelain ;
 The Lion Heart a meal gigantic taking—
 Between huge mouthfuls eased his surly pain
 With wrathful mutterings—when, at once outbreking,
 Rose to their ears a most unusual strain,
 And in there danced a troop of charming creatures,
 With silver ankle-bells and merry features.

And all unheeding Festus and the Fighter,
 They danced in wondrous figure quite uniquely ;
 Each moment grew their silver footfalls lighter,
 Winding, convolving, flashing by obliquely ;
 With saucy eyes, than Orient opals brighter,
 And heads now tossed aloft, now bending meekly—
 In fact, the gipsies polkaed ! and played many tricks
 Unknown to Hagar, their antique progenitrix.

They crashed the cymbals—beat the tambourine—
 With castanets produced a jocund clatter :
 A perfect breeze their draperies made, I ween :
 Their feet fell faster than the rain's quick patter
 In a wet April. 'Twas a pleasant scene ;
 But Cœur de Lion bellowed—“What's the matter ?
 Who in the world has sent you here to bore us ?”
 “SALADIN !” shrieked they all, in laughing chorus.

“SALADIN !”—and the utterance, like a spell,
 Set them off swifter, all their motions doubling—
 Now in a wild troop swooped they down pell-mell,
 As if to crush the hero they were troubling—
 Now rose into a living pinnacle,
 Like the swift water from a fountain bubbling—
 And all the while King Richard's ire grew brisker,
 He plucked the bristles from his left-hand whisker.

Sudden they vanished. Instant somnolence
Fell on both King and Artist, and they lay,
Half buried in a dreamful indolence,
Till the last shadows hid the dying day ;
When Festus, languidly emerging thence,
Beheld a pretty page in livery gay—
A pretty page, with somewhat wicked eye,
Creep through the silent chamber craftily.

“ By Hermes ! ” muttered he, alive and eager—
“ Another visitor ! There’s something new.
This same Saladin is a bold intriguer,
And has a most extensive retinue.
Pages and dancing-girls !—he might beleaguer
A city with them ! ” As the artist grew
Wakeful and curious, lo ! the minion made a
Signal to beckon him—the page was Ada !

“ A dream or real ? ” cried Festus. “ Ada here !
No ; ’tis some vision of the vile enchanter.”
And then, to make his puzzled eyesight clear,
He took a long draught from the next decanter.
But Ada quickly made the truth appear—
His magic ring had brought her there instant.
“ Right glad was I to find its use no fable—
You left it, Festus, on your dressing-table.”

Just then the King awoke. “ Hilloh ! coquetting
With pages, Festus. What a novel notion ! ”
But when he found the lady, unforgetting
Her lover, had by magic crossed the ocean—
Had peril dared, instead of idly fretting—
It gave the monarch quite a new emotion.
“ Brave girl ! ” he cried, “ I’ll knight you.” “ No bad thing,”
Said the artist ; “ but let’s first escape, my King.

“ The ring will save but one—be that one you.
Ada and I, with coffee so delicious,
Plenty to eat and drink, and nought to do,
Shall scarcely find the lapse of time pernicious.
Come back with a chivalric retinue,
And rescue us, and that old false and vicious
Chieftain decapitate.” He did not linger,
But vanished with the ring upon his finger.

O for a merry, rapid, scampering metre
To tell how through the air the hero fled,
Than the mad whirlwind of the tropics fleeter !
The Bedouins were amazed, as overhead
The flying marvel past. Some wild retreat
From Allah—so their wisest sages said—
Some gin, ghoul, afreet it must be, whose flight
Brought back upon the sky receding night.

Far, far beneath, the sands of Araby
Fast disappeared ; and next the golden plains
Of Syria flushed on Richard’s downward eye ;
Vast flocks of sheep, and idle shepherd swains,
Palm-trees and fountains, swept like lightning by :
And now he hears the haughty trumpet strains
Of England’s army ; then descending straightway,
The monarch stood at fair Damascus’ gateway.

MORTIMER COLLING.

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORT-COMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XLVII.

TOWARDS HOME.

USAFFICH's retreat was a small cottage, about two miles from Denant, and on the verge of the Ardennes forest. He had purchased it from a retired "Garde Chasse" some years before, "seeing," as he said, "it was exactly the kind of place a man may lie concealed in whenever the time comes, as it invariably does come, that one wants to escape from recognition."

I have already said that he was not very communicative as we went along, but as we drew nigh to Denant he told me, in a few words, the chief events of his career since we had parted.

"I have made innumerable mistakes in life, Gervois, but my last was the worst of all. I married! Yes, I persuaded your old acquaintance, Mademoiselle von Geysiger, to accept me at last. She yielded, placed her millions and tens of millions at my disposal, and three months after we were beggared. Davoust found, or said he found, that I was a Russian spy; swore that I was carrying on a secret correspondence with Sweden; confiscated every sous we had in the world, and threw me into gaol at Lubeck, from which I managed to escape, and made my way to Paris. There I preferred my claim against the marshal; at first before the Cour Militaire, then to the minister, then to the Emperor. They all agreed that Davoust was grossly unjust; that my case was one of the greatest hardship, and so on; that the money was gone, and there was no help for it. In fact, I was pitied by some, and laughed at by others; and out of sheer disgust at the deplorable spectacle I presented, a daily suppliant at some official antechamber, I agreed to take my indemnity in the only way that offered, a commission in the newly-raised Polish legion, where I served for two years, and quitted three days ago in the manner you witnessed."

His narrative scarcely occupied more words than I have given it. He told me the story as we led our horses up a narrow bridle-path that ascended from the river's side, to a little elevated terrace where a cottage stood.

"There," said he, pointing with his whip, "there is my '*pied à terre*,' all that I possess in the world, after twenty years of more persevering pursuit of wealth than any man in Europe. Ay, Gervois, for us, who are not born to the high places in this world, there is but one road open to power, and that is money! It matters not whether the influence be exerted by a life of splendour, or an existence of miserable privation — money is power, and the only power that every faction acknowledges, and bows down to. He who lends is the master, and he who borrows is the slave. That is a doctrine that monarchs and democrats all agree in. The best proof I can afford you that my opinion is sincere, lies in the simple fact, that he who utters the sentiment lives here;" and with these words he tapped with the head of his riding-whip at the door of the cottage.

Although only an hour after the sun set, the windows were barred and shuttered for the night, and all within seemingly had retired to rest. The Count repeated his summons louder; and at last the sounds of heavy "*sa-bots*" were heard approaching the door. It was opened at length, and a sturdy-looking peasant woman, in the long-eared cap and woollen jacket of the country, asked what we wanted.

"Don't you know me, Lisette?" said the Count; "how is madame?"

The brown cheeks of the woman became suddenly pale, and she had to grasp the door for support before she could speak.

"Eh, heu!" said he, accosting her familiarly in the patois of the land,

“what is it — what has happened here?”

The woman looked at me and then at him, as though to say that she desired to speak to him apart. I understood the glance, and fell back to a little distance, occupying myself with my horse, ungirthing the saddle, and so on. The few minutes thus employed was passed in close whispering by the others, at the end of which the Count said aloud—

“Well, who is to look after the beasts? Is Louis not here?”

“He was at Denant, but would return presently.”

“Be it so,” said the Count, “we’ll stable them ourselves. Meanwhile, Lisette, prepare something for our supper. Lisette has not her equal for an omelette,” said he to me, “and when the Meuse yields us fresh trout, you’ll acknowledge that her skill will not discredit them.”

The woman’s face, as he spoke these words in an easy, jocular tone, was actually ghastly. It seemed as if she were contending against some sickening sensation that was overpowering her, for her eyes lost all expression, and her ruddy lips grew livid. The only answer was a brief nod of her head as she turned away, and re-entered the house. I watched the Count narrowly as we busied ourselves about our horses, but nothing could be possibly more calm, and to all seeming unconcerned, than his bearing and manner. The few words he spoke were in reference to objects around us, and uttered with a careless ease.

When we entered the cottage we found Lisette had already spread a cloth, and was making preparations for our supper; and Usaffich, with the readiness of an old campaigner, proceeded to aid her in these details. At last she left the room, and looking after her for a second or two in silence, he said, compassionately—

“Poor creature! she takes this to heart far more heavily than I could have thought;” and then seeing that the words were not quite intelligible to me, he added, “Yes, *mon cher* Gregoire, I am a bachelor once more; Madame the Countess has left me! Weary of a life of poverty to which she had been so long unaccustomed, she has returned to the world again—to the stage, perhaps—who knows?” added he, with a careless indifference,

and as though dismissing the theme from his thoughts for ever.

I had never liked him, but at no time of our intercourse did he appear so thoroughly odious to me as when he uttered these words.

There is some strange fatality in the way our characters are frequently impressed by circumstances and intimacies which seem the veriest accidents. We linger in some baneful climate, till it has made its fatal inroad on our health; and so we as often dally amidst associations fully as dangerous and deadly. In this way did I continue to live on with Usaffich, daily resolving to leave him, and yet, by some curious chain of events, bound up inseparably with his fortunes. At one moment his poverty was the tie between us. We supported ourselves by the “Chasse,” a poor and most precarious livelihood, and one which, we well knew, would fail us when the spring came. At other moments, he would gain an influence over me by the exercise of that sanguine, hopeful spirit, which seemed never to desert him. He saw, or affected to see, that the great drama of revolution which closed the century in France must yet be played out over the length and breadth of Europe, and that in this great piece the chief actors would be those who had all to gain and nothing to lose by the convulsion. “We shall have good parts in the play, Gregoire,” would he repeat to me, time after time, till he thoroughly filled my mind with ambitions that rose far above the region of all probability, and worse still, that utterly silenced every whisper of conscience within me.

Had he attempted to corrupt me by the vulgar ideas of wealth — by the splendour of a life of luxurious ease and enjoyment, with all the appliances of riches — it is more than likely he would have failed. He, however, assailed me by my weak side; the delight I always experienced in acts of protection and benevolence—the pleasure I felt in being regarded by others as their good genius — this was a flattery that never ceased to sway me! The selfishness of such a part lay so hidden from view; there was a plausibility in one’s conviction of being good and amiable, that the enjoyment became really of a higher order than usually waits on mere egotism. I had been long estranged from the world,

as the ties of affection and friendship existed. For me there was neither home nor family, and yet I yearned for what would bind me to the cause of my fellow-men. All my thoughts were now centered on this object, and innumerable were the projects by which I amused my imagination about it. Usaffich, perhaps, detected this clue to my confidence. At all events, he made it the pivot of all reasonings with me. To be powerless with good intentions—to have the “will” to work for good, and yet want the “way”—was, he would say, about the severest torture poor humanity could be called on to endure. When he had so far imbued my mind with these notions, that he found me not only penetrated with his own views, but actually employing his own reasonings, his very expressions to maintain them, he then advanced a step further, and this was to demonstrate that to every success in life there was a compromise attached, as inseparable as were shadow and substance.

“Was there not,” he would say, “a compensation attached to every great act of statesmanship—to every brilliant success in war—in fact, to every grand achievement, wherever and however accomplished? It is simply a question of weighing the evil against the good, whatever we do in life, and he is the best of us who has the largest balance in the scales of virtue.”

When a subtle theory takes possession of the mind, it is curious to mark with what ingenuity examples will suggest themselves to sustain and support it. Usaffich possessed a ready memory, and never failed to supply me with illustrations of his system. There was scarcely a good or great name of ancient or modern times that he could not bring within this category; and many an hour have we passed in disputing the claims of this one or that to be accounted as the benefactor or the enemy of mankind. If I recall these memories now, it is simply to show the steps by which a mind far more subtle and acute than my own, succeeded in establishing its influence over me.

I have said that we were very poor; our resources were derived from the scantiest of all supplies; and even these, as the spring drew nigh, showed signs of failure. If I, at times, regarded our future with gloomy anticipations, my companion never did so. On the con-

trary, his hopeful spirit seemed to rise under the pressure of each new sufferance, and he constantly cheered me by saying, “The tide must ebb soon.” It is true, this confidence did not prevent him suggesting various means by which we might eke out a livelihood.

“It is the same old story over again,” said he to me one day, as we sat at our meal of dry bread and water. “Archimedes could have moved the world had he had a support whereon to station his lever, and so with me; I could at this very moment rise to wealth and power, could I but find a similar appliance. There is a million to be made on the Bourse of Amsterdam any morning, if one only could pay for a courier who should arrive at speed from the Danube with the news of a defeat to the French army. A lighted tar barrel in the midst of the English fleet at Spithead, wouldn’t cost a deal of money, and yet might do great things towards changing the fortunes of mankind. And even here,” added he, taking a letter from his pocket, “even here are the means of wealth and fortune to both of us, if I could rely on you for the requisite energy and courage to play your part.”

“I have at least had courage to share *your* fortunes,” said I, half angrily; “and even that much might exempt me from the reproach of cowardice.”

Not heeding my taunt in the slightest, he resumed his speech, with slow and deliberate words—

“I found this paper last night by a mere accident, when looking over some old letters; but, unfortunately, it is not accompanied by any other document which could aid us, though I have searched closely to discover such.”

So often had it been my fate to hear him hold forth on similar themes—on incidents which lacked but little, the veriest trifle, to lead to fortune—that I confess I paid slight attention to his words, and scarcely heard him as he went on describing how he had chanced upon his present discovery, when he suddenly startled me by saying—

“And yet, even now, if you were of the stuff to dare it, there is wherewithal in that letter to make you a great man, and both of us rich ones.”

Seeing that he had at least secured my attention, he went on—

“You remember the first time we ever met, Gervois, and the evening of

our arrival at Hamburgh. Well, on that same night there occurred to me the thought of making *your* fortune and my own; and when I shall have explained to you how, you will probably look less incredulous than you now do. You may remember that the first husband of Madlle. von Geysiger was a rich merchant of Hamburgh. Well, there chanced to be in his employment a certain English clerk, who conducted all his correspondence with foreign countries—a man of great business knowledge and strict probity, and by whose means Von Geysiger once escaped the risk of total bankruptcy. Full of gratitude for his services, Von Geysiger wished to give him a partnership in the house; but, however flattering the prospect for one of humble means, he positively rejected the offer; and when pressed for his reasons for so doing, at last owned that he could not consistently pledge himself to adhere to the fortunes of his benefactor, since he had in heart devoted his life to another object—one for which he then only laboured to obtain means to prosecute. I do not believe that the secret to which he alluded was divulged at the time, nor even for a long while after; but at length it came out, that this poor fellow had no other aim in life than to find out the heir to a certain great estate in England, which had lapsed from its rightful owner, and to obtain the document which should establish his claim. To this end, he had associated himself with some relative of the missing youth—a lady of rank, I have heard tell, and of considerable personal attractions—who had braved poverty and hardship of the severest kind, in the pursuit of this one object. I do not know where they had not travelled, nor what amount of toil they had not bestowed on this search. Occasionally allured by some apparent clue, they had visited the most remote parts of the Continent; and at last, acting on some information derived from one of their many agents, they left Europe for America. That the pursuit is still unsuccessful, an advertisement that I saw, a few days back, in a Dutch newspaper, assures me. A large reward is there offered for any one who can give certain information as to the surviving relatives of a French lady—the name I forget, but which, at the time, I remembered as one of those connected with this story. And now,

to apply the case to yourself, there were so many circumstances of similitude in the fortunes of this youth and your own life, that it occurred to me, and not alone to me, but to another, to make *you* his representative."

For a moment I scarcely knew whether to be indignant or amused at this shameless avowal; but the absurdity overcame my anger, and I laughed long and heartily at it.

"Laugh if you will, my dear Gervois," said he; "but you are not the first, nor will you be the last kite who has roosted in the eagle's nest. Take my word for it, with all the cares and provisions of law, it is seldom enough that the rightful heir sits in the hall of his fathers; and, in the present case, we know that the occupant is a mere pretender; so that your claim, or mine, if you like it, is fully as good as his to be there."

"You have certainly excited my curiosity on one point," said I, "and it is to know where the resemblance lies between this gentleman's case and my own; pray tell me that?"

"Easily enough," said he, "and from the very papers in my hand—a mixed parentage, French and English—a father of one country, a mother of another—a life of scrapes and vicissitudes—but, better than all, a position so isolated that none can claim you. There, my dear Gervois, there is the best feature in the whole case; and if I could only inspire your heart with a dash of the ambitious daring that fills my own, it is not on a straw bed nor a starvation diet we should speculate over the future before us. Just fancy, if you can, the glorious life of ease and enjoyment that would reward us if we succeed; and as to failure, conjure up, if you are able, anything worse than this;" and as he spoke he made a gesture with his hand towards the wretched furniture of our humble chamber.

"You seem to exclude from your calculation all question of right and wrong," said I, "of justice or injustice."

"I have already told you that he who now enjoys this estate is not its real owner. It is, to all purposes, a disputed territory, where the strongest may plant his flag—yours to-day, another may advance to the conquest to-morrow. I only say, that to fellows like us, who, for aught I see, may have to take the highroad for a liveli-

hood, this chance is not to be despised."

"Then why not yourself attempt it?"

"For two sufficient reasons. I am a Pole, and my nationality can be proven; and secondly, I am full ten years too old—this youth was born about the year 1782."

"The very year of my own birth," said I.

"By Jove! Gervois, everything would seem to aid us. There is but one deficiency," added he, after a pause, and a look towards me of such significance, that I could not misunderstand it.

"I know what you mean," said I; "the want lies in *me*—in my lack of energy and courage. I might, perhaps, give another name to it," added I, after waiting in vain for some reply on his part, "and speak of reluctance to become a swindler."

A long silence now ensued between us. Each seemed to feel that another word might act like a spark in a magazine, and produce a fearful explosion; and so we sat, scarcely daring to look each other in the face. As we remained thus, my eyes fell upon the paper in his hand, and read the following words:— "Son of Walter Carew, of Castle Carew, and Josephine de Courtois, his wife." I snatched the document from his fingers, and read on. "The proof of this marriage wanting, but supposed to have been solemnised at or about the year 1780 or 81. No trace of Madlle. de Courtois' family obtainable, save her relationship to Count de Gabriac, who died in England three years ago. The youth Jasper Carew served in the Bureau of the Minister of War at Paris in —'95, and was afterwards seen in the provinces, supposed to be employed by the Legitimist party as an agent; traced thence to England, and believed to have gone to America, or the West Indies." Then followed some vague speculations as to where and how this youth was possibly employed, and some equally delusive guesses as to the signs by which he might be recognised.

"Does that interest you, Gervois?" said Usaffich. "This is the best part of the narrative, to my thinking; read *that*, and say if your heart does not bound at the very notion of such a prize."

The paper which he now handed to me was closely and carefully writ-

ten, and headed, "Descriptive sketch of the lands and estate of the late Walter Carew, Esq., known as the demesne of Castle Carew, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland."

"Two thousand seven hundred acres of a park, and a princely mansion!" exclaimed the Count. "An estate of at least twelve thousand pounds a-year! Gervois, my boy, why not attempt it?"

"You talk wildly, Usaffich," said I, restraining by a great effort the emotions that were almost suffocating me. "Bethink you who I am—poor, friendless, and unprotected. Take it, even, that I had the most indisputable right to this fortune; assume, if you will, that I am the very person here alluded to, where is there a single document to prove my claim?—should I not be scouted at the bare mention of such pretensions?"

"That would all depend on the way the affair was managed," said he. "If these solicitors whose names and addresses I have here, were themselves convinced, or even disposed to credit the truth of the tale we should tell them, they would embark in the suit with all their influence and all their wealth. Once engaged in it, self-interest would secure their zealous co-operation. As to documents, proofs, and all that, these things are a material that lawyers know how to supply, or, if need be, explain the absence of. Of this missing youth's story I already know enough for our purpose; and when you have narrated for me your own life, we will arrange the circumstances together, and weave of the two one consistent and plausible tale. Take my word for it, that if we can once succeed in interesting counsel in your behalf, the very novelty of the incident will enlist public sympathy. Jurors are, after all, but representatives of that same passing opinion, and will be well disposed to befriend our cause. I speak as if the matter must come to a head; but it need not go so far. When our plans are laid, and all our advances duly prepared, we may condescend to treat with the enemy. Ay, Gervois, we may be inclined to accept a compromise of our claim. These things are done every day. The men who seem to sit in all the security of undisturbed possession, are buying off demands here, paying hush-money to this man, and bribery to that."

"But if the real claimant should appear on the stage"——

"I have reason to believe he is dead these many years," said he, interrupting; "but were it otherwise, these friends of his are of such a scrupulous temperament, they would not adventure on the suit without such a mass of proof as no concurrence of accidents could possibly accumulate. They have not the nerve to accomplish an undertaking of this kind, where much must be hazarded, and many things done at risk."

"Which means, in plain words, done fraudulently," said I, solemnly.

"Let us not fall out about words," said he, smiling. "When a state issues a paper currency, it waits for the day of prosperity to recall the issue, and redeem the debt; and if we live and do well, what shall prevent us making an equally good use of our fortune. But you may leave all this to me; I will undertake every document from the certificate of your father's marriage to your own baptism; I will legalise you, and legitimatise you; you have only to be passive."

"I half suspect, Count," said I, laughing, "that if my claim to this estate were a real one, I should not be so sure of your aid and assistance."

"And you are right there, Gervois. It is in the very daring and danger of this pursuit I feel the pleasure. The game on which I risk nothing has no excitement for me; but here the stake is a heavy one."

"And how would you proceed?" asked I, not heeding this remark.

"By opening a correspondence with Bickering and Ragge, the lawyers. They have long been in search of the heir, and would be delighted to hear there were any tidings of his existence. My name is already known to them, and I could address them with confidence. They would, of course, require to see you, and either come over here or send for you. In either case, you would be preceded your story; the family parts should be supplied by *me*; the other details you should fill in at will. All this, however, should be concerted together. The first point is your consent—your hearty consent; and even that I would not accept, unless ratified by a solemn oath to persist to the last, and never falter nor give in to the end, whatever it be!"

I at first hesitated, but at last consented to give the required pledge; and though for a while it occurred to me that a frank avowal of my real claim to be the person designated might best suit the object I had in view, I suddenly bethought me that if Usafich once believed that he himself was not the prime mover in the scheme, and that I was other than a mere puppet in his hand, he was far more likely to mar than to make our fortune. Intrigue and trick were the very essence of the man's nature; and it was enough that the truthful entered into anything to destroy its whole value or interest in his eyes. That this plot had long been lying in his mind, I had but to remember the night in the garden at Hamburg to be convinced of, and since that time he had never ceased to ruminate upon it. Indeed, he now told me that it constantly occurred to him to fancy that this piece of success was to be a crowning recompense for a long life of reverses and failures.

How gladly did my thoughts turn from him and all his crafty councils, to think of that true friend, poor Raper, and my dear, dear mother, as I used to call her, who had, in the midst of their own hard trials, devoted their best energies to my cause. It is not necessary to say that Raper was the faithful clerk, and Polly the unknown lady, who had given the impulse to this search. The papers, of which Usafich showed me several, were all in the handwriting of one or other of them; a few of my father's own letters were also in one packet, and though referring to matters far remote from this object, had an indescribable interest for me.

"Seven years ago," said the Count, "this estate was in the possession of a certain Mr. Curtis, who claimed to be the next of kin of the late owner, and who, I believe, was so, in the failure of this youth's legitimacy. This is now our great fact, since we have already found the individual. Eh, Gervois?" said he, laughing. "Our man is here, and from this hour forth your name is—let me see what it is—ay, here we have it—Jasper Carew, son of Walter Carew, and Josephine de Courtois, his wife.

"Jasper Carew am I from this day, then, and never to be called by any other name," said I.

"Ay, but you must have your les-

son perfect," said he; "you must not forget the name of your parents."

"Never fear," said I; "Walter Carew and Josephine de Courtois are easily remembered."

"All correct," said he, well pleased at my accuracy. "Now, as to family history, this paper will tell you enough. It is drawn out by Mr. Raper, and is minutely exact. There is not a strong point of the case omitted, nor a weak one forgotten. Read it over carefully—mark the points in which you trace resemblance to your own life; study well where any divergence or difficulty may occur; and lastly, draw up a brief memoir in the character of Jasper Carew, with all your recollections of childhood; for remember, that up to the age of twelve or thirteen, if not later, you were domesticated with this Countess de Gabriac, and educated by Raper. After that you are free to follow out what fancy, or reality, if you like it better, may suggest. When you have drawn up everything, with all the consistency and plausibility you can, avoid none of the real difficulties, but rather show yourself fully aware of them, and also to all their importance. Let the task of having persuaded you to address Messrs. Bickering and Ragge be left to me; I have already held correspondence with them, and on this very subject. I give you three days to do this; meanwhile I start at once for Brussels, where I can consult a lawyer, an old friend of mine, as to our first steps in the campaign."

The man who stoops once to a minute dissection of his life, must perforce steel his heart against many a sense of shame, since even in the story of the good and the upright are passages of dark omen—moments when the bad has triumphed, and seasons when the true has been postponed by the false. It is not, now that having revealed so much as I have done of my secret history, I dare make any pretensions to superior honesty, or affect to be one of the "unblemished few." Still I have a craving desire not to be judged over-harshly—a painful feeling of anxiety that no evil construction should be put upon those actions of my life other than what they absolutely merit. My "over-reachings" have been many—my "short-comings" still more; but with all their weight and gravity before me, I still entreat a merciful judgment, and hope that if the sentence be "guil-

ty," there will be at least the alleviation of "attenuating circumstances."

I am now an old man; the world has no more any bribe to my ambition than have I within me the energy to attempt it. The friendships that warmed up the late autumn of my life are departed; they lie in the church-yard, and none have ever replaced them. In these confessions, therefore, humiliating as they often would seem, there are none to suffer pain. I make them at the cost of my own feelings alone, and in some sense I do so as an act of atonement and reparation to a world, that, with some hard lessons, has still treated me with kindness, and to whom, with the tremulous fingers of old age, I write myself most grateful.

If they who read this story suppose that I should not have hesitated to propose myself a claimant for an estate to which I had no right, I have no better answer to give them than a mere denial, and even that uttered in all humility, since it comes from one whose good name has been impeached, and whose good faith may be questioned. Still do I repeat it, this was 'an act I could not have done. There is a kind of half-way rectitude in the world, which never scruples at the means of any success, so long as it injures no other, but which recoils from the thought of any advantage obtained at another's cost and detriment. Such, I suspect, to have been mine. At least I can declare with truth, that I am not conscious of an incident in my life which will bear the opposite construction.

But to what end should I endeavour to defend my motives, since my actions are already before the world, and each will read them by the light his own conscience lends? Let me rather hasten to complete a task, which, since it has involved an apology, has become almost painful to pursue.

So successfully had Ussafich employed his time at Brussels, that a well-known notary there had already consented to aid our plans, and furnish means for our journey to England. I cannot go over with minuteness details, in which the deceptions I had to concur in still revive my shame. I could, it is true, recite the story of my birth and parentage, my early years abroad, and so on, with the conscious force of truth; but there were supplementary evidences required of me, with which I could not

bring myself to comply. Ussaffich, naturally enough, could not understand the delicacy of scruples, which only took alarm by mere caprice, nor could he comprehend why he who was willing to feign a name and falsify a position, should hesitate about assuming any circumstances that might be useful to sustain it.

Of course I could not explain this mystery, and was obliged to endure all the sarcastic allusions he vented on the acuteness of my sense of honour, and the extreme susceptibility of my notions of right. It chanced, however, that this very repugnance on my part should prove more favourable for us than all his most artful devices, and indeed it shows with clearness how often the superadded efforts fraud contributes to ensure success are as frequently the very sources of its failure—just as we see in darker crimes how the over-care and caution of the murderer have been the clue that has elicited the murder.

Ussaffich wished me to detail, amongst the memories of my childhood, the having heard often of the great estate and vast fortune to which I was entitled. He wanted me to supply, as it were, from memory, many links of the chain of evidence that seemed deficient—vague recollections of having heard this, that, and the other; but with an obstinacy that to him appeared incomprehensible I held to my own unadorned state, and would not add a word beyond my own conviction.

Mr. Ragge, the solicitor by whom the case was undertaken, seemed most favourably impressed by this reserve on my part, and far from being discouraged by my ignorance of certain points, appeared, on the contrary, only the more satisfied as to the genuineness of my story. Over and over have I felt in my conversations with him how impossible it would have been for me to practise any deception successfully with him. Without any semblance of cross-examination, he still contrived to bring me again and again over the same ground, viewing the same statement from different sides, and trying to discover a discrepancy in my narrative. When at length assured, to all appearance at least, of my being the person I claimed to be, he drew up a statement of my case for counsel, and a day was named when I should be personally examined by a distinguished

member of the bar. I cannot even now recall that interview without a thrill of emotion. My sense of hope, dashed as it was by a conscious feeling that I was, in some sort, practising a deception—for in all my compact with Ussaffich our attempt was purely a fraud—I entered the chamber with a faltering step and a failing heart. Far, however, from questioning and cross-questioning like the solicitor, the lawyer suffered me to tell my story, without even so much as a word of interruption. I had, I ought to remark, divested my tale of many of the incidents which really befell me. I made my life one of commonplace events and unexciting adventures, in which poverty occupied the prominent place. I as cautiously abstained from all mention of the distinguished persons with whom accident had brought me into contact, since any allusion to them would have compromised the part I was obliged to play with Ussaffich. When asked what documents or written evidence I had to adduce in support of my pretensions—and I had confessed to possessing none—the old lawyer leaned back in his chair, and, closing his eyes, seemed lost in thought.

“At the best,” said he, at length, “it is a case for a compromise. There is really so little to go upon, I can advise nothing better.”

I need not go into the discussion that ensued, further than to say, the weight of argument was on the side of those who counselled the compromise, and, however little disposed to yield, I felt myself overborne by numbers, and compelled to give in.

Weeks, even months, were now passed without any apparent progress in our suit. The party in possession of the estate treated our first advances with the most undisguised contempt, and even met our proposals with menaces of legal vengeance. Undeterred by these signs of strength, Mr. Ragge persevered in his search for evidence; sent his emissaries hither and thither, and entered upon the case with all the warm zeal of a devoted friend. It was at length thought that a visit to Ireland might possibly elicit some information on certain points, and thither we went together.

It was little more than a quarter of a century since the date of my father's death, and yet, such had been the changes in the condition of Ireland, and so great the social revolution ac-

complished there, that men talked of the bygone period like some long past history. The days of the parliaments, and the men who figured in them, were alike forgotten; and although there were many who had known my father well, all memory, not to speak of affection for him, had lapsed from their natures.

Crowther and Fagan were dead, but Joe Curtis was alive, and continued to live in Castle Carew, in a style of riotous debauchery that scandalised the whole country. In fact the mere mention of his name was sufficient to elicit the most disgraceful anecdotes of his habits. Unknown to and unrecognised by his equals, this old man had condescended to form intimacy with all that Dublin contained of the profligate and abandoned; and surrounded by men and women of this class, his days and nights were one continued orgie. Although the estate was a large one, it was rumoured that he was deeply in debt, and only obtained means for this wasteful existence by loans on ruinous conditions. In vain Mr. Ragge made inquiries for some one who might possess his confidence and have the legal direction of his affairs. He had changed from this man to that so often, that it was scarcely possible to discover in what quarter the property was managed. Without any settled plan of procedure, but half to watch the eventualities that might arise, it was determined that I should proceed to Castle Carew and present myself as the son and the heir of the last owner.

If there were circumstances attendant on this step which I by no means fancied, there was one gratification that more than atoned for them all—I should see the ancient home of my family; the halls wherein my father's noble hospitalities had been practised; the chamber which had been my dear mother's! I own that the sight of the princely domain and all its attendant wealth, contrasting with my own poverty, served to extinguish within me the last spark of hope. How could I possibly dream of success against the power of such adjuncts as these? Were my cause fortified by every document and evidence, how little would it avail against the might of vast wealth and resources. Curtis would laugh my pretensions to scorn, if not hate them with still greater violence; and with such thoughts I found myself one bright

morning of June slowly traversing the approach to the Castle. The sight of the dense dark woods, the swelling lawns, dotted over with grazing cattle, the distant corn-fields, waving beneath a summer wind, and the tall towers of the castle itself far off above the trees, all filled my heart with a strange chaos, in which hope, and fear, and proud ambition and the very humblest terrors were all commingled. Although my plan of procedure had been carefully sketched out for me by Ragge, so confused were all my thoughts, that I forgot everything. I could not even bethink me in what character and with what pretension I was to present myself, and I was actually at the very entrance of the Castle, still trying to remember the part I was to play.

There before me rose the grand and massive edifice, to erect which had been one of the chief elements of my poor father's ruin. Though far from architecturally correct in its details, the effect of the whole was singularly fine. Between two square towers of great size extended a long façade, in which, from the ornamented style of architraves and brackets, it was easy to see the chief suite of apartments lay; and in front of this the ground had been artificially terraced, and gardens formed in the Italian taste, the entire being defended by a deep fosse in front, and crossed by a draw-bridge. Neglect and dilapidation had, however, disfigured all these; the terraces were broken down by the cattle, the cordage of the bridge hung in fragments in the wind, and even the stained-glass windows were smashed, and their places filled by paper or wooden substitutes. As I came nearer, these signs of ruin and devastation were still more apparent. The marble statues were fractured, and fissured by bullet marks; the pastures were cut up by horses' feet; and even fragments of furniture were strewn about, as though thrown from the windows in some paroxysm of passionate debauchery. The door of the mansion was open, and evidences of even greater decay presented themselves within. Massive cornices of carved oak hung broken and shattered from the walls; richly-cut wainscottings were split and fissured; a huge marble table of immense thickness was smashed through the centre, and the fragments still lay scattered on the floor where they had

fallen. As I stood, in mournful mood, gazing on this desecration of what once had been a noble and costly state, an ill-dressed, slatternly woman-servant chanced to cross the hall, and stopped with some astonishment to stare at me. To my inquiry, if I could see Mr. Curtis, she replied by a burst of laughter, too natural to be deemed offensive.

"By coorse you couldn't," said she at length; "sure there's nobody stirrin', nor won't be these two hours."

"At what time, then, might I hope to be more fortunate?"

"If I came about three or four in the afternoon, when the gentlemen were at breakfast, I might see Mr. Archy—Archy M'Clean."

This gentleman was, as she told me, the nephew of Mr. Curtis, and his reputed heir.

Having informed her that I was a stranger in Ireland, and come from a long distance off to pay this visit, she good-naturedly suffered me to enter the house, and rest myself in a small and meanly-furnished chamber adjoining the hall. If I could but recall the sensations which passed through my mind, as I sat in that solitary room, I could give a more correct picture of my nature than by all I have narrated of my actual life. Hour after hour glided by at first, in all the stillness of midnight; but gradually a faint noise would be heard afar off, and now and again a voice would echo through the long corridors, the very accents of which seemed to bring up thoughts of savage revelry and debauch. It had been decided by my lawyers that I should present myself to Curtis, without any previous notification of my identity or my claim; that, in fact, not to prejudice my chances of success by any written application for an audience, I should contrive to see him without his having expected me; and thus derive whatever advantage might accrue from any admissions his surprise should betray him into. I had been drilled into my part by repeated lessons. I was instructed as to every word I was to utter, and every phrase I was to use; but now that the moment to employ these arts drew nigh, I had utterly forgotten them all. The one absorbing thought—that beneath the very roof under which I now stood my father and mother had lived—that these walls were their own home—that

within them had been passed the short life they had shared together—overcame me so completely, that I lost all consciousness about myself and my object there.

At length the loud tones of many voices aroused me from my half stupor, and, on drawing nigh the door, I perceived a number of servants, ill dressed and disorderly-looking, carrying hurriedly across the hall the materials for a breakfast. I addressed myself to one of these, with a request to know when and how I could see Mr. Curtis. A bold stare, and a rude burst of laughter, was, however, the only reply he made me. I tried another, who did not even vouchsafe to hear more than half my question, when he passed on.

"Is it possible," said I, indignantly, "that none of you will take a message for your master?"

"Begad, we have so many masters," said one, jocosely, "it's hard to say where we ought to deliver it;" and the speech was received with a roar of approving laughter.

"It is Mr. Curtis I desire to see," said I.

"It's four hours too early, then," said the same speaker. "Old Joe won't be stirring till nigh eight o'clock. If Mr. Archy would do, he's in the stables, and it's the best time to talk to him."

"And if it's the master you want," chimed in another, "he's your man."

"Lead me to him, then," said I, resolving, at least, to see the person who claimed to be supreme in this strange household. Traversing a number of passages, and dirty, ill-kept rooms, we descended by a small stone stair into an ample courtyard, two sides of which were occupied by ranges of stables. The spacious character of the building and the costly style of the arrangements, were evident at a glance; and even a glance was all that I had time for, when my guide, whispering "There is Mr. Archy," hurriedly withdrew and left me. The person indicated was standing as if to examine a young horse which had met with some accident, for the animal could scarcely move, and with the greatest difficulty could bring up his hind legs.

I had time to observe him; and certainly, though by no means deficient as regarded good features, I had rarely seen anything so repulsive as the expression of his face. Coarsely sensual

and brutal, they were rendered worse by habits of dissipation and debauch; and in the filmy eye and the tremulous lip might be read the signs of habitual drunkenness. In figure, he was large and most powerfully built, and if not over fleshy, must have been of great muscular strength.

"Shoot him, Ned," he cried, after a few minutes of close scrutiny, "he's as great a cripple as old Joe himself."

"I suppose, your honour," said the groom, "there's nothing else to be done—it's in the back it is."

"I don't care a curse where it is," said the other savagely; "I only know when a horse can't go. You can put a bullet in him, and more's the pity. All other useless animals are not as easily disposed of. And who is our friend here?" added he, turning and approaching where I stood.

I briefly said that I was a stranger, desirous of seeing and speaking with Mr. Curtis; that my business was one of importance, not less to myself than to him, and that I would feel obliged if he could procure me the opportunity I sought for.

"If you talk of business, and important business," said he, sternly, "you ought to know, if you haven't heard it already, that the man you want to discuss it with is upwards of a hundred years of age—that he is a doating idiot; and that, for many a day, the only one who has given any orders here now stands before you."

"In that case," said I, courteously, "I am equally prepared to address myself to him. Will you kindly accord me an interview?"

"Are you a dun?" said he, rudely.

"No," said I, smiling at the abruptness of the demand.

"Are you a tenant in arrear of his rent! or wanting an abatement?"

"Neither one nor the other."

"Are you sent by a friend with a hostile message?"

"Not even that," said I, with impassive gravity.

"Then, what the devil are you?" said he, rudely, "for I don't recognise you as one of my friends or acquaintances."

I hesitated for a moment what reply I should make to this coarsely-uttered speech. Had I reflected a little longer, it is possible that good sense might have prevailed, and taught me how inopportune was the time for such re-

prisals; but I was stung by an insult offered in presence of many others; and in a tone of angry defiance answered,

"You may discover to your cost, sir, that my right to be here is somewhat better than your own, and that the day is not very distant when your presence in this domain will be more surely questioned than is mine now. Is that name new to you?" And as I spoke I handed him my card, whereupon, with my name, the ancient arms of my family were also engraved. A livid paleness suddenly spread over his features as he read the words, and then as quickly his face became purple red.

"Do you mean," said he, in a voice guttural with passion, "do you mean to impose upon a man of my stamp with such stupid balderdash as that? And do you fancy that such a paltry attempt at a cheat will avail you here? Now, I'll show you how we treat such pretensions without any help from lawyers. Garvey," cried he, addressing one of the grooms who stood by, laughing heartily at his master's wit, "Garvey, go in and rouse the gentlemen; tell them to dress quickly and come down stairs, for I've got sport for them; and you, Mick, saddle Ranty for me, and get out the dogs. Now, Mr. Carew, I like fair play, and so I'll give you fifteen minutes law. Take the shortest cut you can out of these grounds; for, by the rock of Cashel, if you're caught, I wouldn't be in your skin for a trifle."

A regular burst of savage laughter from the bystanders met this brutal speech, and the men scattered in all directions to obey the orders, while I, overwhelmed with passion, stood motionless in the now deserted yard. M'Cleen himself had entered the house, and it was only when a signal from one of the grooms attracted my notice that I remarked his absence.

"This way—this way, sir, and don't lose a second," said the man; "take that path outside the garden wall, and cross the nursery beyond it. If you don't make haste, it's all over with you."

"He wouldn't dare ——"

"Wouldn't he," said he, stopping me. "It's little you know him. The dogs themselves has more mercy than himself, when his blood is up."

"Get the cob ready for me, Joe," cried a half-dressed man from one of

the upper windows of the house, "and a snaffle bridle, remember."

"Yes sir," was the quick reply. "That's ould Delany of Shanestown, and a greater devil there isn't from this to his own place. Blood and ages!" cried he, addressing *me*, "won't you give yourself a chance; do you want them to tear you to pieces where you stand?"

The man's looks impressed me still more than his words; and though I scarcely believed it possible that my peril could be such as he spoke of, the terrified faces about me struck fear into my heart —

"Would men stand by," cried I, "and see such an infamous cruelty?"

"Arrah! how could we help it?" said one, stopping me; "and if you won't do anything for yourself, what use can we be?"

"There, be off you, in the name of heaven," said another, pushing me through a small door that opened into a shrubbery; "down that lane as fast as you can, and keep to the right after you pass the fish pond."

"It wouldn't be bad to swim to one of the islands!" muttered another; but the counsel was overruled by the rest.

By this time, the contagion of terror had so completely seized upon me, that I yielded myself to the impulse of the moment, and, taking the direction they pointed out, I fled along the path beneath the garden wall at full speed.

In the unbroken stillness I could hear nothing but the tramp of my own feet, or the rustling of the branches as I tore through them. I gained at last the open fields, and with one hurried glance behind to see that I was not pursued, still dashed onwards. The young cattle started off at speed as they saw me, and the snorting horses galloped wildly here and there as I went.

Again, beneath the shade of a wood I would have halted to repose myself, but suddenly a sound came floating along the air, which swelled louder and louder, till I could recognise in it the deep, hoarse bay of dogs, as in wild chorus they yelped together, and high above all could be heard the more savage notes of men's voices cheering them on and encouraging them. With the mad speed of terror, I now fled onward; the very air around me seeming to resound with the dreadful cries of my pursuers. Now tumbling

headlong over the tangled roots, now dashing recklessly forward through stony water-courses or fissured crevices of ground, I ran with mad impulse, heedless of all peril but one. At some moments the deafening sounds of the wild pack seemed close about me; at others, all was still as the grave around.

I had forgotten every direction the men had given me, and only thought of pressing onward without any thought of whither. At last I came to a rapid but narrow river, with steep and rugged banks at either side. To place this between myself and my pursuers seemed the best chance of escape, and without a second's hesitation I dashed into the stream. Far stronger than I had supposed, the current bore me down a considerable distance, and it was not till after a long and tremendous effort that I gained the bank. Just as I had reached it, the wild cry of the dogs again met my ears; and, faint and dripping as I was, once more I took to speed.

Through dark woods and waving plains of tall grass, over deep tillage ground, and through the yellow corn, I fled like one bereft of reason — the terror of a horrible and inglorious death urging me on to efforts that my strength seemed incapable of making. Cut and bleeding in many places, my limbs were at last yielding to fatigue, when I saw at a short distance in front of me, a tall but dilapidated stone wall. With one last effort I reached this, and, climbing by the crevices, gained the top. But scarcely had I gained it when my head reeled, my senses left me, and overcome by sickness and exhaustion, I fell headlong to the ground beneath. It was already evening when I came to myself, and still lay there stunned, but uninjured. A wild plain, studded over with yellow furze bushes, lay in front, and beyond in the distance I could see the straggling huts of a small village. It was a wild and dreary scene; but the soft light of a summer's evening beamed calmly over it, and the silence was unbroken around. With an effort I arose, and though weak and sorely bruised, found that I could walk. My faculties were yet so confused, that of the late events I could remember but little with any distinctness. At times I fancied I had been actually torn and worried by savage dogs; and then I would believe that the whole was but a wild and fe-

verish dream, brought on by intense anxiety and care. My tattered and ragged clothes, clotted over with blood, confused, but did not aid my memory. And thus struggling with my thoughts, I wandered along, and, as night was falling, reached the little village of Shanestown. Directing my steps towards a cabin where I perceived a light, I discovered that it was the ale-house of the village. Two or three country people were sitting smoking on a bench before the door, who arose as I came forward, half in curiosity, half in respect; and as I was asking them in what quarter I might find a lodging for the night, the landlord came out. No sooner did his eyes fall on me than he started back in seeming terror, and,

after a pause of a few seconds, cried out—

“Molly! Molly! come here quick! Who’s that standing there?” said he, as he pointed with his finger towards me.

“The heavens be about us! but it’s Mr. Walter Carew himself,” said the woman, crossing herself.

This sudden recognition of my resemblance to my father so overcame me, that though I struggled hard for speech, the words would not come; and I stood, pale and gasping, before them.

“For heaven’s sake, speak!” cried the man, in terror.

I heard no more — faint, agitated, and exhausted, I tottered towards the bank, and swooned away.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE PERILS OF EVIL.

THE last few pages I mean to append to these notices of my life, might be, perhaps, equally well derived from the public newspapers of the time. At a period when great events were occurring — when the conquering armies of France marched over the length and breadth of Europe — the humble historian of these pages was able, for a brief space, to engage public attention, and become, for a short season, the notoriety of the hour. I will not presume so far as to say that the fame to which I attained was of that kind which flatters most, or that the reputation attaching to me was above reproach. Still I had my partisans and adherents, nay, I believe I might even aver, my friends and well-wishers. He must, perchance, have had a fortunate existence who can say more.

Of what followed after the event detailed in my last chapter I can relate nothing, for I was seized with shivering and other signs of fever that same night, and for several weeks my life was despaired of. Even when the dangerous period passed over, my convalescence made but little progress. For me there were none of those aids which so powerfully assist the return to health. The sympathy of friends, the affections of family—the very hope of once more assuming one’s place at hearth and board—I had none of these. If the past was filled with trouble and suffering, the future was a

bleak expanse, that offered nothing to speculate on. My thoughts turned to the new world beyond the seas—to a region wherein nothing should recall a memory of the by-gone, and where even I might at last forget the early years of my own life. There were not then, as now, the rapid means of intercourse between this country and America; as little, too, was there of that knowledge of the great continent of the west which now prevails. Men talked of it as a far-away land, only emerging into civilisation, and whose vast regions were still untrodden and unexplored. Dreamy visions of the existence men might carve out for themselves in such a scene, formed the amusements of the long hours of my solitary sick bed. I fancied myself, at times, a lone settler on the bank of some nameless river; and, at other moments, as a member of some Indian tribe, following their fortunes to the chase and to the battle-field, and dreaming through life in the uneventful stillness of the forest.

In part from the effect of malady itself, in part from this dreamy state of mind, I sank into a state of impassive lethargy, wherein nothing pleased or displeased me. Worse than actual despondency, a senso of indifference had settled down on all my feelings; and if I could have asked a boon, it would have been to have been left utterly alone. To reply when spoken to

became irksome; even to listen was a painful exertion to me. Looking back now on this period, it seems to me that such intervals of apathetic repose are often inserted in the lives of men of more than ordinary activity, acting as sleep does in our habitual existence, and serving to rest and recruit faculties overcharged and overworked.

I was in a very humble lodging in a very humble street, still attended by doctors, and besieged by lawyers and solicitors, who came and went, held consultations, questioned and cross-questioned me with a greedy avidity on themes in which my own interest had long ceased, and which I was gradually learning to think of with absolute aversion.

Usaffich, whose confidence in our success rose higher every day, appeared from time to time to see me; but his visits were generally hurried ones, as he was constantly on the road, travelling hither and thither, exploring registries here, and certificates there, and fortifying our case by every possible means he could think of. His energy was untiring; and, in the shrewd devices of his quick intelligence, even the long-practised acuteness of the lawyers discovered great resources.

Paragraphs of a half mysterious kind in the public newspapers announced to the world that a most remarkable case might ere long transpire, and a claim be preferred, which should threaten the possession of one of the largest estates in a county adjacent to the metropolis. To these succeeded others, more openly expressed, in which it was announced that some of the most distinguished members of the inner bar had received retainers for a cause that would soon astonish the world, wherein the plaintiff was represented to be the son and heir of one who once had figured most conspicuously in the fashionable and political circles of Dublin.

As the time approached for bringing the case to trial, it was judged expedient that I should be provided with lodgings in a more fashionable quarter of the town, be seen abroad in places of public resort, and, in fact, a certain "*eclat*" be imparted to my presence, which should enlist, so far as might be, popular feeling in my favour. The chief adviser and leader of my case was

a lawyer of great repute in the Irish bar of those days—a certain Samuel Hanchett—one of those men who owe their success in life less to actual learning than to the possession of immense natural acuteness, great resources in difficulty, and a vast acquaintance with all the arts of their fellow-men. There had been, I believe, considerable difficulty in securing his services originally in our behalf. It was reported that he disliked such cases—that they were not what "suited him." He made various objections when first addressed, and threw every discouragement when the cause was submitted for his opinion. He asked for evidence that was not to be obtained, and proofs that were not forthcoming. The merest accident—if I am justified in calling such what was to be followed by consequences so important to myself—overruled these objections on his part. It chanced that in one of my solitary walks on a Sunday afternoon, I happened to find myself at the bank of a little stream, near Milltown, with an elderly man, who seemed to have some apprehensions about crossing on the slippery and uncertain stepping-stones by which the passage was forded. Perceiving his difficulty, I tendered my assistance to him at once, which he accepted. On arriving at the opposite bank, and finding that our roads led in the same direction, we began to converse together, during which my accidental pronounciation of a word with a slightly foreign accent attracted his notice. To a question on his part, I mentioned that a great part of my life had been passed abroad; and amongst the places to which I alluded was Reichenau. He asked me in what year I had been there, and inquired if by any chance I had ever heard of a certain school there, in which it was said the son of the late Duke of Orleans had been a teacher.

"You are speaking of Mons. Jost, my old master?" said I, warmed up by even this passing remembrance of happier days.

"Will you pardon the liberty I am about to take," said he, with some earnestness, "and allow me to ask, with whom I have the honour to speak?"

"My name is Jasper Carew, sir," said I, with a degree of stern pride a man feels in asserting a claim that he knows may be contested.

"Jasper Carew!" repeated he, slowly, while he stood still and stared steadfastly at me—"Jasper Carew! You are then the claimant to the estates of Castle Carew and Crone Lofty in Wicklow?"

"The property of my late father," said I, assentingly.

"What a singular coincidence should have brought us together," said he, after a pause. "Do you know, sir, that when you overtook me, half-an-hour ago, and saw me standing on the side of the stream there, I was less occupied in thinking how I should cross it than how I could reconcile certain strange statements which had been made to me respecting your claim. I am Mr. Hanchett, sir, the counsel to whom your case has been submitted."

"It is indeed a curious accident that has brought us thus in contact," exclaimed I in surprise.

"I should like to give it another name, young gentleman," said he, thoughtfully, while he walked along at my side for some moments in silence. "Has it ever been explained to you, Mr. Carew," said he, gravely, "what dangers attend such a course of proceeding as you are now engaged in? How necessarily you must be prepared to give in your adhesion to many things your advisers deem essential, and of which you can have no cognizance personally—in a word, how frequently you will be forced into a responsibility which you never contemplated or anticipated? Have all these circumstances been placed fairly and clearly before you?"

"Never!" replied I.

"Then suffer me to endeavour, in a very few words, to show you some at least of the perils I allude to." In a few short and graphic sentences he stated my case, with all its favourable points, forcibly, and well delineated. He then exhibited its various weaknesses and deficiencies, the assumptions for which no proofs were forthcoming, the positions which were taken, without power to maintain them. "To give the required coherence and consistency to these, your advisers will of course take all due precaution; but they will require aid also from *you*. You will be asked for information you have no means of obtaining, for details you cannot supply. A lawsuit is like a chase; the ardour of pursuit deadens every sense of peril, and in the desire

to win you become reckless for the cost. I perceive," said he, "that you demur to some of this; but remember, that as yet you have not entered the field, that you have only viewed the sport from afar, and its passions of hope and fear are all untasted by you!"

"It may be as you say," said I, "and that hereafter I may seem to feel differently; but for the present I can promise you, that to secure a verdict in my favour, not only would I not strain any point myself, but I would not condescend to accept the benefit of such a sacrifice from another. I believe—I have strong reasons to believe, that I am asserting a rightful claim; the arguments that shall be sufficient to convince others that I am wrong, will, doubtless, be strong enough to satisfy me."

He had fixed his eyes steadily on me while I was speaking these words, and I could easily perceive that the impression they produced on him was favourable. He then led me on to speak of my life and its vicissitudes, and I could detect in many of his questions that he had formed erroneous notions as to various parts of my story. I cannot attempt to explain why it was so; but the fact unquestionably was, that I opened my heart more freely and unreservedly to this stranger than I had ever done to any of those with whom I had before conversed, and when we parted at length it was like old friends.

The accident of our meeting was not known to others, and there was considerable astonishment excited when it was heard that Hanchett, who had hitherto shown no disposition to engage in the cause, now accepted the brief, and exhibited the warmest anxiety for success. His acute intelligence quickly detected many things which had been passed over as immaterial, and by his activity various channels of information were opened which others had not thought of. In these details Usaflich came more than once before him; and it was remarkable with what shrewdness he read the man's nature, bold, resolute, and unscrupulous as it was. Between the two, the feeling of distrust rapidly ripened into open hatred, each not hesitating to accuse the other of treachery; and thus was a new element of difficulty added to a case whose complications were already more than enough.

My own position at this period was embarrassing in the extreme. Hanchett frequently invited me to his house, and presented me freely to his friends; while Usaffich continued to suggest doubts of his good faith on every occasion, and by a hundred petty slights showed his implacable enmity towards him. Day after day this breach grew wider and wider, every effort of the one being sure to excite the animosity and opposition of the other. Usaffich, too, far from endeavouring to repress this spirit on his part, seemed to foster and encourage it, sneering at the old lawyer's caution and reserve, and even insinuating against him darker and more treacherous intentions.

"To what end," said he, at length, one morning when our discussion had become unusually warm and animated,—"to what end the inquiries to which this learned adviser of yours would push us; he wants to discover the Countess of Gabriac and Raper. Why, bethink you, my worthy friend, that these are the very people we hope never to hear more of—that, if by any mischance, they could possibly be forthcoming, our whole scheme is blown up at once. We have now enough, or we shall have enough by the end of the month, to go to a jury. There is not a document nor a paper that will not, in some form or other, be supplied. Let us stand or fall by that issue; but of all things, let us not protract the campaign till the arrival of the forces that shall overwhelm us. If this be your policy, Master Gervois, speak it out freely, and let us be frank with each other."

There was a tone of bold defiance in this speech that startled me; but the way in which he addressed me, as Gervois, a name he had never called me by for several months, in even our closest intimacy, was like a declaration of open hostility.

"I claim to be called Jasper Carew," said I, calmly and slowly; "I will accept no other designation from you nor any one."

"You have learned your part admirably," said he, with a sneer; but remember that I am myself the prompter; so pray reserve the triumphs of your art for the public!"

"Anatole," said I, addressing him with an emotion I could not repress, "I desire to be frank and candid with

you. This name of Jasper Carew I believe firmly to be mine."

A burst of laughter, insulting to the last degree, stopped me in my speech.

"Why, Gervois, this is madness, my worthy fellow. Just bethink you of how this plot originated; who suggested, who carried it on; ay, and where it stands at this very moment. That *you* yourself are as nothing in it; the breath that made can still unmake you; and that *I* have but to declare you an impostor and a cheat—hard words, but you *will* have them—and the law will deal with you as it knows how to deal with those who trade on false pretences. Yours be the blame if I be pushed to such reprisals!"

"And what if I defied you, Count Usaffich?" said I boldly.

"If you but dared to do it!" said he, with a menace of his clenched hand.

"Now listen to me calmly," said I; "and there is the more need of calm, since, possibly, these are the very last words that shall ever pass between us. *My* claim can neither be aided nor opposed by *you*."

"Is the fellow mad!" exclaimed he, staring wildly at me.

"I am in my calm and sober senses," replied I, quietly.

"Then what say you to this bond?" said he, taking a paper from his pocket-book. "Is this a written promise, that if you succeed to the fortune and estates of the late Walter Carew, you will pay *me*, Count Anatole Usaffich, one hundred thousand pounds?"

"I own every word of it," said I.

"And for what services is this the recompense—answer me that?"

"That I am indebted to you for having opened to me the path by which my right was to be established."

"Say rather, that by me was the fraud of a false name, and birth, and rank, first suggested; that from Gervois the courier, I created you Carew the gentleman. The whole scheme was, and is my own. You are as nothing in it."

Stupified—almost stunned by the outrageous insult of his words, I did not speak, and he went on—

"But you have not taken me unawares. I was not without my suspicion, that such an incident as this might arise. I foresaw at least its possibility, and was prepared for it."

Be advised then in time, since if your foot was on the very threshold of that door you hope to call your own, the power lies with me to drag you back again, and proclaim you to all the world a swindler."

My passion boiled over at the word, and I sprung towards him, I know not with what thoughts of vengeance. He darted back suddenly, and gained the door.

"If you had dared," said he, with a savage grin, "you had been a corpse on that floor the minute after."

The shining blade of a stiletto glanced within his waistcoat, as he spoke. The next moment he had descended the stairs, and was gone.

I will not speak of the suffering this scene cost me—a misery, I am free to declare, less proceeding from my dread of his resentment, than from the thought that one of the very few with whom I had ever lived on terms approaching friendship had now become a declared and bitter enemy. Oh! for the hollowness of such attachments! The bonds which bind men to evil are the deadliest snares that beset us; and thus the very qualities which seem our best and purest, are among the weakest and the worst of our depraved natures.

To add to my discomfiture, Hanchett was obliged to go over to London, in some case before the House of Lords, and my cause was entrusted to the second counsel, one with whom I had little intercourse, and few opportunities of knowing. Usaflich's defection, too, threw a great gloom over all my supporters. His readiness in every difficulty was not less remarkable than his unwearied and untiring energy. He was, in fact, the bond of union between all the parties, stimulating, encouraging, and cheering them on. Even they who were least disposed towards him personally, avowed that his loss was irreparable; and some, taking a still graver view of the matter, owned their fears that he might seek service with the enemy.

I cannot tell the relief I experienced on hearing that he had sailed from Ireland the very night of our quarrel; and from the observations he had dropped, it was believed with the intention of going abroad.

As the day fixed for the trial drew nigh, public curiosity rose to the very highest degree. The real nature of the claim to be set up was no

longer a secret, and the case became the town-talk of every club and society of the capital. Curtis had long ceased to be popular with any party. His dissolute life had thrown a disrepute upon those who sided with him; and the newspapers, almost without an exception, inclined towards my side. There is, perhaps, something, too, that savours of generosity in such cases, and disposes many to favour what they feel to be the weaker party. I am sure I had reason to experience much of this kind of sympathy, nor do I think of it even now without gratitude.

Early as it was when I prepared to leave my hotel, I found a considerable crowd had assembled in the street without, curious to see one whose story had attracted so much popular notice. They were mostly of the lower classes, but I observed that a knot of gentlemen had gathered on the steps of an adjoining door, and were eagerly watching for my appearance. As the window of my room was almost directly over their heads, and lay open, I could hear the conversation which passed between them. Shall I own, that the words I overheard set my heart a beating violently?

"You knew Carew intimately, Parsons?" asked one.

"Watty! to be sure I did. We were class-fellows at school and at college."

"And liked him, I have heard you say."

"Extremely. There was no better fellow to be found. He had his weaknesses like the rest of us; but he was a true-hearted, generous friend, and a resolute enemy also."

"Were you acquainted with his wife, Ned?" asked another.

"I was presented to her the day he brought her over," replied he; "we all lunched with him at the hotel, but I never saw her after. The fact was, Watty made a foolish match, and never was the same man to his old friends after. Perhaps we were as much in fault as he was; at all events, except MacNaghten and a few who were very intimate with him, all fell off, and Carew, who was a haughty fellow, drew back from us, and left the breach still wider."

"And what's your opinion of this claim?" asked another, who had not spoken before.

“That I’d not give sixpence for the chance of its success,” said he, laughingly. “Why, everybody knows that no trace of any document establishing Carew’s marriage could be found after his death. Some went so far as to say that there never had been a marriage at all; and as to the child, Dan Mac-Naghten told me years ago, that the boy was killed in some street skirmish in Paris—so that, taking all the doubts and difficulties together, and bearing in mind that old Joe Curtis has a strong purse and is in possession, is there any man with common sense to guide him would think the contest worth a trial?”

“Have you seen this young fellow yet?”

“No; and I am rather curious to have a look at him, for there were

strong family traits about the Carews.”

As I heard these last words, I walked boldly out upon the balcony as if to examine the state of the weather. There was a slight murmur of voices heard beneath as I came forward, and one speaker exclaimed — “Indeed!” to which Parsons quickly replied —

“Positively astounding! It is not only that he has Carew’s features, but the carriage of the head, and a certain half supercilious look, are exactly his!”

The words sent a thrill of hope through me, more than enough to recompense me for the pain his former speech had inflicted; and as I left the window, I felt a degree of confidence in the future that never entirely deserted me after.

CHAPTER XLIX.

“THE FIRST DAY.”

I CAN more easily imagine a man being able to preserve the memory of all his sensations during some tremendous operation of surgery, than to recall the varied tortures of his mind in the progress of a long and eventful trial. Certain incidents will impress themselves more powerfully than others—not always those of the deepest importance—far from it; the veriest trifles—a stern look of the presiding judge, a murmur in the court, will live in the recollection for long years after the great events of the scene; and a casual glance, a half uttered word, become texts of sorrow for many a day to come.

I could myself be better able to record my sensations throughout a long fever, than tell of the emotions which I suffered in the three days of that trial. I awake occasionally from a dream full of every circumstance, all sharply defined, clear and distinct. My throbbing temples and moist brow evidence the agonies I have gone through; my nerves still tingle with the torture; but with the first moments of wakefulness the memory is gone!—the sense of pain alone remains, but the cause fades away in dim indistinctness, and my heart throbs with gratitude at last to know it was but a dream, and has passed away.

But there are days, too, when all

these memories are revived; and I could recount, even to the slightest circumstance, the whole progress of the case, from the moment when a door-keeper drew aside a heavy curtain to let me pass into the court, to the dreadful instant when —. But I cannot go on; already are images and forms crowding around me. To continue this theme would be to call up spirits of torture to the bed-side, or the lonely chamber where, friendless and solitary I sit, as I write these lines.

I owe it to him whose patience and sympathy may have carried him so far as my listener, to complete this much of the story of my life; happily a few words will now suffice to do so.

A newspaper of “Old Dublin,” a great authority in those days, the *Morning Advertiser*, informed its readers on a certain day of February, that the interesting events of a recent trial should be its apology for any deficiency in its attention to foreign news, or even the domestic occurrences of the country, since the editor could not but participate in the intense anxiety felt by all classes of his fellow-citizens in the progress of one of the most remarkable cases ever submitted before a jury.

After a brief announcement of the trial, he proceeds:—

“Mr. Foxley opened the plaintiff’s case, in the absence of Serjeant Hanchett, and certainly even the distinguished leader of the western circuit never exceeded in clearness, accuracy, or close reasoning, the admirable statement then delivered—a statement which, while supported by a vast variety of well-known incidents, may yet vie with romance for the strangeness of the events it records.

“Probably, with a view of enlisting public sympathy in his client’s behalf, not impossibly also to give a semblance of consistency to a narrative wherein any individual incident might have startled credulity, the learned counsel gave a brief history of the claimant from his birth; and certainly a stranger tale it would be hard to conceive. Following all the vicissitudes of fortune—fighting to-day in the ranks of the revolutionists in Paris, we find him to-morrow the bearer of important despatches from crowned heads to the members of the exiled family of France. Ever active, ever employed, and ever faithful to his trust, this extraordinary youth became mixed up with great events, and conversant with great people everywhere. If a consciousness that he was a man of birth, and with just claims to station and property, often sustained him in moments of difficulty, there were also times when this thought suggested his very saddest reflections. He saw himself poor, and almost unfriended; he knew the scarcely-passable barriers the law erects against all pretenders, whatever the justice of their demands; he was aware that his adversary would have all the benefit which vast resources and great wealth can command. No wonder, then, if he felt faint-hearted and dispirited! Another, and a very different train of reasoning may, possibly, have also had its influence on his mind.

“This boy grew up to manhood in the midst of all the startling theories of French revolution. He had imbibed the doctrines of equality and universal brotherhood—he had been taught that a state was a family, and its population were the children, amongst whom no inequality of condition should prevail. To sue for the restitution of his own was, then, but a sorry recognition of the principles he professed. The society of the time enjoined the theory that property was

a mere usurpation; and I say, it is by no means improbable that, educated in such opinions, he should have deemed the prosecution of such a suit a direct falsification of his professions. The world, however, changed.

“After the revolution came the reaction of order. To the guillotine succeeded the court-martial—then the Consulate, then the Empire. All the external forms of society underwent a less change than did the very nature of men themselves.

“Wearied of anarchy, they sought the repose of a despotism. With monarchy, too, came back all the illusions of pomp and splendour—all the tastes that wealth fosters and wealth alone confers. Carew, who had never bewailed his condition when a ‘sans-culotte,’ now saw himself degraded in the midst of the new movement. He knew that he had been born to fortune and high estate; he had heard of the vast domains of his ancestry from his cradle. He had got off by heart the names of townlands and baronies that all belonged to his family; and though, at the time, he learned the lesson, the more stern teaching of democracy instilled the maxim that ‘ALL PROPERTY was a wrong;’ yet now another impression had gained currency in the world, and he saw that even for the purposes of public utility, and the benefit of society, a man was powerless who was poor.

“Alas, however, for his prospects, every document, every letter, every scrap of writing that could have authenticated his claim was gone. Of the very nature of these papers he scarcely retains a recollection himself; he only knows that Madame de Gabriac, whose name I have already introduced to your notice, deemed them all-sufficient, if only backed by one essential document—the certificate of his father’s marriage with his mother. To obtain this had been the great object of her whole life.

“With a heroic devotion to the cause of her friend’s orphan child, she had travelled over Europe in every direction, and during times of the greatest peril and disturbance. Accompanied by one trusty companion, Mr. Raper, she had never wearied in her pursuit.

“Probably, if the occasion permitted, the story I could tell of her efforts in this cause would surprise you not less than that of herself. Enough.

that I say, that she stooped to poverty and privation of the very severest kind; she toiled, and laboured, and suffered for years long; and when, having exhausted every resource the old world seemed to offer to her search, she set out for the new! Since that she has not been heard of. The solicitors with whom she had corresponded have long since ceased to receive tidings of her. The belief in her death was so complete, that her father, a well-known citizen of Dublin who died two years back, bequeathed his vast fortune to various charitable institutions, alleging his childless condition as the cause.

“I have told you how, originally, my client, then a mere boy, became separated from her he had ever regarded as his mother. I have traced him through some, but far from the whole, of the strange incidents of his eventful career; and it now only remains that I should speak of the extraordinary accident by which he came upon the clue to his long sought-for — long despaired-of inheritance.

“A short statement will suffice here, since the witnesses I mean to call before you will amply elucidate this part of my case. It was, while travelling with despatches to the north of Europe, my client formed acquaintance with a certain Count Usaffich, at that time himself employed in the diplomatic service, and though at the period a warm friendship grew up between them, it was not till after the lapse of many years, that the Count came to know that a large mass of papers — copies of documents drawn out by Raper, and which had come into the Count's hands, in a manner I shall relate to you, actually bore reference to his former acquaintance — the casual intimate of a journey.

“These two men, thrown together by one of the most extraordinary chances of fortune, sit down to recount their lives to each other. Beside the fire of an humble chalet, in a forest, Carew hears again the story he had once listened to in his infancy; the very tale his dear mother had repeated to him in the midst of the Alps, he now hears from the lips of one almost a stranger. Names once familiar, but long forgotten, come back to him. The very sounds thrill through his heart, like as the notes of the Swiss melody awaken in the far

away wanderer thoughts of home and father-land. In an instant he throws off the apathy of his former life — he ceases to be the sport and plaything of fortune, and devotes himself, heart and soul, to the restitution of the ancient name of his house, and the long-dormant honours of a distinguished family.

“We cannot,” writes the journalist, “undertake at this late hour to follow the learned counsel into the minute enumeration he went into of small circumstances of proof, memoranda of conversations, scraps of letters, allusions in the course of correspondence, and so on; the object of which was to show that although the late Walter Carew had some secret reason of his own for maintaining a mystery about his marriage — that of the fact of the marriage there could be no doubt — nor of the legitimacy of him who claimed to be his heir; neither are we able to enter upon the intricate question of establishing the identity of the present claimant; suffice it to say, that he succeeded in connecting him with a number of events from the days of his earliest childhood to a comparatively recent period, all corroboratory of his assumption. The possession of the seal and arms of his family, his name, and above all, the unmistakeable traits of family resemblance, being wonderful evidences in his favour. Indeed, we are not aware of a more dramatic incident in the administration of justice than our court presented yesterday, when, at the close of his seven hours' speech, full of all its details, narrative and legal, the able counsel suddenly paused, and in a voice of subdued accent, asked if there chanced at that moment to be present in the court any of those who once enjoyed the friendship, or even the acquaintance of the late Walter Carew. He was one, continued he, not easily to be forgotten, even by a casual observer. His tall and manly figure, the type at once of dignity and strength; his bold, high forehead, his deep-set blue eyes, soft as a child's in their expression, or sparkling like the orbs of an eagle; his mouth more characteristic than all, since, though marked by an air of pride, it never moved without an expression of genial kindness and good-humour, the traits that we love to think eminently national; the mingled nature of daring intrepidity, with a care-

less ease; the dash of almost reckless courage, with a still milder gaiety—these were all his. Are there not some here—is there not even one who can recall them? And if there be let him look *there!* and he pointed to the gallery beside the jury-box, at the end of which was seated a young man, pale, and sickly-looking, it is true, but whose countenance at once corroborated the picture. The vast multitude that filled the body of the court, crowding every avenue and space, and even invading the seats reserved for the Bar, rose as one man and turned to gaze on the living evidence of the description. It would be difficult to conceive a more striking scene enacted within walls where the solemnity of the

law usually represses every semblance of popular emotion; nor was it till after several seconds had elapsed that the judges were enabled to recall the Court to the observance of the rigid propriety of the justice-seat.

“Himself exhausted by his efforts, and really overborne by feeling, the counsel was unable to continue his address, and the Court, willingly granting an indulgence that his exertions amply deserved, adjourned till to-morrow, when at ten o'clock this remarkable case will be resumed; though, it is believed, from the number of witnesses to be examined, and the necessary length of ‘the reply,’ the trial cannot be completed before Saturday evening.”

THE DYING DOYTSCHIN.

FROM THE SERVIAN.

SICK and weary lies the Voivode DOYTSCHIN,
In the white-walled fort of Salonica;
He had lain there nine long years of sorrow.
Nothing of his life the city knoweth:
All men thought that all was over with him.
To the farness even rang the tidings,
Even to the far-off Moorish country.

And the Moorman HUSSEIN heard it also—
Heard the news, and saddled straight his war-horse,
Fast and fiercely rode to Salonica;
And he fell upon the white-walled fortress,
Pitched his tent upon the spacious meadow,
Challenged all the knights of Salonica—
“Come and face me on the field of battle;
Stand against me in the hero-duel.”
No more heroes, then, had Salonica,
None to stand against the foe in battle.
DOYTSCHIN liveth yet, but sorely sickened;
DUKA liveth, but his hand is trembling;
And ELIAS, inexperienced stripling,
He has never even seen a battle,
Far less hath the stripling ever fought one.
Yet he would stand bravely in the battle;
But his ancient mother now forbids him:—
“Stay, ELIAS, inexperienced stripling,
For the Moorish champion will ensnare thee.
Madly rushest thou on thy destruction—
Wilt thou leave thy mother lonely, helpless?”
When the swarthy Moorman saw the matter,
How no hero lived in Salonica
Unafraid to face him in the battle,
Then he laid a toll on Salonica:

“Ho! let every house a wether furnish;
And an oven full of bread the whitest;
And a beaker of the strongest brandy,
And besides, a score of golden ducats:
Furthermore, a maiden fair and lovely—
Virgin she must be, or newly married,
One whom even now the bridal party
Bringeth homeward, knowing nought of kisses.”

Then all Salonica paid the tribute,
Till they came before the house of DOYTSCHIN.
Nothing now has DOYTSCHIN for the tribute.
He has only a true-hearted lady,
And JELITZA, the beloved sister.
All the impost now they bring together—
There is none to ransom or deliver,
For the swarthy Moor accepts of nothing
Save with thee, most beautiful JELITZA.

Therefore were they very full of sorrow.
By her brother's pillow sat JELITZA;
Tears came down along her sweet pale visage,
Trickled down upon her brother's forehead.
Then the dying hero spake in anger:—
“O thou mansion, mayst thou burn to ruins!
Through thy roof the rain comes on my forehead,
And I cannot even die in quiet.”

Answered him the may JELITZA, weeping:—
“O my brother, thou, my dying hero,
Rain comes never trickling through the house-roof—
It was but thy sister's tears, my brother.”

Then responding spake the dying hero:—
“For the sake of God, O tell me, sister,
Dost thou weep because the bread hath failed thee?
Is it bread, or is it wine the purple?
Dost thou want for gold or whitest linen?
Hast thou nought within thy frame to broider?”

Unto him the lovely maiden answered:—
“O my brother, thou, my dying hero,
We have now enough of bread the whitest;
Purple wine we have besides in plenty,
Store of gold, and many a piece of linen.
Silk have I within my frame to broider;
But what grieves me is another sorrow—
Lo! the Moorman HUSSEIN is advancing
O'er the far-spread fields of Salonica.
Thus he challenges our knights of prowess:—
'Come, and face me on the field of battle;
Stand against me in the hero-duel.'
Not a hero now has Salonica—
There is none to face the foe in battle.
When the swarthy Moorman saw the matter,
Heavy tolls he laid on Salonica;
Every house must give a goodly wether,
And an oven full of bread the whitest,
And a beaker of the strongest brandy,
And besides a score of golden ducats.
Furthermore, a maiden fair and lovely—
Virgin she must be, or newly married.

Thessalonick all has paid the tribute.
 Now the tribute-gatherers near thy mansion,
 And no brother hast thou, dying hero,
 None to bring the tribute all together.
 We ourselves in sorrow, we have brought it,
 We have brought the tribute all together.
 Ah, the Moorman never will receive it,
 Save with thy JELITZA, O my brother!
 Hearken to me now, my dying hero:
 Never will I bear the Moorman's kisses—
 Never, NEVER; by thy life I swear it!"

Then anew began the dying hero:—
 "Salonica, fall in flame and thunder!
 Hast thou now no more a single hero—
 None to go against the Moor in battle?
 Can I never hope for death in quiet?"
 And he called his consort ANGELIA.*
 "ANGELIA, thou my faithful consort,
 Tell me if my beauteous bay yet liveth?"

Then replied the Lady ANGELIA:—
 "Dearest lord and husband, dying DOYTSCHIN,
 Yea, thy valiant war-horse still is living;
 I myself have tended him and fed him."

Then anew began the dying hero:—
 "ANGELIA, thou my faithful consort,
 Go, and lead the war-horse from the stable;
 Lead him for me to my chosen brother,
 To my brother, to the farrier PERO.
 Let my brother strongly shoe the war-horse;
 I myself will then go forth to battle.
 Let him shoe the war-horse well and truly,
 Then shall I return and pay him duly."

So the hero's faithful wife obeyed him,
 Led the mighty war-horse from the stable,
 Took and brought him to the farrier PERO.
 PERO spake these words unto the lady:—
 "Thou, my sister, slender ANGELIA,
 Hath my chosen brother then departed,
 That you bring for sale his war-horse hither?"

Answered him the lovely ANGELIA:—
 "Nay, my worthy brother, farrier PERO,
 Undeparted is thy chosen brother,
 Rather does my husband give thee greeting;
 He would have thee shoe his mighty war-horse.
 Forth he goes to face the Moor in battle;
 Shoe the horse, in faith and truth, O PERO,
 Comes he back he'll pay thee for the horse-shoes."

Softly, then, the brawny blacksmith answered:—
 "ANGELIA, thou my sweet fair sister,
 Never will I go and shoe the war-horse,
 If thou give me not in pledge, O fairest,
 Thy dark eyes, and give them to my kisses,
 Till thy husband come again and pay me."

* Pronounced *Angcleca*.

ANGELIA then brake forth in fury ;
Like a living fire she flamed in passion ;
And she led unshod the war-horse homewards
To the mansion of the dying hero.
Then the dying DOYTSCHIN asked her feebly—
“ ANGELIA, thou, my faithful consort,
Has my brother shod the war-horse truly ? ”

Then with vehement wrath the lady answered :—
“ God, may God, O thou my lord and husband,
May God strike thy brother down for ever !
PERO will not shoe thy war-horse truly ;
He must have as pledge, until thou pay him,
My dark eyes, to cover them with kisses.
I will never have the blacksmith kiss me ;
Never, NEVER, by thy life, O DOYTSCHIN ! ”

When the dying hero heard the answer,
Thus he spake unto his faithful lady :—
“ ANGELIA, thou, my faithful consort,
Saddle *thou* for me the mighty war-horse ;
Go, and bring me then my battle-javelin.”
Then the hero called upon JELITZA :—
“ O JELITZA, thou, my darling sister,
Bring me hither now a web of linen,
Wind me round and all enwrap me, sister,
Round my limbs, half broken, worn and weary ;
Then my bones, that ever writhe and tremble,
May not fall asunder, sinking downwards.”

Lightly, then, the ladies both obeyed him ;
ANGELIA saddled soon the war-horse,
Brought him then the mighty battle-javelin ;
Thither, then, the sisters bore him linen,
And they gently swathed the dying hero,
Closely wrapping round his limbs all broken.
Then they girt him with a German sabre ;
And they led the mighty war-horse onward.
To the horse's back they lift the hero,
Place within his hand the battle-javelin.

Straightway did the war-horse know his master ;
Then the barb began to bound beneath him.
To the market-place the hero turneth ;
Bounding flies the horse along the market,
And the flints leap flashing from the pavement.
Spake the merchants all of Salonica :—
“ Now give glory unto God, the truthful !
Never since our DOYTSCHIN sank in slumber
Hath a nobler hero galloped hither,
Through the white-walled fort of Salonica,
Nor a braver war-horse bounded thither ! ”
Down rode DOYTSCHIN to the spacious meadow,
To the swarthy Moorman's white pavilion.

When the swarthy Moorman saw him enter,
Full of terror, on his feet upspringing,
Hurriedly the Moor addressed the hero :—
“ DOYTSCHIN, *thou* ! O may the Lord destroy thee !
Sickly, yet the life is still within thee.
Come, O comrade, let us drink together ;

Send away our duel and its devil*—
Thine shall be the toll of Salonica."

Then to him the dying hero answered:—
"Come thou forth, O swarthy Moor, thou dastard!
Come, and face thy foe in mortal combat.
Easier is it golden wine to swallow,
And to kiss the mays of Salonica,
Than to bide in battle like a hero."

Then the Moorman HUSSEIN spake in answer:—
"Thou in God, my brother, noble DOYTSCHIN,
Send away our duel and its devil;
Leave thy horse, and let us drink together.
Thine shall be the toll of Salonica—
Thine the maidens all of Salonica;
This I swear to thee by God the mighty,
Never more to march in vengeance hither."

When the Voivode DOYTSCHIN saw the matter,
How the Moor would never dare the combat,
Onwards, then, he drove his mighty war-horse,
Spurred him on below the white pavilion.
See, below the awning, what a wonder!
Thirty maidens lie below the awning,
And among them sits the swarthy Moorman.
When he saw the Voivode coming nearer,
So that he could never hope to 'scape him,
On the shoulder of his steed he springeth,
And his battle-javelin then he graspeth.
Forth they gallop to the field of combat,
And their battle-horses snort in anger.
Spake the dying hero to the Moorman:—
"Take the lead, and smite or fling thy javelin,
Coward! *then* thou canst complain of nothing."

And the swarthy Moorman flung his javelin;
Quivering forth it flew against the hero,
But his war-horse well was trained to battle.
Down the war-horse knelt upon the meadow;
Far above him flew the Moorish javelin,
Deeply sank below the sod, and straightway
Half remaining there below the herbage,
Half upsprang, and flew in thousand splinters.

When the swarthy Moorman saw his failure,
Turning round, he fled away in terror,
Fleeing toward the white-walled Salonica;
But behind him flew the Voivode DOYTSCHIN.
To the castle gate the Moor had galloped,
When the dying hero came a-near him.
DOYTSCHIN grimly grasps his battle-javelin,
Nails him to the gate of Salonica;
Then the hero draws his German sabre,
Hews the Moorman's head from off his shoulders.
Then he takes the head upon his sabre,
Draws the Moorman's eyeballs from the sockets,

* That is to say, "Dismiss from your mind all thoughts of battle, and banish the evil spirit that excited our feelings of hostility."

Wraps them up within the finest kerchief,
Flings the head upon the dewy meadow.

Thereupon he rideth to the market,
To his chosen brother PERO's dwelling;
Halts before the shop, and calls on PERO:—
“Come, that I may pay thee for the horse-shoes
That you nailed upon my steed so duly;
You have shod my war-horse well and truly.”

Then the farrier PERO spake in answer:—
“Thou, my chosen brother, dying DOYTSCHIN,
I have surely never shod thy war-horse.
Lo, I had a little jest, my brother:
ANGELIA, wrathful, anger-burning,
Like a living fire she flamed in passion,
Led away unshod thy mighty war-horse.”

Then anew outspake the dying hero:—
“Come thou here—I, too, would jest a little.”
From his shop the farrier came in silence.
Then the dying hero swung his sabre—
Soon he sent the farrier's head a-flying.
Then he took the eyeballs from their sockets,
Wrapt them up within the finest kerchief—
Flung the head upon the marble pavement.

To his white house thereupon he turneth,
And before his mansion he dismounteth.
Down he lays him on the yielding cushions;
Forth he takes the eyeballs of the Moorman—
At his darling sister's feet he flings them:—
“Sister, take the swarthy Moorman's eyeballs,
That thou mayest know that hence for ever,
By my life, no Moorman's kiss shall grieve thee.”

Forth he taketh, then, the farrier's eyeballs—
Sends them quivering to his faithful lady:—
“ANGELIA, take the farrier's eyeballs,
That thou mayest know that hence for ever,
By my life, no farrier's kiss shall grieve thee.”

Thus he spake, and sank to rest eternal.

FRENCH DRAMATISTS AND ACTORS.

MOLIERE.

It has been suggested, that a few desultory sketches of the shining lights of the French theatre would form an appropriate addendum to our national reminiscences of our own stage. We hasten to comply with the suggestion, and on turning over the pages of memory in search of material, the first name that strikes us is MOLIERE, the greatest, although not the earliest comic writer of his country. Jodelle, Mairet, and Hardy, preceded him in point of date. Jodelle and Mairet courted Melpomene as well as her more lively sister. Hardy confined himself more immediately to Thalia. All three are better known by their names than their works, which are seldom read, and only to be found in two or three public libraries. The former are sometimes quoted, but the latter are never referred to. Hardy was gifted with a muse almost as prolific as that of Lope de Vega, and could dash off a comedy of two thousand lines in twenty-four hours. It has been recorded, and is currently believed, that he wrote seven hundred pieces, of which only forty-one are now extant. Lope de Vega composed no less than eighteen hundred, and made little of despatching an average comedy before breakfast. Both the Frenchman and Spaniard treated with sovereign contempt the "*nonumque prematur in annum*" of Horace, if they had ever taken the trouble to read that discouraging canon. Modern dramatic poets are too much "pressed by hunger and request of friends," to check their speed of composition by such a heavy drag-chain. Hardy died in 1630, ten years after Moliere was born. His dramas are all characterised by the faults of his age. He wrote without plan, and in utter defiance of rules. The construction is invariably monstrous, and often mixed up with the grossest indelicacy. His dialogue is short and hurried; his characters carry on an altercation in

single lines or couplets, a style of writing afterwards adopted with singular brilliancy by Corneille. He has little imagination, less variety of plot, and continually repeats the same incident. He had a command of words without genius, while his versification is laboured and bombastic. The oldest dramatic composition in the French language is a broad farce, called "*L'Arocat Patelin*," familiar to the English public under the title of the *Village Lawyer*, which is almost a literal translation of the original. The authorship is still unsettled, although it has been assigned to many. Fontinelle carries back the date of this production to the time of Louis XII. (1498-1515). In his "*Histoire du Theatre François*," he gives a long extract, which he considers worthy of being compared with Moliere, and mentions that Pasquier has another. This little comedy was at first written in quaint rhymes and antiquated style. After some time it was modernised into prose. In this state it has been ascribed to Palaprat, and published separately, with his name, although not included in the entire collection of his dramas. It was certainly in existence long before Palaprat was born. Rabelais alludes to "Patelin," and Rabelais died in 1558, ninety-seven years before the birth of Palaprat.*

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, so celebrated afterwards under the adopted surname of Moliere, was born at Paris, in 1620, six years after the death of Shakspeare; whom he was destined to rival in the richness of his comic genius, as he also resembled him in the duration of his existence. Each of these great men died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. Moliere, in one respect, surpassed Shakspeare; in the excellence of his acting. He sustained many of the leading characters in his own plays,

* It seems most likely, that the modernised *Patelin*, is the production of the Abbé de Bruys, who wrote and published in conjunction with Palaprat.

with executive talent equal to his skill in their conception. Shakspeare, we are to suppose, never soared beyond mediocrity as an actor; the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and Adam in *As you like it*, being often named as his most prominent assumptions. Lee, Otway, and Farcquhar, were even more unfortunate, and failed entirely when they ventured to face the lamps. Moliere and Shakspeare were actors before they commenced the trade of authorship, and the one vocation served them as an apprenticeship to the other.

The father and grandfather of Moliere filled the office of valet-de-chambre and upholsterer to the King (Louis XIII.) The post was considered an heirloom in their family, and the reversion was already secured to the young representative. Up to the age of fourteen he was educated at home, conformably to his prospects; but he then conceived an idea very opposite to the wishes of his parents, and to which they yielded with great reluctance. He demanded, and obtained permission to complete his studies at the College of Clermont, where he remained five years. At college he formed an intimacy with Chapelle, Bernier, and Cyrano, and with them, became a pupil of the celebrated Gassendi. Elegant literature and profound philosophy united to form his taste and imbue his mind with the just principles which exhibit themselves in the many characters he has so ably drawn.

When Louis XIII. made a royal progress to Narbonne, in 1641, the father of Moliere was too infirm to attend his duty, so that the son was compelled to quit his cherished studies, and supply his place; but on his return to Paris, he yielded to his star, which destined him to become the founder of a new and imperishable school of French comedy. The warm patronage which Cardinal Richelieu afforded to dramatic poets, had caused a taste for the theatre to become the prevailing fashion. Several private companies were formed to act for their domestic amusement. The young Poquelin enrolled himself in one of these, which became known by the title of the "Illustrious Theatre." On this occasion, he dropped his own name, and assumed that of Moliere; either from consideration for his family, who detested the theatrical profession, or in compliance

with the example of several of his associates.

Moliere's grandfather was very fond of his grandson, and had also an equal attachment for the stage. He often carried the youth to the "Hotel de Bourgogne," at that time the leading theatre in Paris. The father, who looked upon this idle recreation with a jealous eye, as interfering with more profitable business, one day demanded of the grandsire, why he took the boy so often to the play? "Do you wish," said he, "to make an actor of him?" "I wish, with all my heart," replied the old man, "that he might make as good an actor as Bellerose." Bellerose, whose real name was Pierre le Messier, was the Betterton of the French stage, although earlier than the Englishman in point of time. He arrived at great reputation, and was the original representative of nearly all the tragic heroes of Corneille. His name ranks with Baron, LeKain, and Talma. The young Poquelin was deeply struck with the answer of his grandfather, and from that moment, in his own thoughts, his future course of life was decided on.

In the private company he joined, a young actress was engaged, named Armande Bejart. She possessed beauty, talent, agreeable manners, an admirable taste in singing, and many external graces, which made her universally popular. Moliere became enamoured, and married her; but the union proved unproductive of happiness. She was giddy, thoughtless, and, perhaps, unfaithful; but, nevertheless, she found a second husband after the death of the first. In conjunction with his wife, Moliere collected together a regular company of professional actors, and opened a theatre in Lyons.

His father, vexed at the son's conduct, endeavoured through the persuasions of many friends, to dissuade him from the course of life on which he had determined. At last he employed the intercession of the master with whom Moliere had boarded for several years during the early period of his education; hoping, that by the memory of his ancient authority, he would bring him back to the regular path of duty. Moliere, on the contrary, succeeded in winning the former preceptor over to his own adopted profession, and induced him to become the doctor of their company; persuading him 'that the

little Latin, of which he was master, would qualify him for that line of characters, and that the independence of an actor was preferable to the slavery of a pedagogue.

At Lyons, Moliere produced his first comedy, *L'Etourdi*, the success of which drew nearly the entire audience from a rival establishment in the same city. Many members deserted from the failing concern, and enlisted under the banners of Moliere; accompanying him to Languedoc, where he went to offer his services to the Prince de Conti, who was then holding, at Beziers, the "States of Provence." The Prince had been acquainted with Moliere at College, and had often commanded the performances of the "Illustrious Theatre," in his palace at Paris.

L'Etourdi appeared again at Beziers with increased success. The fame of Moliere was carried still higher by *Le Depit Amoureux*, and *Les Precieuses Ridicules*; even some trifling farces were applauded, which the author afterwards suppressed, as considering them unworthy of the reputation to which he aspired. During this country noviciate, he frequently visited Paris, to which place as a residence, his thoughts and ambition always pointed; and contrived to be introduced to Monsieur, who presented him to the King and the Queen Mother, Anne of Austria. He performed before their Majesties, and obtained permission to exhibit with his company in the Guard-room of the old Louvre, and, subsequently, in that of the Palais Royal. In 1665, they became regularly attached to the King's service, and from this epoch we may date the commencement of the reign of true comic taste on the French stage. Moliere was then forty-five, and had not reached his elevation without many years of anxious labour and progressive advancement. His genius developed itself by degrees, and was strengthened and matured by success.

In 1666 appeared the *Misanthrope*, not only one of the ablest specimens of Moliere's genius, but one of the most complete comedies that ever was written in any language. The actors predicted unfavourably of its reception, and the event corroborated their judgment. The *Misanthrope* was a decided failure, and Moliere withdrew it. In a month after he brought it out again,

preceded by the *Fagot-Maker, or the Physician in Spite of Himself*, a farce of broad humour, translated into English by Fielding, under the title of the *Mock Doctor*. This trifle was received with acclamations, and ran for three months without intermission, always followed by the *Misanthrope*. The farce protected and established the comedy. The enemies of Moliere, who were ever active to injure him, endeavoured to persuade the Duke de Montausier, one of the princes of the blood, that the character of the *Misanthrope* was intended as a caricature of himself. The Prince went to see it, and said, on leaving the theatre, "I should be very well contented to resemble the *Misanthrope* of Moliere."

In 1667 Moliere produced the celebrated comedy of *Le Tartuffe*, which may be considered his masterpiece. It was for a long time uncertain whence he had derived this title, which has become generically adopted into the French language, as synonymous with religious hypocrite or false devotee. The success which creates a proverb, or establishes new words, can be of no ordinary nature. The following story has obtained currency relative to the origin of the name. Moliere once happened to be at the residence of the Papal Nuncio in company with two ecclesiastics, whose hypocritical and mortified demeanour assimilated well with the idea then predominant in his mind, which was entirely occupied with his projected comedy of the *Impostor*. Some *truffles* were brought in, and presented to his Excellency to know if he would purchase them. One of the two sanctified attendants, who understood a little Italian, started suddenly from his silent absorption at sight of the gastronomic delicacy, and selecting the best, exclaimed, with an excited air, "*Tartufoli, Signor Nuzio, Tartufoli!*" Moliere, who was always an attentive observer on the look-out for traits of character, immediately adapted the idea of giving to his impostor the name of *Tartuffe*. This may or may not be the origin of the term, but it will do very well until a better is found.

The three first acts of the *Tartuffe* were acted privately before Louis XIV. and the two queens, on the 12th May, 1664, being the sixth day of the fetes of Versailles. The King forbade the public representation of the play until

it was finished and examined by competent judges, adding, that for himself he saw nothing objectionable in it. This prohibition was enough to excite a general opposition to the piece and the author, on the part of all pretenders to religion. Even the sincerely devout became alarmed, not very clearly understanding the object of the writer. When Moliere had represented on the stage fantastical marquesses, affected fops, and ignorant physicians, all the world laughed and enjoyed the joke; even those who were supposed to be caricatured laughed with the rest. But the case was different with the *Tartuffe*, which came home to the consciences of too many to be passed over as an insulated portrait. Accordingly, the comedy was denounced by the hypocritical as a general attack upon all religion, cried down as a mass of abomination, and declared worthy to be burnt by the hands of the public executioner. A worthy curate, in a book which he dedicated to the King, decided that Moliere was a candidate for the flames, and damned him of his own individual authority. The bishops and the legate having sat in judgment on the work, decided with more lenity, and the King at length delivered a verbal permission to Moliere to act his comedy; but he ordered at the same time that the title should be changed to that of the *Impostor*, that the actor who represented the part should be called "Panulphe," and that he should be dressed like a man of the world, with a narrow-brimmed hat, curled hair, a large collar, a sword, and a laced coat. The King's authority carried the play through, in spite of all opposition; and it proved so attractive, that the actors of the company insisted on a double share being paid to the author for every representation—a rule which was regularly observed during his life. The celebrated Jesuit priest Bourdaloue honoured Moliere by a discourse exclusively directed to the condemnation of his comedy. "What right have you," said Father Maimbourg, an eccentric preacher, to him one day, "to take our trade out of our hands, and deliver sermons from the stage?" "And what right have you," retorted Moliere, "to take *our* trade out of our hands, and act comedies in the pulpit?"

At the very time when all this outcry was raised against *Tartuffe*, a most licentious piece was acting in

Paris, entitled *Scaramouche Hermite*, in which a hermit, dressed as a monk, ascends in the night, by a ladder, to the chamber of a married woman, and comments, with gross buffoonery, on his own situation. This unsaintly burlesque was even acted at the Court. The King was shocked (or pretended to be so), and said to the great Condé, "I should like to know why the good people who affect to be so scandalised by the comedy of Moliere, are silent on this extravagance of *Scaramouche*." "Sire," replied the Prince, "the reason is evident. *Scaramouche* sports with heaven and religion, for which these worthy gentlemen care nothing. Moliere holds themselves up to ridicule, which touches them beyond endurance."

Several writers have charged Moliere with having derived the idea of the *Tartuffe* from the Italian theatre. A very old sketch has been named as furnishing the ground-work to the French poet. The contrary is the fact. The Italians, and particularly Gigli, the author of the sketch in question, which he entitled "Il Dottor Bacchetoni," have copied from Moliere. It has been verified beyond dispute, that his comedy is of older date than the Italian farces he has been accused of using. More probability attaches to the supposition that the Abbé Roquette, Bishop of Autun, furnished to Moliere the original of his Hypocrite, and that the details of his life and character were supplied by Boileau, through the medium of M. de Guilleragues. Moliere was introduced by his friend and literary adviser, Chappelle, to the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, and read to her his far-famed comedy. She expressed her admiration of the work in the warmest terms, and then recited to the author an adventure similar to that of the hero of his piece; but so highly coloured, and full of point, that Moliere, with a rare modesty, declared on quitting her, that if the play had not been already finished, he should be afraid to bring it on the stage after hearing the story of Ninon. The particular incident she related to Moliere is thus given by Voltaire, in his memoirs of that remarkable woman:—"When M. de Gourville, who was named for twenty-four hours as successor to Colbert, and whom we have seen since die one of the leading men

of France — when, I say, this M. de Gourville fearing to be hung in reality, as he had been in effigy, fled from France, in 1661, he left behind him two caskets filled with money; one he consigned to the care of Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, the other he entrusted to a pretended saint. On his return, he found the casket left with Ninon in excellent condition; it contained even more money than he had left, for specie had increased in value. He wished at least to bestow the surplus on the faithful custodian, but she rejected the proposal with indignation, and threatened to throw the casket and its contents out of the window. The religionist rendered a very different account of his charge; he had nothing to restore, and asserted that he had employed the contents in pious works, considering the soul of Gourville as of more value than the money, which certainly would have helped him to damnation. The *Tartuffe* of Moliere was first introduced to the English stage by Matthew Medbourne, and was acted at the Theatre Royal (in Drury-lane), in 1670, only three or four years after it had been publicly represented in France. The English version was printed, and in the title-page the play is said to have been written in French by Moliere, and rendered into English, with much addition and advantage by M. Medbourne,* servant to his Royal Highness. In the dedication, Medbourne says, "How successful it has proved in the action, the advantages made by the actors, and the satisfaction received by so many audiences, have sufficiently proclaimed."

In 1717, Colley Cibber produced the *Nonjuror*, another translation, with considerable varieties and additions, of Moliere's comedy. Dr. Wolf (acted by himself) is a close copy of the great original. Dorina, the chambermaid, an important character, is omitted altogether; and the coquet, Maria, insipid in the French, is heightened into one of the best comic heroines on the stage, and was admirably represented by Mrs. Oldfield. The play gave great satisfaction to the public, and had a run of twenty-three nights, greatly to the mortification of

Cibber's enemies, who writhed in secret at his success, but dared not at the time to exhibit any more than a few smiles of silent contempt. The consequence, however, was what the author foresaw—the stirring up of a strong party against him, who would scarcely suffer anything he wrote afterwards to meet with a fair chance, and who made him the constant butt of *Mist's Journal*, and of the entire Jacobite faction. Perhaps, too, it sharpened the inveteracy of Pope, and may have assisted to raise him, at a later period, to the throne of the "Dunciad." In the meantime, it served as a stepping-stone to a more desirable elevation. He could afford to suffer the spite of the nonjurors and Jacobites, as his play was avowedly written in favour of the Hanoverian succession, and secured for him the favour of the King. On his presenting the dedication to George I., his Majesty ordered him a donation of £200, and Cibber attributes his subsequent appointment to the office of Poet Laureate, to the bitter persecution he met with in consequence of writing the *Nonjuror*. We cannot exonerate him from the abuse and enmity which the play entailed on him. The stage and the pulpit ought never to dabble in politics. The duties of both are too universal to be reduced within the narrow limits of a party. Cibber's *Nonjuror* having become obsolete, owing to the local politics he had so injudiciously introduced, in 1768 Bickerstaff revived the *Tartuffe*, remodelled under the title of the *Hypocrite*, in which form it still keeps the stage. The Dr. Wolf of Cibber here becomes Dr. Cantwell; old Lady Lambert is restored from Moliere; Maria, re-christened Charlotte, retains all her brilliancy; and Mawworm, an ignorant enthusiast in low life, is super-added as an additional character. This modernised version of Moliere, with the exception of the last-named addition, is a most amusing and instructive play; but we protest, in toto, against Mawworm and his sermon, although the former has been immortalised by the humour of Liston, and the latter was encored by George IV. There is a wide moral distinction to be

* This Medbourne was an actor of considerable eminence, belonging to the Duke of York's Company. He was implicated in Titus Oates's plot, and got himself committed to Newgate, in which place he died, although, as Langbaine observes, he merited a better fate.

drawn between hypocrisy and fanaticism. The one should be exposed, while the other may be pitied. The first calls for punishment, but the second appeals to compassion. Cantwell, or Tartuffe, is a hypocrite assuming religion as a cloak for worldly vice, and as such, is fairly held up to detestation; but Mawworm is a mere uneducated fanatic, misled by a stronger and more artful mind than his own, and becomes a subject for commiseration rather than ridicule or contempt. The legitimate end of satire is here abused or ill-directed.

Moliere wrote thirty comedies, many of which keep the stage to this day; few have been equalled, and none have ever been surpassed. He composed, also, many smaller pieces, never printed, struck off in a hurry for incidental purposes, and not calculated to enhance his reputation, if they had been preserved. The rank which he occupies in the literary world has long been settled. To estimate the merit of his works, we must compare them with the most perfect examples which antiquity has supplied in the same style of composition. The more deeply we go into the examination, the more thoroughly we shall understand his superiority. From the ancients he derived his first conceptions of the art he was destined to carry to such a rare perfection. From them he acquired the certain taste which enlightened his genius, and enabled him to surpass his models. After a little practice he left them, and trusted to his own resources. Nature, and the ridiculous manners of his age, appeared to him inexhaustible sources. From these he extracted portraits of endless variety, and at the same time of the most perfect consistency. Comedy in his hands assumed a new and a more dignified form than she had ever worn before. He studied the peculiarities of the great; he turned their failings into ridicule, and substituted the marquesses of modern France for the slaves of ancient Greece and Rome. The classic writers of antiquity represented on their stage the lives and manners of the lower and of the trading classes; Moliere represented on ours the city and the court. A philosophic spectator of the world, he embraces all conditions of humanity. He searches into every rank of life; he grapples with every vice of society, high or low; he has a faculty of ex-

tracting absurdity from the most momentous occurrences. He seizes a jest where an ordinary mind could not have imagined its existence; and thus he often reforms an abuse by holding it up to ridicule. The jargon of the *Precieuses Ridicules* disappeared altogether; that of the *Femmes Savantes* became unintelligible. They ceased to speak in puns and repartees at the Court, and to swell into poetical prose in general society. It is true, there were still misers and religious impostors — Harpagons and Tartuffes — in abundance. But avarice and hypocrisy are deeply-rooted vices, more difficult to reform than flimsy peculiarities, or superficial affectations of manner.

If we search for the defects of Moliere with critical severity, we may wish that his language had been more refined, and his *denouemens* more ingeniously arranged. But these are the faults of his age and position, and few writers of the same early period have composed with more purity, or wound up their plots with superior skill. He thought, perhaps, too exclusively of pleasing the general public; but we must remember that, as a manager and actor, he lived by that public, and his circumstances compelled him to consult their taste. He felt by anticipation what Dr. Johnson, eighty years later, put into the mouth of Garrick, when addressing his own supporters—

“The drama’s laws the drama’s patrons give,
And we who live to please must please to live.”

Moliere was also frequently called upon to amuse the Court, who, with a more refined taste, would, after all, rather laugh than admire. We recognise a great distinction between the styles adopted by Moliere in different pieces. The *Medecin Malgré Lui*, *M. de Pourceaugnac*, and *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, cannot be compared to the *Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, and *Femmes Savantes*; yet we perceive in the earlier productions more than one feature which betrays the genius that produced the later ones. Moliere by introducing refinement in the comic scene was not entirely able to eradicate bad taste. He was compelled sometimes to offer incense to the idol he sought to overthrow. He imitated the wisdom of certain legislators, who to obtain currency for new and improving laws, submit for a time to the perpetuation of ancient abuses.

There are many portraits of Moliere, all of which convey the idea of an intelligent and flexible countenance, well adapted to the display of comic humour in all its varieties. Madame Poisson, an actress of his company, has left in a letter an animated description of his personal appearance and ordinary habits. She says—"He was neither too fat nor too thin; he was tall rather than short, had a noble air, a well turned leg, a slow walk, and a serious aspect; his nose and mouth were wide, his lips thick, his complexion dark, his eyebrows black and bushy, and their continual motion gave a very ludicrous expression to his physiognomy. With regard to his disposition, he was gentle, complaisant, and generous. He was fond of haranguing; and when he read his pieces to the actors, he always wished them to bring their children, that he might acquire fresh notions from their natural movements."

When Moliere chose to converse, nobody could be more agreeable; but he generally remained silent, unless in the company of intimate friends for whom he entertained a particular esteem. This habitual reserve occasioned people to say that he was a melancholy dreamer; but if he said little, he spoke justly. He was always occupied in studying manners and characters, and in transferring them to his own glowing scenes. Condé, in speaking of Corneille, said that his works were a breviary for kings. He might have said of Moliere, that he supplied a breviary for all mankind.

Moliere cared little for the critical opinion of his wife, although she was an experienced actress of good education. He thought she might either be prejudiced in his favour, or capricious in taste; consequently he seldom read his pieces to her, or consulted her during their composition; but he always read them before they were taken to the theatre to an old female servant named La Forêt, who was ignorant and unsophisticated, but he considered her judgment infallible. If she laughed heartily at a joke, he felt certain of its effect: if she remained unmoved, he struck it out, and he invariably found that she was right. Once, to try her, he began to read some scenes from *La Noce de Village*, which he passed as his own, but it was in fact the production of a brother-actor named Brecourt. He had scarcely got through half-a-

dozen speeches before the old house-keeper exclaimed, "That stuff was never written by you!"

Louis XIV. happening one day to visit Moliere when he was at dinner, found a physician named Maurillian with him. "I perceive," said the King, "you have a physician—what does he do for you?" "Sire," replied Moliere, "we argue together. I am sick, and he orders me remedies which I never take, and recover." Maurillian was the intimate friend of Moliere, and furnished him with the terms of art which he required from time to time in his different comedies. Baron one day announced to Moliere that a man had called on him, but utter misery and rags prevented him from appearing. "His name," said he, "is Mondorge." "I remember him well," answered Moliere; "he was my comrade in Languedoc, and is a worthy fellow. What ought I to give him?" "Four pistoles," replied Baron, after considerable hesitation. "'Tis well," rejoined Moliere; "give him four from me, and these other twenty from yourself." Mondorge then presented himself; Moliere embraced him, and added to his present, a magnificent stage costume suited for tragic characters. Such traits of disinterested generosity deserve to be recorded. It is well attested, that the first vacancy in the French Academy was destined for Moliere, in spite of his profession, but his premature and unexpected death deprived him of the rank, and that distinguished body of a worthy ornament.

Moliere died on the stage, while performing the part of *Le Malade Imaginaire*, in his own comedy of the same name. This unexpected event occurred in 1773, on the fourth representation of the piece, which was his last production, and had been received with enthusiastic applause. He was labouring under a pulmonary complaint, and being excited on that fatal evening to unusual exertion, burst a blood-vessel, which produced almost immediate suffocation. The case is not singular in the annals of the French theatre. The celebrated Montfleury, the first performer of *Orestes* in the *Andromaque* of Racine, died of his exertions in the mad scene, at the age of sixty-seven. Mondory, a short time before, was struck with apoplexy, which proved fatal, while acting *Herod*, in the *Ma-*

rienne of Tristan. Brecourt fell a victim to his efforts in Timon. These untoward casualties gave rise to a saying, that henceforward "every poet would wish at least to kill an actor a-piece during his life." Notwithstanding the great approbation of Moliere, the favour of Louis XIV., the esteem of the good, exalted, and learned, the patronage of the great, and the admiration of the public—bigotry forbade that the remains of an actor should be buried in consecrated ground. The widow of Moliere, in despair, threw herself at the King's feet, and implored his interference. The King sent for the Archbishop of Paris, and remonstrated with him; but the prelate was inflexible. At last his Majesty thought of an expedient which compromised the delicate question. He demanded to know the exact depth of consecrated earth. The Archbishop was puzzled, but not liking to acknowledge doubt or ignorance, answered, after a little hesitation, "Twelve feet." "It is well," replied the monarch; "let the grave of Moliere be dug fourteen feet deep, and thus all difficulties

are got over." Two or three years after there occurred a winter of unusual severity. Madame Moliere ordered an hundred loads of wood to be placed upon the tomb of her husband, and kindled, to warm the poor of the district. The extreme heat split in two the stone which covered the tomb.

On the death of Moliere, Paris, as might be expected, was inundated by an overflow of elegiac verse, all miserably bad, with the exception of a sort of funereal ode by Pierre Bouhours, too long to transcribe, and an epitaph by La Fontaine, which we subjoin, with a translation or paraphrase:—

"Sous ce tombeau gisent Plaute et Terence;
Et cependant le seul Moliere y git.
Leurs trois talens ne formaient qu'un esprit,
Dont le bel art jouissoit la France.
Ils sont partis; et j'ai peu d'esperance
De les revoir, malgré tous nos efforts.
Pour un long-temps, selon toute apparence,
Terence, et Plaute, et Moliere sont morts."

Plautus and Terence lie beneath this stone,
Which covers Moliere's sacred dust alone.
The genius of the three in him combin'd,
Produc'd the marvel of that matchless mind.
The three in one are gone, and living men
Shall ne'er behold them spring to life again.
Years may roll on, yet still it shall be said,
Plautus, and Terence, and Moliere are dead.

BARON.

FROM Moliere we naturally turn to BARON, his pupil and friend, who has been called the Garrick of France. He was a great tragic actor, and entertained a most exalted opinion of his art. His vanity was equal to his enthusiasm. "Tragedians, he used to say, should be nursed in the laps of queens. The world might see, he constantly observed, once in a century, a Cæsar, but it required two thousand years to produce a Baron. The French writers have preserved a variety of little anecdotes which testify the admirable talents he displayed. They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors, which is equally applicable to poets and painters. "Rules," said he, "may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them there, depend upon it, passion is right; and we should follow her dictates without minding rules."

Michel Baron was the son of a tradesman of Issoudun. He was born in 1652, and became an actor in Moliere's company while yet a stripling. He left the stage in 1691, with a pension from the king of a thousand crowns

per annum, but returned in 1720, when he was sixty-eight. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he was welcomed with as much applause as he had received during the vigour of his years. He was generally styled the Roscius of his time. But genius could not endow a septuagenarian with the agility of youth; nor could popularity save him from an epigram. He appeared as the youthful Misaël, in the tragedy of the *Maccabees*; but, being weak and heavy with old age, when he cast himself at the feet of Salmonée, it was necessary to lift him up again, as he was incapable of raising himself. On this occasion the following verses were composed:—

"Et le viellard Baron, pour l'honneur d'Israel,
Fait le rôle enfantin du jeune Misaël;
Et pour rendre la scene exacte,
Il se fait raser a chaque acte."

The aged Baron, for the honour of Israel,
Performs the part of the youthful Misaël;
And to render the delusion more exact,
He shaves at the end of every act.

We have heard of an eminent English performer who always underwent the same operation while personating

the young and graceful Prince of Denmark, when bordering on his grand climacteric. Nature intended Baron for an actor, and endowed him liberally with all the physical requisites, in addition to quick intelligence, and a clear perception. He possessed a lofty figure, a powerful and well-modulated voice, a most expressive countenance, and graceful action. To these valuable gifts he added the perfection of consummate art, and unwearied study. From his father he inherited a talent for declamation, and from his mother his personal advantages. She was accounted one of the most beautiful women of her day, and being once summoned to appear at the toilette of the queen-mother, as soon as her name was announced all the ladies in waiting suddenly took fright, not daring to face the close comparison of her superior charms.

Rousseau pronounced a comprehensive eulogy on Baron, in some elegant verses, in which he declared that this great actor added new lustre to the beauties of Racine, and cast a veil over the defects of Pradon.* The talents of the French Roscius were not confined to acting; he was an author also of considerable pretension, and wrote no less than eight dramas, which have been printed in a separate collection. Two are adaptations from Terence, which have been attributed to the Jesuit Father De La Rue, on no better foundation than the probability that he was the more likely to be intimately acquainted with the Roman poet. We had better leave Baron in possession of a property which no one claims from him, than rob him of what he has apparently a just title to. Brought up under the eyes of Moliere, he must have acquired from that great master excellent precepts, and a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of his art. In proof of this, his plays are theatrically constructed, with lively dialogue and diversified scenes, which

show that the writer studied the world as well as the stage, and copied from the universal teacher, Nature. Why, then, is Baron so seldom mentioned as an author? Because public attention generally concentrates itself on one point, when directed to one individual. In Moliere, the actor, who had many equals, is lost sight of in the poet, who soared beyond all competition. In Baron, the unrivalled actor obscures the tolerable poet. He was one of the greatest tragedians that ever lived, if we judge him by his opportunities, and the materials he had to work with. He played a most extensive line of characters, and exhibited equal excellence in all. When he returned to the stage, at a very late period of life, he sustained alternately Nero, and Burrhus, the Liar, a youth of twenty, the Father in the *Andrian*, Rodrigue in the *Cid*, and Mithridates. He gave a distinct colouring, a specific identity, to every part he assumed. Before he entered on a scene of passion, he used to work himself up to the necessary pitch, by violent gesticulations and abusive language, addressed to the servants and scene-shifters, and even to his companions. This he called paying due respect to the pit; a practical eccentricity which savours more of mental aberration than of inspired genius. But there is classical authority for a similar mode of preparation by artificial means, carried even to a higher extent. We are told that the famous Grecian actor, Polus, when called upon to represent such a part as required to be depicted with remarkable passion, brought in the urn and bones of his dead son; whereby he so excited his own feelings, and was moved to deliver himself with such effect, in words and gesture, that he filled the whole theatre with unfeigned lamentations and tears.† Baron was the original Pyrrhus in Racine's celebrated tragedy of *Andromache*. When the author delivered his instructions to the

* Pradon, although very inferior to Racine, was far from being contemptible; and is not to be judged by the satire of Boileau, who was his avowed enemy. He would have been more thought of, had he lived at a time less fertile in genius of the first order.

† In the "History of the Scottish Stage," we find it mentioned that Woods, a very methodical actor of the Edinburgh company, under Jackson's management, required to have his tragic feelings worked up by a very strange process. Previous to the description of the terrific dream by Osmond, in the *Castle Spectre*, he had a supernumerary sent to his dressing-room to shake, that he might become in reality breathless and exhausted. Whenever the play was acted, there appeared in the property-bill (as it is called) the following item—"To a man for Mr. Woods to beat, one shilling."

actors at the different rehearsals, he said to Baron, "To you I have nothing to suggest: your own heart will tell you more than any lessons I could attempt to deliver!"

Le Sage, in the *Devil on Two Sticks*, has a satirical hit at this great actor, founded on his inordinate vanity, and the exaggerated estimate he had formed of his own profession. He makes his demon say, "I perceive a stage-player, who in a profound slumber enjoys a dream, which agreeably ministers to his self-love. He is so old that no one now alive in Madrid can recollect his first appearance. He is unquestionably clever, but withal so haughty and vain, that he imagines himself above humanity. Do you desire to know what occupies the thoughts of this hero of the buskin at this identical moment? He dreams that he is dead, and that the divinities of Olympus are assembled to decide how they shall dispose of such an important mortal. He overhears Mercury represent to

the council that this famous actor, having so often represented on the stage, Jupiter, and all the leading deities, ought not to be subjected to the common lot of humanity, and that he deserves admission into the celestial company. Momus applauds the proposition of Mercury, but several gods and goddesses object to such a novel apotheosis, and Jupiter, to reconcile all parties, changes the veteran actor into an ornamental statue, forming a portion of the scene."

Baron died in 1729, at the advanced age of seventy-seven. He had an only son, who followed the profession, and bade fair to rival the excellence of his father; but he gave himself up to dissipation, and died before his talents were matured. He also left a son; but in him the theatrical genius of the family exhaled, as he appears seldom to have aspired beyond the *Notaries* — a very subordinate line, scarcely requiring more talent than the eating lords and silent senators.

BOISSY.

Boissy composed no less than forty-eight dramatic pieces, all of which were acted in the Theatre François, the Theatre Italien, and the Opera-Comique, at that time the three leading theatres in Paris. Many of these pieces were good — none were contemptible, and none were excellent. Boissy may be considered the quintessence of mediocrity. He often pleased, but never astonished, and could write an excellent scene, while he broke down in an entire comedy. His genius resembled that of the sculptor described by Horace, who could chisel out with great correctness detached portions of the human body, but was unable to combine them in a perfect statue. Like Pradon, he was overshadowed by greater men than himself. There were giants in the land in those days.

Boissy was born in 1694, and died in 1758. We have selected him less for his talent than his misfortunes, and as an example of the poverty which literature too often inflicts on her votaries. The list of sufferers is long and illustrious; but we need not examine it in detail, when we remember that Homer was a beggar, that Milton sold "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds, and that Otway perished from want of

food. Boissy's plays were always received with applause. He loved his art, and gave himself up to it entirely. He laboured and toiled with unceasing diligence. His works procured him fame, but no bread.

Many philosophers have recommended poverty, but very few have voluntarily practised their own tenets. Epicurus, who studied pleasure or enjoyment as the *summum-bonum* of existence, says, "Those who have nothing are the happiest, for they are never in fear of being robbed." Seneca, a millionaire, writes a warm encomium on poverty. The condition is much more easily lauded than endured. Rolling in riches, he harangues on the advantages of destitution — advantages, however, which he never proposed to illustrate by personal example. He was nearly as wise as Bacon, and fully as corrupt and rapacious, accumulating (according to Dion Cassius) vast wealth by very unjustifiable means. Nicholas, an abbot of Palermo, reading this profound dictum of Seneca, exclaimed, "Deliver me, heaven, from this advantage!" Lillo, in "Fatal Curiosity," values the opinion at the price of a marketable commodity. Old Wilmot enters with the book in his hand, endeavouring to for-

get the pangs of hunger in the reveries of philosophy. Agnes, his wife, informs him that they are without the means of purchasing a dinner. He hands her the volume, and says—

"Here take this Seneca—this haughty pedant,
Who, governing the master of mankind,
And awing power imperial, prates of patience,
And praises poverty—possessed of millions I
Sell him and buy us bread.

The scantiest meal
The vilest copy of his book e'er purchased,
Will give us more relief in this distress
Than all his boasted precepts."*

Menander observes, that it is enough to be poor to be also mistrusted and ridiculed. There is a Hebrew proverb which says, "Death is preferable to poverty." Somebody once remarked, in the hearing of Dufresni, that poverty was a crime. "No," replied Dufresni, "it is even worse." Talleyrand appears to have recollected this saying when he made the same comment on the execution of the Duke d'Enghein. "Here is a fearful crime," said a member of the council. "Worse," rejoined the ex-bishop of Autun, "it is a great mistake." Lucan says, "*Paupertas fugitur toloque accessitur orbe*."—Poverty is shunned and persecuted all over the globe. Perhaps the Romanised Spaniard, who was a scholar, and, as Grifflith says of Wolsey, "a ripe and good one," had read the Greek Septuagint, and found there how the wise king of Israel had expressed the same opinion even more strongly eleven hundred years before. "The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends." What experience proved then has been exemplified in the practice of the world through all succeeding ages. Poverty is ever treated as a moral delinquency; and except in rare exceptions (such as the cases of Epaminondas and Phocion), which are few and far between, invariably incurs the penalty of disgrace. Erasmus wrote in praise of folly and drunkenness, but he had nothing to say in commendation of poverty.

The Cynics taught and professed utter destitution of worldly goods; but their lives were as inconsistent as their manners were indecent, and there was love of notoriety and even foppery in their rags. "Mend thy coat, Antisthenes," said Socrates to the founder

of the sect, "I can see vanity in every hole." Diogenes had neither goods nor character, and made a virtue of necessity. He was banished from Sinope for coining false money; and it was said by those who knew him that the bottom of his tub would not bear too rigid an examination. The Knights Templars, the Hospitallers, and all the monastic orders made vows of poverty, but generally accumulated enormous riches, and indulged in corresponding licentiousness. The Apostles alone renounced worldly wealth, and shared everything in common. They preached the only true doctrine, and lived as they preached. But they were inspired men, and above the ordinary weaknesses of humanity.

But let us return to Boissy, whom we have lost sight of for the moment in this train of digressive reflection. He languished long, with a wife and child, under the pressure of the extremest indigence. But, melancholy as his situation was, it had not extinguished the pride peculiar to genius, in all its different gradations. He could not bring himself to creep or fawn at the feet of a patron. He had many well-wishers who would have administered relief, but they were ignorant of his real condition, or had not friendly urgency enough to force their assistance upon him. He became a prey to distress and despondency. Unhappily his mind was not fortified by religion, and he thought to escape through an avenue of his own choosing—self-destruction. The shortest way to rid himself at once of all his miseries seemed to him to be death. Death appeared as a friend, a deliverer, and gained entire possession of his mind. His wife, who was no less weary of existence, listened at first with patience, and soon with conviction, when he declaimed with all the warmth of poetic rapture, of emancipation from this earthly prison, and of the smiling prospect of futurity. At length, she resolved to accompany him. But she could not bear the idea of leaving her only son, a boy of five years old, in a world of wretchedness and care. It was therefore, agreed that the child should die with his parents.

* Those who have been taught to undervalue Lillo and "George Barnwell," will, we think, admit that the author of this passage deserves a higher reputation than has been generally accorded to him.

They were now firmly resolved, but hesitated on the mode they should adopt. After long deliberation, they made choice of a horrible and lingering process—starvation. Accordingly, they waited, in their solitary and deserted apartment, the approach of death in his most ghastly form. Their resolution and fortitude were immovable. They locked the door, and began to fast. When any accidental visitor called and knocked, they fled trembling into the corner, and uttered no sound, lest their purpose should be discovered. Their little son, who had not yet learned to silence the calls of hunger by artificial means, whispering and crying, asked for bread, but they always found means to quiet him.

Time rolled on, and all was still quiet within those dark walls. At length, it occurred to one of Boissy's friends, that it was very extraordinary he should never find either him, his wife, or his child at home. At first, he thought the family were removed, and had private reasons for concealing their new dwelling; but, on being assured of the contrary, he grew more uneasy. He called several times in one day. Always no answer; and nobody at home. He then broke open the door, and the melancholy truth revealed itself. He saw his friend, with his wife and son, lying on a bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound. The boy lay in the middle, and the parents had their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hands towards the welcome intruder, and his first cry was—bread! It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips. The parents lay immovable in a perfect stupor. They had never heard the bursting open of the door, and were unconscious of the entrance of their agitated friend. Their wasted eyes were directed towards the child, and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the look with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying. Their friend hastened to take measures for their restoration, but could not succeed without much difficulty. They thought that they had escaped from all the troubles of the world, and were terrified at being forced into them again. Void of sense and reflection, they submitted almost unconsciously to the attempts that were made to restore them to life.

At length, their zealous friend hit upon the most efficacious means. He took the child from their arms, and thus called up the last spark of parental tenderness. He gave the child some food, who with one hand held his bread, and with the other, alternately shook his father and mother. His piteous moans roused them at last from their death-like slumber. A new love of life seemed suddenly to awaken in their hearts, when they saw that the child had left the bed and their embraces. Nature performed her office; strengthening broths were procured, which were given to the sufferers with the utmost caution, and their friend did not leave them until every symptom of restored life was fully manifested. Thus they were saved from the very jaws of death, and restored to life and unexpected happiness. The affair, with all its particulars, spread rapidly through Paris, and at length reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour, at that time reigning sultana in the harem of Louis XV. Boissy's deplorable situation moved her to unwonted compassion. She immediately sent him a hundred louis d'ors, and soon afterwards procured him the profitable place of *Contrôleur du Mercure de France*, with a pension for his wife and child, if they outlived him. Madame de Pompadour has a long list of sins to answer for. It is true she used her influence with the King in favour of the fine arts; but her avarice and prodigality were unbounded. She promoted unworthy favourites to offices of public trust, which they were totally incapable of discharging; and many of the misfortunes which fell on France during the succeeding reign have justly been attributed to her interference. But justice demands that we should set forth an occasional act of benevolence, as a per contra in a heavy balance-sheet of iniquity. Boissy did not live many years after his resuscitation, but they were years of tranquillity and comparative affluence. He became a member of the Academy in 1751, and continued to write for the theatre until within a very short period of his death. His subjects were generally taken from some eccentric character and floating absurdity of the day; a sacrifice of permanent fame to present popularity, which necessity, rather than choice, has often imposed on writers of much greater original genius.

theatre, as he was returning from mass, Dancourt, walking backwards, could not perceive a staircase immediately behind him. Louis seized him by the arm, and cried out, "Take care, Dancourt, or you will tumble down the stairs." Then turning to the lords in waiting, he observed, "Really Dancourt speaks so well, that we must grant his request."

Dancourt was once charged by his associates to carry to the governors of the hospital the fourth part of their receipts, which they were bound to hand over to the poor. On this occasion, the Archbishop of Paris and the President de Harlay both happened to be present. Dancourt seized the opportunity, and maintained that the actors being so serviceable to the hospital, deserved to be protected from the ban of excommunication. He spoke with

all the power of eloquence, but without effect. When he had finished, M. de Harlay replied—"Dancourt, we have ears to hear you, hands to receive the alms you offer to the poor, but no tongues to reply to your arguments." Father de la Rue, his old master, one day lectured him on having adopted the profession of an actor. "Nay, good father," replied Dancourt, "I do not see what there is so objectionable in the calling I have chosen to follow. I am a comedian of the King, you are a comedian of the Pope: there is very little difference in our relative conditions." When Dancourt was taken ill, and felt his end approaching, he ordered his tomb to be prepared; and when finished, went to examine it with as much tranquillity as if it was intended for another.

LE GRAND.

MARC-ANTOINE LE GRAND, the son of a surgeon-major of Invalids, was born in Paris, on the same day on which Moliere died. He became a member of the Theatre François in 1702, being then in his twenty-ninth year. He had a full, sonorous voice, but was of insignificant stature, ill adapted to the line of heroes which the bent of his genius led him to assume. It is said of him, that being ill received in a grand tragic character, in consequence of his diminutive figure, he addressed the public, and told them that they would find it much more easy to get accustomed to his size than he should to increase it. The audience received his apology, and in a short time he became a favourite. He possessed much versatility, and could play parts of the most opposite quality with equal effect. He succeeded well, too, as a comic writer, and produced no less than thirty-seven dramas, short and long. He was not altogether a Moliere, in whom the actor was forgotten in the poet, nor a Baron, in whom the poet was lost in the actor; but he possessed merit considerably above mediocrity in both capacities. If he fell below a lofty genius who commanded admiration, he rose above an agreeable humorist,

who merely pleased and amused. He was one of the first writers who, with Dancourt, seized and embodied on the stage the passing occurrences of the day—a style of composition afterwards adopted and much improved by Boissy and others. His characters are always placed in situations which excite mirth; but he not unfrequently descends to buffooneries, which sink comedy to the level of vulgar farce. Le Grand wrote against time for a particular purpose, and seldom corrected the faults inseparable from hasty composition. From his important style of declamation, although deficient in regal port, and the traditional bulk which monarchs demand, he was generally selected as the stock king in the different plays represented. Walking one day with a friend, a beggar extended his hat and implored their charity. Le Grand gave him several pence, whereupon the mendicant, to express his gratitude, began to mutter a *De profundis*. "Hold, friend!" exclaimed Le Grand; "do you take me for a dead man? Instead of a *De profundis*, sing rather a *Domine salvum fac regem*; for know that I represent all the kings of the earth." Le Grand died in his fifty-eighth year.

ADRIENNE LE COUVEUR.

THIS celebrated actress, who has lately been revived and brought on the stage

as the heroine of a modern play, written for the peculiar talents of Made-

moiselle Rachel, was the daughter of a hatter of Fismes, in Champagne, and was born in 1695. She died at the early age of thirty-five, in 1730. Many romantic stories have been related respecting the manner of her death, but they are not to be received as authentic. She was a pupil of the actor Le Grand, whom we have named above. From him she received her first lessons in declamation, and commenced acting in private houses. She then joined a company at Strasbourg, and returned to Paris, where she made her first public appearance as Monime, in Racine's *Mithridate*, in 1717, being then in her twenty-second year. She was one of the best actresses in tragedy the French theatre can boast, but her efforts in comedy never rose beyond very ordinary mediocrity. She attempted *Celimene* in the *Misanthrope* of Moliere, and failed completely. Mademoiselle le Couvreur was one of the first who rejected the measured declamatory style of speaking, or rather of chanting, which so long prevailed on the French stage, and delivered her speeches in a natural tone and manner. The combined effect when she and Baron appeared together, astonished as much as it delighted the audience who had been long accustomed to the false taste of their predecessors. She studied hard to

break the jingle of the rhyme, and the monotonous measure of the verse, for which Talma amongst modern actors was so eminently conspicuous. Early in life she formed a tender *liaison* with Count Maurice de Saxe, afterwards the great marshal who upheld the glory of the French arms, and wrested Fontenoy and Laffeldt from the valour of England. It was reported that she carried him off from a lady of exalted rank to whom he was previously attached; and it is certain that her exclusive partiality for this renowned warrior terminated only with her life. On one occasion he wrote to her from Courland, requesting a loan of money. She immediately sold her plate and jewels, and remitted to him a sum of forty thousand livres — about £1,500 sterling. Marshal Saxe was one year younger than Mademoiselle le Couvreur, and survived her twenty years. Madame Duclos was her contemporary and principal rival. She had reigned supreme for many years before the appearance of Le Couvreur, but sank under the attraction of a more youthful competitor. Duclos and Le Couvreur were succeeded and surpassed by Dumesnil and Clairon, of whom we shall speak more at length on a future opportunity.

DESTOUCHES.

THIS dramatist holds a middle place between Moliere and Regnard. He has not the *vis comica* of the first, nor the sustained gaiety of the second; but he unites in considerable excellence the distinguishing qualities of both. He is more skilful than Moliere in the winding up of a plot, and more delicate than Regnard in the construction of his dialogue. He never loses sight of that sound maxim of true comedy which says, "endeavour to improve men while you are amusing them." He is invariably moral, but not always entertaining. His comedies contain too much reason and too little humour. There are three profound reflections for a single joke. Hence, they are heavy in representation and dull in reading. They contain brilliant sallies, but these are thinly scattered, and fail in effect from not being more frequently repeated. Destouches evinced when very young a taste for poetry, but cir-

cumstances made him a soldier, and he narrowly escaped death by the explosion of a mine, at the siege of Barcelona. Being afterwards quartered with his regiment at Soleur, he became acquainted with the Marquis de Puiseux, the French ambassador, who persuaded him to abandon arms and study diplomacy.

Destouches fell into his views with all the ardour of a mind eager for novelty, and with such success that in a short time he became secretary to the embassy. While in Switzerland, he composed his first comedy, entitled *The Curious Impertinent*, a subject taken from Don Quixote, which was soon afterwards performed in Paris with universal applause. In 1717, the Regent Duke of Orleans despatched him to England with Dubois, to negotiate a treaty of peace. He remained there for seven years, at the head of the French mission, and during that time

married a young Englishwoman. On the death of the Regent, who destined him for the portfolio of foreign affairs, Destouches retired to an estate he had purchased in the vicinity of Melun. In that retirement he composed all the dramatic pieces he wrote subsequent to the *Married Philosopher*. From time to time he came to Paris, whenever he had a new comedy to present to the theatre, but always took his departure the day before the first representation. He was a man of candid and frank disposition, universally esteemed for his probity, — a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend. He died on his estate in 1754, aged seventy-four. He had been a member of the Academy from 1723. His works were printed, and include twenty-three comedies, besides several divertissements, and detached scenes. His best pieces are *Le Glorieux*, and *L'Irresolu*.

The latter, particularly in the leading character of Millamour, has been freely copied by Murphy, in the well-known comedy of *Know your own Mind*. *Le Glorieux* (the Vain-Glorious), was written expressly for Dufresne, and was supposed to be taken from the actor himself, who was proud and overbearing in manner to an extent that rendered him universally ridiculous. He seldom condescended to speak to his servants, but usually communicated with them by signs. On one occasion, when he felt disinclined to go to the theatre, he said haughtily to his valet, "Let those people know that I do not intend to act to-night." When he descended from a hackney-coach or sedan-chair, he either gave a signal, or said, "Let some one pay that wretch." It may easily be supposed, that he acted *Le Glorieux* to the life.

REGNARD.

VOLTAIRE pronounced a flattering eulogium on this comic dramatist, when he said, "He who is not pleased with Regnard, is unworthy of admiring Moliere." Regnard is justly entitled to this praise. Moliere himself might have acknowledged "*Le Joueur*" without shame, and Regnard ranks, beyond dispute, next to Moliere. Neither is the interval between them as long as that in the race between Nisus and Salus in the Trojan games in honour of Anchises on the coast of Sicily. Regnard was born in Paris in 1657, and died in 1709. He wrote twenty-three comedies, an opera, and a tragedy. Fortunately for the reputation of the author, the latter was never acted, and no one is likely to be tempted to read it a second time. Regnard, in early youth, was a great traveller, and visited several foreign courts, of which he has written various memoranda. He was taken prisoner on board an English vessel by Algerine pirates, and sold for fifteen hundred francs (£60). His purchaser carried him to Constantinople, where for a

long time he endured the horrors of slavery. At last his family remitted to him a sum sufficient to purchase his ransom, and he returned to France with his chains, which he always preserved in his cabinet, as memorials of misfortune. Regnard does not draw his characters from imagination. His genius is one of quick observance rather than inventive variety. He delves amongst the vices, errors, and absurdities of living men, and copies from originals which passed under his own observation. He searches for the ridiculous in everything; and, being naturally of a lively temperament, his object is to laugh himself, and make others laugh along with him. His principal faults are carelessness of style, and a habit of telling in long recital an event which would be more effectively represented in action. He is decidedly a follower of Moliere, without being a close copyist—a disciple rather than a servile imitator — and built himself on a great master, who might have served as a model for all antiquity.

J. W. C.

WANDERINGS IN SERVIA.*

UNDER the excitement of national calamities or peculiar circumstances, whether tending to good or evil results, countries spring into notice and assume a new and important place in the thoughts of daily life. Thus it is at the present moment with the provinces through which the Danube flows; and amongst these, Servia and Wallachia form the centre-points of attraction. In drawing-room and in counting-house alike, are seen maps of lands, the very existence of which a year since scarcely occupied a thought, and names whose length of syllables and impracticable amount of consonants would have daunted almost any English tongue, are now become "familiar in our mouths as household words." In the same manner, books treating of these countries, which have lain unnoticed and covered with dust on our shelves, are taken down, and studied with an interest which belongs rather to the present political state of Europe generally, than to the individual provinces thus forced on our observation. In this spirit we took up the book, the title of which stands at the head of this article; and as, in its perusal, we have found not only information, but much entertainment, we will endeavour to give some slight account of the contents of volumes which seem but little known in England. The writer pretends to no great depth of thought, nor does he enter much into the party politics of the lands through which he passes. Early in life, he tells us, that Talir's translation of the fine old Servian poems falling into his hands, he became so enamoured of their racy vigour and bold imagery, that he determined, when opportunity offered, to visit Servia, and become personally acquainted with a nation from which such poetry had emanated. The moment he chose for his visit was the year immediately succeeding the unhappy war in Hungary in which the Slavonians had taken part; and, perhaps, no time could have been better calculated to develop the peculiar characteristics of so warlike a nation. Much was to be

gleaned in such a field; and our author, who seems to have travelled with his eyes and ears open, has made the most of his opportunities. The result lies before us in the lively sketches contained in these two volumes.

Nearly the whole of the first volume is taken up with an account of our author's visit to Belgrade, in which he gives us clever and spirited sketches of the characters with whom he comes in contact; we have the Turkish pasha, whom he visits in his desolate fortress, and the fair, young Servian girl presenting him with "Smilje and Bosilje" (everlasting and basil), the beloved flowers of her country; the rich Jewish family, and the bright-eyed Turkish boy who serves as guide. In one chapter he introduces us to a party of Hungarian exiles, and in the next makes us acquainted with old Jussuf, the philosopher, who, while cobbling shoes for a few pence a-day, sings his old songs, speaks calmly of the time when his father rolled in riches, and occupied a post of honour under the Turkish government; ever and anon uttering wise saws and aphorisms, with the dignity of a Socrates, and the phlegma of a Diogenes.

Treading on the heels of civil war, as he did, our author was called upon to witness much that was painful and harrowing to the feelings. He begins his book with a striking description of the desolate appearance of a town situated on the Danube, which was laid in ashes by the cannons of the fortress of Peterwardein. From this portion of the volume we select our first extract, as a specimen of our author's graphic powers of description, as well as giving us "an ower true tale" of of the miseries war inflicts:—

"The steamer lay to at a somewhat desolate spot, near Neusatz, opposite to Peterwardein. I had been advised to take up my abode at the 'White Boat' inn, and a little Jewish boy, who seized upon my carpet-bag as I stepped out of the vessel, offered to be my guide.

"'Are you strong enough to carry it?' I said to the lad, whose dress consisted of an

* "Süd Slavische Wanderungen in Sommer, 1850." *Wanderings in Southern Slavonia in the Summer of 1850.* Leipzig.

old military cap, a worn out Honved's jacket, patched in all directions, and trowsers picked up from the rejected wardrobe of a huzzar, as its tatters clearly indicated.

" 'Why not?' answered the boy in an accent that left no doubt of his Jewish extraction, 'and even if I were not strong enough, I must still do it or starve.'

" 'Have you no parents to take care of you?'

" 'Parents!' replied the lad, shouldering my carpet-bag and leading the way, 'my mother is alive, but they killed my father about a year ago.'

" 'Who killed him?'

" 'God only knows! He went out early one day, and was found dead in the evening, just outside the town, and it was no one's business then to look after the murderer. When a Hungarian met a Jew, he slew him for being a Servian, and when a Servian met a Jew, he killed him for being a Magyar. My mother was at her wits' end to support me and my little brothers and sisters; and she fell ill of want and sorrow. Then came the fire; the house we lived in was burnt to the ground, with nearly all that we possessed; what was saved from the fire the soldiers took, I do not know if they were Croats or Magyars, and when we opened our eyes next morning we had not even a crust of bread left! Since then my mother has been too ill to work; she lives with the little children in a village hard by. I go every day to the steamer, and give her what I earn.'

" 'And do you earn something every day?' said I to this young supporter of a household.'

" 'I *must* Sir,' was the answer, 'otherwise we should all starve; when I get no job at the steamer, I manage to earn something by selling cigars up at the castle; I make four kreutzers by every packet, and I generally sell at least four packets every day.'

" 'And is that enough for you all to live upon.'

" 'We must make it do; we have lived upon it, and moreover, since New Year's Day, I have laid by three florins; with these I shall buy pipe-sticks and lucifer matches; and if I have any money left over and above, I shall buy laces, thread and handkerchiefs, and things will be better with us then.'

" 'The barefooted Jew boy was a true type of his whole race—so often bent, but never broken. Crushed by misfortune, the Jew loses all but his untiring energy; he is ever ready to begin life again; he never loses patience, but turns a stone into a farthing, a farthing into a florin.'

" A narrow causeway, surrounded by stagnant water from the Danube, leads from the pier to a small island, and thence to the town.

" 'Here we lived,' said the lad, when we reached one of the first cottages, consisting of nothing but bare walls; 'here and in

many other places, the fire burst out at the same moment; and what a fire it was! It began early in the morning, and by noon the whole town was in ashes. We saw it from a great distance. The smoke extended for miles.'

" The few streets through which I walked to my destination bore evident marks of the extent of the calamity that had befallen the most thriving town in the Backa; all around were blackened ruins; nothing remained of Neusatz, which might well have been called the most pleasant town on the Lower Danube, but a mass of scorched walls and charred timbers.

" Arrived at the 'White Boat,' I discharged my guide and began my wanderings alone through the town. I took my way through the principal thoroughfare leading towards the Danube. This street, formerly swarming with people, was now utterly deserted. Some few shopkeepers and mechanics had scantily ranged a few wretched wares here and there in the windows, and attempts had been made to conceal the effects of the fire, and to render a house or two habitable. The traces of revival of trade in this spot, made the rest of the town look all the more desolate and death-like. The ruins of 2,000 houses lay heaped around like a vast churchyard; docks and nettles flourished in the country and grass in the streets; the walls were overgrown with moss, and the doors and windows with ivy. Here and there were complete fields dotted with grass-grown mounds; these were the courts of the larger houses, or of warehouses, once abundantly filled, magazines of corn or squares, formerly surrounded by the mansions of the wealthy citizens. Warehouses, dwellings and magazines, all had vanished, and their former owners had either fallen in war or been driven into exile. Of the 20,000 souls who once inhabited Neusatz, scarce 6,000 remained, and these had sought shelter in a few hundred cottages and hovels, situated for the most part at the northern end of the town; here they lived, densely crowded and exposed to every kind of privation and to all the diseases of the aguish climate, which were rendered doubly virulent by want of space.

" The 12th June, 1849, was a dreadful day for Neusatz—dreadful at the time, lamentable in its effects, and unproductive of any military advantage. When the Ban surrounded Peterwardein and Neusatz with his troops, the Servian population of Neusatz were fully resolved to abandon the town, sacrificing it to the Ban's projects. The citizens were ready to compound for the loss of their houses, provided they were allowed to remove their goods, their money and their valuables to a place of safety. The Ban appeared before Neusatz in order to drive out the Hungarian garrison, and force them back upon Peterwardein. Before the Servian population had time to take any measures of safety, the advanced guard of

the Ban's army marched into the town during the night, followed almost immediately by larger masses of troops. The Servian inhabitants were told that they need not quit the town, as a few hours would place it in the hands of the Imperial troops, under the command of the Ban and his staff. It is almost impossible to understand how the Ban came not to perceive that the occupation of Neusatz must be a very questionable advantage, as the whole town was exposed to shells from Peterwardein, and there could be no doubt that the Hungarian garrison of that fortress would strain every nerve in order to drive back the Croats.

"As the troops of the Ban entered Neusatz, all the Hungarian inhabitants quitted the town; this move portended something extraordinary; and accordingly, about three o'clock in the morning, the guns of Peterwardein opened a heavy fire on Neusatz, which was soon burning in several places. The wind carried the flames from roof to roof, and in an hour the town was one mass of fire. No one had time to save anything—those were happy who escaped with their lives. The wretched inhabitants rushed to the town-gates, and many perished in the flames. The plundering now became general; both Hungarians and Croats broke into the houses, and were deterred only when driven back by the heat. Towards noon the town was one sea of flames, reaching almost to Peterwardein. The commander of the fortress feared lest the outworks might catch fire. Where the miserable inhabitants found a refuge is a mystery. Some, perhaps, sought a new home in Croatia, Sclavonia, Syrinia; some even in Belgrade and Servia.

"Meanwhile the moon had risen during my wanderings. The red clouds disappeared in the west, and the blackened ruins loomed in the twilight; where formerly houses stood was now a morass, tenanted by frogs. I made the best of my way towards my inn, to avoid being overtaken by the darkness in the midst of such desolation; but I missed my road in the labyrinth of ruins, and it seemed to me that I was getting farther and farther from my destination. I perceived in the distance a woman in rags, and with dishevelled hair, sitting on a stone, her face buried in her hands, and her eyes staring with a melancholy expression into vacancy.

" 'What are you doing here?' said I.

" 'I have come home to rest me awhile before I go to sleep.'

" 'Do you live here then?'

" 'This is my home—nothing remains of it but the bare walls; yet still it is *my home*; there where you see the elder-bush, there is my bed. I have known better times, and never thought that I should one day have to work for my daily bread; but so it is! and I must bear my fate. But I will never leave my house; I must defend it against the Magyars. Have you heard, sir, that they are going to set fire to-night to Neusatz.'

"I now perceived that the poor woman was wandering in her mind, and on asking if she would show me the way to the 'White Boat,' she answered—

" 'I would gladly do so by day, but not at night; I have told you that I cannot leave my house: my husband might come home, you know: we have loved each other so long, and had been only eight days married, when he was marched out to the camp before St. Thomas; he may return any moment.'

"She pointed out the way I should take; I followed it, not without a shudder, as I thought of the hopeless watch held by that poor, crazed woman."

Servia, politically regarded, is one of the most extraordinary of the minor states of Europe; she holds virtually an independent position, though apparently tributary to the Porte. In A. D. 1812, Servia rebelled against Turkish despotism and sided with the Russians, then at open enmity with the Sultan. She was not long in perceiving the short-sightedness of this measure, and at the end of the war voluntarily renewed her allegiance to Turkey, gladly consenting to the stipulation imposed by the Sultan, which comprised the payment of a yearly tribute of £20,000, and the right on the part of the Porte to garrison six fortresses, amongst which Belgrade was the most important. In consideration of those concessions on the part of Servia, she was permitted to enjoy many valuable privileges. A constitution was formed, and Prince Alexander Georgewitch (son of Kara George, banished by the Sultan) was elected head of the government by the people. This election was, as a mere matter of form, ratified by the Porte; and Servia since that time has remained really independent, and has enjoyed in consequence an unusual share of prosperity. Twenty years of this comparative freedom have induced a steadily progressive civilization in this country, which must be regarded with amazement by those acquainted with the anomalous condition of the frontier provinces, of which Servia forms one. With a population half Mussulman, half Christian, and social customs half Turkish, half European, she has raised herself, in spite of a host of impediments, to an important position. An independence of spirit, a love of liberty (in contradistinction to license) has sprung up amongst the Servians, which, unless crushed by superior powers amidst the coming turmoil of European warfare, must in time render

her a free and powerful state. Prince Alexander shows his wisdom in striving to preserve neutrality in the present Russian and Turkish struggle; he perceives too well, that in passiveness alone can his little province hope to escape evils which might end in her annihilation.

Strangely enough, in the heart of Servia and Southern Hungary are found whole villages peopled by Germans; they are little loved, though always respected by the natives—a fact easily accounted for by their exclusiveness, and that sort of pride which springs from a consciousness of greater practical knowledge. The farms of the Swabians are known by their superior cultivation; the owners not only understand how to produce the most from the land, but how to bring their produce to the best market. Thrift and prosperity characterise all the villages colonised by the industrious Germans. The Swabians are never known to intermarry with the Servians, but remain a people apart, adhering with the most scrupulous fidelity to their own customs and language. They discuss the village politics in their own beloved German—condescending only to address the ignorant peasants in the Servian or Hungarian dialects, they exact from their equals in rank that they should talk German to them. There is no mistaking those Germans—they are instantly recognised by being better, though less picturesquely dressed; their closely-cropped hair and shaven faces betray them, as well as their broad-brimmed Swabian hats.

The costume of the Servian peasant is peculiar—he wears full-plaited, white trousers, which hang almost like a petticoat over high black boots, a short, white shirt, made of fine home-spun linen, which is worn over the trousers, a dark-blue cloth waistcoat, with huge buttons of white metal (silver when the wearer is rich enough), and a black silk handkerchief looped carelessly round his throat, while his hair falls in thick, black curls about his shoulders, surmounted by a hat much resembling our “wide-awake.” The women wear petticoats and boddices of various gay stuffs, ornament their heads and necks with silk kerchiefs, twining gold coins through their hair and round their busts; their rich, black tresses are braided in long tails, and often a rose is carelessly pinned on one side. Both

men and women are well made, and with handsome features. The Slavonian type is here found in its fullest perfection. The women, with their faultless shapes and exquisite profiles, have, however, one great blemish—not content with the rich colouring which nature with a lavish hand bestows upon them, smear their faces with red paint, and the finely-chiselled mouth often discloses bad teeth.

We cannot better conclude this sketch of the Servian people, drawn from the pleasant work before us, than by translating some passages descriptive of the Greek and Slavish Churches, which are the two forms in which Christianity exists here:—

“He who would gain a just idea of the people, must see them on Sundays and festival days; then they come forth in all their pride of costume, and assemble in crowds in the churches, the beer and wine shops, and the dancing-rooms. It was Sunday morning, and we resolved to devote the day to making the tour of the churches in the neighbourhood. . . . Passing through a wooden door, we entered the green courtyard which surrounds the church on all sides, and which was thickly strewn with the red marble grave-stones peculiar to southern Hungary. We found the congregation already assembled in the church, and service begun. The magnificence of all around betokened the near neighbourhood of one of the wealthy lords of the soil, the founders and supporters of the church. The *Teonastase* (or painted screen, which divides the altar from the nave of the church) presented to our view several well-executed pictures, while the pillars and *prie-dieux* were ornamented with gilding. Fine carved wood-work adorned the *pevnice*, or seats for the choristers; the Gospels were bound in red velvet, with silver clasps; while the table from which the priest read the Bible testified to the graceful handiwork of woman. The dissenting Greek Church is not, like the early Eastern Church, inimical to art; architecture, painting, and sculpture find in her a patron and friend not less powerful than in the Catholic Church itself. The parishes are proud of their beautiful churches; and to bestow rich gifts for their adornment, is regarded by the Servians as a pious deed. The architecture of the Greek resembles, with some differences, that of the Latin Church; in the former the nave occupies the largest part; in front are the seats for the men—behind, those for the women. Altars, such as are found in Catholic churches, there are none. The altar of the Servian Church is a small space behind a high screen, guiltless of ornament; in the centre of it stands the ‘*Prestot*,’ a table

which no one is allowed to approach or touch except the priest, and upon which are placed the holy utensils employed in the service. In this space, which is called the altar, the priest offers up prayers. At certain intervals, during the ceremony of mass, he presents himself to the congregation, issuing from behind the curtains, which fall on either side the paintings. The seats for the *pevnici*, or choristers, are placed on the right and left outside the *teonastase*. These choristers play an important part in the service. The congregation have no share in the singing, but the choir chant the responses in turn with the priest. The young people in many places regard it as an honour to be chosen as *pernik*, and emulate each other in the culture of their voice and beauty of their singing. Music, however, is the art to which the Greek Church shows the least favour. Instrumental music is never admitted. The organ is unknown in the Servian Church, and the singing is seldom more than a succession of indistinct and often discordant modulations, broken at times by a passing strain of melody. Rhythm and harmony must not be looked for; here music has remained in much the same state as that in which it existed in the earliest times of the Christian Church, retaining a decided resemblance to the singing of the nations from amongst whom the first converts to Christianity proceeded. It was Catholicism which raised music to the dignity of an art. In proportion to the poverty of the music, is the necessity of selecting a choir of fine boys' voices, to give it importance in the service.

"We were told that the village was partly peopled by Slovacks. Their houses are externally little distinguishable from those of the other inhabitants; though within may generally be found more of that plodding industry which leaves no time for the enjoyments and recreations of life. The Servian loves pleasure; he is a friend of the table, the bottle, and the dance, and seldom allows sorrow to sit heavily on his heart. Beneath the warm rays of a southern sun, his blood has thawed, and he speaks eagerly and boastingly of his own deeds, as well as those of his forefathers, and seems resolved to meet all doubt with the utmost pertinacity. The Slovack, a child of the cold Tatra mountains, is careful, reserved, humble, and the change of climate has exercised little influence upon his temperament.

"The difference of character in the two nations is seen in the dress; especially is this observable amongst the women. Their costume is very simple, nay, often mean-looking; and on Sundays amidst the gaily-dressed Servians, they have the appearance of penitents. The girls never wear bright colours; one sees no coins suspended round their throats, or twined in their hair, and no paint upon their cheeks; their only head-

gear consists of two long bows and ends of ribbon, which are fastened behind, and hang down with the braids of hair. The women generally wear dark blue linen petticoats, and a handkerchief of the same sombre colour thrown over the head. This gives the Slovacks, when seen in groups, a dull, monotonous, almost funereal appearance.

"A party of these dark figures is moving through a side street of the village—let us follow them! They are bound, like ourselves, for their church. But where is this church? Whichever way we look, nothing is visible that resembles a house consecrated to the service of God. At the end of the village a large wooden gate stands open, and we follow the little troop of Slovacks into the courtyard of a peasant's house. Two mulberry trees, planted in the corner, throw a shade across the yard, and agricultural implements lie scattered around; on the steps of a house, somewhat better than those surrounding it, some children are playing in the sand. From a mean-looking dwelling a man, about forty years of age, appears; his black dress, silk gown hanging behind and thrown over one arm, and the two white bands pending from the collar, announce the pastor of the congregation. The women stop, reverentially salute their minister, who passes on before them. He halts before the low, narrow door of a thatched, wooden house, more resembling a barn than a dwelling; this is the church of the Slovacks. The interior is as poverty-stricken as the exterior.

"Opposite the entrance, stands the altar and pulpit, both of common painted wood: on one side of the narrow space sit the women, with their lugubrious head-gear, on the other the men, on benches of rough wood; the old and grey-headed sit in front, and taking their places according to their age. The seat behind is appropriated to the youths and children, and in the space between the door and the altar, the girls stand or kneel. The whitewashed walls disdain all ornament; a simple ivory crucifix stands on the altar. The service is conducted in the Slovack language. The pastor addresses his little congregation in words of simple exhortation—the subject of his discourse (it is harvest-time) is a comparison between industry and idleness; it is happily chosen, and attention and faith are perceptible on every countenance. Hymns, in which the Lord of the Harvest is petitioned to bless the fruit of the fields, conclude the short and simple service."

Here we must take leave of these pleasant "Wanderings," assuring our readers who like German literature as well as we do, that they may pass an hour or two agreeably enough with the author, to whom we now bid adieu.

PROFESSOR WILSON—"CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

SINCE our last number appeared, the country has lost another of its great literary celebrities, Professor Wilson. Having all but completed his three-score years and ten, the poet of the "Isle of Palms"—the author of the inextinguishable laughter of the "Noctes"—the brilliant and high-toned lecturer on man's Moral Being, has been gathered to his fathers. He was the last of the galaxy of poets which the past generation produced—and, as such, his death marks an era. Byron, Southey, Moore, Wordsworth, Campbell, Coleridge, Scott, and now Wilson, are all gone; and we are fairly entered on a new era, and a new school of poetry, which, though exhibiting abundant beauty of its own, is not likely, it must be said, to rival, either in popularity or enduring fame, that of the generation now closed. On a level with none of the illustrious authors mentioned above would we place Wilson as a poet, but as a man he was greater than any of them; and we feel, that while paying this just but feeble tribute to his memory, that it is no vain phrase to say that, "take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

It was a curious position, and one in many respects without a parallel, which Wilson occupied in the public eye. It was not merely as an author, but far more as a man, that he was remarkable. He had become almost personally familiar to an extent which few authors ever attain, even although their works should have attracted a higher degree of celebrity than any one of his; and this personal celebrity was magnified, though, in some measure also distorted, by the way in which the actual man was associated, in the mind of the public, with all the sayings and doings of that most successful of mythical personages—"Christopher North."

We need not dwell upon the story of his life; although, in competent hands, the biography of this most genial-hearted, exuberant, and rarely-gifted man ought to make one of the most fascinating memoirs that ever issued from the press. The son of a wealthy cloth-manufacturer of Paisley, he was born in that town on the 19th of May, 1785; and after being boarded for some years at the manse of Mearns—a parish lying midway between Paisley and Glasgow—he was transferred to the University of Glasgow, and subsequently to that of Oxford, where he entered Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner. Here his native genius began to show itself; and, among other honours, he carried off the Newdegate prize of fifty guineas for an English poem of as many lines, on the subject of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture—a production which, doubtless justly, he afterwards regarded as a mere boyish effect. Upon quitting Oxford, he purchased the beautiful estate of Elleray, on the banks of Lake Windermere; and in the picturesque beauty of this now celebrated district, as well as in the company of his brother-poet Wordsworth, he found much to minister to his naturally high poetic temperament. Wordsworth and he became fast friends—although the sedate, unimpassioned (and, for paradox sake, we may say, prosaic) poet of the Lyrical Ballads and the "Excursion" was in character the very antipodes of the irrepressibly buoyant, enthusiastic, and idealising youth who so soon afterwards delighted the public, and shocked the old stagers of the literary world, by his brilliant sallies in the "Noctes." At Windermere he was Admiral of the Lakes, and led the way in his yacht on occasion of the memorable visit of Scott and Canning to that romantic locality. Strange anecdotes are told of his eccentricity and adventurous spirit during this period of his life; many, if not most, of which, however, we must warn our readers, are nothing better than myths engendered in the heated mind of the public, by those fanciful and humorous exaggerations of his peculiarities which he delighted to dash off in the character of Christopher North. In this heyday of his life, Wilson was distinguished by that fine physical development and lion-like port, upon which, even until lately, years produced but little effect, and which among his college friends acquired for him a pre-eminence in the boating, pugilistic, and other athletic exercises in which the youth of England delight so much to engage. What is true of many

other eminent men, is said to have been true of Wilson, namely, that he was more his *mother's* son than his father's. Traditional remembrances of this lady's wit and beauty are still preserved; and if report can be believed, the resemblance was as marked in the physical as in the mental characteristics of her son. In the flush of early youth, he must have been a very model of manly beauty; and his magnificent face and head would have satisfied the most fastidious disciples of the school either of Spurzheim or Lavater.

Having been obliged, in consequence of profuse expenditure and some reverses of fortune, to abandon his romantic retreat at the lakes, Wilson returned to Scotland, and rejoined his widowed mother, then residing in Edinburgh. He adopted the law as his nominal profession, but probably with no fixed intention of practising it. In 1818 he became a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and although great opposition was made to him, on account of his sporting predilections and exuberant disregard for conventionalities, yet the influence of Scott, Wordsworth, and other men of eminence sufficed to secure his election. It was in the previous year that *Blackwood's Magazine* was established—a periodical which, from its seventh number downwards (though latterly by intermitting fits), continued to draw more memorable support from him than, perhaps, any journal ever did from the pen of an individual writer. He was not at any time the editor of that Magazine, but he was its intellectual Atlas, and probably exercised an important influence on the *role* which that publication has since played in the world of letters. Although no man but himself could have so successfully triumphed, single-handed, over Jeffrey and the frigid Whig coteries of Edinburgh, and although frequently put forward as the mouthpiece of his party, Wilson's political position was in a manner accidental only. He dashed off his telling articles with infinite zest—he loved nothing better than to astonish, and ridicule, and castigate the starched-up literary priggism of Edinburgh Whiggery; but his mind was too broad, his sympathies too catholic, for him long to remain a political partisan, and he gradually betook himself to the more lastingly congenial field of general literature. A selection from the contributions of his eloquent pen to this Magazine were published in 1842, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North," which manifest, in a remarkable degree, that true poetry and fairy-like fancy with which his other works are characterised.

These "Recreations" are, in many respects, a very remarkable work. They consist partly of exquisite criticism in the vein peculiar to Wilson—in which the book reviewed is lost sight of in the all-pervading personality of the reviewer. But the greater and still more delightful portion, is that which depicts scenes in the life of "Christopher" himself. In these he idealises the events of his youthful life. The past rises up before the mind's eye of the ardent writer, with all its main features unchanged, but eclectically gathered into artistic groups, and bathed and consecrated in that "light that never was on shore or sea." It is a beneficent provision of our nature that, as the Past recedes from us, its sunny hours linger longest on the memory—its shadows and clouds soon disappear in the distance, leaving its bright spots alone in view. The Past, in truth, as Emerson says, is ever a poet, bathing our youthful days in *couleur-de-rose*; and in the airy world of memory, as well as of reality, we experience the truth of Keats's happy saying, that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Wilson was born of affluent parents, and he seems to have been tenderly cared for; and these "Recreations" everywhere bear throughout them the impress of a happy youth. His temperament was one peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of the impetuous sports and joys of youth; and often, amidst the gravest moralising or the finest criticism, we find him fondly recurring to his and his fellow-boarders' adventures on the Moor of Mearns, to the pools and banks of Humble Burn; the trouts in the "Four Lochs," and all the ongoings, whether merry or sad, of the good people of what he still affectionately calls "Our Parish." Not less dearly does he refer to "my father's house," to which he and his brothers used to return at the Christmas or midsummer holidays, somewhere near the old Abbey of Paisley. "That house," he says, "to my eyes the fairest of earthly dwellings, with its old ivied turrets and orchard-garden, bright alike with fruit and with flowers," but of which, he says, not one stone now remains. "The very brook that washed its foundations has vanished along with them; and a

crowd of other buildings, wholly without character, has long stood where here a single tree, and there a grove, did once render so lovely that small demesne; which, how could we, who thought it the very heart of Paradise, even for one moment have believed, was one day to be blotted out of being, and we ourselves—then so linked in love that the band which bound us altogether was, in its gentle pressure, felt not, nor understood—to be scattered far and abroad, like so many leaves that, after one wild parting rustle, are separated by roaring wind-eddies and brought together no more!

With hardly less fondness, in these "Recreations," does he dwell on Windermere, the Lakes, and Elleray. And well might he dwell on such *souvenirs*, for, apart from the romantic loveliness of that district, where so much of his early manhood was spent, it was there that he met with one, "whose grace and goodness," said Lockhart, with touching delicacy, after she was no more, "could have found no fitter home than Elleray, except *where she is now*." The object of his attachment was a young English lady of some fortune, and of much personal attractions; and it was under the mild, sunny radiance of his early married life with this lady, that Wilson made his first definite essay in poetry, in his "Elegy on the Death of Grahame," and the "Isle of Palms." His partner was one every way worthy of him; and it has been said by one who knew her well, that "if ever there was a woman to be sorrowed for throughout a widowed life, it was she—so opposite to the dazzling, impetuous spirit of her mate, in the beautiful gentleness and equanimity of her temper, yet adapting herself so entirely to his tastes, and repaid by such a deep and lasting affection." Her death was a blow which Wilson felt with all the deep tenderness of his nature; and when he resumed his duties at the University after that event, he made his apology to his class for not having examined their essays, in the exquisite and touching words—"I could not see to read them in the darkness of the valley and shadow of death!"

We may mention also, as illustrative of the undying affection which Wilson cherished for this amiable and attractive lady, that when recently conversing with a young friend (who attended the Professor in almost the last course of lectures which he delivered) as to the powerful influence which the earnest eloquence of Wilson so often produced on his hearers, our ex-student mentioned, as the most memorable instance of this which he remembered, a lecture upon Memory, in which the Professor was describing the way in which a long-widowed husband would look back upon the early partner of his lot. The warm eloquence of the lecturer held his audience enchained. On and on he went, waxing more and more touching and impressive, and his face lighting up with emotion as the words came rushing to his lips. His eyes began to fill with moisture—then the lower jaw began to tremble—and at last, overpowered by his emotions, the old man stopped in mid career, and buried his head in his arms on the desk before him. For a minute there was perfect stillness in the class; but when Wilson again raised his head, and two big tears were seen rolling down his cheeks as he essayed to proceed, his voice was drowned in the loud cheers of the young students around him.

It is instructive to mark the several stages in the literary career of this eminent man. First we have the "Isle of Palms," and his other poems, characterised by a dreamy beauty, a graceful diffuseness, and exhibiting sentiment and action too idealised to take a sufficiently strong hold upon the interest of the reader. Next we have the astonishing and unique prose of his "Noctes," overflowing with the richest humour, and in all its parts redolent with the spirit of the banquet; and, moreover, indulging in playful exaggerations, which being taken as literal facts by a large portion of the public, won for the really temperate Wilson a reputation for excessive conviviality and eccentricities which belonged only to the ideal "Christopher North." Next, passing from this region of boisterous mirth, we come to his "Recreations," over which a gentler feeling presides. Here we find humour dissociated from its rougher concomitants, and blent in delightful union with that *tender, idealising spirit of beauty*, which was the strongest characteristic of Wilson's mind, ever and anon interspersed with passages of profoundest thought. Lastly, we come to the final series with which he enriched the pages of *Blackwood*—his "Dies Boreales,"—a series so called in graceful antagonism to his "Ambrosial Nights," and which

(containing some of the finest passages he ever wrote) evidence on every page what a mighty change had deepened over that flashing intellect with the lapse of years. Wilson's spirit was always a religious one. Amidst all the freaks and extravagances of his earlier years, the religious feeling remained unobscured, and grew, as such feelings ought ever to grow, in strength, as he advanced on the journey of life. Disregardful of conventionalities, the refuge of weak minds, and disclaiming hypocrisy in every shape, Wilson's religion had nothing in it akin to that of the formalist, and was far profounder and more pervading than any mere sentiment. It lay firm and strong, the very basis of his nature; and in these "*Dies Boreales*"—the last of which was written after his retirement from the professor's chair, and when everyone thought his literary career was for ever closed—this deeply religious spirit shines forth in augmented strength and beauty. It has grown robust since the youthful days of his poetry—it has grown far wiser, more practical, more searching, more profound, but still marked, as of yore, with that width of sympathy and genial spirit of love which so endeared the man to all who knew him. Profound and subtle thought, relieved by a graceful humour, forms the staple of these latest productions of his eloquent pen; but throughout them all there breathes the religious spirit of which we have spoken, mingling with and hallowing their beauties—at once solemn and brilliant, a Boreal sky with all its stars.

Both in his poetry and in his prose, Wilson exhibited peculiar talents, which suffice to distinguish his writings from those of any other author. It cannot be doubted that he was stronger in his prose than in his verse; or rather, we should say, he threw more genuine poetry into his prose writings than he ever did into his poems. Nor is it difficult to understand how this should be, when we recollect that he may be said to have left the field of poetry when his mind was scarcely out of its juvenescence. The muse of Wilson deals only with the gentler and purer feelings of our nature, and with the more refined and delicate perceptions; and even in the description of human misery and wickedness, he cannot help mingling some ethereal and redeeming touches. "By the youthful genius of Wilson," says Delta, "it seems to have been felt something like sin to approach the confines of guilt and crime, or to delineate any of the darker and more repulsive features of human nature. His contemplations are all of the soft and serene; even his descriptions are confined to the fair and beautiful; the rugged under his touch acquires a moonlight shading; sorrow becomes sanctified, and the thunder-storm, along with its devouring lightning, has ever its fertilising shower. It is his bathing all his characters in the 'purple light of love,' which unfits Professor Wilson for shining as a poet of consummate dramatic power." While in the act of composition, his mind seems to have been worked up to a kind of exalted reverie, in which he saw the material world, with its lovely valleys and magnificent mountains, its murmuring rivers and rolling oceans, its sheeted lakes and umbrageous forests, outstretched before him in one vast panorama of phantasmagorial pageantry. And one of the great defects of his earlier poetry will be found to result from the "fatal facility" with which, in these hours of inspiration, he found expression for his exuberant wealth of thought and imagery.

In our opinion, the *vis poetica* was stronger in Wilson than in, perhaps, any author that ever lived. Even to look at him was sufficient to impress one with a sense of the peculiar vividness of the poetic faculty in him. His face was instinct with feeling, joined to an expression of power that proved the emotions to be no mere vapour that could influence so much strength. His eye, full of the "lightnings of genius," was the most inspired one we ever beheld; and his appearance when animated—his noble head, with its flashing eyes, and wild-floating hair, and the sympathetic motion of his frame—was more like that of the inspired bards of Israel than any other ideal we can fancy.* His

* Lockhart, writing of Wilson, five-and-thirty years ago, says:—"The effect of his features was 'more eloquent, both in its gravity and in its levity, than almost any countenance I am acquainted with, is in any one cast of expression; and yet I am not without my suspicions, that the versatility of its language may in the end take away from its power. In a convivial meeting—more particularly after the two first hours are over—the beauty to

style was a faithful exponent of the man ; and it has been remarked of his prose writings, that he "approaches more nearly than any modern since Burke, to that wild prophetic movement of style and manner which the bards of Israel exhibit—nay, more nearly even than Burke, since with Wilson it is a perpetual afflatus." That he did not do more, therefore, in the region of pure poetry, is mainly due to his idiosyncrasies—to his aversion for the shackles of rhyme and rhythm, and to that impatience of systematic labour and the perfecting of details, which marked the whole character of the man. As is usual with temperaments like his, long fits of indolence were broken by bursts of intellectual vigour. He needed no aid of stimulants to awake his wierd-like powers ; but often he might have been seen pacing his room rapidly to and fro, when on the eve of some literary task, muttering and speaking to himself, as thought upon thought came rushing upon him ; until the tide of inspiration broke over him, exalting his faculties, and laying the whole theme plain and map-like before him ; and then the pen was seized, and the task was accomplished with the rapidity of a Cæsar's *veni, vidi, vici*—with the hurry and rush as of a charge of cavalry. His handwriting, curiously enough, reflected the change which occurred in his intellectual temperament when he forsook verse for prose. The manuscript of the "Isle of Palms," that dreamy and paradisaical tale of the sea, is singularly elegant and clear ; but as he advanced in years, and threw himself impetuously into that poetic prose which proved so congenial to him, his manuscript broke the fetters of grace and neatness, and became bounding and leaping, hurrying along in almost illegible haste, and evidently tasked to the uttermost to keep pace with the rapid outpourings of the mental fountains.

Poetry was but one and the earliest phase of Wilson's many-sided character ; and we have said that it is marked by a dreamy beauty, sometimes splendour, and a fancy too ethereal to take a strong hold of the heart. His prose writings are more difficult to characterise. They are the outpourings of an improvisatore ; unequal, but fascinating ; full of power and variety ; ranging from pictures of ideal beauty to defiant humour ; now throwing out pregnant suggestions for thought, and again dashing off graphic descriptions, that place their subjects visibly before the mind's eye of the reader. His style is like the rushing of a strong river, whose every tone, from its lightest laughing ripple to the thunder of the waterfall, is wondrously melodious ; whose crystal flood pictures in easy, but often startling succession, every change of scenery in its way, reflecting in beauty all things in earth and sky ; now fairy-like, with its airy spray and rainbow-tinted foam ; now leaping joyously, exultingly, exuberantly, as if inebriate Tritons urged its course ; and in all times, and in all places, exhibiting strength and beauty in a rare union—in a union (why should it not be said ?) like that exhibited in his own person, ere years had replaced by the venerable the graces of youth. Whether as a writer or an orator, he passed without an effort from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." Who that ever heard it, can have forgotten his magnificent description of the "Stoic of the Woods"—a passage which made even Sir William Hamilton, cool and unimpassioned as he was, start to his feet ? Who does not remember his splendid critiques on Shakspeare's plays, as illustrative of the operation of the passions ; or fail to recall the happy phrase in which he characterised the last action of Desdemona as a "*holy lie*" ?

As a critic, Professor Wilson was never equalled in his peculiar walk. He not only pronounced singularly correct and happily-expressed literary judgments, but he always gave admirable reasons for them ; and, moreover (and this is his distinguishing feature), he threw into his articles so much original thinking,

which men are most alive in any piece of eloquence is that which depends on its being impregnated and instinct with feeling. Of this beauty no eloquence can be more full than that of Mr. John Wilson. His declamation is often loose and irregular to an extent that is not quite worthy of a man of his fine education and masculine powers ; but all is redeemed, and more than redeemed, by his rich abundance of quick, generous, and expansive feeling. The flashing brightness, and now and then the still more expressive dimness of his eye, and the tremulous music of a voice that is equally at home in the highest and the lowest of notes, and the attitude, bent forward with an earnestness to which the graces could make no valuable addition, altogether compose an index which they that run may read, a rod of communication to whose electricity no heart is barred."

as to raise these unique disquisitions far above the sphere of mere reviewing, into that of original poetic teaching. As this Magazine once remarked of him, when yet alive, "minute, marvellously searching, and profound, and lightening the profundity of his reflections by a vein of the most genial humour — rivalling Jeffrey in delicacy, transcending him immeasurably in genius, originality, and power — this extraordinary man unites the loveliness of a poet's heart and fancy to the subtle analysis of the moral philosopher. His criticism, which restricts itself to Art as expressed in literature, is of the widest range, from a single word or phrase up to the general character of a whole work. Often, with the brevity and brilliance, which none but a poet may aspire to, he presents the essence or spirit of a work in a few sentences of exquisite beauty; condensing the grand ideas, or airy thoughts of the author into statue-like forms, the offspring of his own poetic creation. But it is minute criticism, it is brilliant analysis, that is his peculiar province: it is in his "Essay on Byron's Address to the Ocean," or on the *Time* of Shakspeare's Tragedies, that his *modus operandi* is most characteristic; and in this no one can approach him."

The great bane of criticism is generally its narrow and carping spirit, arising, on the one hand, from envy, and on the other from the fact that most men are able to view things only from one (and that is their own) point of view. In truth, true criticism — which embraces an exposition of the beauties, as well as a dissection of the blemishes of a work — in order to be rightly performed, demands that the critic shall be equal in mental power to the author whose works he reviews. Now, Wilson was a man of extraordinary gifts, and he was likewise remarkably free from everything like envy, and the meaner feelings of our nature. He was generous to the core; and however severe his critical castigations sometimes were, his wide sympathies and geniality of spirit were quite as remarkable as the acuteness of his perception and the richness of his language. "There, perhaps, never was a man gifted with such an universality of sympathy with all that is intellectual. He had points in common with all—with the elegant fastidiousness of Lockhart, the broad humour and inspired idiocy of the Ettrick Shepherd, the polished coterieism of Moore, the masculine benevolence of Chalmers, the disputations logic of De Quincey, the playful humour of Lamb, the enjoué and often felicitous criticism of Hunt, and the honest aspirations of less gifted individuals. In private, he knew no antipathies — no sectarian distinctions: artist or littérateur, politician, or mere man of the world, Whig, Tory, or Radical—all were welcome who could talk well, or listen intelligently, and were good men and true. He gave full vent to his love of conversational discussion, alternately jubilant in expression of common tastes, and impetuous in controversial debate — always suggestive, always impressing his hearers with the feeling that they were listening to a man of genius." Of Wilson, in his frequent character of private critic, we have the following interesting sketch, by Thomas Aird, in his recent Memoir of Delta:—

"In the multiform nature of Wilson," says Moir's biographer, "his mastery over the hearts of ingenuous youth is one of his finest characteristics. It was often won in this peculiar way:—An essay is submitted to him as professor, editor, or friend, by some worthy young man. Mr. Wilson does not like it, and says so in general terms. The youth is not satisfied, and, in the tone of one rather injured, begs to know specific faults. The generous Aristarch, never dealing haughtily with a young worth, instantly sits down, and begins by conveying, in the most fearless terms of praise, his sense of that worth; but, this done, wee be to the luckless piece of prose or 'numerous verse!' Down goes the scalpel with the most minute savagery of dissection, and the whole tissues and ramifications of fault are laid bare. The young man is astonished; but his nature is of the right sort; he never forgets the lesson; and, with bands of filial affection stronger than hooks of steel, he is knit for life to the man who has dealt with him thus. Many a young heart will recognise this peculiar style of the great nature I speak of; this severe service was done to Delta, and he was the young man to profit by it: the friendship became all the firmer."

Wilson was in his thirty-fourth year when he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University; and the zealous supporters who won for him the appointment did not judge ill when they inferred in him a capability, however little patent at that time to the general eye, for the profoundest seriousness of view, and the most delicate sympathies with every youthful impulse. For

two and thirty years—from 1820 till 1851—he continued to discharge the duties of that important office with so undeniable a power, so lofty an enthusiasm, and so glorious an eloquence, that its title has become inseparably joined to his own illustrious name. As a Professor, as in every other phase of his life, Wilson was a man *sui generis*, scattering high and profound thoughts with a prodigal splendour, rather than concentrating his powers on the formation of any precise system. It has sometimes been alleged, in disparagement of him, by comparison with his two immediate predecessors, Dugald Stewart and Dr. Thomas Brown, that they did, but that he did not, come forward with original contributions to mental philosophy. Wilson is allowed the credit of lecturing splendidly; but the complaint is, that he did not place his own name on the roll of independent philosophers. Now, we agree with De Quincey that Brown and Stewart are by no means the original philosophers they are usually taken for; and we, moreover, concur with Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, who speaks with disrespect of the former of these inquirers; and with Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews, one of the subtlest intellects in modern speculation, when he speaks with severity of both. In truth, Stewart is mainly estimable in this, that he *commenced* the reaction against the infidel development which Locke's philosophy reached in the hands of Hume and the French Encyclopædists. He never got further than seeing the first glimmerings of the real truth—a weak revival of the Platonic system of innate ideas. Both he and Brown have already been left far behind by the march of inquiry; and the writings of both of them are now wholly eclipsed, whether as regards soundness of view, comprehensiveness of system, or precision of statement, by Dr. Macvicar, in his remarkably able "Inquiry into Human Nature." Wilson's impetuous and discursive turn of mind—a mind poetic rather than scientific in its cast—instinctive, rather than laboriously analytic in its preception—was unfavourable to the maturing of precise and systematic opinions. He had little of that love of logic and intellectual analysis which distinguished the prelections of his predecessors. But there is another and far ampler philosophy—"a philosophy of human nature, like the philosophy of Shakspeare, and of Jeremy Taylor, and of Edmund Burke, which (says de Quincey) is scattered through the miscellaneous papers of Professor Wilson. Such philosophy, by its very nature, is of a far higher and more aspiring cast than any which lingers upon mere scholastic conundrums. It is a philosophy that cannot be presented in abstract forms, but hides itself as an incarnation in voluminous mazes of eloquence and poetic feeling. Look for this among the critical essays of Professor Wilson, which, for continual glimpses and revelations of hidden truth, are, perhaps, absolutely unrivalled. By such philosophy his various courses of lectures—we speak on the authority of many of his highest students—are throughout distinguished; and more especially those numerous disquisitions on man's moral being, his passions, his affections, and his imaginations, in which Professor Wilson displays his own genius—its originality and power." Of the influence which he exerted upon the mind of his numerous pupils, it has been well remarked that "there is not a single parish in Scotland where some one of the twelve thousand students of his thirty years' teaching will not now recollect that college session, in the Moral Philosophy Class, when the first serious consciousness was awakened in himself, the first intellectual enthusiasm raised by the eloquent voice, and feeling also as if a more than personal tie were broken. There was in the presence of the Man—in his whole style of thought and utterance, something so vivid, heroical, and thoroughly akin to the generous impulses of youth, when its romance is highest, though about to close, that no after-teaching could obliterate *his*; and even Chalmers, with his four-years' curriculum, while he might endear himself more intimately amidst all the relations of a professional career, did not print on his own students themselves so ineffaceable an image of the lofty Instructor, to whom memory owes perpetual gratitude, as Wilson on all the long variety of youthful intelligence that has passed through his hands toward every path of life."

His aversion to systematic and continuous mental labour, may be traced throughout the whole literary productions of Wilson. Looking at the amazing splendour and power exhibited in his magazine articles, in his lectures, and in a lesser degree in his poems, the regret spontaneously suggests itself that he did not concentrate his efforts more, and throw the same energy and fiery genius into the

composition of a systematic work. But the fault, if fault it be, lay in the idiosyncrasies of the man. His keen-sighted friend and intellectual comrade, Lockhart, early perceived this tendency of his nature, and in his "Peter's Letters" makes the following acute remarks:—"A man who has only one talent, and who is so fortunate as to be early led to exercise it in a judicious direction, may soon be expected to sound the depth of his power, and to strengthen himself with those appliances which are most proper to ensure his success. But he whose mind is rich in a thousand quarters—who finds himself surrounded with an intellectual armoury of many and various kinds of weapons—is happy, indeed, if he does not lose more time in digressing into the surface of those ores than his life can allow him time to dig to their foundations—in trying the edge of more instruments than it is possible for any one man to understand thoroughly, and wield with the assured skill of a true master. Mr. Wilson seems to possess one of the widest ranges of intellectual capacity of any I have ever met with. In his conversation, he passes from the gravest to the gayest of themes, and seems to be alike at home in them all; but, perhaps, the facility with which in conversation he finds himself to make use of all his power, may only serve to give him wrong and loose notions concerning the more serious purposes to which he ought to render his great power subservient. In his prose writings, in like manner, he handles every kind of key, and he handles many well—but this, also, I should fear, may tend to render him over-careless in his choice—more slow in selecting some one field—or if you will, more than one—on which to concentrate his energies, and make a sober, manly, determinate display of what nature has rendered him capable of doing."

An *embarras de richesses* was really the main cause of the fragmentary character of Wilson's literary efforts; it was not indolence, but the many-sidedness of his nature. He was brimful of power—overflowing with original thought in all walks of literature; and he could not bring himself to forego the delight of expatiating upon all, for the sake of doing full justice to one. The greater part of his writings was in the form of *spoken thought*—dashed off in the superbest of epistolary styles: it was his brilliant mental processes daguerreotyped. Any one who has ever enjoyed the pleasure, either in conversation or letter-writing, of thus throwing off his welling thoughts, thick and fast and bright as they come upon him, will understand how delightful such a process must have been to a mind like Wilson's—a mind as rich as it was impetuous, and which revelled in original thought as in an inexhaustible mine. His mind seems to have been in a constant sparkle. When he looked within, he beheld noble, humorous, and beautiful ideas flashing thick and fast, like lights in a diamond-mine or shooting stars in the November skies. He felt that he had within him treasures enough to work, without seeking for materials in the outer world: and, in point of fact, he only made use of external subjects as awakeners of the ideas within, and as nebulous centre-points around which to dispose the planet-thoughts of his own mind. He doubtless felt, as every great mind must ever feel, that nine-tenths of the rare and noble thoughts that arose within him could never be chronicled or given to the world, and must die with him as silently as if they had never been. And possibly he may have said to himself—"If I set myself to write a great work, the greater part of it must be fashioned of materials common to all, and which others may use for the same purpose, though it may be with less skill than I. But these thoughts, these emotions within me—*they are mine*, and mine only; and shall I not, then, give nature its way, and delight myself by pouring forth treasures so essentially original, rather than in laboriously rearing a work which, though it may be more useful and more enduring, is less *mine*, and which may be fashioned quite as well by others after I myself am dead and gone?"

A really great mind is ever greater—far greater, than its written works, even though it make literature the business of its life; and many a gifted intellect at times, when mentally scanning his capacities, and counting the untold wealth within, has bowed his head despondingly—*how* despondingly, smaller men never know—to feel that he will never be able to do justice to his powers, or glorify his Maker by showing or teaching to others the mighty treasures of his soul. The wisdom of Genius, what is it but a key to the dark things in nature and providence? Explain as you will how man gets knowledge, *wisdom*, in its highest forms, is ever felt by its possessors to be really an enlightenment from on high;

and is it not a privilege to communicate it to the world—to bring mankind more face to face with their Creator, and to show to the weak, the faithless, and the grovelling, what a noble thing is the human soul?

That Wilson was a far greater man than author, we need hardly say. A mere fraction of his noble nature remains to us embodied in his works. He did not live *to write*. He made no deliberate attempt to set his mind in its entirety before the world—probably, as we have said, from the very feeling that life was too short for such an undertaking. He seems rather to have used literature as a mere means of cultivating his general nature. Now as a poet, now as a critic, now as a fervid politician, now as a tale-writer, now as an eloquent lecturer, now, and most frequently of all, as the broad sunny man, with a heart for all things, he appears in his writings to be merely disporting himself—to be simply giving that airing and exercise to his mental faculties, which they crave not less strongly than those of the body. Now, to build up one's Inner-self is a nobler thing than to become a giant in print; and as the latter of these tasks may often conflict with the former, we ought not to be over-ready to judge of men merely by their literary monuments, or to charge as a fault an abstention from systematic work which may have been the result of a wise instinct or of a self-denying reflection. We do not say that such was the case with Wilson; but we do say, that the more he is examined and understood, the greater does he appear before us in that highest of all aspects, *as a man*. A very Alcibiades among modern intellects, the man was always greater than his works. He was not the artist, interesting for his work's sake, though the private life be not worth a thought: but his works were seen to be but an episode of his many-sided life—a fragment splintered off from the noble whole of his being.

Is not the death of such a man suggestive of high and solemn thought? Is it not a text, from which one might discourse most eloquently to those most forlorn of human beings, who, lost in the mazes of a miscalled science, delight to prove to themselves that man is but dust, and that the soul perishes with its ephemeral tenement. For if there, indeed, be no future life for man, must it not be deepest anguish to a noble nature like Wilson's, to feel the icy hand of death upon him, when his faculties are still but half developed, and when he feels within him powers that only await fitting opportunities to burst forth in unrivalled splendour? But the Christian sage, be he young or old—be he cut off early and "without his fame," or live on honoured to a good old age, has ever this consolatory reflection, that life and progress do not end at the grave. He looks within, and beholds his spirit—*himself*—still fresh, even amid the decay of the body; ever waxing wiser, holier, nobler. "It grows"—ay, and he knows that it will continue to grow in other worlds even as here. And whatever may have been the dowry of high thoughts which his Maker has given him, and however much too short life may have been to set these forth to the world, he at least knows, that though he has not had time here, he will have time in Eternity!

In 1852, advancing years induced Professor Wilson to retire from the chair in the University which he had so long and ably filled; and this he did, as be seemed the man, without asking for the retiring allowance, which, in such circumstances, is usual. At this time no symptoms of ill-health had appeared. The man was still unbroken. Immediately afterwards, however, he experienced a stroke of paralysis; and, as is not seldom observed in those who have been blessed with long unbroken health, his iron frame suddenly gave way, attended by a slight impairment of his intellectual faculties, which showed itself chiefly in a loss of memory; a state of matters which, broken with favourable gleams, continued up to the day of his death, on the third of last month. It is a curious and sad remark, that in the case of almost all the great poets of the past generation—certainly of all of them who reached old age—it was the over-tasked brain that chiefly gave way. The very delicacy and exquisite sensibility of a poet's nature renders the cerebral system in his case peculiarly susceptible to the mental shocks and physical wear-and-tear of life; and in his case, even more than in other men's, experience vouches to the truth of Bulwer's adage, that "though we live longer than our forefathers, *we suffer more*." We live faster, too—a more ceaseless tide of thought rolls through the brain—we prize minutes as our ancestors prized hours, and, whether for mind or body, there

are now-a-days but few holidays. No wonder, then, that ever and anon the over-worked nervous system should rise in sudden revolt, and mysterious disease invade the precincts of life. For long the soul, throned in the brain, rules like an autocrat every part of the system, and lashes on our flagging powers like Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun. But suddenly there comes a tremor, a concussion, a shudder of the brain, and lo! the charioteer is tossed from his seat — order is subverted in the capital, and a paralysis pervades the extremities. Strange and fell disease! which seems to grow with our civilisation, and loves to mark the “foremost men of all the age” as its victims. How it has played havoc among the galaxy of poets that adorned the last age — now taking from us a Scott, and now a Southey, now a Moore, now a Wordsworth, and now a “WILSON!”

And, now, that stately figure is gone from the streets of the Scottish metropolis. We shall no more encounter his lion-like port when we revisit the Athens of the North. We shall no more recognise in the distance the well-known broad-rimmed hat, shadowing those bold bright eyes—the ever-fresh complexion, the sandy-coloured hair streaming dishevelled over his shoulders; the shaggy whiskers, handsome throat, and broad turned-over collar; the buttoned coat or surtout, and the firm limbs that seemed to grasp the very earth as he trode along. We shall no more see the venerable man—“the Professor”—seated at the round table in the saloon at Blackwood’s, sitting silently over a book—with the portraits of his old friends, Lockhart, and Hogg, and Delta, and Alison, and Hamilton, and his own around him;—and in the social circles which so long delighted in the genial company of “the old man eloquent,” his place shall know him no more. Some able pen—it may be that of one of his own gifted sons-in-law—will, doubtless, ere long do justice to his memory, and show to the country the man as he lived. For ourselves, we hardly venture to contribute even a stone to his cairn; but we feel of a truth that he has left a void which can never be filled up, and that in him Scotland has lost “a glorious figure, —a stately and heroic Life,—and a beloved Presence from the midst of her.”

THE EASTERN QUESTION.*

THE present generation has been reared and nursed in the lap of peace. Born with the dying murmurs of our last great war just falling on our ears, we have passed our lives amid the soothing pleasures, and the elevating—perhaps, in some respects the enervating—influences of the cultivation of the arts and the spread of the sciences. Our quiet has not been disturbed by more than the distant rumours of war in far-off and half-savage dependencies, where victory or defeat had little influence on our permanent condition, and were looked upon by us at home rather as interesting adventures than as serious occurrences.

The peace thus happy, thus marked by progress, by the increase of civilisation and prosperity throughout almost the whole world, has come to an end at last. It endured for nearly forty years, but has now passed away, and left the world as a heritage to its successor, war. Brazen-throated, stern-fronted, thunder-voiced, and lion-hearted war again strides upon the earth; and though he comes not at our invitation, nor by our wish, yet far be from our hearts any craven fear of his approach; far from our cheeks, or from our voices, any paleness, or any tremor, as we meet him front to front, and bid him “Welcome!”

* “The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829, with a View of the Present State of Affairs in the East.” By Colonel Chesney, R.A., D.C.L., F.R.S. Second Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co., London. 1 vol.

“A Year with the Turks; or, Sketches of Travel in the European and Asiatic Dominions of the Sultan.” By Warrington W. Smyth, M.A. 1 vol. London: W. Parker and Son.

“Russia and the Russians; Comprising an Account of the Czar Nicholas and the House of Romanoff.” By J. W. Cole, H.P., 21st Fusileers. London: Richard Bentley. 1 vol.

"Welcome to war," say we, since he comes not at our call. "Welcome to war" — not in any mere passing excitement—not because we are dazzled by his gew-gaw trappings, or moved by the sound of his trumpet, or by the majesty and pomp of his approach — not because we have not present to our mind all the evil, all the misery, and wretchedness, and crime, that lackey his steps, and linger on his track long after he has passed by — but because there are far worse evils than war, and because, sooner or later, in our time, or in that of our children, **WAR MUST COME**. Had events so happened that war had been deferred, we had been content to train up our children so that they should have borne themselves worthily in his presence; since, however, he has come in our own time, who among us will be the coward not to meet him like a man, to brave his dangers and endure his evils, in order to conquer peace, and leave that quiet heritage to our children?

We claim no monopoly of foresight when we say, that we have long seen one great European war to be inevitable. The idea has occurred to almost every reflective man who chose to form any speculations on the future. We have heard it uttered, we have seen it printed; it is a notion familiar to the mind of almost all of us. And yet, in spite of that, it has come upon us as it were by surprise; and even now we can hardly assure ourselves whether this war now broken out is *the war* that we have all so long foreseen.

We believe that it is. We do not believe that the present war is chargeable solely on the Emperor Nicholas, or the Sultan Abdul Mejid, or Lord Aberdeen, or Louis Napoleon, or upon any one man or set of men. Neither is it a war on behalf of the Turks, or against the Russians, or for or against Mahometanism, or the Greek form of Christianity. Neither would it have been altogether avoided, though it might, perhaps, have been postponed, had Lord Palmerston been Prime Minister, and told the Emperor Nicholas, in so many words, that if he crossed the Pruth, he would send fleets to the Black Sea and the Baltic; nor if this man had done that, or left it undone, and the other man had done the other thing. It is **THE WAR** between two Powers, whose names have scarcely yet been mentioned in the matter, and those powers are—**FREEDOM and DESPOTISM**.

FREEDOM fights on the one side, although her armies are those of aristocratic England, imperialised France, and absolute Turkey. **DESPOTIC SLAVERY**, on the other side, heads the Russian armies now, and her possible or probable allies hereafter.

We are quite ready to credit the Emperor Nicholas with as much lust of conquest and greed of territory as any one may demand for him. He coveted Constantinople, and he thought the time had come when he might make one great stride towards its possession, and, perhaps, seize it altogether; but that lust and greed was stimulated and urged to immediate and present action by the fear and the hate of the spirit of freedom that was rising and gaining ground in Turkey. That Turkey should dare to harbour and protect those that had fought for freedom elsewhere; that she should show herself ready and willing to break the links that bound human thought and human action; that she should not only tolerate but encourage religious missionaries from the free shores of England and America; that she should herself be preparing to cast away the chains of religious bigotry, and reform the evils of absolute and arbitrary government, and give to her people social and individual independence and freedom as soon as they were fit to use them: these things formed both the crime of Turkey and the necessity for her punishment; since, if left unpunished, they would soon give her strength to defy her accuser.

Despotism, looking through the eyes of the Czar and his ministers, saw her young enemy, Freedom, born and beginning to grow in Turkey, and moved, instinctively, to crush her before she gained strength to be formidable.

There can, we think, hardly be one man who still believes the rubbishy pretext of the Greek Church being in any shape the cause of the war, except for the secondary reason that the Greek Church is a very convenient organ of despotism, more especially with a despot at the head of it. Not that we would absolutely deny that the Emperor Nicholas himself is, to some extent, the dupe of his own pretext, and may really be a believer in his own sincere attachment to that faith; but knowingly or unknowingly, that which is the hidden spring of his actions is the instinctive hate of the despot to freedom in all its forms.

Let us take the other side of the question, and examine our own motives a little. Have we any of us any particular love for the Turks in the abstract, for the nation, for their creed, or their politics? or have we either any hatred of the Russians? Are we not, on the contrary, all of us rather puzzled to know how it is that all our old associations of fear, and hatred, and contempt for the Turks, and a kind of distant admiration and respect for the Russians, have been suddenly turned into their opposites? Is it not because we have heard that the Russians have bowed themselves down in the dust before their Emperor, and hailed him as a God upon earth; and because we have also heard that, in spite of the arbitrary government and misrule that has prevailed throughout the Turkish empire, there are yet to be found in it both men and communities who have preserved their native independence of thought and action—men who are honest, brave, and true, and are free in all but the form of their government? "*Vox populi vox Dei*," is an old rule, and where the "*populus*" is a "*free people*," and speaks spontaneously with its own voice, it is also a true one. Therefore have we all of us, involuntarily, in our hearts, taken part with the Turks, long before the red tape of diplomacy condescended to recognise the fact; because we, by a natural instinct, recognised among them the presence of some portion of that spirit of freedom, and uprightness, and independence which, thank God, we can claim as our own characteristics.

It might, perhaps, be asked, how it comes about that the absolute and despotic Government of Turkey should be regarded as fighting in the front rank of the army of freedom, any more than that of Russia itself; but such an inquiry could only proceed from one who was content to take the external forms of things as the true representatives of their internal qualities. The despotism of Turkey is the old patriarchal, or paternal form of government, the representative of the first rude form of polity that arose among men in times when such form only was possible. The individual freedom of the masses was little affected by it—it acted only in the immediate presence of the despot or his deputies, and varied with their humours or dispositions. It had little organisation; and is an old, effete, worthless form of govern-

ment enough, but, even in consequence of its inefficiency, may contain much of the elements of freedom.

The despotism of Russia, however, is another matter. Here we have organisation, and contrivance, and machinery in full perfection and in constant action. The despotism is carried from the despot as a centre, throughout the whole mass of the population, and is perpetually present, noting and governing every thought and every action of every individual. Every spark of freedom, whether in action, in speech, or even in thought, is carefully grappled with and trodden out. The people themselves become one huge machine, moving and acting at the will of one man.

This despotism it is, that ruling throughout the Russian Empire, extends its fell influence, more or less completely, into Austria, and Prussia, and the rest of Germany. Louis Napoleon attempted to introduce something of it into France, though the instinct of the people and his resultant position now compels him to war against it. It is imitated by Naples, and in the Papal States. Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, have hitherto been under the influence of the old unorganised despotism, from which they are now feebly struggling to emancipate themselves. England and Ireland, Holland, and Scandinavia, and parts of Germany, and Switzerland, as also Piedmont, have long ago freed themselves from both kinds.

Wherefore, it may be asked, is this glance at things in general paraded before us? For this reason, gentle reader. Inasmuch as our knowledge of the existence of two such opposite powers as those of the despotism of the East of Europe, and the freedom of the West, would enable any one to predict that they must eventually come into dire collision, and strive, till one obtains the mastery of the other, so the clearing away of all the attendant rubbish of extraneous circumstances, and unmasking the two great principles at strife, will enable us to see who must, ultimately or at once, directly or indirectly, be the combatants on each side, and to judge of the duration and result of the struggle.

That the war has arisen about the conduct of the Emperor of Russia to the Sultan of Turkey, is a mere accident; his despotic, and, therefore, unjust and treacherous attack, was

simply one of the outward manifestations of the principle or rule of conduct on which he, as the representative of despotism, must and will act. A hundred other circumstances might have arisen to produce a similar action in several other directions, which we should have been equally compelled to resist by the very instinct of self-preservation.

That his course of action has been such as to have caused the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia to hesitate before they join him as open allies, is simply another accident, which may or may not be beneficial to the cause of freedom. That they must ultimately join him, or *liberate their own peoples*, can be no more a matter of doubt with any reasonable man than that the sun will rise to-morrow. The only modification of the latter alternative is, whether they will liberate their peoples, or whether these peoples will not save them the trouble by doing that duty for themselves. It can be equally matter of little doubt, that that very curious piece of political cabinet-work and state-joinery, the Empire of Austria, will be entirely taken to pieces and re-constructed under a new form. This will be the case ultimately, whatever be the issue of the contest, inasmuch as if Russia should win, she will not long refrain from absorbing Hungary and Transylvania.

But will she win? Can she win in the long run? Let us suppose one or two possibilities. Suppose that, in consequence of some terrible storm in the Black Sea, the Anglo-French fleet should be so far crippled as to fall a prey to that of the Russians; suppose that in a vain attack on the impregnable Cronstadt a similar misfortune should happen to our Baltic fleet; and that, in consequence of the defeat of the Turkish armies, and the capture of her fortresses, and the loss of the Black Sea fleet, the Anglo-French armies were compelled to surrender prisoners of war, Austria and Prussia immediately declaring on the side of Russia. Allow us to ask our readers, individually and collectively, just to imagine these things, and then to think (each one of them) of what his own feelings would be? Would he not, if a young man, be ready to go to the nearest military depôt and offer himself as a volunteer to serve in any capacity, by land or by sea? Would he

not, if a wealthy one, be equally ready to scrape together all the cash he could spare, and place it at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Would there be one man in all green Ireland, in all bonny Scotland, or in all merry England, of so craven, so dastard a spirit, as to sit down one instant in his own home, quiet and content with his beating? Would there not be one insurgent roar of uprising spirits, in town and county, across all our broad plains, from all our hill-slopes, from all our mountain glens, from every street, every house, every den and alley of our cities? Would not the hearts of all our young men ache, and their faces burn with impatience till they had crossed the sea and trodden the soil of Russia with the foot of an avenging enemy? Would not fleet after fleet, and army after army, be ready, like Hydra's heads, two taking the place of each one that had preceded them, to precipitate themselves against the common enemy of freedom and mankind? When the reader has answered these questions to his satisfaction he will know our idea of the chance of Russia being the ultimate victor in this war.

For any calculation as to the duration of the struggle there are many elements of uncertainty. It is just possible that the Emperor of Russia, meeting with more resistance than he is now prepared for, may take advantage of some opportunity to withdraw for the present, may retire from the Principalities, and endeavour to resume, as far as possible, the *status quo ante bellum*; and it is possible — though hardly, we hope, probable — that he may be allowed to do so. Such a proceeding would be no termination of the war; it would be merely an agreement for an armed truce, during which all parties would be watching each other with ever increasing fear, hatred, and distrust, and which despotism would make use of simply to choose her time for striking some sudden and treacherous blow, to cripple her adversaries.

No termination of the war can be considered as a final and satisfactory one that does not put back the hordes of Russia into their own steppes, there to work out their own future regeneration. She must be environed with a circle of flame blazing along all her European, and much of her Asiatic borders. Finland must be restored to

Sweden ; Poland must be reconstituted as an independent nation ; Hungary must be put at the head of a new kingdom, linking Poland with Turkey ; the Crimea must be given back to Turkey, and made the Gibraltar of the Black Sea ; all the trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia must be taken from her ; and Circassia must be made the Switzerland of the East ; the Russian posts in North America must be taken possession of by our Indian fleet ; and British America extended to Behring's Straits.*

Along her whole vast frontier Russia must be made to feel the force of our arms, and humiliated in all the three quarters of the globe to which her territories extend. When that is accomplished, we have done with Russia ; towards her our policy must ever after be one of simple defence, in which the whole of the civilised world must be ready to unite. She will have enough to do with peopling her own vast territories, and civilising and humanising her people, without troubling the rest of the world with her presence.

Once delivered from the baneful shadow of this great Upas tree of despotism, the other despotic governments of Eastern and Central Europe may safely be left to be dealt with by their own subjects. Self-interest and self-preservation would very shortly compel them to open their prison doors, to reduce their armies, to dismiss their spies, to soften the rigour of their police. If they did not these things, who is there among us Britons, with the glorious recollections of our own revolution, and our own successful and noble rebellion against arbitrary power and despotic rule, who shall dare to utter a word of reproach against any nation or people who rebel against their despot, even should they follow our own stern example, and bring him as a criminal to the block ?

It may be objected that we have said nothing of the future of Turkey. This, however, is soon disposed of. The Greeks are, as they have been since the days of Homer, individually brave, capable even of heroic deeds under the impulse of temporary excitement ; they are utterly unfit for

empire. Keen, subtle, highly intellectual, having capacity for anything, they have steadiness, honesty, integrity for nothing. For the purposes of government, firmness and steadiness of purpose, uprightness, integrity, and straightforward conduct, are worth all your subtlety and intellectual ability. "Honesty is the best policy," is as true in political as in private life. It is the very quality on which the greatness of England is based, since, in spite of occasional exceptions which have served to prove the rule, "honesty" has ever been the characteristic of the English government. This quality of honesty and simplicity of purpose, single-heartedness, and speaking the plain truth, is as conspicuous in the character of the Turk as in that of the Englishman ; and this quality it is which marks the Turk as the most worthy to rule over the motley population of the present Turkish empire. To give dominion to the Greeks would be to provide a never-failing supply of quarrels to embroil all Europe and Asia to the end of time. As to the talk about the Mahomedan religion, disregard mere names and forms, and it will be found that the Turks are ten times better Christians than the Greeks, or than all the other worthless rabble of so-called Christian sects that have festered in the East since the days of Constantine. The hatred and contempt entertained by the Turks for the very name of Christian, was fully justified by the character, and the practice, and the doctrines of those they came in contact with. Even at the present day so great is the mutual enmity of these sects, that each one would rather be under the government of the Turks than that of any of their rivals. The Turks require only a better general education and greater mixture with the civilised world, to become mild, tolerant, and benevolent rulers of the noble empire of which they are now the head.

If we wished for proof of this point, we would refer to the pages of the little work, called a "Year with the Turks," by Mr. Warrington W. Smyth. This is a singularly clear and impartial account of a tour made in Turkey some

* Temporary possession should instantly be taken of Petropaulovski, in Kamtschatka, so as to cut off the retreat of any Russian frigates in the Pacific that may have captured any of our gold ships, or done other damage to our commerce.

years ago, by a gentleman eminently fitted by nature and education to observe, and describe accurately and without exaggeration, and who, by mingling freely and often alone among the people, had good opportunities of becoming acquainted with them. The tone of the book is singularly moderate and unpretentious; every attempt at fine writing or glowing description is studiously avoided, and the narrative kept down to that of a simple and unstudied account of an ordinary tour, written merely for the information of the reader. Every one, however, on closing the book, will find his ideas of Turkey much larger and much clearer than before. A few extracts are all we have room for:—

“It was with some surprise that soon after we had arrived we saw the regiment of Nizam, upon whose ‘unsoldier-like’ appearance, raw lads as many of them were, we had looked with a little contempt. They had marched the whole day long under the burning sun, without more breakfast than a pipe, and now fell in and entered the town fresh and blithe. Would our more showy European troops have done as well? My companion, ill-inclined as he was to see anything but evil in Turkey and Turkish institutions, could not but admire their endurance of labour and privation.”—p. 175.

“Only one little trait of Turkish honesty may I introduce, as it happened to fall under my own observation. A friend of mine wandering through the bazaars, wished to buy an embroidered handkerchief of a Turkish shopkeeper. He asked the price. Seventy-five piasters.’ ‘No,’ said he aware that it is usual among all traders, whatever their creed, to ask at first more than the value. ‘That is too much; I will give you seventy.’ And as the dealer seemed to nod assent, he counted out the money. But his surprise was great when the bearded Osmanli, gravely pushing back to him twenty piasters, observed—‘This is more than the just price; it is always the custom here to bargain over a thing down to its fair value; and as fifty piasters is my proper price, those twenty belong to you.’ Verily, not a few of our professing Christians might take a lesson from the believer in the Koran.”—p. 180.

“My companions had served, some as officers, but mostly as privates, in various corps; and though sometimes externally rough, were, as a body, remarkable for a propriety and kindness of conduct superior to what we should meet in a similar group among nations occupying a higher place in European estimation. The injunction to ‘do unto others as you would they should do

unto you,’ is not considered an idle form of words by the Turks, but it is carried into practice. The most wealthy does not disdain to converse with the poorest. The strong man in a mob will yield to the old, or to women or children; sons exhibit a respect amounting to reverence towards their parents, and the stranger, amid a crowd, meets with those attentions which prove that the people possess, in a kindly heart and manner, one of the most agreeable elements of true civilisation.”—p. 184.

“At length, after seven hours, we reached the commencement of the Tschiftlik. It lay in a pretty valley, where the road-side was bordered by hemp, growing to the height of ten, twelve, or fourteen feet, so that man and horse were quite lost in it. ‘Look,’ said the Bey, unable to conceal his smiles, ‘that is mine, and this field of Indian corn is mine, and yonder are the cottages of my peasants.’ Whilst he spoke, a rough-looking Bulgarian, in cap and jacket of sheepskin, carrying his axe over his shoulder, approached us, looked, for a few seconds, to make sure whether he was not deceived, and then running forward with a cry of joy, made a low bow, repeating his salutations in Bulgarian and Turkish, came close to the Bey, kissed his knees and hand, and pressed the latter repeatedly on his own bare head and on his heart, whilst his mouth was so occupied with laughing, congratulating, and kissing that he could hardly speak an intelligible word.

“Mahmoud Bey, good soul, tried to keep up the stoic equanimity, which is *bon ton* among the Turks, but I saw the tear glisten in his eye and a glow of satisfaction suffuse his cheek; and his voice softened as he inquired after one and another of his tenants, and all their family affairs.”—p. 210.

“What’s in a name? Well had Mahmoud Bey observed to me that as regarded religion, it mattered little to Allah what we call ourselves. My good Mahomedan friends, to say nothing of their hospitality, had been so scrupulously honourable on the journey, that my share of the expenses, calculated to the uttermost farthing, had amounted to an absurdly minute sum. I was now to see what the nominal profession of a purer creed would do. The Greeks received me at a house in the outskirts of the town, with fraternising expressions to welcome the brother Christian. But scarcely a quarter of an hour passed before they took advantage of my haste and inability to trade elsewhere; and as their horse was provided with a *samar*, or pack-saddle, cheated me outrageously in the price they gave for the saddle, which I was obliged to leave behind. It was the first specimen, and far from the last, of the dirty meannesses and trickeries which they allowed were not practised by the

Turks, because, forsooth 'the Mahommedan religion strictly forbade any deviation from honesty!'

For an interesting and instructive sketch of the condition of Russia, on the other hand, and the family of the Czar, we cannot do better than refer our readers to Mr. Cole's "Russia and the Russians." It contains an abstract of the history of the empire of Russia, and is therefore useful to refresh our memories on many points. The chapter on the present character and designs of the Emperor Nicholas is particularly apropos; we must make room for the following extract from it:—

"The insurrectionary movements in the different provinces of the Ottoman Empire, instead of being produced by Turkish oppression, which has no existence, are invariably fomented by Russian intrigues, which never slumber, and are always on the alert to take advantage of any colourable pretext that may occur. The peasants of Bulgaria, who have been subject to the Turks for five hundred years, are infinitely better off in every respect, in diet, clothing, lodging, and in the produce derived from their agricultural labour, than any of the Slavonic race, be they of what creed they may, who are doomed to drag on their existence under the iron domination of Russia. The Sultan is accused of intolerance, whereas it is his very tolerant and unsuspecting system of government which gives the opportunity to the secret agents of Russia, of sowing the seeds of discontent amongst the two great sections of his subjects, and of urging them into rebellion, when all are disposed to be happy, loyal, and industrious. The catechism taught in the schools of Bulgaria, by these Muscovite Jesuits is undoubtedly a duplicate of the scriptural doctrine instilled into the rising generation of Poland under terror of the knout, and by order of the government. The following extract may serve as a sample of the whole:—

"*Ques.* 1.—How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered in reference to the spirit of Christianity?"

"*Ans.*—As proceeding immediately from God."

"*Ques.* 17.—What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship of the Emperor?"

"*Ans.*—The supernaturally revealed motives are: that the Emperor is the Vicegerent and Minister of God, to execute the divine commands; and, consequently, disobedience to the Emperor is identified with disobedience to God himself; that God will reward us in the world for the worship and obedience we render the Emperor, and punish us severely to all eternity should we disobey

or neglect to worship him. Moreover, God commands us to love and obey, from the inmost recesses of the heart, every authority, and particularly the Emperor; not from worldly considerations, but from apprehension of the final judgment."

"Such bold blasphemy has never been approached since the days of pagan darkness. And this precious document emanates from the authority of a man who provokes war 'in the name of the most Holy Trinity,' who, with religion on his tongue, remorseless ambition at his heart, and a destroying sword in his hand, imagines himself a semi-deity upon earth, the delegated instrument of Omnipotence, and the destined uprooter of the faith of Islam, which, with all its errors, is nearer to a reflection of the truth, than his unmitigated bigotry."—p. 162.

These two little books will serve to give our readers some notions of the personal characters of the parties who are now engaged as combatants. For a proper understanding of their military characters, and of the country in which the war is now being waged, and the nature of the operations there, we must turn to Colonel Chesney's work. This book will greatly add to the already high reputation of its author, as giving an admirably clear, graphic, and succinct account of the last campaign fought between the Russians and the Turks, and enabling even unmilitary readers to understand all future warlike operations in the same field.

Colonel Chesney commences his book with a chapter on the political relations of Turkey previous to the war of 1828 and 1829, and the state in which she was left by the battle of Navarino and the establishment of the kingdom of Greece—events in which France and England allowed philanthropic sentiment and classical associations to overrule the dictates of justice and honesty, and founded a kingdom of clever scoundrels, who will yet make them repent their acts.

He then gives a very interesting and admirable chapter on the physical features of the seat of war, describing the Danube and its fortresses, the Balkan range and its passes, and the strong natural defences which run from Bayuk Tchekmedge, on the Sea of Marmora, to the Euxine, within twenty miles of Constantinople. He sketches out in this chapter the strong points for defence, and graphically describes the nature of the several lines of attack, that must be the seat of all war-

like operations in an invasion of Turkey from the North. His third chapter describes several plans for this invasion entertained by Russia, and narrates the commencement of the campaign of 1828. In this he incidentally mentions the recent date of several of the Russian conquests—that of the Crimea, for instance, in 1792, or only sixty years ago—facts, the newness of which we are apt to forget. He recalls also to our recollection the perpetual attacks and aggressions that have been made on Turkey by Russia ever since the year 1769.

The plan of the campaign of 1828 seems very similar to that now adopted by the Russians. They passed the Pruth without previous notice, only declaring war as they entered the Principalities. After taking Brailow, or Ibrail (probably by the use of a golden key), they poured their troops into the Dobrudscha, captured all the small fortresses; and their object then was, by either taking or masking Varna and Schumla, to push across the Balkan, and sweep down on Constantinople before the Turks could organise a sufficient defence of their capital. Turkey then was in a far worse position than she is now. The reforms begun by Sultan Mahmood, preceded by the cruel and arbitrary, even if necessary, step of the destruction of the Janissaries, had spread dissatisfaction throughout his empire, and left it in the helpless condition of having thrown away its old arms, without having tried its new ones. The Turkish army was almost entirely composed of boys, and the whole organisation of the empire in a transition state. Nevertheless, it is cheering to recollect that, after the Russian army had fairly established itself on the south side of the Danube; and when there was no Turkish army that could cope with it in the open field, and when, moreover, the Emperor Nicholas himself was present with his troops, the Russians were yet unable, after many attacks, ever to force an entrance through the lines of Schumla, energetically defended by Hussein Pacha; and that they did not capture Varna, even with the help of their fleet, till after a siege of eighty-seven days, and only by the treacherous defection of P. 10,000 men. Its I have been im- nt of energy and Vizier, who

lingered with his army on the south of the Balkan until it was almost too late to succour it; and who, even when he had repulsed an attack of the Russians in its immediate neighbourhood, and had the chance within his grasp, allowed it to escape, him from his inexperience in military matters. In the meantime Silistria, with very imperfect defences, resisted all the efforts of the Russians from the 21st of July to the end of October, and the siege was finally abandoned at the approach of winter.

Colonel Chesney sums up the results of this campaign as follows:—

“In reviewing the various events of the preceding campaign, we find as the result of its earlier period a march of 1,100 miles (for a portion of the Russian army) with the capture of Brailow after a resolute defence, in addition to some smaller places in the Dobrudscha. To its latter period belongs the fall of Varna, after a siege, by land and sea, of eighty-nine days. The other operations were almost entirely in favour of the Turks; such as the combats and attacks near Schumla, the battle of Kurtepe, and the successful defences of Schumla and Silistria, followed, in the latter case, by the retreat of the Russian army across the Danube from before its trenches.

“Between sickness and the sword, these operations in European Turkey are stated to have cost Russia the serious loss of more than 40,000 men; and, according to the accounts received at Bucharest, at least 80,000 horses died. The Russian statements, as might be expected, make it far less; but when the prolonged exposure, during the sieges of Brailow, Schumla, Varna, and Silistria, are taken into account, in addition to the ravages of sickness and the defects of the medical and commissariat departments, these circumstances go far to account for so great a loss to an army that was kept more or less complete, by reinforcements from time to time. At Bucharest alone the deaths were 19,000; that is, 7,000 of the army, and 12,000 of the inhabitants.”—pp. 163–5.

His account of the campaign of 1828 in Asia, in the country south of the Caucasus, between the Black and Caspian Seas, is equally interesting and instructive with that just given, more especially his narrative of the siege of Akhaltsikh, but for this we have no space. Suffice it to say, that under the energetic and talented guidance of General Paskevitch, and owing to the unprepared condition of the Turkish forces, and the mistakes

of their commander, the Russians were more successful in Asia than they were in Europe. The following were the results of the campaign:—

“Anapa, Poti, Kars, Akhalkalaki, and Akhaltsikh, with 318 pieces of canon and about 8,000 prisoners, together with the defeat of Kiossa Muhammod Pasha, before the walls of the latter place, were the fruits of a campaign of five months, at the close of which 15,000 Russians, with thirty-four guns, occupied a semicircle, extending from Kars on the right, and by Ardagan to Akhaltsikh on the left.

“The result was no less disappointing to the hopes of the Sultan, than to those of the Moslem people, whose ill-regulated enthusiasm had taught them to believe that they had only to draw their swords and mount their horses, to drive the Giaours beyond the Caucasus. It should be borne in mind, however, that Asia Minor was in no way prepared to resist invasion. Had there even been time to have met the enemy on the frontier with sufficient numbers at the very outset, an untrained people without regular gradations of officers—in fact, without even a military commander, were but ill-suited to oppose a skilful general and experienced soldiers, fresh from a successful war in Persia. The Turks, moreover, were under the extraordinary disadvantage of not having any regular fortress, the defence of which might have given them additional time; for Kars and the other places, owing to the defective state of their works, and the cover afforded to an enemy in the suburbs, &c., were little more than *points d'appui* for a retreating force.”—pp. 197-9.

The campaign of 1829 commenced under new commanders on both sides, but the improvement in energy and ability was greater on the Russian than on the Turkish side. No preparations had been made by the Turks during the winter. The new Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, after having victory within his grasp, eventually suffered a defeat at the hands of General Diebitsch:—

“The Turks lost upwards of 3,000 men, and the Russians, according to their own admission, not less than 63 officers and 2,500 men, at the battle of Kulewtscha. The former had about 33,000 men and 56 pieces of artillery; and the latter 31,000 in action, and 2,000 with the baggage. But the Russians, taking into account their 146 guns, had a decided superiority in the field, independently of the mixed composition of the Turkish force.

“When it is remembered that the Nizam,

though nominally regular troops, were then but imperfectly organised, and that the remainder of the Turkish army simply consisted of untrained armed men, it must be admitted that this battle, although lost, did honour to the valour and perseverance of the Osmanli. Their zeal and irregular courage enabled them for many hours to oppose a regular army, commanded by an experienced general; and this successfully, until the shock of a fearful explosion in the midst of their forces threw them into confusion, and gave victory to the Russians. The battle of Kulewtscha proved to be the fatal turning-point of the two campaigns, and, in the sequel, placed Turkey for a moment at the feet of her invaders.”—pp. 225-6.

Silistria now fell, after a courageous defence; and then, without waiting to secure more fortresses, and contenting himself with masking Shumla, General Diebitsch resolved upon the daring movement which closed the war, to the entire advantage of the Russians. Deceiving the Grand Vizier, by pretending to invest Shumla closely, and thus inducing him to withdraw some forces from the mountains, he left part of his army to continue this attack, and with the rest forced his way over the Bulkan by the passes north of Aidos, took the Turks completely by surprise, and spreading reports that his numbers were like the leaves of the forest, struck such terror into their forces, that he reached and occupied Adrianople without any opposition. Here, however, his destruction was almost certain, unless peace were concluded before his exact numbers and position were known. His effective force was only 21,000 men; he was in the heart of the enemy's country, with only a long and straggling line of communication with the rest of his forces, which line was liable to be broken through and cut off at many points. The passes of the Bulkan might be closed against him, and then, if only sufficient opposition arose in front to cause delay, the most he could hope for was a retreat by way of either the Black Sea or the Mediterranean fleet. To pause, therefore, was destruction, and he boldly continued his advance on Constantinople. The result is thus narrated by Colonel Chesney:—

“A humiliating treaty was entered into by the Divan, under the firm belief that hosts which had been compared to the

leaves of a forest, numbered at least 60,000 men.

"To put an end to such an alarming invasion and save Constantinople, was a paramount object with the British ambassador, Sir Robert Gordon, more particularly as considerable anxiety was felt lest there should be an out-break in the capital, for the restoration of the janissaries. A treaty of peace was signed in consequence at Adrianople on the 28th of August, 1829.

"It is said, that Sultan Mahmoud's usual firmness deserted him on this occasion, and that he shed bitter tears on affixing his signature to what he so justly considered a disadvantageous, and even humiliating treaty. It is pretty certain he would have continued the war at all hazards, had he been aware that at that moment the Russian commander, now Marshal Diebitsch Zabalkanski had not more than from 15,000 to 17,000 bayonets. A defective commissariat, and a still worse medical department, caused disease to commence its work as soon as the invaders reached Adrianople. At a grand review which took place on the 8th of November, 1829, and at which the author was present, there were scarcely 13,000 men of all arms in the field."—pp.245-6.

In Asia the campaign of 1829, though by no means decisive, was yet in favour of the Russians, owing to the skill of Paskievitch, and the want of it in the Turks, and the Pashalik of Akhaltsikh remained as a permanent addition to the Russian empire, together with another portion of the Black Sea coast. These and the fortress of Brailow in Europe, with a right of controul over the entrance of the Danube and 11,500,000 Dutch ducats, were the immediate material advantages gained by Russia by the treaty of Adrianople, in addition to which she acquired rights of interference in the affairs of Wallachia and Moldavia, which have become the proximate and obvious causes of the present war.

Still, on the whole, though the entire advantage was on the side of the Russians, we can now see in how precarious and hazardous a way that advantage was obtained, as well as at how great a loss of men and materials of war; and our cheering reflection is, if the Russians did so little then against the Turks single-handed, and embarrassed, and at the lowest ebb of their fortunes, how much less would they be able to effect now.

After summing up the results of this

war, Colonel Chesney gives a brief account of the subsequent aggressions of Russia upon Turkey down to the present time, and then places before us an abstract of the events, with which we are all familiar, that have occurred during the past year. He shows the never-ceasing covetousness of the Czar for the possession of Turkey, as evidenced by all his acts, and the utter falsehood, deceit, and faithlessness which have characterised all his words. It would, indeed, be to insult the good sense of our readers if we endeavoured to prove to them how utterly the Emperor Nicholas has broken the faith of a sovereign and the word of honour of a gentleman. No man acting in private life in England as he has done in European politics, but would be branded with the same mark of disgrace that clings to a sharper or a blackleg.

Colonel Chesney then examines the question of the military defence of Turkey, contrasting the advantages of its present position, its well-organised army, and the united and enthusiastic spirit of the people, with its condition in 1828 and '29. He avows his belief, that had not the Sultan been encumbered with the help of European diplomacy in 1853, he might have met the Russians on the banks of the Pruth, and either have prevented the occupation of the Principalities, or, at least, have deprived the enemy of great part of the advantages they derived from it. He explains moreover, clearly, the difficulties the Russians have to contend against in any advance, and shows that the Turks have three great lines of defence—first, the Danube and its fortresses; secondly, the Balkan, with the strong places of Shumla and Varna; and lastly, the lines of Buyuk Tchekmedge, west of Constantinople; and points out to us that the difficulties of the Russians must increase with their advance, since an overwhelming force and an enormous expenditure would be necessary to keep up their communications with their base, and make sure of receiving supplies of provisions and munitions of war. Without the mastery of the Black Sea, indeed, any great and permanent advance of the Russians beyond their present line appears to us almost impossible, except in consequence of an amount of treachery or weakness on the part of the Turks which we cannot suppose them

capable of, or an amount of power and resources on the part of Russia which are equally unlooked for. Still remains the question, supposing the Russians to stand on the defensive on their present lines, how are they to be driven out of the Principalities, and the Sultan's dominions restored to him unbroken and unincumbered by the presence of an enemy. Constantinople may be safe, but is he to remain content with that?—or are we, as his allies, to be so? Such a supposition is absurd.

On the means of driving the Russians beyond the Pruth, Colonel Chesney is silent; perhaps advisedly so. We thank him heartily for his book, however, which needs no praise of ours to insure its wide circulation and popularity. The single fault we have to find with it is, the very rough and incomplete nature of his maps, as we think he might have given us some containing more full information, both geographical and strategical.

In closing this article, we would again press on our readers, in the same spirit as in our last number, but with even greater urgency, that this is no little war in which we are engaged. They must be prepared to make far greater sacrifices than any that have been called for yet. The Turkish campaigns, whatever may be the result of them, will be but one incident in this war. It is a war in which, before its final close, the fate of England and France will be involved. Perhaps few results are more to be deprecated by us than a hasty and patched-up peace. The instincts of our aristocratic rulers, on the one hand, have more or less sympathy with the success of despotic power; on the other is the miserable and purblind policy of the Manchester school, that would go on spinning cotton till there were no customers left to buy it from them. The union of these two spirits is an evil to be feared by all who in our islands draw the breath of freemen, and are worthy to call themselves a people.

This war, once begun, should be fought fairly out. Let us recollect

that there are whole nations and races of men—men, like ourselves, with white faces, and whose hair is not woolly—who, in all the highest faculties and attributes of men, are *slaves*. Let us recollect that there are fair provinces and noble lands in our own Europe that are tilled by men who are serfs—almost as much slaves as are the “niggers” of the United States; that even the owners of these serfs and these lands dare not utter their own thoughts, cannot move freely about their own country, and hold their lives and fortunes at the will of one man, or at the pleasure of his subordinates. Let us recollect that we ourselves, if we visit these countries, have to speak with ‘bated breath, and hide our thoughts, if we would not visit the inside of a prison; and that our every act is noted and registered in the books of the police. Let even Manchester recollect that our commerce is crippled, our trade fettered, millions of customers kept from our shops, millions of tons of “goods” debarred from our warehouses; and all this for no real good, but for the fancied security of some certain royal houses, and the support of the minions and the armies that they suppose necessary to that security.

We did right never to commence a crusade even in the cause of freedom; but once engaged, once armed and in the field, we should be alike fools and cowards—should the nations rise, as rise they will—to let any paltry state policy, any dynastic family entanglements, or any petty party feelings here at home, hinder our stretching out to them the right hand of fellowship, or at least securing for them a fair field to deal each with their own domestic foes, as their own arms and their own hearts shall give them strength to deal. England and France are henceforth bound, in common honesty and common justice, to oppose intervention by intervention. Should the despots band together, let our people join with their people; and then, in the bold words of Lord John, we say, “Let God defend the right!”

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLVIII.

JUNE, 1854.

VOL. XLIII.

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DUBLIN

JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.

WM. S. ORR AND CO., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE begs to notify that he will not undertake to return, or be accountable for, any manuscripts forwarded to him for perusal.

tutions congenial to its character (and ultimately territorial limits coextensive with its blood), which is only now beginning to attract attention, but which is destined to change the whole face of Europe.

The Revolution which overthrew monarchy and nobility in France was the movement of a nation of Celts to throw off the hereditary and aristocratic principles introduced into their law and government by their Frankish conquerors. It was at bottom a struggle of Race as well as of Principles,—a successful effort of a long subject people to throw off a foreign system of *caste*, uncongenial to the national character, and the domination of an unpopular *noblesse*, in whose veins still ran the blood of Clovis and his Frankish chiefs.

Equality (in other words, the absence of hereditary honours and privileges) is the native passion of the French; and ever since 1789 it has marked their history and institutions. As necessary corollaries, it has abolished the law of primogeniture, and with it a territorial nobility, and has thrown *rank* open to all (tending, also, to make titles personal only, and not hereditary). The whole nation is now essentially a level mass, without any nobles or local magnates either to check or to head public opinion, or to fill the leading posts under Government; the whole Government offices are filled by *the people*, at the nomination of the Head of the State, who is himself the choice of the nation; and thus the gradations of a centralised bureaucracy overspread the country, with an autocrat at its head, and the people, a level mass of forty millions, at its feet. Municipal institutions are little cared for, and local distinctions utterly discountenanced; the theory that “all are equal,” is logically carried out by *numbers* being made the ultimate judge of everything, and everything being placed in subjection to the general will of the nation. There is but one way of working such a system of government, and that is, by the nation appointing its ruler, and leaving him to appoint all under him,—the check on his power being, of course, dethronement, as soon as he becomes obnoxious to the “sovereign people.” Such was the principle established by the Revolution of 1789, and such has very nearly been the practice of the French nation, in regard to its laws and government,

during the last sixty-five years; and such, we may add, it is likely to continue for a good while to come, whether the Head of the State be called a President, an Emperor, or a King—a Cavaignac, a Napoleon, or a Bourbon.

The main difference between the *regimes* of Equality established in France and in the United States is this, that the American Union, by its federal constitution, provides for elementary diversities, and recognises local rights on a par with those of the general community; whereas in France there is no such distinction, and everything alike is placed at the disposal of the central Government. Thus, the election of a President in the Union depends upon a majority of the States, whereas in France mere number decides the question; thus public works are generally executed at the expense of the district in America, but in France by the central Government; and thus also, each State of the Union can make laws (as to marriage, settlement of property, appointment of judges, &c.) peculiar to itself, whereas perfect uniformity of laws and institutions all over the country is the rule in France. Another great point of distinction is, that the Americans trust a great deal to their Houses of Assembly, and, having matured their system, provide for the peaceable dethronement of an unpopular President by quadrennial elections; whereas the French, as yet, can trust but little to their representatives, relying mainly, if not entirely, on their Ruler; and, having had no proper scope for maturing their regime, and being more under the sway of personal prestige than the Americans, they have as yet adopted no better plan of ridding themselves of an unpopular Ruler than by the rude method of revolt. In both, however, there is the utmost personal equality, and the whole Government appointments are at the disposal of the Head of the State.

The principles of Democracy and of Race thus simultaneously appearing in the Revolution of 1789, were not united merely fortuitously; they are, in reality, twins, and will ever move hand in hand. They both spring from the same source, and either may develop itself before the other, or without the other, according to the circumstances of the country. Whence arises democracy? Simply from the units of society beginning to think for them-

selves—instead of following their leaders unreflectingly, like a flock of sheep, as primitive or undeveloped humanity has always a tendency to do. It commences as soon as men become conscious agents — as soon as the units of society begin to consider the laws of that society, the system under which they exist ; in one word, as soon as the principle of *individuality* is established, and each man, feeling himself “ a law unto himself,” begins to act from within, instead of passively obeying every mandate from without. Arrived at this stage, men become acutely alive to their own rights and those of their country ; and so it has ever been found that the freest nation is also the most patriotic. Look at Holland,—look at Switzerland,—look at Scotland, and many other examples of this truth. If such men be under foreign domination (as Italy, at present under that of Austria), every effort is first directed to throw off the stranger’s yoke ; for, until that be accomplished, they can neither get their own (*i.e.*, social) rights nor those of their country. But suppose the country is free, but the people unemancipated, then, as the principle of individuality pervades the mass, they commence to agitate, until either force or suasion obtains for them a due voice in the administration of affairs, and, consequently, the remodelling of their laws and institutions in accordance with their desires.

But when this is done, the millions of thinking units have yet another task before them. They look without, and, probably, see around them other millions of precisely the same blood and language as themselves, but severed from them by artificial barriers ; and they begin to say, “ All our interests and sympathies are in common ; why, then, should we not benefit one another, and strengthen our hands by a union ? ” Or the case is stronger than this ; and, as with the states of Germany, these sections of the same race sometimes find themselves actually arrayed against each other on the field of battle. And when they come to ask, How is this ? they find it is a mere consequence of their being severed into petty states, whose Princes league themselves this way or that, according to their personal interests ; they perceive, also, that this artificial severance benefits no one but the Princes themselves — that it entails the cost of a dozen Courts in-

stead of one—that it renders a mighty race impotent, and furnishes a ready field for the intrigues of foreign Powers. Such thoughts inevitably spring up as the units of society begin to think for themselves ; and just as surely as if we were working out a sum in arithmetic, may we affirm that these principles will be acted upon, and alter the present face of Europe.

Thus the development of mankind, which is at present going on in the western half of Europe and in America, manifests itself in the internal affairs of states by Democracy, and in the external by the affinities of Race—twin principles, at present half untrained, opposed by the existing might of a colossal king-craft, and certain to commit dreadful and ignorant excesses ; but which, nevertheless, will gradually purify themselves, even as a sage emancipates himself from the errors and excesses of youth, and from whose joint operation will ultimately proceed the regeneration of Europe.

Democracy, first soaring aloft from the French soil in 1789, and extending itself into not a few of the neighbouring countries, grew faint under the iron thrall of the ever-warring Napoleon, and finally reached its first fall upon the field of Waterloo. There Alison’s former History left it prostrate ; and the curtain fell upon continental Europe everywhere once more proclaiming the principles of legitimacy and king-craft. There were Emperors, and Kings, and Popes, as before, but the people *nowhere*. The fermentation, however, began again ;—that yeast which will never cease to work till it resolves itself into the pure spirit of liberty, again began to produce excitement among the nations. In 1820—just five years after Waterloo—Spain, Italy, and Greece were in the throes of revolt and revolution ; and the absolutist rulers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia—anticipating by a quarter of a century what again is about to be their policy now—leagued themselves together at Laybach, to uphold the power of Kings, and crush the movements of the People wherever they showed themselves. The reaction of indignation at the vile assassination of the Duke de Berri, at that time, alone saved France from a similar convulsion ; but in 1830 the long-gathering storm broke out ; the power of the Bourbons and legitimacy was

snapped in an instant, and the nation chose for itself a *roi du peuple*, in the person of Louis Philippe. The whole of Europe felt the shock; and so strongly did the wave of democracy break upon our own shores, that a virtual revolution was effected in the constitution by the passing of the Reform Bill,—effected, comparatively speaking, in that peaceful and orderly manner bespeaking a nation long practised in the art of self-government. Again there was quiet in Europe for nearly twenty years—although the Carlist and Miguelite wars in Spain and Portugal took place then, and showed France and England for the first time acting together, and favouring the cause of the people against the legitimate but despotic heirs to the throne. But at last all blew up once more in 1848. Rome, Paris, Hungary, Lombardy, Vienna, Berlin, and all over Germany, the people again broke loose, in a wild, untutored way; again to be put down by the arm of kingly power,—everywhere save in France, where, after many troubles, the nation again exercised its right of election, by placing over them an Emperor inheriting the talents as well as the name and lineage of the great Napoleon.

We have said that the movements of the race-principle spring from the same cause, and move nearly abreast with those of democracy; and the period of five-and-thirty years which we have thus rapidly passed over, shows both principles in simultaneous and often sympathetic action. It was in 1820, contemporaneously with the first heave of democracy after Waterloo, that Ypsilanti first unfurled the banner of revolt against the Turks, and unsuccessfully commenced that struggle of the Greeks for independence which, a few years afterwards, was crowned with success. It was simultaneously with the democratic Revolution of 1830 in France, that the gallant race-rebellion of the Poles threatened to shake off the foreign fetters of the Czar. And, during the still more dreadful moral earthquake of 1848, the principle of race played as notable a part in the Revolutions as that of democracy. While Paris, Prussia, and the German States rose against unpopular or despotic rulers, Italy, Hungary, and the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies fought to throw off a foreign

yoke; and the Austrian Empire, shaking over its whole length and breadth, prognosticated that downfall of the Empire, and sundering of its heterogeneous elements, which will unquestionably one day overtake it.

It were easy to apply these principles to the present crisis of Europe, and show how the War, now commencing in the aggression of ambition, will eventuate in a new and grander struggle of democracy, and finally in the triumph of the Race-principle, and the dawn of a better state of things all over Europe. Our children's children will reap the benefit of the great contest now commencing, though for us (broken though every long war must be by gleams of peace) is only reserved "the burden and heat of the day." To this coming period of most eventful interest Sir Archibald Alison's historical works are a noble introduction. As his former work narrated the first great struggle which the rise of these new principles produced in Europe, so his present work is designed to bridge over the forty years' peace, and conduct us to the very portals of the Great War. It opens with a magnificent chapter, giving a general sketch of the period to be embraced in the history, and distinguished by that brilliant and marvellously, but by no means absolutely, correct power of generalisation which so distinguishes his writings. The remainder of the first volume is taken up with the domestic history of France and England from 1815 to 1819. It narrates the great royalist reaction in the former country, which even outheroed Herod, and forced the Bourbon monarch himself to swamp the Upper House by a *coup-d'état* and a great creation of peers in the democratic interest; and narrates, also, the passing of the Currency Act in England, which has so deeply influenced the fortunes of the country ever since — while an agreeable but necessarily inadequate attempt is made, in a single chapter, to exhibit the progress of literature, science, the arts, and manners in Great Britain during the long peace which has now closed. The second volume embraces the revolutions of 1820 in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont — the Congress of Verona, the French invasion of Spain, and the domestic history of France down to the death of Louis XVIII. in the autumn of 1823.

The French invasion of Spain, to put

down the democratic party in that country and replace the King on the throne, was an intervention of one state in the affairs of another which at the time excited a strong feeling against it in this country. Sir Archibald Alison commends it as a wise and justifiable act on the part of the Bourbon Government; and no doubt it was so, inasmuch as the continuance of the revolution in Spain kept France in a state of ferment and disquiet. But, at the same time, we have just as little hesitation in saying that, had the Spanish people marched their armies into France to assist the Liberals and put down the Bourbons, they would have had quite as much right as the Bourbons had to assist the Spanish Royalists at the expense of the Spanish Liberals. In truth, in all such questions the abstract right is not easily determinable, and in practice is *never attended to*. Our covert support of the Spanish insurgents in South America in 1820, may be a more justifiable act than the King of Sardinia's open co-operation with the Italian insurgents against Austria in 1848; and that, again, is unquestionably a more justifiable act than the Russian intervention in Hungary in 1849; but is it possible to lay down the exact line of demarcation which justice prescribes in such cases? The source of the difficulty lies in this: Is it the Court or the People that in such cases is to be taken into account? Sir Archibald Alison says it was too bad of us to assist the South American insurgents against the Spanish Government, with which we were then at amity, but that it was quite right of Louis XVIII., in similar circumstances, to assist the Spanish Court against the Spanish people; and of course it may be said, in powerful support of this view, that a country's Government is the only practicable exponent of that country's wishes—and therefore, that it is *quoad* the Government alone, and not the people, that our treaties are to be observed. Holding this view, apparently, Sir Archibald Alison, in his *Essays*, condemns our interference in the affairs of Portugal in 1836, which accomplished the dethronement of Don Miguel, and the active part we took against the Carlists in Spain, when our interposition resulted in the establishment there, also, of a constitutional form of Government. But such a view will not stand a rigorous examination

—seeing that treaties are made with Courts merely as the representatives of their respective peoples; and as an insurrection implies that the people wish to change their Government, and as it is impossible for us to judge between the two parties, abstract justice requires that there shall be no intervention at all of one State in the affairs of another. In practice, however, this rule is little attended to; and we need not wonder that such is the case — for the condition of a State affects its neighbours as much as the condition of a house affects the houses adjoining. Naturally, therefore, every State desires to make or keep its neighbours like itself, by establishing or maintaining in them institutions similar to its own, and to weaken or strengthen them according as their interests are accordant with or hostile to its own. This is a law of self-preservation which no theorising will ever suffice to abolish; and in practice it will be found that these principles have always been acted upon by the States of Europe, whenever any one or more of them *had the power to do so*.

Thus, for instance, all the European Courts, in 1789, strove to prevent France from acting upon principles of government adverse to those of her neighbours; but in 1830 and 1848 they did not do so, because a difference of opinion had sprung up among themselves, and because they knew from experience that it was a hazardous game to play. The Czar, indeed, in 1830 muttered threats very loudly; but, as England at that time leant towards France instead of against her, the Autocrat did not dare to interfere; and probably nothing but Lord Palmerston's prompt acknowledgment of Louis Napoleon in December 1852, and the cordial support given to the French Emperor by the subsequent Derby administration, deterred the absolutist Courts from making another attempt at interference in our own day. Then, again, the Bourbon Government dared to interfere in behalf of Royalism in Spain in 1820, because backed by all the other Governments but our own; and we again, some fifteen years afterwards, strong in the support of France, dared to interfere both in Spain and Portugal in behalf of popular rights, which we would not have been allowed to do had Russia, Prussia, and Austria thought them-

selves strong enough to prevent us. Again, in 1823, though the Turkish Government was in alliance with ours, we interfered to assist the rebel Greeks to establish their independence; yet we stood idly by, never even daring to remonstrate, when the Poles were engaged in their gallant struggle for liberty in 1830, and when the Hungarians and Italians made a desperate effort in the same cause in 1848. Why was this? Was it on the ground of principle? Not at all. It was just because we *dared to interfere* in the one case, and we *dared not* in the other. Statesmen may palaver and invent explanations as they like, but the plain fact is as we have stated it. Had not Italy as good a cause against Austria as Greece had against Turkey? Were not the Poles in 1830 fighting against a foreign domination as much as Spain was from 1808 to 1814? And were not the Hungarians striking for liberty at least as nobly and rightfully as the party of Don Pedro in Portugal, or the Christinos in Spain? Undeniably so. Nay, did not Russia set the example of interference in this last case? and still we held back. We did so, humbling as the statement may be, mainly, if not solely, because we dared not do otherwise. All the Powers on the Continent were trembling for their thrones, and would have instantaneously coalesced against us had we fired a single shot in defence either of Italy or Hungary; and the *self-interest* which would have counselled us to interfere, if we had had the power, counselled us, when we had not the power, to remain quiet. In all our interventions during the last fifty years—and they are not a few—it will be found that the sole consideration which influenced our policy was self-interest, and our power to look after it. So, also, with the interventions of France, of Austria, of Russia. And to complete the statement, what but self-interest at this present moment induces England and France to take part with the Turks against the Russians? Depend upon it, it is no mere Turco-mania—no mere sentiment in favour of an ill-used people—otherwise we might as well have gone to war some years ago with the United States for making a precisely parallel aggression upon Mexico. Moreover, if the case were not as we have stated it, how comes it that we are now helping the Turks against the Greeks, instead of helping the Greeks

against the Turks, as we did in 1823? The abstract right in both cases is the same, but our position has altered, or appeared to do so. We fancied it was for our interest in 1823 to help the Greeks; and we now fancy, with a better show of reason, that it is our interest to help the Turks. *Voilà tout.*

We have thought it worth while to make these remarks on the Law of Intervention, because it is a topic which has excited considerable attention of late years, and which is evidently destined to receive some striking illustrations during the present war. Do not let it be supposed that we do not give sufficient prominence to the principle of abstract justice. We have said that that is a principle which, in practice, it is exceedingly difficult to decide upon, inasmuch as there are always two antagonistic sets of principles to be taken into account—namely, the rights of the Court and the rights of the People—and (what is not precisely the same) the interests of the governors, and the interests of the governed; the former referring to questions of democracy, and the latter to struggles of race. When such is the case, it is evident that the question of abstract justice is no guide at all; because every party thinks its own principles the right ones, whether that party be King, Court, or people, conquerors or conquered, and will seek to propagate and confirm these principles by intervention so far as it can. In practice, therefore, the question resolves itself into one of self-interest; and we may depend upon it, that whether or not we seek to strengthen our position in the present struggle by popular alliances, our adversaries will not fail to look after their interests by promoting the cause of Absolutism. Treaties are, and ever must be, made with Governments; but let us recollect, that it is the principle of the British Constitution, and one which we must now, more than ever, keep in view in our dealings with the Continental kingdoms, that “a Government exists for the people, not a people for the Government.”

The epoch of the restoration of the Bourbons, with which Sir Archibald Alison's new work commences, is a memorable one in general history, as illustrating the remarkable reactions that ever and anon come over public

opinion—and, in the history of France, as having furnished a King who was able to moderate these extremes with a rare, if not altogether unparalleled ability. The character of Louis XVIII. was pre-eminently distinguished by strong good sense, and for the tact and judgment with which he scanned the signs of the times, and chose his ministers and framed his measures in accordance with them. His intellect was clear, his observation and knowledge of the world piercing; but, though he formed strong opinions for himself, he was ready to listen to, and be convinced by others, and even when unconvinced, knew how to yield, when circumstances rendered such a course expedient. Humane and benevolent, few monarchs ever surmounted so many intestine commotions with so little effusion of blood. He had his weaknesses, but they were of a harmless kind, and interfered but little with his public duties. Lamartine has called him a “fire-side king,”—*un roi au coin du feu*; but even the brilliant pen of the eulogist of the Girondists has to bear testimony to the ability of the old Bourbon monarch. “His natural talent,” says Lamartine, speaking of his declining years, “cultivated, reflective, and quick, full of recollections, rich in anecdotes, nourished by philosophy, enriched by quotations, never deformed by pedantry, rendered him equal in conversation to the most renowned literary characters of his age. M. de Chateaubriand had not more elegance, M. de Talleyrand more wit, Madame de Stael more brilliancy. Never inferior, always equal, often superior to those with whom he conversed on every subject, yet with more tact and address than they, he changed his tone and the subject of conversation with those he addressed, and yet was never exhausted by any one. History, contemporary events, things, men, theatres, books, poetry, the arts, the incidents of the day, formed the varied text of his conversations. Since the suppers of Potsdam, where the genius of Voltaire met the capacity of Frederick the Great, never had the cabinet of a prince been the sanctuary of more philosophy, literature, talent, and taste.”

Such was the accomplished bearing of Louis XVIII. in private circles. Of the results of his public administra-

tion of affairs, Sir Archibald Alison thus speaks:—

“Alone of all the sovereigns who have ruled its destinies since the Revolution, he succeeded in conducting the Government without either serious foreign war or domestic overthrow. In this respect he was more fortunate, or rather more wise than either Napoleon, Charles X., or Louis Philippe; for the first kept his seat on the throne only by keeping the nation constantly in a state of hostility, and the two last lost their crowns mainly by having attempted to do without it. He was no common man who at such a time, and with such a people, could succeed in effecting such a prodigy. Louis Philippe aimed at being the Napoleon of Peace; but Louis XVIII. really was so, and succeeded so far that he died King of France. The secret of his success was, that he entirely accommodated himself to the temper of the times. He was the man of the age—neither before it, like great, nor behind it, like little men. Thus he succeeded in steering the vessel of the State successfully through shoals which would have in all probability stranded a man of greater or less capacity. The career of Napoleon illustrated the danger of the first, that of Charles X. the peril of the last.

“The magnitude of the services he rendered to France can only be appreciated by recollecting in what state he found, and in what he left it. He found it divided, he left it united; he found it overrun by conquerors, he left it returning from conquest; he found it in slavery, he left it in freedom; he found it bankrupt, he left it affluent; he found it drained of its heart's blood, he left it teeming with life; he found it over-spread with mourning, he left it radiant with happiness. An old man had vanquished the Revolution; he had done that which Robespierre and Napoleon had left undone. He had ruled France, and showed it could be ruled without either foreign conquest or domestic blood. Foreign bayonets had placed him on the throne, but his own wisdom maintained him on it. Other sovereigns of France may have left more durable records of their reign, for they have written them in blood, and engraven them in characters of fire upon the minds of men; but none have left so really glorious a monument of their rule, for it was written in the hearts, and might be read in the eyes of his subjects.”

When we consider the actual circumstances of this monarch's reign, the preceding eulogy cannot be regarded as exaggerated. It is impossible to conceive a King placed in greater difficulties than Louis XVIII. His accession to the throne was simultaneous with the thorough humiliation of his

country. After having had the national passions excited to the utmost by a long course of triumphs, France suddenly found herself shorn of all her conquests, humbled in her pride, with her armies defeated, her capital taken, her Emperor a captive. In the summer and autumn of 1815, upwards of a million of armed men invaded the territory of the Great Nation, from the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees; and, spreading themselves over its whole extent, systematically began the work of retribution, in return for the oppression and humiliations which their own countries had suffered from France in the days of her triumph. What is most remarkable in this epoch is the revulsion of popular feeling which it witnessed in the French people. "Nations," says Alison, "have their distinctive characters as well as individuals, and what is first impressed upon them by the signet-ring of nature as the peculiarity of the race, is rarely, if ever, changed in any subsequent period of their history. *Emporté comme une femme* has, in every age, been the distinctive temperament of the French people." At this disastrous epoch, the tide of popular enthusiasm completely turned, and Napoleon and his party became the scapegoat upon whom was laid the blame of all the miseries which now overtook the country. All classes joined in this burst of indignation. Forgetting that they themselves had been the first to swell the song of triumph as long as victory followed the Imperial standards, the whole nation threw itself, without measure and without reflection, into a fury of indignation against one man and his military foreigners. This Royalist fever was felt every whit as much in the legislature as in the country. So strong, indeed, was the Royalist party in both Chambers, that first Fouché, and then Talleyrand—both of whom (regicide though Fouché was) had from necessity been at first taken into the cabinet—were compelled to withdraw; the press, from which all restriction had been removed, teemed with pamphlets on the same side, and the royal decree for a general amnesty was so opposed and restricted by the Chambers, that the Government felt that a more democratic law of elections had become indispensable.

And this brings us to a most singular feature of the parliamentary history of

France between 1815 and 1830. On his first restoration to the throne of his fathers, in 1814, Louis XVIII., of his own will, and by his own authority, promulgated a Charter, upon which the future constitution of the country was to be based. Napoleon, of course, made a clean sweep of this during the Hundred Days; but on Louis's second restoration, in July 1815, the Charter was revived, and somewhat liberalized, again by the sole authority of the King. Nevertheless, as we have just seen, the reaction in favour of Royalism throughout the country was so great, that in the Chambers it proved too strong for the King and his ministers, who strove to preserve a *juste milieu*; and accordingly—as it was obvious that the Royalist majority would not assent to the project—a royal *coup-d'état* was struck in September, in virtue of which the Chambers were dissolved, and the law of elections, not then two months old, rendered more democratic. In the Upper House, however, where the peerage had been made hereditary again, as before the Revolution, the Royalists still maintained the ascendancy, and carried, in the teeth of the ministry, a motion adverse to the new Law of Elections; this brought matters to a crisis, and the King at length cut the Gordian knot, in March 1819, by swamping the Upper House by the creation of *sixty-three democratic Peers*! Hardly a year, however, had elapsed when the Government began to find that the new mode of election was working *too* democratically; and a ministerial measure to remedy this, after a most critical struggle in the Chamber of Deputies, was at length carried in June 1820. Aided by this measure, as well as by the fresh impulse given to Royalism by the suppression of the revolutions in Italy and the Peninsula, and still more, perhaps, out of indignation at the cruel assassination of the Duke de Berri, the Royalist party in both Chambers continued to grow in strength, so much so as to alarm the prudent old King; and at his death, in 1823, soon after the triumphal return of the French army from Spain, the aristocratic element was at least as much in the ascendant as was either needful or desirable. "After infinite difficulty," says our author, "and no small danger, the composition of the Chamber of Deputies had been put upon a practical footing, and Govern-

ment was assured of a majority sufficient for all purposes, in harmony with the great body of the Peers, and the principles of a constitutional monarchy."

Charles X., however, was a very different character from his predecessor, and his conduct was unfortunately as deficient in the qualities of pliancy and strong good sense as that of his older and wiser brother was distinguished by them. Sir Archibald Alison thus portrays him:—

"Burke said, at the very outset of the French Revolution, that if the deposed race was ever to be restored, it must be by a sovereign who could sit eight hours a-day on horseback. No sovereign could be so far removed from this requisite as Louis XVIII., whose figure was so unwieldy and his infirmities so great, that, for some years before his death, he had to be wheeled about his apartments in an arm-chair. But the case was very different with his successor. No captain in his guards managed his charger with more skill and address, or exhibited in greater perfection the noble art of horsemanship; no courtier in his saloons was more perfect in all the graces which dignify manners, and cause the inequalities of rank to be forgotten, in the courtesy with which their distinctions are thrown aside. He had little reflection, and had never thought seriously on any subject save religion, with the truths of which he was deeply impressed, in his life. He was the creature of impulse, and yielded alternately, like a woman, to many different and seemingly contradictory external influences. But that very circumstance gave, as it does to a graceful enchantress, an indescribable charm to his manner. He was princely courtesy personified. None could withstand the fascination of his manner; his bitterest enemies yielded to its influence, or were drawn by its seductions into at least a temporary acquiescence in his designs. He was a warm and faithful friend; in early youth he had been an ardent and volatile lover, but the misfortunes of middle life had trained him to more serious and manly duties. His heart was warm, his benevolence great, his charity unbounded, he sincerely desired the good of his people, and had the greatest wish for their affection.

"But with all these valuable qualities, which, under other circumstances, might have rendered him one of the most popular monarchs that ever sat upon the throne of France, he was subject to several weaknesses still more prejudicial, which, in the end, precipitated himself and his family from the throne. He was extremely fond of the chase, and rivalled many of his royal ancestors in the passion for hunting; but with him it was not a recreation to amuse his mind amidst more serious cares, but, as with

the Spanish and Neapolitan princes of the house of Bourbon, a serious occupation, which absorbed both the time and the strength that should have been devoted to affairs of State. A still more dangerous weakness was the blind submission, which increased with his advancing years, that he yielded to the Roman Catholic priesthood. He had been in former times passionately attached to a very charming lady, Madame de Pollastron; and on her death-bed he had vowed that he would never yield to a fresh passion, but devote to the Most High the fidelity which he had sworn to her in this world. He did so: but the resolution, however respectable in its principle, induced a change in his character more fatal than any female influence could by possibility have been; for it brought him under the direction, not of the changeful caprices of beauty, the very volatility of which often prevents their being attended with any serious danger, but of a firm and consistent priesthood, whose undying influence was unceasingly directed, wholly regardless of consequences, to the augmentation of the power and authority of their own body."

The influence of the *Parti Prêtre*, and the ultra-royalist tendencies of the King, soon began to show themselves. Believing that the monarchy could only be upheld by means of a close alliance with the Church, the Government did all it could to favour the ecclesiastics. The pageantries of the Romish Church were conducted with a degree of pomp and splendour that irritated the sceptical population of Paris; and the Jesuit party became so powerful, and so openly boastful of its ascendancy, as naturally to excite the bitter attacks of the press, whose liberties it struggled to extinguish. Instead of falling in with the temper of his subjects, as Louis XVIII. most conscientiously did, Charles X. took counsel only with such as held kindred sentiments with his own. The House of Peers was swamped by the creation of seventy-six Royalist members in 1827; and at length, finding that the Martignac Ministry could not get on with the Chambers, the King made matters worse, by choosing a still more royalist administration, under the rash but high-principled Prince Polignac. This occurred in August 1829;—the King dismissing his ministers with the words, "Concessions have weakened me, without satisfying my enemies." No sooner did the Chambers meet again, in the March following, than it became evident that the Ministerial party was in

a miserable minority. They were immediately prorogued, and subsequently dissolved, with orders to meet again in August; but the elections went so entirely against the Government, that a fresh *coup-d'état* was resolved on — re-dissolving the new Chamber, altering the Electoral Law, and temporarily suspending the liberty of the press. These “ordonnances,” since become so famous, appeared on the walls of Paris on the morning of the 26th of July; and on the 27th commenced the “three glorious days” which accomplished the re-dethronement of the Bourbons.

We do not think that the Revolution of 1830, and the administrative troubles of the preceding fifteen years, are attributable to the imperfections of the representative institutions established at the Restoration. Many historical instances tend to show that if a nation is competent to manage itself, it may enjoy peace and prosperity under a very imperfect form of Government. What really produced the political difficulties of the Government of the Restoration, was the newness of the institutions, the excitability of the people, and ultimately the despotism of the King. Untrained to prudence and forbearance, as the British Parliament is by centuries of experience, the rival parties in the French Chambers — the moment accident, or a sudden sway of the excitable popular mind, gave to either an ascendancy — were ever ready to push their success to the furthest possible point, without any regard to that *juste milieu*, any transgressions of which never fail to produce mischief and reaction. To preserve this *juste milieu*, was the great object of Louis XVIII. “The Charter is your best inheritance; preserve it entire, my brothers,” were his dying words; and they truly represent the principle upon which he acted. In his day royalism was in the ascendant in the Chambers, and he wisely strove to restrain its excesses. Though violations of the form, all his *coups-d'état* were made to preserve the spirit of the Constitution, and to keep the ever-headlong Chambers in harmony with the temper of the country. That the franchise was not too low, is plain from the fact that it embraced hardly 100,000 of the 35,000,000 of the population; and accordingly, as long as Louis XVIII. was on the throne, the Government could always command a majority on questions of party.

It was only when Charles X. began to carry royalism to extremes, that the Liberal party in the Chambers came to outnumber the Ministerialists. Unlike his brother's, Charles's *coups d'état* were designed not to give effect to the country's wishes, but to stifle them; and were as much on the side of extreme measures, as Louis's had been in favour of moderation. The excitability of the French people, and the corresponding extravagance of the press — the popular jealousy of the Executive, and the untrained and factious bearing of the Deputies — taken in connexion with the military spirit and habits of the urban population, and the constant tendency of the army to sympathise with the people, augmented by the circumstance of the officers being almost all of plebeian birth and fortunes — must for long render a constitutional form of Government difficult in France; more especially as there is no class of hereditary nobles like our House of Lords, influential from their wealth, and respected for their ancestral honours, to stand between the Crown and the people, and act as the balance-wheel of the constitution. In truth, a constitutional monarchy is of all forms of Government the most anomalous and the most difficult to work; and we need not wonder that it should often break down among our volatile and impassioned neighbours across the Channel.

Charles X., however, was the architect of his own fall. He arrogated to himself dictatorial power, and directed it to objects as unwise as they were unpopular; and so was most justly dethroned. The British Government had little reason to regret his fall; for, shortly before, it had come to their knowledge that he had opened negotiations with Russia which boded evil to this country and to the peace of Europe. The Emperor Alexander was very liberal in his views of Government, and when he visited Paris in 1818, he warmly praised Louis XVIII. for his prudent conduct of affairs. “I approve,” said the liberal Autocrat, “of your ordinance of 5th September, 1816. It had become indispensable to get quit of a (royalist) Chamber which dragged you back. See what I have done for Poland! Shall I be deceived in my fond desire to reconcile the two great principles of Peace and Liberty? The fermentation in Germany is alarm-

ing; but it is owing to the imprudent attempts of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia to recede from the promises which they made to their people. Let us have no Revolutionists or Jacobins, but *Christian freedom*." His successor Nicholas is a man of a very different stamp. Russian in all his views, he has no sympathy for Western freedom or civilisation; he cares nothing for the troubles of other States, save as a means of aggrandising his own, and is ready to give active support to any Court that is willing to further the hereditary policy of Russia. Charles X. was the very man for Nicholas. Charles, like all rulers who are unpopular yet wish to be absolute—of which we have too many instances in our own day—sought to strengthen his position by an intimate alliance with the Czar; and the Czar, as usual, resolved to get a *quid pro quo* for his support. Speaking of the French expedition to Algiers, our author thus details the project of those brother despots:—

"This expedition was the first of a series of measures intended to revive the military spirit of the French nation, to restore its confidence in itself, to bind anew the people to the sovereign by the strong ties of national glory, and to turn their passions from social struggles to national objects. It was intended to follow it up by the advancing the frontier to the Rhine—a project which Chateaubriand confesses in his Memoirs he had long cherished, and would, ere this time, have carried out if he had remained in power, and which had remained a secret but sacred deposit in the archives of the Cabinet. But as both the attack on Algiers and the appropriation of Belgium and the Prussian provinces on the Rhine would necessarily bring them into collision with Great Britain and Prussia, the French Government had secured to themselves a powerful ally to support them in their advances. The determination to assert the prerogative in France, and shake off the dependence on the Chambers, had, as a matter of course, been cordially approved by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, with which that of the Tuileries had been brought into close and confidential communication. The result was a secret agreement that Russia should support France in the eventual extension of its frontier to the Rhine, and France Russia in the advancing its standards to Constantinople. Prussia was to be indemnified for the loss of its Rhenish provinces by the half of Hanover, Holland, for the sacrifice of Belgium, by the other half. But this agreement, how carefully soever veiled in secrecy, came to the

knowledge of the British Government; and it was the information they had obtained in regard to it which led to the warm remonstrances against the occupation of Algiers, and to the immediate recognition of Louis Philippe by the Duke of Wellington's Administration."

Russia and France are the very antipodes of each other; and although there may be an alliance of Courts between them—as will probably be the case if the Bourbons regain the throne—there can never be any cordial co-operation between them as long as each is ruled by a sovereign animated by the spirit of his nation. Each has such a ruler at the present day, and hence the deadly feud now arising betwixt them. In these new volumes of Sir Archibald Alison, much is to be learned of the northern Colossus that now menaces the liberties of Europe. In a chapter of the second volume, which treats of the history of Russia from the Peace of 1815 to the death of the Emperor Alexander, he gives an able sketch of the character of the people, the Government, and the naval and military resources of the empire, together with a graphic and touching account of the great inundation of St. Petersburg, and the last days of the Emperor Alexander—as well as a detailed account of the conspiracy to overthrow the Government, which broke out on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas, and which bathed in blood the streets of the capital. The following is Sir Archibald's animated description of the great floods in the Neva, in 1820:—

"From the main channel, where the Neva majestically flows through superb quays of granite, surmounted by piles of palaces, there branch off, as from the great canal at Venice, numerous smaller streams, forming by their intersection so many isles, some covered with streets, and forming the most populous quarters; others adorned by beautiful villas and public gardens, the recreation of the citizens during their brief but brilliant summer. But these canals open so many entrances for the floods of the Neva or waves of the Baltic to penetrate into every part of the city. None of it is elevated in its foundations more than a few feet above the ordinary level of the water, and the spectator shudders to think that the rise of the flood, even in a small degree, may threaten the entire city with destruction.

"This was what in effect happened at this time. On several former occasions the

river had been much swollen : once, immediately before the birth of the present Emperor, it was ten feet above its ordinary level. But this was as nothing compared to the terrible inundation which now presaged his death. All the 19th of November the wind blew from the south-west with terrific violence, and brought the Baltic waves in such a prodigious mass to the mouth of the Neva, that its waters were made to regorge, and soon its quays were overflowed, and the lower parts of the city began to be submerged. This at first, however, excited very little attention, as such floods were not uncommon in the end of autumn ; but the alarm soon spread, and terror was depicted in every visage, when it rapidly ascended and spread over the whole town. By half-past ten the water in the Perspective Newski was ten feet deep ; in the highest parts of the city it was five. The Neva had risen four fathoms above its ordinary level, and, worse still, it was continuing to rise. The whole inhabitants crowded to the upper stories of the houses. Despair now seized on every heart ; the reality of the danger came home to every mind ; the awful scenes of the Deluge were realised in the very centre of modern civilisation. At Cronstadt a ship of the line was lifted up from a dry dock, and floated over the adjacent houses into the great square. At eight in the morning the cannon of alarm began to be discharged. The terrible warning, repeated every minute, so unusual amidst the ordinary stillness of the capital, proved the terror which was felt by government, and augmented the general consternation. Ships torn up from their anchors ; boats filled with trembling fugitives ; stacks of corn borne on the surface of the waves from a great distance ; cattle buffeting with the torrent, intermingled with corpses of persons drowned, or at their last gasp, imploring aid ; and immense quantities of furniture, and movables of every description, were floated on to the most intricate and secluded parts of the city. The waters continued to rise till four in the afternoon, and every one imagined that all who could not save themselves in boats would be drowned. The rush was dreadful, accordingly, into every vessel that could be seized on, and numbers perished in striving to get on board. At five in the evening the wind fell, and the water sunk as rapidly as it had risen, and by the next morning the Neva had returned to its former channel. The total loss occasioned by the wind and the inundation was estimated at 100,000,000 rubles (£4,000,000) : five hundred persons perished in the waves, and twice that number, sick or infirm, were drowned in their houses. Such had been the violence of the wind and flood, that when the waters subsided, they were found to have floated from their place cannons weighing two tons and a half.

“At the sight of this terrible calamity,

which for a time seemed to bid defiance to the utmost human efforts, the Czar, in despair, stretched forth his hands to Heaven, and implored that its anger might fall upon his own head, and spare his people. He did not, however, neglect all human means of mitigating the calamity. Throwing himself into a bark, he visited in person the quarters most threatened, distributed the troops in the way most likely to be serviceable, and exposed himself to death repeatedly in order to save his people. All would have been unavailing, however, and the city totally destroyed, if the wind had not mercifully abated, and the waters of the Neva found their usual vent into the Baltic. Munificent subscriptions followed the calamity ; the Emperor headed the list with fifty thousand pounds. The most solid houses were impregnated with salt, and in a manner ruined ; and a severe frost which set in immediately after, before the water had left the houses, augmented the general suffering by filling them with large blocks of ice. Even the most solid granite was exfoliated, and crumbled away before spring, from the effects of the frost on the humid structures. The people regarded the calamity as a judgment of Heaven for not having assisted their Christian brethren (the Greeks) during their recent persecutions from the Turks ; the Emperor, as a punishment for sins of which he was more immediately concerned in his domestic relations.”

The third volume, just published, and from which we have already given extracts, is quite a book of the day. Commencing with the revolt of the Greeks in 1820, it follows the checkered history of the contest until that “untoward affair,” the battle of Navarino, left the Sultan without a fleet, and established the independence of the Greeks. The two chapters in which those events are narrated possess a peculiar interest at the present moment, when Greece is once more in insurrection against the Government of the Turks. The third chapter is, if possible, still more attractive at the present time, for it is devoted to the history of the war between Russia and Turkey in 1828-9,—narrating the successes in Asia of Prince Paskiewitch, the conqueror of Erzeroum, and now generalissimo of the Russian forces on the Danube,—and ending with the crossing of the Balkan by General Diebitch, the advance of the Russians to Adrianople, and the final submission of the Porte to the terms of the Czar. The march of the Russian army down the southern slopes of the Balkan, and their entry

into Adrianople, are thus described by our author:—

“The Turkish army, twenty thousand strong, deceived by the exaggerated reports which had been spread of Diebitch's force, retired to the ridge of low hills, twenty-five miles in front of Constantinople, which had so often in ancient times served as a barrier against the northern barbarians. Encouraged by these circumstances, the Russian general determined on advancing to Adrianople. After giving his troops a day's rest, accordingly, at Jamboli, he advanced by forced marches down the course of the river Tomalia towards that city. Neither the ardent rays of the sun, which shone forth with uncommon brilliancy, nor the length of the marches, generally twenty miles a-day, nor the rugged nature of the roads, which were far worse than those over the Balkan, could retard the progress of the troops. On they pressed with ceaseless vigour, animated to the highest degree by the prospect of their approaching conquest. When the guns stuck fast, or the horses were unable to drag them up the ascents, the soldiers harnessed themselves in, and got them through, in which they were joyfully assisted by the peasants of the country, who beheld with transport, after an absence of four hundred years, the standards of the Cross waving in their valleys. A word from Diebitch would have excited a general insurrection against the Ottomans; but, guided by the humane orders of the Emperor, he restrained it, and approached the ancient capital of the empire, attended only by a joyful and friendly crowd. Ten thousand Turks made a show of resistance, but it was but a show; a capitulation was entered into, by which the soldiers gave up their arms and artillery, consisting of fifty-six guns, and the armed inhabitants returned to their homes. Next day the magistrates brought the keys of the city, which they laid at Diebitch's feet; the people rushed in crowds to meet their deliverers; the Russian general passed the gates of the town in triumph, and took up his residence in the palace, recently prepared for Sultan Mahmoud; and the entry of the Muscovites into the ancient capital of their hereditary enemies ‘resembled,’ says Diebitch, ‘rather a popular fête, than the military conquest of a hostile capital.’”

The remainder of the new volume is occupied with a narrative of the French Revolution of 1830, of which we have already spoken, and the monetary crisis of 1826,—thus completing a series of chapters altogether unparalleled in point of interest, and which cannot fail to secure for this volume a measure of popularity even greater than that which its predecessors have so remarkably obtained.

We cannot any further pursue our expository comments upon the portion of history embraced in those volumes. We desire rather, viewing the work nearly as an object of literary criticism, to express our opinion as to the style in which it is executed. We are pleased—nay, delighted with the work; but it has blemishes,—and after a calm consideration, we think we can tell wherein the work pleases, and wherein it fails.

Like a true artist, Sir Archibald Alison begins his work by giving an anticipatory review of his subject—a Pisgah view of the ground he is to travel over—in order that the reader may be enabled to appreciate the relative importance of the events as they occur, and their bearing upon the ultimate issue. Next, proceeding to the body of the work, he prefaces the narrative of events occurring in each country during the period embraced in his History—first of all, by a description of the physical appearance and resources of that particular country, and the number and character of its population—giving, moreover, a graphic glimpse of the leading events of its previous history; so that, in truth, his History presents an ever-shifting panorama of the various countries embraced within the limits of the civilised world. Coming next to the pure narrative—the kernel portion of his work—we find that he treats it in the grand, broad style—eliminating unimportant details, concentrating his strength upon the leading points of his narrative, and briefly and rapidly passing over the merely connecting portions. He is no literary pre-Raphaelite, like Macaulay—rounding every sentence, and treating every detail with the most perfect finishing; and by so doing, we think, he not only saves much valuable time, and spares himself much superfluous labour, but likewise acts upon wiser principles of art, and avoids fatiguing and straining the mind of the reader. Another great feature in Alison's writings, is the attention he pays to the æsthetic principle of *relief*—ever and anon breaking the symmetrical proportions of his work for the sake of giving to it more life and animation. Thus, for instance, in his chapter on Russia, in the second volume of his new work, the reader finds the last days of the Emperor Alexander given at a length altogether out of

proportion to their actual importance ; but the reader never thinks of this, and reads on delightedly. So also with the flood at St. Petersburg — which, we need hardly say, had no influence whatever upon the History of Europe ; but the animated account of which produces a most grateful feeling in the mind of the reader, who has been poring over long pages of important but comparatively uninteresting matter. He ceases for the moment to think, to study, — and only enjoys. It is like a man taking up a book of poetry after the fatigue of exact thinking, of logical exertion ; or like the moving and enlivening effect of music upon one who is jaded and care-worn with the work of the day. *Relief*, in fact, in art, appeals to the emotional part of man's nature, in the same way as symmetry finds a response in the intellectual ; and we know few better tests of a first-rate artist than his power of blending these opposite principles in his works — whether these be literary, musical, or pictorial—in such a way as to produce the most satisfying effect upon the general mind.

Such are the principles of literary art upon which Sir Archibald Alison manifestly seeks to frame his works ; and they are those which we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be the best. The *impartiality* of his narrative has been repeatedly acknowledged and eulogised, even by his political antagonists, and needs no commendation from us. However one may differ from the opinions he expresses, or conclusions he deduces, the facts which he gives may always be relied upon. He states his own opinions boldly ; but he leaves an equal liberty of judgment to his readers, and never seeks to bolster up his peculiar views by presenting in his narrative only a one-sided aspect of the facts. Whenever he comes to an important fact or event, he never fails to express an opinion as to its relation to preceding, or its influence upon subsequent occurrences. This is the most important office which an historian can discharge towards his readers, and it is one which no historian ever attempted to the same extent as Alison ; but also it is, of all others, perhaps, the most difficult. It cannot be done off-hand and in haste ; and hence our author not unfrequently fails in this respect. For example, in the work now under review, he more than

once says that the French king's *coup-d'état*, in September 1816, by which he rendered more liberal the constitution of the Chamber, was a main cause of the overthrow of the monarchy in 1830,—although that measure was itself modified in 1821, and was, moreover, even in the opinion of the Russian Emperor, a wise and beneficial one. So, also, Louis XVIII's. creation of sixty peers in the liberal interest in 1819, is said to have finally given the ascendancy in the administration to the Liberals ; although we find that at no time during Louis XVIII's. reign could the democratic party in the Chambers beat the Ministerialists, even on party questions ; and that royalism, on the contrary, grew stronger and stronger in the Chambers between 1821 and 1824, necessitating the resignation first of the Ministry of M. Decaze, then that of the Duke de Richelieu, and finally installing that of M. Villèle—the last of which triumphs of royalism, a proceeding so contrary to the moderate sentiments of the King, that he expressed himself in the strong terms—“ I consider myself annihilated from this moment.”

We might point out not a few mistakes of similar kind, but lesser note, did we not remember that the defects of a work ought always to be judged of in relation to its size. A defect which every one would pronounce unpardonable in a sonnet, is passed unnoticed, or without a word of censure, when occurring in an epic poem. We ought to bear in mind, too, that this is not only a very large work, but also that this is its first edition. Sir Archibald Alison is not a *roi faineant* of literature, who folds his arms complacently after completing a work, and never thinks of clearing away the imperfections incidental to composition. His former History is a remarkable instance of his attention to correction ; and no ordinary reader of that work has any idea of the labour which has been bestowed upon the revision of the successive editions, or of the amount of improvement effected in matters of detail. The same thing will unquestionably be done to the present work ; and, so far from critically sneering at the imperfections which are visible in it, we accept them as inseparable from that haste of composition which, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, we do not desire to see exchanged for a

slower and more perfect method. The author, though still possessing the full health and strength of ripe manhood, has now reached that age when the thread of life grows brittle, and subject to sudden crises; and though we trust the day is still far distant when the most powerful pen of the age shall grow fatigued and overborne with its work, still it is most desirable that the completion of a great history like this should be exposed to as little risk as possible. There is but one man who can write such a history, and that is Alison; but there are many who could retouch and perfect it. Let us, then, by all means, have the work with as little delay as possible. And we trust the illustrious author will long be spared, not only to complete the great mission of his life, but also himself to put the finishing touch to his work, and see it stand forth a *κτῆμα υἱοῦ αὐτοῦ*—as perfect in execution as it is great in design.

"The modern English mind," says Mr. Ruskin, "has this much in common with that of the Greek, that it intensely desires in all things the utmost completion or perfection compatible with their nature. This is a noble character in the abstract, but becomes ignoble when it causes us to forget the relative dignities of that nature itself, and to prefer the perfectness of the lower nature to the imperfection of the higher; not considering that in the works of man, those which are more perfect in their kind are always inferior to those which are in their nature liable to more faults and shortcomings. For, the finer the nature, the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form." These are just remarks—applicable to all art—and the truth which they contain will find expression in the comments of every critic of Alison's writings who is in any degree worthy of his theme.

The *lumen siccum*—the clear Aristotelian light of the intellect, which sees the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is a quality which Sir Archibald Alison is not deficient in (for he has given proofs of possessing it in no ordinary degree), but which the haste in which he composes prevents him adequately exhibiting in his historical writings. He does not allow

himself time to think out all the bearings of the events upon which he pronounces judgment; and so, not unfrequently, he expresses only a portion of the truth, instead of the truth in all its entirety. But, like all minds of the highest class, he possesses an intuitive or quasi-intuitive power of discerning the truth, — a power which (though, like all others, susceptible of cultivation) is as much born with a man as the inspiration of the poet—nay, is that very peculiar form of poetic inspiration which, because resembling the prophetic, won for the bard of old the title of *vates*.

"In Roman mouth the graceful name
Of Poet and of Prophet was the same."

Whether this intuitive power be not, in many cases, actually an instantaneous perception of truth by the soul—in the same way as a mirror instantaneously reflects in its true aspect all objects presented to it; or whether it be, in all, merely the logical processes performed with a rapidity which baffles our mental perception—even as the transit of the lightning-flash appears to be instantaneous, though in reality it is not—we shall not tarry here to inquire. Suffice it to say that this mental gift has done much for Sir Archibald Alison in all his writings; enabling him, in all the leading points of history, to discern the truth with a rare sagacity, and not seldom, also, to perceive those shadows of coming events which to all ordinary eyes are invisible, but which stalk before the rapt eye of genius like real presences—very ghosts of the Future.

It has been said of the great Burke, that "his knowledge of history amounted almost to prescience." But this phrase does not explain itself—for the writer did not comprehend the thing of which he spoke. A knowledge of history is always most valuable, but no more confers the power of prescience than an acquaintance with the signs of algebra enables one to discover an unknown quantity. Epochs of the world's history appear to revolve in cycles; but the epoch of to-day always differs more or less from its prototype in former times. Hence, though to common eyes such epochs seem alike, the results are different,—a single accessory, present in the one case and absent in the other, sufficing to alter the issue, and baffle the expecta-

tions of those who think they can understand the events of to-day by a mere reference to those of yesterday. What really produces human prescience is—Knowledge; not using the word in its lowest sense (*i. e.*, the mere acquisition of details), but in its very highest—the *understanding*, the *comprehending* of things—the perception of their very essence, as well as external appearance; not a mere looking at a thing as at the outside of a tulip-bulb, but the discernment of its inner folds, piercing down to the very germ, wherein the Future lies visible in embryo. Suddenly open the eyes of a man from whom Nature, by some apparent caprice, has hitherto shut out the sights and sounds, and with them a knowledge of the phenomena of the outer world, and show him the seed or germ of a rose-plant; tell him you mean to put it in the earth, and ask him what he expects it to be some months hence. He will answer, “The same as now;” and will be astonished to find that it has grown a plant, with roots striking downwards and a leafy stem shooting up. Ask him again what he expects it by-and-bye to become, and taught by former failure, he will probably attempt no answer. But, after having seen it pass from germ to plant, and shoot out now leaves, now branches, now buds, and, lastly, full-blown roses, ever growing larger and more beautiful; ask him then what he thinks will happen next, and he will assuredly answer that he expects some other and still fuller development of the plant, although he cannot say what that next development may be. Instead of this, to his surprise the rose droops, the leaves fall, the stem withers, the plant dies, or seems to die—fading so utterly that, were you to promise him that by-and-bye you would yet cull for him a rosy bouquet from its branches, he would only remain si-

lent in confessed ignorance or amazement. Or, take your boy to a cloth-mill, and show him some wool put into a box at one end of a machine,—would he believe you, save by the blessed instinct of filial faith, that that loose and fleecy substance would reappear at the other end of the machine in the shape of broadcloth? Or finally, take Babbage’s calculating-machine, and say who, but one most intimately conversant with its marvellous and intricate structure, could foretell its operations? After seeing it roll out numbers upon numbers in a steady and never-varying series, through myriads and millions up to a point where sums become almost unreadable and incomprehensible in their vastness, not even the most intelligent of observers could ever expect that at last a change would set in, the old series be departed from, and a new principle come into play. Only the man who had mastered the structure of the instrument in all its entirety, who knew its nature to the very core, could predict so unexpected and apparently impossible a result.

Even so is it that a far-seeing writer like Alison occasionally utters predictions of the future, which seem but “idle tales” to the community at large, and discerns a hidden germ of reaction in a movement which is destined in due time to reverse its current—or the rising of some cloud “no bigger than a man’s hand” on the horizon of Europe, which in another generation will be sweeping over and altering the face of the civilised world. In this respect, as in many others, his volumes are replete with instruction, and of peculiar interest in these times of coming crises. And we may conclude with the remark, that if his former work were a “portal to the Present,” this one is the Present itself; and consequently, to all those who can read its pages aright, a key to the Future.

FRENCH DRAMATISTS AND ACTORS.—NO. II.

MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL.

MADEMOISELLE DUMESNIL has left behind her the reputation of having been the greatest tragic actress the French Theatre ever produced. Madlle. Clairon is often estimated as ranking next to her, but the best critics hesitate to place them in equal positions. They may be considered the Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill of France—their peculiar styles being marked by the same distinctive attributes. In regular succession they were followed by Duchesnois and Georges, who continued the line with undiminished lustre. Dumesnil lived to a very advanced period of life. She survived her retirement from the stage twenty-seven years, and died on the 21st of February, 1803, being then more than ninety. She made her first appearance in Paris in 1737, and her last, in 1776; having performed for several seasons in the country before she obtained an engagement in the metropolis, it may be computed that her theatrical career continued for half a century.

Marie Françoise Dumesnil was born in 1713, and never married. Her peculiar strength lay in representing parts which required queenly dignity, deep pathos, agonised grief, or the vehement display of anger, jealousy, and despair. She trusted much to physical energy and rapid transition, but regulated her powers at the same time by sound judgment, and a strict regard to the dictates of nature. Her object was to produce great effects, and to excite the audience to a rapture of applause, perhaps twice or thrice in the course of a long and arduous character. Her tactics resembled those of a general who concentrates his force for one great action, instead of hazarding it in doubtful skirmishes. Clairon always pleased in the characters in which Dumesnil astonished. In the terrible part of Phedre, in Racine's celebrated tragedy, Dumesnil was said

to have exceeded Madlle. Champmêlé, for whom the character was originally written, and who studied under the author himself, in the double capacity of his pupil and mistress. Racine was so charmed with the performance of the fair Champmêlé, that he declared Phedre would die with her; but he altered his opinion, and punished her infidelity in a bitter sarcasm (which Boileau rhymed into an epigram), when she deserted him for the Count of Clermont-Tonnerre.* On this domestic disruption, another wit of the day composed the following quatrain, which cannot be translated, as the point lies in the play upon names:—

“ A la plus tendre amour, elle fut destinée,
Qui prit long tems Racine dans son cœur ;
Mais par un insigne malheur,
Le Tonnerre est venu, qui l'a devacinée.”

An anecdote is told of Dumesnil, connected with her performance of Cleopatre in Marmontel's tragedy of the same name, which came out in 1750, and was ever one of her favourite representations. When preparing for death, in a frenzy of passion, she exclaims—

“ Je maudirois les dieux, s'ils me rendraient le jour.”

“ I should curse the gods, if they restored me back to life.”

An old officer, seated immediately behind, in one of the balcony boxes, was so carried away by the reality of the scene, that he struck her violently on the back, exclaiming with great vehemence, “ Infernal cat, go to the devil at once!” This act of extravagance interrupted the performance, and for the moment utterly confounded the actress; who, nevertheless, at the end of the play, thanked the enthusiastic auditor for paying her the highest compliment which the powerful fidelity of her impersonation could have called forth. It was so with

* La Champmêlé was a pluralist in her affections, and a married woman besides. “ Here are six of us,” said Racine, “ all her devoted lovers, and the only one not jealous is her husband.”

Sandford, who considered himself unsuccessful in a villain, unless intelligible disapprobation was showered upon him; and it has also been said of Cooke, that he looked upon hisses as the surest evidence of his excellence in Stukely or Iago. A French audience is much more apt to be subdued by the intensity of an actor, than an English one. In proof of this, innumerable examples might be quoted. On another occasion, when Dumesnil, as Merope, was proceeding to order the death of Egiste, not knowing who he was, a voice from the pit, almost inarticulate with sobs, cried out, "Don't kill him; he is your own son!" During a performance of *Britannicus*, a grenadier posted on the stage, after the custom of the time, was so intent on the action of the play, and so indignant at the treachery of Narcissus, that he presented his musket at the actor, and would have shot him dead, had he not been prevented. Preville was once going on as Larissolle, in the *Mercure Galant*, when the sentry placed in the wing, taking him actually for a drunken soldier, stopped him, and exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, comrade, don't appear in that state, or I shall be sent to the black-hole!"

The tragedy of *Cleopatre*, by Marmontel, is a very poor affair, and succeeded with great difficulty. Crebillon pronounced the subject unfit for the tragic muse, and more suited to an opera. In those days there was a law in France against hissing in the pit, a regulation which was strictly enforced by the presence of a detachment of gens-d'armes. On the first representation of Marmontel's play, towards the end, a furious sibilation proceeded from a solitary mouth in the very centre of the interdicted arena. The police rushed towards the spot to seize the daring infractor of the law, but he had the activity and good-fortune to escape; whereupon the whole audience burst out into an immoderate roar of laughter, which was not forbidden during the representation of a tragedy, although much more likely to produce a fatal effect. In the play, as in history, Cleopatra kills herself by the bite of an asp. The celebrated mechanic, Vaucanson, was employed to construct this reptile, which he did with such exquisite skill, that it not only twisted itself with all the plasticity of living nature, but hissed loudly

when the Egyptian queen applied it to her neck. The house rang with applause, and Vaucanson saved Marmontel. After the piece was over, "What do you think of this?" said his next neighbour to Voltaire, who happened to be present. "I am of the opinion of the asp," replied the caustic satirist. Marmontel was greatly discomfited by the cold reception of his play on the first night, and appealed to the king; but he declined to interfere, saying, "I will not allow the pit to hiss, but to interdict laughing at a tragedy, is beyond the reach even of royal authority."

Merope, in Voltaire's tragedy, was another of the parts in which Madlle. Dumesnil established a high reputation. In this, for the first time, she broke through the old conventional rule which prescribed a stately, measured cadence of step, and a fixed position, no matter what might be the excitement of the situation, or the intensity of the passion to be expressed. In the fifth act, the young prince, Egiste, is on the point of being executed, when Merope, in the last agony of despair, exclaims—"Stop—he is my son!" Dumesnil, on uttering these words, rushed across the stage with the force and rapidity of lightning, and threw herself upon his neck, to the surprise of the audience and the utter bewilderment of the critics, who, until then, had not the most remote suspicion that a mother, in such a situation, ought to depart from her ordinary collected demeanour, or quicken her step. In common with all first-rate artists, Dumesnil possessed the power of producing great effects with small materials. One of her most extraordinary performances was in the little part of the Mother of Rhodope, in Boursault's comedy of *Esopé à la Cour*. This is the old woman of the piece, who only appears once. The comedy itself is a mere series of disconnected scenes. The mother complains to Esop that her daughter (become rich) has left her destitute in abject poverty. When Mademoiselle Dumesnil uttered the line—

"J'ai loué cet habit pour paraître un peu brave."

And again—

"Pour m'avoir reconnue, en suis je moins sa mere?"

the whole house burst into tears and sobs, as an accompaniment to the natural pleading of the actress.

The theatrical character and pretensions of Dumesnil have been sketched by her rival and contemporary, Clairon, in her own memoirs. The portrait is a little qualified by professional jealousy and prejudice, and must be received with due allowance. Without adopting her judgment in its full extent, we may perceive that it contains much that is true and correct. Clairon was the youngest, by ten years, but both died in 1803. Sturz,* a German *savant* and critic, resident at that time in Paris, writing to Garrick in 1768, speaks rather disparagingly of Dumesnil; but she was then in her fifty-sixth year, and her powers might reasonably be supposed to be on the wane. He says — “I have also seen Madlle. Dumesnil, who used to enter like a lowering cloud, and dart lightning around her. Her performance altogether did not please me; her talents are exhausted.” Sturz, it must be recollected, was an enthusiastic admirer of Clairon, although not blind to her faults. “She (Dumesnil) played Agrippina, and in some places exerted her strength so far as to make the heart shudder at her sufferings, but she likewise pronounced whole sentences with cold monotony, and thus again destroyed the impression.” Great actors and actresses have often been compelled to adopt this course in very arduous characters, from a necessity of husbanding their physical powers. John Kemble’s asthma sometimes forced him to slumber through subordinate scenes, that he might wake up with overpowering energy in particular passages. Here follows the substance of Mademoiselle Clairon’s critical analysis of her sister of the buskin.

“Mademoiselle Dumesnil had no particular advantage of beauty or figure. Her physiognomy, her size, her appearance altogether, though without any natural defect, seemed characteristic of the manner of a bourgeoisie, deficient in grace and elegance, and often on a level with those of the very lowest classes of the people. However, her head was finely formed and well placed, her eyes expressive and commanding, and when she pleased, capable of inspiring respect, awe, and even

terror. Her voice, deficient in flexibility, seldom touched the feelings; but it was strong, sonorous, and in every respect adequate to the most violent bursts of passion. Her pronunciation was pure; she had no impediment as to the volubility of her utterance. Her action was occasionally too violent for a woman, it had neither ease nor delicacy, but she was extremely sparing in its use. Full of warmth and pathos, nothing could be more overpowering than her personification of maternal distress and despair. The true expression of nature which she displayed in such characters, rendered her acting as near the sublime as can be conceived. The passions of love, ambition, or pride, were but faintly represented by her; but as she was still young, jealous of rivalry, and ambitious of acquiring the reputation of the first actress of the age, great hopes were entertained of her emulation and future experience. Such was Madlle. Dumesnil when I first appeared in Paris.

“The system of study to which I had devoted myself, from the first moment when I assumed the stage as a profession, by making me sensible of my own defects, in a few years taught me to discern those of others. I perceived that the object of Mademoiselle Dumesnil was rather to captivate the multitude than to please a few select connoisseurs. A ranting manner, singularly abrupt transitions, a familiar mode of utterance, more suited to comedy than tragedy, and a vulgar action, often superseded those grand and impressive beauties, of which she had before given such eminent proofs. The ignorant and unreflecting exclaimed, ‘*Bravo! Nature! Bravo!*’ I, who admitted great talents even in a rival, could not avoid regretting the change I perceived, and I took the liberty of inquiring the cause. ‘You were pursuing with such certainty the road to fame,’ said I, ‘that I cannot conceive how or why you have voluntarily deviated from it. Safe in the esteem of the public, as well as in your own approbation, what can you possibly propose to yourself by such eccentricities? Does the laugh you now excite appear more flattering to you

* Sturz was in the suite of the King of Denmark when he visited England in 1768, and then became acquainted with Garrick.

than the admiration you formerly experienced? Does it become you to confound Semiramis* with the wife of Sganarelle? What can you mean by these forced tones at the end of every couplet? To what object are you sacrificing your understanding, your reason, and your talents? Whatever may be the advantages you expect to derive from your new system, I assure you it afflicts me, and my frankness in telling you so is a proof of it.'

" 'I have listened to you,' she replied; 'and I return you my thanks. Your anxiety on my account appears disinterested, and I shall answer you without reserve. You are aiming at what you consider truth and perfection, points you will never reach, and which no one would understand, even if you attained them. The number of persons of real sound judgment in a mixed assembly, such as a crowded theatre (supposing there should be any at all), may possibly amount to one or two; the remainder judge without examination, depending upon the opinions of others, or the established reputation of the performer. Rapid utterance, overpowering volubility, bursts of passion, and whatever is singular and uncommon, strike them; they are hurried away by the impulse of the moment, and applaud with rapture. Let one person start up and exclaim "*Bravo!*" and the word is instantly echoed by the entire audience. Your deep and learned researches are too profound for the multitude; the public neither perceive, understand, nor are affected by them. Your solitary connoisseur, whose passions are in general repressed by age, wisdom, constitutional coldness, or experience, conceals his impression, whatever it may be, without daring to manifest it. An audience, on leaving the theatre, mixes with the rest of the public, and imparts its enthusiasm. "Whence come you? What was the play? Who were the performers?" "Mesdemoiselles Dumesnil and Clairon; the former was applauded to the skies, the latter appeared cold

and formal." It is thus our reputations as actresses are formed, and, depend upon it, if you continue the same course you have hitherto pursued, I shall be exalted to the skies, and you will be left grovelling upon earth.'

" 'I am far,' answered I, 'from having attained the object I propose; but I already begin to perceive that, in spite of all you say, it is within reach. The path is long and arduous, but I do not venture a step without the aid of study and reason. Who constantly searches after truth, must, sooner or later, arrive at it; while those who pursue a dazzling illusion, are sure to be misled. The public is not so ignorant as you would have it believed to be. You seem to forget how often it forms an accurate judgment upon the works submitted to its decision. The finest thoughts and most delicate sentiments are those which make the strongest and most immediate impression. Even the galleries, which one would naturally suppose are composed of that part of the public the least difficult to be pleased, will admit of no fault in violation either of history, language, or the manners and consistency of the personages represented in a drama. The more I examine these points, the more sanguine I am that my studies will not be thrown away. You see that I always command attention, frequently encouragement; and if you continue to have no other guide than folly, the balance will be the reverse of that which you have predicted.'

"From that moment I redoubled my researches, and reflected more than ever before I ventured to appear in a new character; while Mademoiselle Dumesnil pursued, without restraint, the impulsive system she had adopted. This talented actress, who might have been the best the world had ever seen—but the pen drops from my hand in unavailing regret."

Here La Clairon concludes her lecture; and it will be readily conceded that her arguments are of a higher

* The gentle Clairon, who lectured her rival on the practice of assisting nature by mechanical effect, had no objection sometimes to copy her example. At the last rehearsal of Voltaire's *Semiramis*, Dumesnil ordered an accompaniment of thunder throughout a particular soliloquy, which greatly increased the impression of the scene. In the fifth act, Clairon demanded thunder also, in a similar situation. "How will you have it?" cried out the property-man, from above, "long or short?" "Exactly like what you gave Mademoiselle Dumesnil," was the answer.

order than those of her competitor. But Clairon, with all her excellencies, was somewhat methodical in her style, and trusted too much to study, and too little to natural feeling. Perfection in the histrionic art can only be attained by a skilful blending of both; but to produce strong effects, nature must ever predominate over fixed rules. Sturz, from whom we have already quoted, bears strongly upon this principle in his correspondence with Garrick, and particularly when speaking of Clairon. He says:—"Shall I now, as I have taken upon me the scurvy occupation of a critic, who, like a fraudulent dealer, sells no incense without alloy—shall I confess to the acknowledged friend of Mademoiselle Clairon, that it appeared to me as if this great representative of every feeling seemed herself to feel but little; all her points seemed to be studied, and every minute action previously fixed upon? She understands, like the ancients, how to modulate her voice, and can, I have no doubt, account for every note. I am, 'tis true, convinced that enthusiastic spirits can as little form an actor as talent alone. He must, like the statuary, long make life and nature his study. But Horace is, nevertheless, right, when he says that we cannot affect others, unless we ourselves are affected."

To these remarks Garrick replies as follows:—"Mdlle. Clairon has everything that art and a good understanding, with natural spirit, can give her; but her heart has none of those instantaneous feelings, that life-blood, that keen sensibility, that electrical fire, which bursts at once from genius, and shoots through the veins, 'marrow, bones, and all,' of every spectator. She is so conscious and certain of what she can do, that she never suffers the emotion of the moment to come upon her unexpectedly; but I pronounce that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself. The incidental circumstance, the warmth of the scene, has sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his own surprise as that of the audience. Thus I make a difference between a great genius and a good actor. The

first will realise the feelings of his characters, and be transported beyond himself; while the other, with great powers and sense, will give extreme pleasure; but he never, as Horace says—

" ' Pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus.' "

Your idea of the French most exactly agrees with mine. Their *politesse* has reduced their characters to such a sameness, their humours and passions are so curbed by habit, that when you have seen half a-dozen French men and women, you have seen the entire nation. In England, every man is a distinct being, and requires a distinct study to investigate him. It is from this great variety that our comedies are less uniform than the French, and our characters more strong and dramatic."

While speaking of Mdlle. Dumesnil, we ought not to pass over in silence another of her eminent contemporaries, who preceded her by a few years in point of time—Jeanne Catherine Gaussin, the favourite performer of Voltaire, and the original representative of his *Zaire*; immortalised by the poet in a copy of verses prefixed to the first printed edition of the play, and equally celebrated for her beauty and ability. Of low origin and little education, she possessed a natural elegance, taste, and grace, which triumphed over all obstacles, and placed her name high in the roll of theatric reputation. She succeeded best in parts of passionate tenderness, but was equally capable of sustaining characters of broad comic humour. In 1758, she married an Italian, named Toalaigo, who had been an opera dancer; retired from the stage five years later, on religious scruples, and died in 1767. Mdlle. Dumesnil continued to act until she reached her grand climacteric, in 1776; her younger rival, Clairon, having left the throne of Melpomene to her sole possession eleven years before. It would have been well for her fame if she had not tarried on the scene of early triumphs, until her powers were enfeebled, and she presented but a faint shadow of what she once had been.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

THIS great ornament of the French stage was born of humble parents, in

1723, at the little village of St. Wanon de Condé, near Condé in French Flan-

ders. She was a seven months' child, and apparently so little likely to live, and so feeble, that it was deemed expedient that she should be baptized a few hours after her birth. Her infancy and early youth passed without indulgent tenderness, and with scarcely any education. At eleven years of age she could barely read. Her catechism and missal were the only books with which she was familiar; and her head was stuffed with idle tales of apparitions and sorcerers, which were constantly related to her as authentic history. She has left her own memoirs, composed long after her retirement from public life, in the ease and leisure of declining years, and containing a lively description of her thoughts, feelings, and opinions, private and professional, at different important epochs. The book may be depended on about as much as autobiographies in general, which, without absolutely perverting facts, alter them so by prejudicial inferences, that it is not always easy to recognize the truth. All persons take a favourable view of their own actions and motives, and either mistake from false judgment, or intentionally misrepresent, to make out the most favourable case they can for themselves. There can be no doubt that we know the incentive causes of our actions better than our most intimate friends can divine them; but do we always tell them truly to ourselves? and if not, are we likely to be more candid when we parade them for the inspection of the world? Vanity is inseparable from the self-chronicler — and vanity is assuredly not a good foundation for truth. The confessions of a "seraphic madman," like Rousseau, as he was mildly denominated by Bishop Warburton, can never be quoted as a type of ordinary human character.

The father of the young Hypolite Clairon having died while she was yet a child, the family removed to Paris. Her mother, severe and violent, from ignorance, superstition, and habit, rather than natural temperament, treated her with systematic harshness; told her she must earn her bread by manual labour, and never suffered her to sit for five minutes without a needle in her fingers. She had a natural antipathy to work of this kind, but said little, while she did nothing. Her disposition was strangely compounded of passive gen-

leness and indomitable decision. At length some neighbours, touched by her beauty, intelligence, and docility, prevailed upon her mother to take away the needles, and leave the child to herself. She was then constantly shut up alone in a room, which looked upon the street; but as the windows were high and closed, she was unable to amuse herself by examining the casual passengers. By standing on a chair she could peep into the opposite house, then occupied by Mademoiselle Dangeville, a young actress of the French Theatre, the predecessor of Mars, and the most accomplished *soubrette* the Parisian boards had ever produced. She was taking a lesson in dancing, surrounded by her mother and family, who looked on with delight at her graceful movements, and encouraged her with caresses and applause. The young Hypolite felt at once the bitter contrast of their destinies, and descending from her chair, burst into an agony of tears. "What have you been doing?" exclaimed her mother, as she burst angrily into the room, and disturbed her reverie. "Nothing," replied the child, suddenly terrified into a falsehood; "having no occupation, I fell asleep." Being often punished by solitary confinement, she had many opportunities of watching the movements of her new divinity, which she studied with intense curiosity, and with such profitable advantage, that all the visitors of the house concluded, from her increased grace and elegance of manners, that she had been under the tuition of masters. Even her mother perceived and noticed the improvement with approbation. In the meantime, her secret weighed heavily upon her mind, and she became ardently anxious to discover who and what her fascinating neighbour could be. A friend and visitor, who had always paid her more attention than the rest, at length informed her of the nature of a theatre, and that Mademoiselle Dangeville was one of its leading attractions. She promised even to take her to a play, and with much difficulty prevailed upon her mother to consent. The good woman considered a play-house the high-road to damnation, and growled long and loudly before she yielded.

Hypolite was permitted to enter the theatre, and saw the *Earl of Essex* of Thomas Corneille, and the *Amorous Follies* of Regnard. She remained si-

lent in absorbed attention throughout the performance; and when she returned home, was unable to eat her supper, or articulate a word. Her mother, probably expecting some amusement from her minute account of what she had seen, flew into a passion, at her apparent listlessness, and sent her angrily out of the room, exclaiming, "Get along to bed, you stupid animal!" Her mind was too much occupied with the new world that had broken in on her to sleep; and the next morning, she took the whole family by surprise, repeating to them more than an hundred verses of the tragedy, and two-thirds of the entertainment. In doing this, she changed her voice according to the character and situation, and copied the manner of the different actors so exactly, that her auditors were no less astonished by her prodigious memory than by her extraordinary powers of imitation. The admiration and encouragement of the rest had no effect upon her mother, who exclaimed with a frown that she would a thousand times rather see her make a gown or a shift, than hear her recite all that nonsense. The child, seeing that she was supported, declared resolutely that she would never work, and was determined to be an actress. She was then beaten, and abused into silence, threatened with starvation, and for two months endured cruel privations, which had no effect beyond strengthening her determination. At length, through the intercession of a friend whom she consulted, her mother relaxed in her cruel treatment, and yielded to her daughter's wishes, who was taken to rehearse before Deshais, a leading actor of the Italian theatre. He saw the innate talent of the young candidate, and introduced her to his companions. She obtained an appearance at the early age of thirteen, and was received with unanimous applause. Her mother then became reconciled to the step she had taken, and supplied her with masters, under whom, by natural quickness, and a most retentive memory, she soon made up for the absence of early instruction. But being small of stature, even for her age, very young, and without powerful interest, she was compelled, at the end of a year, to seek an engagement elsewhere. Accordingly she repaired to the country, and performed at Rouen for several seasons. As she approached towards

womanhood, and her beauty increased, she was, as might have been expected, assailed by many suitors, and was nearly forced by her mother into a distasteful marriage, from which, however, she contrived to escape with the independent spirit and firmness which never deserted her through life. Another disappointed lover, named Galliard, revenged himself by a most unmanly libel, in the form of a biographical notice, which has been unjustly attributed to the pen of the Count de Caylus. From Rouen, the young Clairon proceeded to Ghent, where she was tempted by the offer of an immense settlement from an English nobleman, of high rank and fortune. Lord M——. But the young enthusiast was a patriot, and loved her country, as she admired her art. She considered England as the natural foe of France, and listened to no advances proceeding from the ranks of the enemy. Returning to Paris, she appeared at the opera. Being gifted with a voice of great compass, although indifferently skilled in music, she succeeded beyond her expectations; but success in this line afforded her little satisfaction, her object being to establish herself as a great tragic actress. At the end of four months, she resigned her operatic engagement, and offered herself to the Theatre François, where she was readily accepted. The managers expected that she would, after the usual custom, be content to appear in a secondary character, and work her way by degrees. She boldly demanded for her début, the great part of Phedre, in which Mademoiselle Dumesnil stood without a rival. The authorities were astonished, and endeavoured to resist what they looked upon as unprecedented audacity; but the young actress was determined to carry her point. "Either you want me, or you do not," she observed, in reply to their urgent remonstrances. "I have a right to choose my opening part; and I play Phedre, or I play not at all." On the 19th September, 1748, she passed through the ordeal with the most triumphant success. At that time she had not completed her twentieth year. The *Mercur de France*, the great critical organ of the day, contained the following paragraph:—"On the 19th inst., the tragedy of *Phedre* was performed at the François, in which a new actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, presented herself for the first

time. She performed the leading character with universal applause. This young lady possesses quick intelligence, and expressed, in a very beautiful voice, the different feelings by which she appeared to be affected. Nature has gifted her with a happy combination of talents suitable to the representation of youth, beauty, and personal attraction." This amounted to great encouragement from a source so influential. The *Mercure* was looked up to as the oracle of public opinion, and a dictum pronounced in its pages amounted either to a passport, or a sentence of condemnation. After this, the progress of Clairon was safe and rapid, while she assisted her own advance by the most indefatigable application.

In the course of these studies, she found dancing necessary for the graceful carriage of her person, and for the different gestures requisite in the various parts she was called on to represent; drawing, for the study of attitudes; singing, for the modulation of voice; grammar, to ascertain the import, pronunciation, and expression of words; versification, to do justice to the metrical art; geography, mythology, and, above all, history, to acquire a knowledge of the religions, customs, and manners of the personages of different periods and nations brought upon the stage. This intelligent and persevering actress did not confine her studies to the mechanical parts of her profession; she tried to investigate the dominant passions of the human heart, in order to analyze and seize their different shades; and it was by such minute examination, as she informs us, that she enabled herself to discriminate irony from disdain, disdain from contempt, warmth of temper from violent passion, impatience from wrath, fear from fright, and fright from terror. These delicate pencilings distinguish the accomplished artist from the coarse dauber, and mark the line between ordinary capacity and exalted genius. The canons laid down by Mademoiselle Clairon in her memoirs, the result of long reflection towards the close of a protracted life, offer a profitable field of instruction, with a guide who seldom deviates into an erroneous path. Many of our own leading performers have trusted almost exclusively to natural gifts and the routine of practice, without faith in the efficacy of study. Mrs. Prit-

chard seldom read more of any play than her own part, as supplied to her by the prompter; and we could name, without difficulty, more than one lady who has attained considerable eminence without being able to read at all, but who acquired the character she had to represent by having it recited to her by others.

In the course of her memoirs, Mdlle. Clairon reviews critically the principal parts she was accustomed to act, points out their most prominent features, and describes her own feelings and intentions in metamorphosing herself into their minds and forms; she even endeavours to correct the poet himself, when his ideas seem to her to fall short of historical and moral truth. Here she occasionally falls into error (what critic does not?) and verges on extravagances; but one absurdity is redeemed by at least half-a-dozen judicious conclusions; and the reader must be very unreasonable who is not satisfied with the preponderance. Dr. Johnson said that every book contained something worth remembering; but one of which three-fourths is valuable, may be looked upon as a *rara avis*. According to this fair authority, theatrical performers, in the capital of a great empire, should accustom themselves to assume a kind of dignity and decorum in private life, in order to render their conduct on the stage in the representation of great personages more easy and natural. John Kemble was a practical disciple of that doctrine; he seldom relaxed from his habitual solemnity, even when under the genial influence of Bacchus; and both he and Mrs. Siddons, when speaking of each other, frequently used the plural pronoun, as, "Our sister Sarah," and "Our brother John." Mossop carried this to a ridiculous extent, and adopted an inflated manner on the most trivial occasions. "Woman!" said he to an unfortunate actress who in vain assailed him for her arrears of salary, "begone from the presence, and trouble us no longer!" One night, when he returned home to his lodgings, after performing King Richard III., he flew into a violent passion with his servant, who appeared before him with a small candle, and exclaimed—"Fellow! is that wretched rushlight fit to light *his majesty* to bed?"

"The tragic actor," says La Clairon, "should appropriate, in common

life, the style and manners of such characters as his cast of parts most frequently requires. If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty of the four-and-twenty hours of the day, whatever efforts I may make, I shall be only an ordinary and vulgar woman in Agrippina or Semiramis, during the remaining four." In society, she was nick-named the Queen of Carthage, and she was flattered by the title. Sturz, in a letter to Garrick, elaborately reviews the performance of Clairon in this character of Dido. The play, by Le Franc, is a very commonplace, stilted affair; but it contains one remarkable line, which was expunged by the censor, and not allowed to be spoken—

"Le premier des Roi ne fut qu'un usurpateur."

Voltaire borrowed the idea, and improved the verse, in *Merope*, as follows:—

"Le premier qui fut Roi, fut un soldat heureux."

But he neither acknowledged his obligation, nor fell under the ban of the police. We have elsewhere recorded an anecdote connected with this particular passage, which occurred soon after the first restoration of Louis XVIII., in 1814.*

Sturz saw Mlle. Clairon perform this character of Dido at a private theatre, before a select audience, in the palace of the Duchess de Villeroy. This occurred in 1768, three years after she had retired from public life, and when she had reached the age of forty-five. In a letter to Garrick on the following day, he says — "Her figure is still noble and enchanting; her grace has survived her beauty; her voice is soft and melodious, still sweet when she is enraged, and not languid when she complains. She is, indeed, but little; yet when she has to express commanding pride, she seems to grow, deceiving the eye, and resembles Diana amongst the *Orcaïdes*. Her manners are, nevertheless, by no means masculine. She is careful not to tread beyond the bounds of her sex, and even in her most violent speeches the milder tones of the female are perfectly distinguishable. In this respect she may be envied by your majestic Yates, who is always too much of the virago. She

never appeared to me more excellent than in the difficult transitions from one passion to another. When *Æneas* finally fled from her, there was, as we supposed, after such a variety of intense sufferings as she had exhibited, no fresh expression to be found; but here she surprised us by a bold and happy device. With a shriek, which cut the very nerves, she struck her forehead with both hands, let her arms sink, and started back with horror, while in her eye appeared the fixed despair of one who renounces consolation, and is resolved on death. We trembled and grew pale around her, as if we, too, had been condemned to die. This effort, my friend, had the same effect as particular passages in your performance of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. There was the same death-like silence in the house, and fixed contracted features might be seen on every side. The art of dying naturally, on the stage, is, as in reality, very difficult. I sometimes hear a valiant hero groan as if he had a violent colic; but in Clairon's *Dido*, heart-breaking sighs burst from the confined and heaving breast — a strange tone mixed itself with her voice, and life, as it fled, appeared quivering on the under-lip."

When Clairon first acted *Dido*, which always continued one of her most celebrated characters, in the fifth act, where she is supposed to rush distracted from her couch, disturbed by agonizing dreams, she entered with dishevelled locks and disordered night-dress—exactly as a person might be supposed under such circumstances to start up out of bed. Some cold connoisseurs objected to this as too real; and she was compelled to listen to their suggestions, and to sacrifice natural effect to conventionality. She was more fortunate in the daring innovation of laying aside the hoop, which, after her example, was universally abandoned on the stage. "I particularly advise," she says, "tragic actresses to avoid the fashions of the day. The best and only proper mode to be followed is, to adopt, as near as you can, that of the costume of the character you are performing."

On the pernicious use of white paint, which has occasioned the premature

decay of much resplendent beauty, she observes, "The use of white paint is now almost general upon the stage (and off the stage). This borrowed charm, of which no one is the dupe, and which all agree in condemning (while by a strange contradiction they continue the practice), spoils and discolours the complexion, weakens and dims the eyesight, absorbs the whole countenance, conceals the expressive motion of the muscles, and produces a kind of contradiction between what we hear and what we see. I had rather we should have recourse to the custom of using masks like those of the ancients. There would be at least this advantage, that the time thrown away in painting the face might be employed in improving the delivery. Is it possible that an actress whose countenance is enamelled with paint, and consequently incapable of any motion, can give expression to the passions of rage, terror, despair, love, or anger? It is by the countenance alone that you can distinguish between irony and jest. I am not against giving every assistance to nature—I have often myself borrowed assistance. Generally suffering under an ill state of health, yet unremitting in my labours, the paleness of death was often upon my countenance. I had remarked in others that nothing was so injurious to the expression of the features as having pale lips or pale ears. A little art gave them the appearance of florid health. I darkened the colour of my eyebrows as the characters I was to perform required. I did the same thing to my hair with different coloured powders, but far from concealing in the least degree those features which gave animation and intelligence to the entire face. I have ever made the anatomy of the head my particular study, in order that I might thereby be enabled to dispose it in positions most calculated to display it to advantage."

Garrick pronounced Clairon altogether the best actress he had ever seen, not even excepting Mrs. Cibber, who resembled her in style more closely than any of her English contemporaries. Not long before he left Paris in 1765, several persons of the first distinction of both sexes, English and French, met by invitation, at the hotel of a nobleman of rank; Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and Mademoiselle Clairon happened to be of the party. The con-

versation turned for some time on the *belle lettres*, in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed with equal judgment and candour. Many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the French and English theatres; and at the request of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their professional talents, which produced great entertainment. This friendly contest lasted for a considerable time with great animation on both sides; the company loudly declared their approbation in the strongest terms of the two exhibitors. It was remarked that the French, with true national politeness, gave the preference to Garrick, and that the English, with equal urbanity, adjudged the victory to Mademoiselle Clairon. But as the greater part of the former were but little acquainted with the English language, Garrick was induced to relate a certain fact, and afterwards to illustrate it by action, of which he had been an eyewitness. A father was fondling his child at an open window which looked upon the street. By an unlucky effort, the child sprang from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and was killed on the spot. What followed, he said, was a language which everybody understood, for it was the language of nature. He then immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time when the child leaped from his arms, and conveyed into his expressive countenance and matchless eye, the harrowing despair of the suddenly-bereaved parent. The influence which the representation of paternal agony under such a paralyzing blow produced on the company, exhibited by this gifted son of nature in the silent but expressive language of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than described; let it suffice to say, that the greatest astonishment and admiration were succeeded by abundant tears. Clairon, in the enthusiasm of the moment, caught Garrick in her arms and kissed him; then, turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologised for her conduct by saying, that it was an involuntary tribute of her applause.

One of the most remarkable incidents in the life of this extraordinary woman, was the fact which she firmly believed in, and has recorded in her memoirs, that she was haunted by a

ghost, which visited her at regular intervals for three years, and signified its presence by very unusual indications. This occurred between her twenty-second and twenty-fifth year, a period of life when the imagination exercises its fullest sway, and when this faculty, under her particular temperament, was heightened and indulged by the nature of her professional life, and the tendency of her youthful studies. The writer of this notice pleads guilty to an early weakness in favour of apparitions, which has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his advancing years; and the more so, that he once saw something which he has never been able to account for from natural or physiological reasoning. Unquestionably, there is comfort and consolation in a well-authenticated ghost story; and, in spite of the advance of knowledge, we are unwilling to give up Sir George Villiers, Mrs. Veal, Lord Tyrone, Lord Lyttleton's dove and white lady, and the stern half-pay Major who appeared to his old friend and comrade, to reprimand him for suffering his favourite sword to get rusty. More people believe in ghosts than choose to acknowledge their credulity: even scoffers tremble while they laugh. Let us remember, what the sage Imlac says, in "Rasselas." "That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, amongst whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."

The worst point connected with ghosts is, that they usually frighten people too much to produce any good effect. This one, which tormented Mademoiselle Clairon, appears to have been exclusively malicious, and to have been disturbed in his rest by disappointed love. He was a young man who had sought her society soon after her first brilliant success. She received

him with intimacy, liked his society, gave him certainly some encouragement, relieved him from pecuniary difficulty, when she had very little to spare, but refused to marry him under his most passionate and repeated entreaties. They were acquainted about two years and a-half, when the ill-starred lover, finding himself on his death-bed, implored her to grant him a last interview, a request which those who surrounded her, warmly seconding her own repugnance, prevented her from complying with. He died, attended by servants, and the only friend, a female whom he had latterly admitted to his confidence. On that same evening, as the clock struck eleven, Mademoiselle Clairon being at supper with a large party of friends, a dreadful cry was heard by all present, which she immediately recognized as the voice of her deceased lover, and fainted, with terror and emotion. For more than two years this same unearthly cry, which seemed to proceed from the empty air, was constantly heard by her, wherever she happened to be at the moment, and by all who were in company with her. In vain the police established the most diligent search, thinking it might be either a trick or a conspiracy, but nothing ever transpired to shake the certainty of its being a supernatural visitation. Sometimes the sharp report of a gun or pistol was substituted for the cry, accompanied by the loud and continued clapping of hands. This last demonstration she had been so long accustomed to, from the partiality of the public, that the effect was agreeable and consoling, rather than productive of terror. All this continued for the time we have already named, and on the last occasion there was an accompaniment of melodious music, as if the ghostly visitant was taking his departure in a friendly and reconciled state of mind. Not long after this, an elderly lady was announced and admitted to the presence of La Clairon, appearing before her as a perfect stranger. They sat down, and gazed on each other in silence, and with instinctive interest. At length, the old lady explained who she was, and the object of her visit. She was the friend of M. de S——, had attended him on his death-bed, and was now prompted by uncontrollable curiosity to see the woman whose

cruelty had hastened his decease. After much circumlocution, and many explanations, "Mademoiselle," said the visitor, "I do not blame your conduct, and my poor friend fully admitted his obligations to you; but his unhappy passion mastered his judgment, and your refusal to see him embittered, while it accelerated, his last moments. His eyes were fixed upon the clock, anxiously watching the motion of the hands, when at half-past ten, his valet announced to him your positive refusal to come. After a short silence, he seized me by the arm, in a paroxysm of despair, which nearly deprived me of my senses, and exclaimed, 'Unfeeling woman! she will gain nothing by this; I will persecute her after death, as I have followed her throughout my life!' I tried to calm him, but he died as he uttered these dreadful words." Such is the account which Mademoiselle Clairon herself has left of this very singular episode in her history. She states the fact, without pretending to understand or account for it, but modestly admits that she feels herself too insignificant to suppose that she could be selected as an object or medium of supernatural communication.

The comedians of the French Theatre were entitled to a pension for life after twenty years' service. Clairon, who entered young, was only forty-two when she retired. Her health, always delicate, was beginning to decline visibly, and some of her biographers have said that she sighed for a life of religious seclusion, which hastened her abandonment of the profession she so eminently embellished. Nothing can be farther from the truth than this last supposition. During her career she had experienced acutely the injustice, envy, and jealousy to which rare merit in public life is invariably exposed. Dull and harmless mediocrity alone is without enemies. By her personal influence Clairon obtained the payment of the pensions to the different members of the company, which had been long in arrear, and gave considerable assistance to an advocate of some talent, M. de la Mothe, who drew up and published a weak pamphlet, arguing for the removal of the ban of excommunication from persons connected with the stage. Her theatrical brethren, instead of gratitude, visited her with vituperative

spite, for thus generously espousing the common cause, and becoming the general champion. Through the agency of Coquelay de Chaussepierre, another advocate, and the chosen adviser of the actors, La Mothe's book was denounced, burnt, and the author erased from the list of practising barristers. Instead of visiting their indignation on this false friend, the company of the Theatre François cultivated still more closely his treacherous intimacy. La Clairon was disgusted with the conduct of her companions, and having completed her prescribed term of servitude, determined on a retreat, although she had saved but little money, and was far from independent. The Duke de Choiseul and M. de la Borde persuaded her to remain, and presented her with 40,000 francs as a tributary inducement. Her actual retirement, which took place not long after, was forced upon her by a most arbitrary and unjust committal to prison, which determined her never again to appear before the public. A theatrical fracas, facetiously denominated "*The Day of the Siege of Calais*," was the immediate cause of this unlooked-for catastrophe. An actor of the company, named Dubois, had been prosecuted by his physician for certain fees for certain services. Dubois swore stoutly that he owed him nothing, and gained his cause. On this the angry son of Æsculapius published a pamphlet, in which he declared that the profession of an actor was in itself so infamous, that the oath of Dubois was not worthy of belief. His comrades were convinced that he had sworn falsely to evade a just debt, and felt deeply insulted by the double scandal. They demanded and obtained permission from the authorities to sit in judgment on the case; whereupon they paid the debt, refused to act with Dubois, and expelled him from their community. *The Siege of Calais*, a new tragedy by De Belloy, was then in its first run; Dubois sustained an important part in this play, which on his expulsion was consigned to Bellecour. In the meantime, Mademoiselle Dubois, the daughter of the delinquent, who had many friends and lovers amongst the young nobility of the Court, obtained an order that her father should appear on that evening, the king reserving to himself the final judgment of the matter. She had also

the address to fill the pit with zealous partisans, eager for a fray. At the usual hour of preparation, Le Kain, Molé, and Brizard, true to the vote which they had influenced, came not near the theatre. Mademoiselle Clairon went as usual, but finding her companions absent, after waiting until half-past five, returned home. It was evident there could be no *Siege of Calais*, and equally so that a storm was preparing in the pit. It became necessary to explain matters, and at last an unhappy apologist presented himself, with fear and trembling. "Messieurs," said he, "we are in utter despair." "There is no occasion for despair," shouted a voice from the pit, "give us the *Siege of Calais*!" "*Calais! Calais!*" immediately responded five hundred other voices. The orator made twenty attempts to get to his next sentence, and twenty times was interrupted by reiterated shouts of "*Calais! Calais!*" accompanied by groans, whistling, and hisses. At last he explained imperfectly that the *Siege of Calais* was unexpectedly withdrawn, and the *Gambler* would be substituted in its place, adding that money would be returned to all who demanded it, and then made a precipitate retreat. The tumult increased, and still the cry was "*Calais! Calais!*" when, after an interval of a quarter of an hour, the curtain rose, and discovered Preville, in *robe de chambre*, and reclining in an arm-chair, ready to commence the *Gambler*. He was the idol of the public, but now, for the first time, was received with an uproar of disapprobation. By this time it had been industriously circulated amongst the malcontents, that Mademoiselle Clairon was the originator and leading cause of their disappointment. Then came renewed shouts of "*Calais! Calais!*" and "*To prison with La Clairon!*" The Marshal de Bison very prudently ordered the Guards not to interfere, and left the public to exhaust themselves in useless cries and imprecations. There was no performance that evening, and the house was not cleared until ten o'clock. On the following

day the theatre remained closed, and Mademoiselle Clairon was arrested, and imprisoned in Fort l'Evêque; Brizard, Molé, and Le Kain were conducted there soon after, and kept in close confinement for twenty-four days. Clairon was released at the expiration of five, on a plea of illness, and confined for some time under close surveillance at her own residence. She never appeared again on a public stage, and the Parisian audience lost for ever their greatest favourite, and the French drama its most dazzling luminary. Soon after this she retired to the Court of the Margrave of Anspach, between whom and the fair subject of our biography there appears to have existed a sort of mysterious, semi-platonic *liaison*, to which the Margravine, after a little jealous remonstrance, submitted with becoming patience and most exemplary philosophy. We wish to record the professional excellence rather than the personal frailty of an erring child of genius, but truth compels the admission, that the fair Melpomene of France was desultory and somewhat eccentric in her tender attachments, which she frankly confesses, and at the same time endeavours to palliate by a new code of comparative morality, equally original and extraordinary, according to old-fashioned English notions of right and wrong. She declined several advantageous offers of marriage, and refused to elevate herself to the rank of lawful wife to a man of station and merit, to whom she was sincerely attached, and who for fifteen years tendered her the possession of his hand and heart. She preferred being the mistress of Cæsar rather than his spouse, and thought with Heloise, in Pope's seductive poem, that—

"Love, light as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

She survived until 1803, and died in the same year with her former rival, Dumesnil, at the mature age of fourscore years. In 1789 she wrote her memoirs, from which, with other contemporary documents, these particulars have been extracted.

LE KAIN.

HENRI LOUIS LE KAIN was born at Paris, in 1729. Madlle. Clairon calls

him a simple . which seems to
imply a common of re, or labour.

ing workman, but this is not a correct view of his position. His father was a goldsmith, and he himself being designed for the same business, received a careful education. In like manner his successor, Talma, was brought up as a surgeon-dentist; neither of them dreaming in early youth that the genius of tragedy would claim them amongst her favourite sons, and that, instead of drawing teeth, they were destined to draw houses. Le Kain excelled from his boyhood in the manufacture of surgical-instruments, and was already known as a skilful artist in that line, when his inclination for the stage caused him to neglect his profession, to declaim the more attractive verses of Corneille and Racine. He sought for an early opportunity of performing in public, and had the good fortune to attract the notice of Voltaire, who saw at once his rising merit, and instantly extended to him the warmest patronage. He began by endeavouring to dissuade him from adopting the stage as a profession. "Act for your amusement," said he, "as much as you like, but beware of living by such a precarious resource. Acting is the noblest, the rarest, and the most difficult of talents, but it is disgraced by blockheads, and proscribed by hypocrites." Finding the young enthusiast, as is always the case, deaf to remonstrance, he then gave him every possible encouragement, supplied him with money to complete his education, instructed him with lessons, made him give up every pursuit except that of the theatre, and finally lodged him in his own house. Voltaire had at that time, in the street of La Traversière, a small theatre where he was accustomed to make trial of his new compositions before he committed them to the judgment of the public. The great tragic poet soon discovered in Le Kain the actor who seemed formed to express the sublime beauties of his concep-

tions. Le Kain played successively the parts of Seïd and Mahomet, and both astonished and delighted his master by his forcible and natural manner. He transported him by his mode of pronouncing these words in the fifth act of *Mahomet*—" *Il est donc des remords!*" Voltaire could not contain his admiration, and Le Kain frequently acknowledged long after, that he never felt a more lively and profound sensation than he did at that moment. He made his first appearance in 1752, at the Theatre François, in the part of Titus in Voltaire's tragedy of *Brutus*, and this was followed very soon after by Seïd in the *Mahomet* of the same author. His success was slow and progressive; he had great difficulties and much opposition to encounter, but there was a vacancy for the genius that could be bold and persevering enough to grasp it. Baron was dead, and Beaubourg had retired. Their places were filled by Grandval and Sarrasin, who were good actors without being great. The brilliancy of Dumesnil, Gaussin, and Clairon, completely obscured their male competitors. Grandval was declamatory, and Sarassin monotonous. The latter, when performing *Brutus*, delivered himself so tamely in the passionate invocation to Mars, and went through the first act in such a lackadaisical manner, that the bile of Voltaire was moved, and he said to him, with sarcastic irony, "My good sir, remember that you are supposed to be Brutus, the firmest and most inflexible of all the Roman consuls; and that really you ought not to appeal to Mars as if you were saying, 'Gentle virgin, deign to grant me a prize of one hundred francs in the next lottery.'"

Nature, as in the case of our own Henderson, had denied to Le Kain almost all the physical advantages which are requisite to the formation of a great actor. His countenance was plain, approaching to positive ugliness;

* Voltaire was, on another occasion, excessively annoyed by an inanimate young lady who had undertaken the part of Palmira, in *Mahomet*, and was rehearsing her imprecations against the tyrant with edifying composure. "My dear," said the poet, "imagine to yourself that Mahomet is an impostor, a cheat, and a rascal, who has had your brother stabbed, has poisoned your father, and means to complete his good intentions towards the family by ruining yourself. If these little arrangements are gratifying to you, you have adopted a very suitable manner of conveying your sentiments; but if you disapprove of them, this is the way to express your indignation"—So saying, he snatched the part from the trembling *debutante*, and absolutely petrified her by his energetic delivery.

his voice thick, rough, and inharmious; his stature short, not exceeding five feet three inches, French measurement; his figure stout and ungraceful, his gesticulations abrupt and angular. But he bore within him an innate power of conception, with an energy of soul and feeling which carried him triumphantly over every intervening obstacle. In his private character he was honest and upright, of warm friendship and steady integrity, full of noble, elevated sentiments, and equally destitute of pride or ridiculous vanity. He left memoirs, afterwards edited by his son. The biography of Le Kain, which bears the name of Talma, was not written by that eminent tragedian. When asked to undertake this office, he modestly declined, saying, "I have no ideas of my own—I have lived too constantly on those of others. Perhaps I have some knowledge of my business; I will converse of it as long and as often as you like, but I will write nothing; if I did, I should in all probability run into contradictions and absurdities. My memory serves me better than my inventive genius."

A consummate mastery of his art enabled Le Kain, despite the niggardly endowments of nature, to develop with adequate expression the strong feelings which burned within him, animated and expanded his whole person, suggested to him the most attractive attitudes, strengthened his voice, endowed it with flexible intonation, and impressed on every motion of his body, every variation of his features, the overpowering character of true passion. In Achilles he appeared the offspring of the gods; in Tancred and Bayard, a noble French chevalier; in Mahomet, a false prophet; in Scid, a blinded enthusiast; in Gengiskhan, a cruel tyrant; and in Orosmanes, a sultan and a lover. In each and all these characters he eclipsed every object by which he was surrounded, and fixed the attention and interest of every spectator. Nevertheless, Le Kain had not only to conquer natural defects, but to subdue the efforts of envy, the intrigues of the green-room, and of the fashionable *habitués* of the theatre, together with the biassed opinions of incompetent or venal judges. Amongst other bitter opponents, he had to encounter the untiring enmity of the wasp Freron, self-elected into the chair of

public criticism; and who, as he hated Voltaire with the antipathy of a rival author, launched his venom against his favourite protégé with persevering, although unsuccessful malice, which would be almost incredible, were it not that we are familiar with similar instances in our own (as they are supposed) more improved and enlightened days. During a long trial of seventeen months in inferior parts, Le Kain sustained a protracted *débüt* before he was admitted into the ranks as an established actor and rising favourite. At length, disgusted with his subordinate position, and rendered heart-sick by delay, he went in search of the haughty Grandval, at that time manager as well as leading tragedian, and without being intimidated at the uncivil reception he met with, addressed him abruptly thus:—"I come, sir, to request that you will let me play Orosmanes before the King." "You!" exclaimed the astonished potentate; "you, sir! Orosmanes before the Court? Surely you are not serious. Do you mean to rush on your own ruin, and finish your career almost before it has begun?" "I have weighed everything, sir," replied the young tragedian; "I know the risk I run, and am prepared to encounter it; it is time, in short, that my fate were decided." "Very well, sir," said Grandval, "I consent to this rash step; but remember, should the result turn out contrary to your wishes, you have only yourself to blame." Le Kain withdrew, and hastened to study, with the attention due to the important task he had undertaken, the arduous character, on his performance of which his future prospects in life would entirely depend.

The day arrived; the new actor appeared on the stage, his failure being loudly and almost universally foretold. His figure and height at first produced considerable disappointment, and even the women, accustomed to the grace and imposing person of Grandval, suffered a slight murmur of disapprobation to escape them. Le Kain had expected, and was prepared, for this; he was not taken by surprise or discouraged, but the little vexation he felt gave him additional energy, and the success he experienced in the first act prepared the way to his triumph in those which succeeded. In proportion as the scene advanced, his soul expanded itself over, and beamed through

his features ; and soon the eyes of every spectator, dimmed with tears that they were unable to restrain, could no longer distinguish whether the actor was handsome or ugly, and he left nothing upon the minds of the audience but the most powerful impression of the feelings which had so thoroughly mastered him throughout his whole performance. After the play was concluded, the first gentleman of the chamber asked his Majesty what he thought of him ? The King, Louis XV., had been strongly prejudiced against Le Kain ; but he possessed judgment, intelligent perceptions, with a natural taste that nothing could pervert, and appeared astonished that any person should have formed so ill an opinion of the new actor. He said—“ *Il m'a fait pleurer moi, qui ne pleure guere.*” (He has drawn tears from me, who seldom weep.) This expression of the royal pleasure was sufficient. Le Kain was admitted without further delay as a leading member of the company, and a brilliant future opened before him. This reception, so novel in its nature, astonished his brother performers ; but they were obliged to yield to his superiority, and Grandval, who reluctantly acknowledged his error, no longer hesitated to put Le Kain in possession of the first characters in tragedy.

Soon after his success, Le Kain published an account of his first acquaintance with Voltaire, containing a grateful acknowledgment of the obligations he was under to that celebrated writer. To this he prefixed an expressive motto from the play of *Œdipus* :—

“ *L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux.*”

Le Kain modelled his style on the great masters who had preceded him, studying closely the peculiar merits of his most eminent contemporaries. It is well known that he and Mdlle. Clairon cast off the ridiculous dresses of the old actors, and consulted the costume of each individual character, which they were the first to establish on the French stage. Le Kain himself designed dresses suitable to his parts ; he spared nothing to render them as brilliant as he judged necessary, at a time when these accessories were very indifferently attended to. He paid equal attention to all the *minutiae* of the performance. It was never his practice to reserve himself for a par-

ticular scene or effort, he threw his whole strength into every portion of his character, and was often as eloquent in silence as when he uttered the most impassioned harangue. “ Why don't you speak ? What are you doing ?” he whispered once to an actor in the same scene, who ought to have replied immediately. “ I cannot speak ; I am admiring you !” was the almost unconscious answer.

Le Kain was well versed in history, general literature, and every branch of knowledge connected with his art. He was passionately fond of poetry, and recited verses with a power and pathos that few could equal. He carried into society much simplicity of manner, a vast fund of information independent of his professional knowledge, good sense, a modest deportment, wit, and sometimes gaiety, although his demeanour was in general inclined to melancholy, in consequence of being so incessantly employed in conceiving and expressing the higher passions. He was less an actor than an exact identification of the person he represented. His last performance was in the part of Vendome, in Voltaire's *Adelaide Du Guesclin*, only eight days before his death. Just as he was going on the stage, he said he felt an ardour that he had never experienced before, and that he hoped to play his character well. On this occasion, he appeared to surpass himself ; he astonished and charmed the whole audience, and at the end was unable to refrain from an indulgence which he seldom gave way to. He appeared to give out the play, and received the loudest applause from all parts of the theatre, which was continued long after he had quitted the stage.

This fine actor, it is said, from an imprudent exposure of his health, was seized with an inflammatory fever, which in four days brought him to his grave. He met the approaches of death without alarm, and, surrounded by his friends, resigned himself cheerfully to his fate. He died on the 8th of February, 1778, being then in the forty-ninth year of his age. Garrick expressed the warmest admiration for Le Kain, with whom he became intimately acquainted in France, and afterwards kept up a constant correspondence with him. During the temporary disgrace of the French Roscius, owing to the affair of Dubois,

and the "Siege of Calais," Garrick offered him an asylum at his house in London, which he had very nearly accepted. La Clairon, whose opinion must be received with caution on this subject, says of Le Kain, that he never excelled in the creations of Corneille, that Racine was too simple for his

powers, that his full genius only developed itself in the tragedies of Voltaire, and that without art he would never have risen above mediocrity. Assuredly the history of the stage presents no instance in which genius was destined to encounter and surmount so many impediments.

J. W. C.

SERVIAN SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE DESPAIR OF THE BELOVED.

KONDA dies, his mother's only offspring.
Wails the mother ; far away all lonely—
Far away from home she will not lay him ;
But she bears him to the dewy garden :
All below the golden orange flowers,
'There the boy within his grave is lying.

Feebly fares the mother every morning,
Pants in terror, whispers on the grave-mound :—
"Speak, my Konda ; does the earth oppress thee ?
Groanest thou within the boards of maple ?"
Hearken, from below he sigheth gently :—
"Neither does the earth oppress me, mother ;
Nor the maple boards that frame my dwelling.
But my true love's sorrow grieves me sorely ;
When she sighs, my soul in heaven seareth :
But whenever she, forsworn, despaireth,
Shakes the earth, and all my body trembles."

DOUBT.

In the garden sat a maiden,
Delved a channel for the waters ;
She would bring them to the garden
To refresh the early flowers—
Early flowers, bright carnations,
And basilicum, the snowy.
Where she delved she sank in slumber,
Leaned her head upon the basil,
Put her hand among the flowers,
Laid her feet below the ripples,
And with airy robes she veiled her.
Down the dew fell lightly on her,
As upon a quail of Summer,
Or an Autumn water-melon.
Lo ! there comes a youthful gallant,
Young and joyous was the gallant,
Leans upon two pales, and lightly
Vaulteth over to the garden.
Then outspake the brave young gallant :—
"Shall I pull me now a flower ?
Shall I kiss the lovely maiden ?
In the flower *till noon* I'd have a treasure ;
In the maiden I would have one *always*."

WISHES.

RANKO lay below a poplar ;
 Came along the road three maidens ;
 And they question one another,
 What of all each held the dearest.
 Then outspake the elder maiden :—
 “ Unto *me* a ring were dearest.”
 Then outspake the second maiden :—
 “ *I* would have a golden girdle.”
 But the youngest maiden whispered :—
 “ Dearer far to me were Ranko ;
 For the ring will break in pieces,
 And the girdle tear asunder :
 Ranko would be mine for ever.”

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE TURKISH MAIDEN.*

WHAT is wailing from the fort of Glamotsch ?
 Is it the Vila or the ghastly serpent ?
 Not the Vila, not the ghastly serpent—
 'Tis the maiden Emina that wailleth ;
 And she wailleth, sunk in bitter sorrow ;
 For the Ban holds Emina in prison,
 And he longeth to baptise the maiden.
 Emina will never be a Christian,
 Rather would she topple from the tower.

Soon the unbelieving Ban she blinded :—
 “ Wait, thou unbelieving Ban, a little,
 Till I go unto the upper chamber.”
 Emka† mounted to the upper chamber—
 Forth she gazes from the white-walled tower,
 Sees afar her dear, dear mother's mansion,
 Sees beside it there the white-walled school-house.
 “ Hall and home, O thou, my deep heart-sorrow,
 And my school, of old my greatest terror,
 Woe and fear in plenty hast thou caused me,
 When I had to pore on subtle pencraft.”
 And she bound her garments all together,
 But forgot the hair-band intertwining ;
 And so sprang she from the lofty tower.
 On the window-hook the hair-band hanging,
 Emina the maiden swung suspended ;
 In the wind for seven days she wavered,
 Till at last her tresses all corrupted,
 And she fell upon the dewy meadow.

Then upsprang the Christian Ban, and hastened,
 Kissed and kissed again the lifeless Emka.
 Then he buried Emina the maiden,
 And above her grave he built a chapel—
 All the ceiling grand with golden apples.
 Ere a single week had gone for ever,
 On the grave of Emka fell a glory—
 At the maiden's head a glory dazzled ;
 At the maiden's feet a splendour lightened ;
 And her gray old mother saw the glory,
 Took her knife and freed it from the chainlet,
 Drove the dagger deep within her bosom,
 Sank and died—ah, woe, thou hapless mother !

Howth, July, 1852.

* This ballad was composed by one of the *Mahomedan* Servians.

† Emka is the diminutive of Emina.

THE HIMALAYAS.*

THE wonderful improvement in the art and practice of navigation which so distinguishes the last few centuries from all the rest of the history of the world, has wrought a curious reversal of the progress of geographical knowledge and research. Formerly it was the great ocean spaces that were the most unknown portions of the globe, now they are the central parts of the great continents. Commerce formerly followed long overland routes through the three continents of the old world, and avoided sea passages as much as possible.

In the times of the Roman Empire, the communication with the vast regions of Central Africa was much more active than at present, through Egypt and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, although on the other hand there was no Gold Coast trade, and no communication with the Atlantic sea-board.

Similarly with Asia, there was little, if any, sea trade with India and the East, even by way of Alexandria and the Red Sea, or, at least, but little of it came directly from the Indian Ocean, though much indirectly, perhaps, through Persia and Arabia.

It may well be doubted whether the civilisation of China was ever wholly without its effect on Western Europe, even during the middle ages, as they are called, although the channel of communication, instead of being a free and direct one as now, was then a slow and tortuous one through the vast regions in the heart of central Asia, known generally as Tartary. In the thirteenth century Marco Polo and his father and uncle travelled through and resided in, as honoured guests, countries that scarcely any European has of late years dared to penetrate into. Every one knows the disastrous fate of Stoddart and Connolly at the court of Bokhara, and though MM. Hue and Gabet succeeded in penetrating well into Thibet

from the east, and though they were not put to death or ill-treated, yet they were compelled by the Chinese authorities to return as soon as their presence in the country became generally known.

There is actually in central Asia, between the Caspian Sea and China, and between the Himalayas and the southern part of Siberia, a space of ground as large as the whole of Europe, of which our knowledge is miserably scanty, deficient, and fragmentary. What is called Independent Tartary, including Khiva and Bokhara, forms one portion of this great region. Chinese Tartary, stretching from Bokhara to Mongolia, and including the latter province, forms another great portion, and south of this, between it and India, though still forming part of the great Empire of China, is Tibet.

The latter country, Tibet, is a most interesting one in many ways. In the first place, it is interesting to the mere politician as being conterminous with a large part of our Indian Empire, or separated from it only by small states, such as Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhotan; it is interesting, secondly, to the moral philosopher, as being the head-quarters of one of the most singular, one of the most abstract and pure, and one of the most widely-spread of the great forms of religious belief among men; and, in the third place, it is most interesting to the natural philosopher (whether physicist or biologist), from its position, its structure, and the animals and plants that inhabit it.

Of many of the principal great mountain-chains on the globe, the prevalent direction is meridional, or nearly north and south; to this, however, there is one grand exception in the great chain that stretches through Europe and Asia, from Cape Finisterre into the heart of China. This great and almost continuous chain is

* "Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim and Nepal Himalayas, the Khasia Mountains," &c. By Joseph Dalton Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S. 2 Vols. London: Murray. 1854.

made up of many subordinate ranges, of which the principal are the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Balkan or Hæmus range, the Caucasus, the Hindoo Cosh, and the Himalayas. Its western ranges are comparatively well-defined and narrow ridges, but its eastern termination is not so. The Himalayas are not a mere ridge, like the Alps, or even the Caucasus; they are, in fact, but the southern slope of a huge knot or boss of lofty ground, composing the whole country of Tibet. This singular country is the loftiest and grandest table-land in the whole world. Its general surface is believed to be not less than 12,000 to 14,000 feet, and large parts of it to be as much as even 16,000 feet above the sea, the latter being a greater height than the very topmost summit of Mont Blanc. This huge plateau, which stretches some 1,500 miles from east to west, and some 600 from north to south in the broadest part, is traversed in many directions by valleys and ravines, containing the head waters of some of the largest rivers in the world—the Oxus, the Indus, the Ganges, the Brahmapootra, the rivers of Siam and Cambodia, the Yangtse-kiang, and the Hoang-Ho. Its southern slope plunges steeply down into the plains of India, where the valley of the Ganges has but a height of some three hundred feet; while, to add to the contrast, that slope is studded with an embattled row of the most gigantic peaks and snowy pinnacles to be found upon the globe, several points having been discovered to have a height above the sea of more than 28,000 feet, or about five miles and a quarter of perpendicular elevation. The northern slope of the great plateau is called by the name of the Kuenlun mountains, of which but little is known. The plains of central Asia at their foot are believed to have a general elevation of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet. The great rivers we mentioned above seem to spring from the mere external slopes of this country, with the exception of two—namely, the Indus and the Brahmapootra. These seem to take their first rise in the country north of the great peak, called Dawalagiri, and to run, the one to the west by Ladak or Leh, and the other to the east by Lhasa, until they each escape from the mountains—the Indus on to the plains of the Punjab, and the Brahmapootra through As-

sam into the great flats of the Ganges, with whose waters it combines to form one great shifting maze of muddy flats and channels of water, that wide delta, the seaward margin of which is known under the name of the Sunderbunds.

Into the borders of this great, strange, and deeply interesting country of Tibet, many attempts have been made to penetrate, of late years, by scientific men under the auspices of the East India Company. The most recent of these explorers have been Captains Strachey and Cunningham, Dr. T. Thomson, and Dr. J. D. Hooker.

These and other observers have attacked different points of the Himalayan boundary, and their particular pursuits have been slightly different. All, however, have had one great object in view, namely, the exploration of the natural structure and features of the Himalayan region; and all, therefore, have mutually aided and thrown light on each others' researches.

Dr. J. D. Hooker is the son of Sir W. Hooker, the botanist, now Curator of Kew Gardens. Dr. Hooker, early in life, entered into the naval service, as assistant-surgeon, for the purpose of joining Sir James Ross's expedition to the Antarctic regions. He became known to men of science as a first-rate botanist, on account of his publications descriptive of the Antarctic Flora, and some other of the botanical results of that well-known expedition.

In November, 1847, under the joint auspices and at the joint expense of the English Government (through the Admiralty) and the East India Company, Dr. Hooker proceeded to India, with the rank of surgeon in the navy, for the purpose of exploring some part of the Himalayan region, with a view especially to botanical results. He travelled to Calcutta in the suite of the present Governor-General, the Marquis of Dalhousie, and remained three years in India, returning in March, 1851. Since his return, he has published a nobly-illustrated work on the Rhododendrons of the Sikkim Himalaya; and this year he has given to the world the very interesting and valuable volumes which we propose to make the subject of this article.

These volumes are very well illustrated with coloured lithographs, an

abundance of wood-cuts, and two very admirably executed maps, drawn by Augustus Peterman, chiefly from Dr. Hooker's surveys, and which form most welcome accessions to our general atlas. For once, indeed, Mr. Murray, the publisher, has broken through the niggardly rule which he seems hitherto to have imposed on himself in the matter of pictorial illustrations, and to have consented to make a book what it ought to be. We sincerely hope the results will show him the wisdom of this more liberal policy. An improvement on some of his recent publications was most sorely wanted.

We shall first give a sketch of Dr. Hooker's route, and then proceed to lay before the reader an account of what he saw on it, and an abstract of the new knowledge and information for which we are indebted to his labours. During February, 1848, Dr. Hooker travelled from Calcutta to the north-west, across the mountains of Behar, the highest peak of which is Mount Parasnath, 4,530 feet high, and then across the Kymore, or Bind Hills, to Mirzapore, a town on the Ganges, a little above Benares. This was a preliminary excursion, of about 400 miles. From Mirzapore he descended the Ganges by boat, as far as Colgong, which is about 200 miles above Calcutta; and he then struck north for Dorjiling, a sanatory station 7,000 feet above the sea, in the small protected state of Sikkim, on the southern slopes of the Himalayas. He reached Dorjiling, in April, 1848, and from that time till January, 1849, was travelling among the mountains either in Sikkim, or in the neighbouring country of Nepal, especially examining the flanks of the loftiest mountain in the world, Kangchan-junga, whose summit reaches to 28,178 feet above the sea. In February, 1849, he packed and sent off the collections made during these excursions, amounting to eighty coolie loads, and he then made a short excursion during March of that year into the Terai, a low jungly ground that margins the plains along the base of the Himalayas, and then returned to Dorjiling, whence in May he started on another journey through the heart of Sikkim, due north, to the borders of Tibet. He spent September and October, 1849, in the vicinity of Mount Donkiah, crossing backwards and forwards over

all the neighbouring passes, rarely descending to a less height than 15,000 feet, and often approaching to an elevation of nearly 20,000 feet, a limit of altitude which, we believe, no one has ever yet been known to surpass, except in a balloon. In November, on his return to Dorjiling, in company with Dr. Campbell, the political agent there, he visited Pumloong, the capital of Sikkim, and they were soon after seized and confined by order of the Dewan, or Sikkim prime minister, a matter which at the time caused no small excitement both in India and at home. They were released by Christmas-day of that year.

During January and February of 1850, Dr. Hooker was occupied at Dorjiling in packing up and transmitting his collections to Calcutta, where he himself went in March, returning to Dorjiling in April, and in May of that year he set out in company with Dr. Thomson, on an excursion to the Khasia Mountains, which lie north-east of Calcutta, south and east of the Brahmapootra River, and immediately south of Assam. The exploration of this district occupied him till January, 1851, when he returned to Calcutta, and immediately afterwards sailed for England.

At his first setting out from Calcutta, Dr. Hooker joined the camp of Mr. Williams, who was then conducting the geological survey of India, and he takes occasion on traversing the Burdwau coal-field to make some observations, in which we entirely agree with him, on the uncertainty of the conclusions to be drawn from the identification of many fossil plants. In traversing the high-ground of the Behar and Kymore Hills, formed, the first of gneiss and granite, the latter of thick-bedded sandstone, Dr. Hooker remarks on the great prevalence of dry and barren ground, and the comparatively small appearance of tropical verdure and fertility. This barren aspect of most table-lands, during the dry season in warm countries, is always striking to the new comer, who expects to see everywhere the utmost luxuriance of vegetation. In the tropics, more than in other parts of the globe, is moisture necessary to vegetable life; and when that is absent, all green things are rapidly burnt up, and the country assumes a far more barren and desert aspect than

on our wildest and most desolate moorlands.

It would, of course, be quite out of all rule to visit India and not to join in a tiger hunt. Dr. Hooker's experience in this line being limited to this single occasion, we give his account of it:—

"There are many tigers on these hills; and as one was close by, and had killed several cattle, Mr. Felle kindly offered us a chance of slaying him. Bullocks are tethered out, over-night, in the places likely to be visited by the brute; he kills one of them, and is from the spot tracked to his haunt by natives, who visit the stations early in the morning, and report the whereabouts of his lair. The sportsman then goes to the attack mounted on an elephant, or having a *roost* fixed in a tree, on the trail of the tiger, and he employs some hundred natives to drive the animal past the lurking-place.

"On the present occasion, the *locale* of the tiger was doubtful; but it was thought that by beating over several miles of country he (or at any rate, some other game) might be driven past a certain spot. Thither, accordingly, the natives were sent, who built machans (stages) in the trees, high out of danger's reach; Mr. Theobald and myself occupied one of these perches in a *Hardwickia* tree, and Mr. Felle another, close by, both on the slope of a steep hill, surrounded by jungly valleys. We were also well thatched in with leafy boughs, to prevent the wary beast from espying the ambush, and had a whole stand of small arms ready for his reception.

"When roosted aloft, and duly charged to keep profound silence (which I obeyed to the letter, by falling sound asleep), the word was passed to the beaters, who surrounded our post on the plain-side, extending some miles in line, and full two or three distant from us. They entered the jungle, beating tom-toms, singing and shouting as they advanced, and converging towards our position. In the noonday solitude of these vast forests, our situation was romantic enough; there was not a breath of wind, an insect or bird stirring; and the wild cries of the men, and the hollow sound of the drums broke upon the ear from a great distance, gradually swelling and falling, as the natives ascended the heights or crossed the valleys. After about an hour and a-half, the beaters emerged from the jungle under our retreat; one by one, two by two, but preceded by no living thing, either mouse, bird, deer, or bear, and much less tiger. The beaters received about a penny a-piece for the day's work; a rich guerdon for these poor wretches, whom necessity sometimes drives to feed on rats and offal."—vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

We pass over Dr. Hooker's experience of the navigation of the Ganges, and the travelling by *dauk* across the plains, as not differing from that of other Indian travellers.

On approaching the foot of the mountains he has to traverse that singular belt of country known as the Terai, which is thus described:—

"Siligoree stands on the verge of the Terai, that low malarious belt which skirts the base of the Himalaya, from the Sutlej to Brahma-koond in Upper Assam. Every feature, botanical, geological, and zoological, is new on entering this district. The change is sudden and immediate; sea and shore are hardly more conspicuously different; nor from the edge of the Terai to the limit of perpetual snow is any botanical region more clearly marked than this, which is the commencement of Himalayan vegetation. A sudden descent leads to the Mahanuddee river, flowing in a shallow valley, over a pebbly bottom; it is a rapid river, even at this season; its banks are fringed with bushes and it is as clear and sparkling as a trout-stream in Scotland. Beyond it the road winds through a thick brushwood, choked with long grasses, and with but few trees, chiefly of *Acacia*, *Dalbergia Sissoo*, and a scarlet-fruited *Sterculia*. The soil is a red, friable clay and gravel. At this season only a few spring plants were in flower, amongst which a very sweet-scented *Crinum*, *Asphodel*, and a small *Curcuma*, were in the greatest profusion. Leaves of terrestrial Orchids appeared, with ferns and weeds of hot damp regions. I crossed the beds of many small streams; some were dry, and all very tortuous; their banks were richly clothed with brushwood and climbers of *Convolvulus*, Vines, *Hirca*, *Leea*, *Menispermæ*, *Cucurbitaceæ*, and *Bignoniaceæ*. Their pent-up waters, percolating the gravel beds, and partly carried off by evaporation through the stratum of ever-increasing vegetable mould, must be one main agent in the production of the malarious vapours of this pestilential region. Add to this, the detention of the same amongst the jungly herbage, the amount of vapour in the humid atmosphere above, checking the upward passage of that from the soil, the sheltered nature of the locality at the immediate base of lofty mountains; and there appear to me to be here all necessary elements, which, combined, will produce stagnation and deterioration in an atmosphere loaded with vapour. Fatal as this district is, and especially to Europeans, a race inhabit it with impunity, who, if not numerous, do not owe their paucity to any climatic causes. These are the Mechis, often described as a squalid, unhealthy people, typical of the region they frequent; but who are, in reality, more robust than the Euro-

pean in India, and whose disagreeably sallow complexion is deceptive as indicating a sickly constitution. They are a mild, inoffensive people, industrious for Orientals, living by annually burning the Terai jungle and cultivating the cleared spots; and, though so sequestered and isolated, they rather court than avoid intercourse with those whites whom they know to be kindly disposed."—vol. i. pp. 100, 102.

After rising some six thousand feet on to the spurs of the Himalayas, he looks back on to the burning plains of India before burying himself in the seclusion of the recesses of the mountains, and gives us the following interesting picture:—

"All around, the hills rise steeply five or six thousand feet, clothed in a dense deep-green dripping forest. Torrents rush down the slopes, their position indicated by the dipping of the forest into their beds, or the occasional cloud of spray rising above some more boisterous part of their course. From the road, and at a little above Punkabaree, the view is really superb, and very instructive. Behind (or north) the Himalaya rise in steep confused masses. Below, the hill on which I stood, and the ranges as far as the eye can reach east and west, throw spurs on to the plains of India. These are very thickly wooded, and enclose broad, dead-flat, hot and damp valleys, apparently covered with a dense forest. Secondary spurs of clay and gravel, like that immediately below Punkabaree, rest on the bases of the mountains, and seem to form an intermediate neutral ground between flat and mountainous India. The Terai district forms a very irregular belt, scantily clothed, and intersected by innumerable rivulets from the hills, which unite and again divide on the flat, till, emerging from the region of many trees, they enter the plains, following devious courses, which glisten like silver threads. The whole horizon is bounded by the sea-like expanse of the plains, which stretch away into the region of sunshine and fine weather, in one boundless flat.

"In the distance, the courses of the Teesta and Cusi, the great drainers of the snowy Himalayas, and the recipients of innumerable smaller rills, are with difficulty traced at this, the dry season. The ocean-like appearance of this southern view is even more conspicuous in the heavens than on the land, the clouds arranging themselves after a singularly sea-scape fashion. Endless strata run in parallel ribbons over the extreme horizon; above these, scattered cumuli, also in horizontal lines, are dotted against a clear grey sky, which gradually, as the eye is lifted, passes into a deep cloudless blue vault, continuously clear to the zenith; there the cumuli, in white fleecy

masses, again appear; till, in the northern celestial hemisphere, they thicken and assume the leaden hue of nimbi, discharging their moisture on the dark forest-clad hills around. The breezes are south-easterly, bringing that vapour from the Indian Ocean, which is rarefied and suspended aloft over the heated plains, but condensed into a drizzle when it strikes the cooler flanks of the hills, and into heavy rain when it meets their still colder summits. Upon what a gigantic scale does nature here operate! Vapours, raised from an ocean whose nearest shore is more than four hundred miles distant, are safely transported without the loss of one drop of water, to support the rank luxuriance of this far distant region. This and other offices fulfilled, the waste waters are returned, by the Cusi and Teesta, to the ocean, and again exhaled, exported, expended, re-collected, and returned."—vol. i. pp. 103, 107.

Arrived at Dorjiling, Dr. Hooker passed the summer, or rainy season, of 1848, in making botanical collections, and meteorological observations.

Dorjiling is a sanatory station, established in 1840, in the little state of Sikkim. The southern flank of the Himalayas is parcelled out between the states of Cabool, Cashmere, the Punjab, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhotan, and Assam.

In the Punjab is the hill station of Simla. Nepal is independent, and Bhotan is a dependency of Tibet. Sikkim, however, is a small state due-north of Calcutta, and only 350 miles distant from it, the Rajah of which was expelled by the Ghorkas in 1817, and re-placed by the British Government, under whose protection he has ever since existed. In 1840 he ceded, for £300 per annum, the previously barren mountain tract of Dorjiling, varying from 6,500 to 7,500 feet above the sea; since that time it has changed from a wilderness to a populous and flourishing station, the inhabitants having increased from 100 to more than 4,000.

At Dorjiling Dr. Hooker became the guest of Mr. Hodgson, a gentleman who has distinguished himself by the aids he has given to natural history in various ways:—

"The view from his windows," says Dr. Hooker, "is one quite unparalleled for the scenery it embraces, commanding confessedly the grandest known landscape of snowy mountains in the Himalaya, and

hence in the world. Kinchin-junga (forty-five miles distant) is the prominent object, rising 21,000 feet above the level of the observer out of a sea of intervening wooded hill; whilst, on a line with its snows, the eye descends below the horizon, to a narrow gulf 7,000 feet deep in the mountains, where the Great Rungeet, white with foam, threads a tropical forest with a silver line.

"To the north-west towards Nepal, the snowy peaks of Kubra and Junnoo (respectively 24,005 feet and 25,312 feet) rise over the shoulder of Singalelah; whilst eastward the snowy mountains appear to form an unbroken range, trending north-east to the great mass of Donkia (28,176 feet) and thence south-east by the fingered peaks of Tunkola and the silver cone of Chola (17,320 feet), gradually sinking into the Bhotan mountains at Gipmoochi (14,509 feet).

"The most eloquent descriptions I have read fail to convey to my mind's eye the forms and colours of snowy mountains, or to my imagination the sensations and impressions that rivet my attention to these sublime phenomena, when they are present in reality; and I shall not, therefore, obtrude any attempt of the kind upon my reader. The latter has, probably, seen the Swiss Alps, which, though barely possessing half the sublimity, extent, or height of the Himalaya, are yet far more beautiful. In either case he is struck with the precision and sharpness of their outlines, and still more with the wonderful play of colours on their snowy flanks, from the glowing hues reflected in orange, gold, and ruby, from clouds illumined by the sinking or rising sun, to the ghastly pallor that succeeds with twilight, when the red seems to give place to its complementary colour green. Such dissolving views elude all attempts at description; they are far too aerial to be chained to the memory, and fade from it so fast as to be gazed upon day after day with undiminished admiration and pleasure, long after the mountains themselves have lost their sublimity and apparent height.

"The actual extent of the snowy range seen from Mr. Hodgson's windows is comprised within an arc of 80° (from north 30° west to north 50° east), or nearly a quarter of the horizon, along which the perpetual snow forms an unbroken girdle or crest of frosted silver; and in winter, when the mountains are covered down to 8,000 feet, this white ridge stretches uninterrupted for more than 160°. No known view is to be compared with this in extent, when the proximity and height of the mountains are considered; for within the 80° above mentioned, more than twelve peaks rise above 20,000 feet, and there are none below 15,000 feet, while Kinchin is 28,178, and seven others above 22,000. The nearest perpetual snow is on Nursing, a beautifully sharp conical peak 19,189 feet high, and thirty-

two miles distant; the most remote mountain seen is Donkia, 28,176 feet high, and seventy-three miles distant; whilst Kinchin, which forms the principal mass both for height and bulk, is exactly forty-five miles distant."—pp. 122, 124.

The aboriginal inhabitants of Sikkim are Lepchas, described by Dr. Hooper as a race markedly Mongolian in features, and as singularly amiable, good-tempered, and obliging in disposition. They are timid, peaceful, polite, and honest, "contrasting thus strongly with their neighbours, of whom the Ghorcas of Nepal are brave and warlike to a proverb, and the Bhotanese, quarrelsome, cowardly, and cruel."

Next to the Lepchas, the most numerous tribe are the Limboos, who speak a totally different language from that of the Lepchas, but in many respects are allied to them. Besides these are some scattered people called Moormis, and Magras, and the Meelin, who are confined to the pestilential Terai. All these people are Mongolian, or Indo-Chinese, of the same great race as the people of Tibet, Arracan, and the Birman empire.

The Tamulian aborigines of India, such as the Coles, the Dangas, &c., who retreated to the mountain fastnesses of central India on the invasion of their Indo-Germanic conquerors, who are now represented by the Hindoos, seem never to have sought refuge in the Himalayas.

Dr. Hooker remarks on the singularity of six or seven tribes of people thus dwelling peaceably within the small province of Sikkim, many of them but little above the degree of the savage, "under a sovereign whose power was wholly unsupported by even the semblance of arms, and whose spiritual supremacy was acknowledged by few."

They are all ostensibly Booddhists, and look up with reverence to the Grand Lama of Tibet; but they mingle with that religion not a little of their old wild superstition—and the worship of evil spirits is predominant among the Lepchas. On this point the following extract is instructive:—

"On the following morning we pursued a path to the bed of the river; passing a rude Booddhist monument, a pile of slate rocks, with an attempt at the mystical hemisphere at top. A few flags or banners, and slabs of

slate, were inscribed with 'Om Mani Padmi om.' Placed on a jutting angle of the spur, backed with the pine-clad hills, and flanked by a torrent on either hand, the spot was wild and picturesque; and I could not but gaze with a feeling of deep interest on these emblems of a religion which, perhaps, numbers more votaries than any other on the face of the globe. Buddhism in some form, is the predominating creed from Siberia and Kamschatka to Ceylon, from the Caspian steppes to Japan, throughout China, Burmah, Ava, and a part of the Malayan Archipelago. Its associations enter into every book of travels over these vast regions, with Buddha, Dhurma, Sunga, Jos, Fo, and praying-wheels. The mind is arrested by the names, the imagination captivated by the symbols; and though I could not worship in the grove, it was impossible to deny to the inscribed stones such a tribute as is commanded by the first glimpse of objects which have long been familiar to our minds, but not previously offered to our senses. My head Lepcha went further; to a due observance of demon-worship he united a deep reverence for the Lamas, and he venerated their symbols rather as theirs than as those of their religion. He walked round the pile of stones three times from left to right repeating his 'Om Mani,' &c., then stood before it with his head hung down and his long queue streaming behind, and concluded by a votive offering of three pine-cones. When done, he looked round at me, nodded, smirked, elevated the angles of his little turned-up eyes, and seemed to think we were safe from all perils in the valleys yet to be explored."—pp. 147, 148.

Dr. Hooker's first long excursion from Dorjiling, was into east Nepal. As the whole journey was across steep mountain ranges and valleys, it was necessary to proceed entirely on foot, and to have thirty porters to carry baggage and provisions, to which the Rajah of Nepal added a guard of six soldiers and two officers—the total party mustered fifty-six persons. The journey occupied three months, passed principally in exploring the deep valley of the Tambur river up to its head waters, on the borders of Tibet.

The rocks, both here and throughout Sikkim, are described as principally mica schist, almost invariably striking north-west, and dipping north-east. This strike and dip may be taken as certainly that of the foliation, and, perhaps, of the stratification to a limited, but unknown extent.

The outlines of the country are everywhere the same. sharp rugged

mountain ridges, cleft by the most profound ravines, narrow and precipitous, in the depths of which are rushing torrents; the hill-sides being clothed with dark and umbrageous forests. Little strips and terraces of flat land cling here and there to the mountain sides, or form small flats where the valleys open out a little. The torrents were crossed by cane suspension bridges, formed of two canes stretched across, from which hung loops, in the bottom of which reposed a bamboo, forming the sole tottering footing. Along the sides of the precipices the road often consisted of a little narrow track only, or sometimes of a mere row of planks, fastened against the cliff.

In approaching the village of Wal-lanchoon, they frequently met parties of Tibetans, "whose customary mode of salutation was to hold out the tongue, grin, nod, and scratch the ear." It was hereabouts that Dr. Hooker met, for the first time, with the praying cylinders mentioned by MM. Huc and Gabet, in their travels in Tibet. This is a most admirable system of praying by deputy, which enables a man to keep up a perpetual system of pious services, without distracting his attention from the ordinary business and pleasures of life.

"This was enclosed in a little wooden house, and consisted of an upright cylinder, containing a prayer, and with the words, '*Om mani padmi om,*' (Hail to him of the Lotus and Jewel), painted on the circumference; it was placed over a stream, and made to rotate on its axis by a spindle which passed through the floor of the building into the water, and was terminated by a wheel." The theory is, that as often as this cylinder turns round, the included prayer is virtually repeated by the man who sets it going. If it were only to be adopted by us, one great cotton factory would keep up the piety of the whole of Great Britain and Ireland; we should only have to substitute praying cylinders for the cotton reels, changing the supplications at the requisite intervals, and every man, woman and child might have their prayers "done" for them to any required amount per diem.

Dr. Hooker after some difficulty penetrated to the passes at the head waters of the great valley of the Tambur, reaching continuous snow at a height of about 15,000 feet. In one

of the tributary valleys, that of the Yangma, he found most interesting monuments of a former state of things, showing both greater cold and greater moisture than now exist there, in the shape of huge moraines, far below the limit of the present glaciers.

"We encamped at a most remarkable place: the valley was broad, with little vegetation but stunted tree-junipers: rocky snow-topped mountains rose on either side, bleak, bare, and rugged; and in front, close above my tent, was a gigantic wall of rocks, piled—as if by the Titans—completely across the valley, for about three-quarters of a mile. This striking phenomenon had excited all my curiosity on first obtaining a view of it. The path, I found, led over it, close under its west end, and wound amongst the enormous detached fragments of which it was formed, and which were often eighty feet square: all were of gneiss and schist, with abundance of granite in blocks and veins. A superb view opened from the top, revealing its nature to be a vast moraine, far below the influence of any existing glaciers, but which at some antecedent period had been thrown across by a glacier descending to 10,000 feet, from a lateral valley on the east flank. Standing on the top, and looking south, was the Yangma valley (up which I had come), gradually contracting to a defile, girdled by snowtipped mountains, whose rocky flanks mingled with the black pine forest below. Eastward the moraine stretched south of the lateral valley, above which towered the snowy peak of Nango, tinged rosy red, and sparkling in the rays of the setting sun: blue glaciers peeped from every gulley on its side, but these were 2000 to 3000 feet above this moraine; they were small too, and their moraines were mere gravel, compared with this."—pp. 231-32.

This gigantic moraine was 700 feet high above the floor of the valley below it, and 400 feet above the level bed of the old lake that once existed above it. The account of the snow beds and glaciers of this region is very interesting and instructive, but requires the inspection of the map and sketches to be quite intelligible.

In returning to Dorjiling, they crossed by one of the passes, over the huge spur that stretches down south from the mountain mass of Kinchinjunga, forming the water-shed, between the rivers Tambur and Teesta, and along the summit of which is drawn the boundary between Nepul and Sikkim. The route was but little frequented, and its accompaniments not always particularly pleasant.

"We proceeded east for three days, up the valley, through gloomy forests of tropical trees below 5000 feet; and ascended to oaks and magnolias at 6000 feet. The path was soon obstructed, and we had to tear and cut our way, from 6000 to 10,000 feet, which took two days' very hard work. Ticks swarmed in the small bamboo jungle, and my body was covered with these loathsome insects, which got into my bed and hair, and even attached themselves to my eyelids during the night, when the constant annoyance and irritation completely banished sleep. In the daytime they penetrated my trousers, piercing to my body in many places, so that I repeatedly took off as many as twelve at one time. It is indeed marvellous how so large an insect can painlessly insert a stout barbed proboscis, which requires great force to extract it, and causes severe smarting in the operation. What the ticks feed upon in these humid forests is a perfect mystery to me, for from 6000 to 9000 feet they literally swarmed, where there was neither path nor animal life. They were, however, more tolerable than a commoner species of parasite, which I found it impossible to escape from, all classes of mountaineers being infested with it."—pp. 279-80.

As for the animal last alluded to, if Dr. Hooker were only to travel a little by public car in the south of Ireland, he would find that it was not necessary to go so far as the Himalayas to form a most intimate personal acquaintance with it.

He then joined Dr. Campbell, at Bhomsong, on the Teesta, where that officer was endeavouring to establish more intimate relations with the Rajah. This prince was now old, and left everything in the hands of his Dewan, a false and rapacious man, who, for his own ends, threw every possible obstacle in the way of friendly intercourse, while the people, though all favourable to us, were too timid and apathetic to interfere.

The policy adopted by the Indian government had been the fatal one of forbearance—a policy that, with savage, or half civilised people, is productive of more war, bloodshed, and conquest, than any other that can be contrived. Forbearance is what they cannot possibly understand, and, therefore, do not at all believe in. When a treaty is made, or any other kind of intercourse takes place with people in this state, they very naturally are apt to make experiments upon us; they try what will be said to a small infraction, a little encroach-

ment, or a trifling insult; if this be at once temperately, but firmly met, and just retribution at once exacted, the experiment is seldom renewed; but if "forbearance" be exercised, and no notice taken, it is set down to conscious weakness, the encroachments and the insults are renewed and extended, until the people are at last betrayed (for it really assumes that appearance) into acts so gross as to compel us to put forth our strength, and to inflict large and exemplary punishment.

This process is really the one which has caused all our recent wars in the East and at the Cape. It was the process going on likewise on the small scale during Dr. Hooker's stay in Sikkim, and that which ultimately led to the detention of Dr. Campbell, the political agent, and himself—a detention which was punished by the withdrawal of the Rajah's allowance and the annexation of a large part of his territories. In the meanwhile, upon this occasion Dr. Hooker says:—

"In his interviews with us the Dewan appeared to advantage; he was fond of horses and shooting, and prided himself on his hospitality. We gained much information from many conversations with him, during which politics were never touched upon. Our queries naturally referred to Tibet and its geography, especially its great feature the Yarou Tsam-poo river; this he assured us was the Burram-pooter of Assam, and that no one doubted it in that country. Lhasa he described as a city in the bottom of a flat-floored valley, surrounded by lofty snowy mountains; neither grapes, tea, silk, or cotton are produced near it, but in the Tartchi province of Tibet, one month's journey east of Lhasa, rice and a coarse kind of tea are both grown. Two months' journey north-east of Lhasa is Siling, the well-known great commercial entrepôt in west China; and there coarse silk is produced. All Tibet he described as mountainous, and an inconceivably poor country; there are no plains, save flats in the bottoms of the valleys, and the paths lead over lofty mountains. Sometimes, when the inhabitants are obliged from famine to change their habitations in winter, the old and feeble are frozen to death, standing and resting their chins on their staves; remaining as pillars of ice, to fall only when the thaw of the ensuing spring commences."—pp. 299, 300.

After this interview he made another excursion to the southern flank of Kinchinjunga, from a spur of which,

called Mon Lepcha, eleven thousand feet high, he had a magnificent view. Kinchinjunga itself rises in three heads, of nearly equal height, running north-west and south-east. It was eighteen miles distant from Mon Lepcha, below which lay the great and profound valley of the Ratong, a dark gulf of vegetation. The eye could trace the valley of the river running up to the very summit of the Kinchinjunga, bordered by many mountains with huge precipitous faces, 18,000 or 20,000 feet in height—

"The view to the southward from Mon Lepcha, including the country between the sea-like plains of India and the loftiest mountain on the globe, is very grand, and neither wanting in variety nor in beauty. From the deep valleys choked with tropical luxuriance to the scanty yak pasturage on the heights above, seems but a step at the first *coup-d'œil*, but resolves itself on a closer inspection into five belts; 1, palm and plantain; 2, oak and laurel; 3, pine; 4, rhododendron and grass; and 5, rock and snow. From the bed of the Ratong, in which grow palms with screw-pine and plantain, it is only seven miles in a direct line to the perpetual ice. From the plains of India, or outer Himalaya, one may behold snowy peaks rise in the distance behind a foreground of tropical forest; here, on the contrary, all the intermediate phases of vegetation are seen at a glance. Except in the Himalaya this is no common phenomenon, and is owing to the very remarkable depth of the river-beds. That part of the valley of the Ratong where tropical vegetation ceases, is but four thousand feet above the sea, and though fully fifty miles as the crow flies (and perhaps two hundred by the windings of the river) from the plains of India, is only eight in a straight line (and forty by the windings) from the snows which feed that river. In other words, the descent is so rapid, that in eight miles the Ratong waters every variety of vegetation, from the lichen of the poles to the palm of the tropics; whilst throughout the remainder of its mountain course, it falls from four thousand to three hundred feet, flowing amongst tropical scenery, through a valley whose flanks rise from five thousand to twelve thousand feet above its bed."—pp. 348, 349.

Dr. Hooker's second and most important journey to the borders of Tibet was made in 1849. In this expedition he explored the valley of the Teesta River, which, with the slopes that drain into it, may be said, in fact, to constitute the whole province of Sikkim. We think his most effective

view of Kinchinjunga, the one that gives us the best idea of the vast height of the mountains and depth of the valleys, is the one opposite page 14 in the second volume—"Kinchinjunga from Singtam." This was a summer journey; and that the reader may have some little notion of the pleasures of the excursion, we beg leave to call his attention to the following:—

"The weather continued very hot for the elevation (four thousand to five thousand feet), the rain brought no coolness, and for the greater part of the three marches between Singtam and Chakoong, we were either wading through deep mud or climbing over rocks. Leeches swarmed in incredible profusion in the streams and damp grass, and among the bushes; they got into my hair, hung on my eyelids, and crawled up my legs and down my back. I repeatedly took upwards of a hundred from my legs, where the small ones used to collect in clusters on the instep; the sores which they produced were not healed for five months afterwards, and I retain the scars to the present day. Snuff and tobacco leaves are the best antidote, but when marching in the rain, it is impossible to apply this simple remedy to any advantage. The best plan I found to be rolling the leaves over the feet, inside the stockings, and powdering the legs with snuff.

"Another pest is a small midge, or sand-fly, which causes intolerable itching, and subsequent irritation, and is in this respect the most insufferable torment in Sikkim; the minutest rent in one's clothes is detected by the acute senses of this insatiable blood-sucker, which is itself so small as to be barely visible without a microscope. We daily arrived at our camping ground streaming with blood, and mottled with the bites of peepsas, gnats, midges, and mosquitos, besides being infested with ticks.

"As the rains advanced, insects seemed to be called into existence in countless swarms; large and small moths, cockchafers, glow-worms, and cockroaches, made my tent a Noah's ark by night, when the candle was burning; together with winged ants, May-flies, flying earwigs, and many beetles, while a very large species of *Tipula* (daddy-long-legs) swept its long legs across my face as I wrote my journal, or plotted off my map. After retiring to rest and putting out my light, they gradually departed, except a few, which could not find the way out, and remained to disturb my slumbers."—vol ii. pp. 17, 18.

We must, however, hasten over the journey through the lower valleys of these mountains, and come at once to

the great Donkia pass on the borders of Tibet. Dr. Hooker spent several weeks in exploring all the passes and recesses of the huge mountain mass called Donkia, the summit of which is 23,170 feet above the sea. We shall let him describe the scenery in his own words—

"I passed several shallow lakes at 17,500 feet; their banks were green and marshy, and supported thirty or forty kinds of plants. At the head of the valley a steep rocky crest, five hundred feet high, rises between two precipitous snowy peaks, and a very fatiguing ascent (at this elevation) leads to the sharp rocky summit of the Donkia pass, 18,466 feet above the sea by barometer, and 17,866 by boiling-point. The view on this occasion was obscured by clouds and fogs, except towards Tibet, in which direction it was magnificent; but as I afterwards twice ascended this pass, and also crossed it, I shall here bring together all the particulars I noted.

"The Tibetan view, from its novelty, extent and singularity, demands the first notice; the Cholamoo lake lay fifteen hundred feet below me, at the bottom of a rapid and rocky descent; it was a blue sheet of water, three or four miles from north to south, and one and a half broad, hemmed in by rounded spurs from Kinchinjhow on one side, and from Donkia on the other; the Lachen flowed from its northern extremity, and turning westward, entered a broad barren valley, bounded on the north by red stony mountains, called Bhomtso, which I saw from Kongra Lama, and ascended with Dr. Campbell in the October following; though eighteen thousand to nineteen thousand feet high, these mountains were wholly unsnowed. Beyond this range lay the broad valley of the Arun, and in the extreme north-west distance, to the north of Nepal, were some immense snowy mountains, reduced to mere specks on the horizon. The valley of the Arun was bounded on the north by very precipitous black rocky mountains, sprinkled with snow; beyond these again, from north to north-west, snow-topped range rose over range in the clear purple distance. The nearer of these was the Kiang-lah, which forms the axis or water-shed of this meridian; its south drainage being to the Arun river, and its north to the Yarusampu; it appeared forty to fifty miles off, and of great mean elevation (20,000 feet); the vast snowy mountains that rose beyond it were, I was assured, beyond the Yaru, in the salt lake country. A spur from Chomioma cut off the view to the southward of north-west, and one from Donkia concealed all to the east of north.

"The most remarkable features of this landscape were its enormous elevation, and its colours and contrast to the black, rug-

ged, and snowy Himalaya of Sikkim. All the mountains between Donkia pass and the Arun were comparatively gently sloped, and of a yellow red colour, rising and falling in long undulations like dunes, two thousand to three thousand feet above the mean level of the Arun valley, and perfectly bare of perpetual snow or glaciers. Rocks everywhere broke out on their flanks, and often along their tops, but the general contour of that immense area was very open and undulating, like the great ranges of Central Asia, described by MM. Huc and Gabet. Beyond this again, the mountains were rugged, often rising into peaks which, from the angles I took here, and subsequently at Bhomtso, cannot be below 24,000 feet, and are probably much higher. The most lofty mountains were on the range north of Nepal, not less than 120 miles distant, and which, though heavily snowed, were below the horizon of Donkia pass.

"This wonderful view forcibly impressed me with the fact, that all eye-estimates in mountainous countries are utterly fallacious, if not corrected by study and experience. I had been led to believe that from Donkia pass the whole country of Tibet sloped away in descending steppes to the Tsampu, and was more or less of a plain; and could I have trusted my eyes only, I should have confirmed this assertion so far as the slope was concerned. When, however, the levelled theodolite was directed to the distance, the reverse was found to be the case. Unsnowed and apparently low mountains touched the horizon line of the telescope; which proves that, if only 37 miles off, they must, from the dip of the horizon, be at least one thousand feet higher than the observer's position. The same infallible guide cuts off mountain-tops and deeply snowed ridges, which to the unaided eye appear far lower than the point from which they are viewed; but which, from the quantity of snow on them, must be many thousand feet higher, and, from the angle they subtend in the instrument, must be at an immense distance. The want of refraction to lift the horizon, the astonishing precision of the outlines, and the brilliancy of the images of mountains, reduced by distance to mere specks, are all circumstances tending to depress them to appearance. The absence of trees, houses, and familiar objects to assist the eye in the appreciation of distance,

throws back the whole landscape; which, seen through the rarified atmosphere of 18,500 feet, looks as if diminished by being surveyed through the wrong end of a telescope."—vol. ii. pp. 123–128.

He afterwards visited a mountain called Bhomtso, some miles within the Tibetan border, from the top of which, 18,500 feet high, he again enlarged his view over perhaps the most singular and remarkable district of its kind to be found in the world:—

"The transparency of the pale-blue atmosphere of these lofty regions can hardly be described, nor the clearness and precision with which the most distant objects are projected against the sky. From having afterwards measured peaks two hundred and two hundred and ten miles distant from the Khasia mountains, I feel sure that I underrated the estimates made at Bhomtso, and I have no hesitation in saying, that the mean elevation of the sparingly-snowed* watershed between the Yaru and the Arun will be found to be greater than that of the snowy Himalaya south of it, and to follow the chain running from Donkia, north of Arun, along the Kiang-lah mountains, towards the Nepal frontier, at Tingri Maidan. No part of that watershed perhaps rises so high as 24,000 feet, but its lowest elevation is probably nowhere under 18,000 feet.

"This broad belt of lofty country, north of the snowy Himalaya, is the Dingeham province of Tibet, and runs along the frontier of Sikkim, Bhotan, and Nepal. It gives rise to all the Himalayan rivers, and its mean elevation is probably 15,000 to 15,500 feet; its general appearance, as seen from greater heights, is that of a much less mountainous country than the snowy and wet Himalayan regions; this is because its mean elevation is so enormous, that ranges of 20,000 to 22,000 feet appear low and insignificant upon it. The absence of forest and other obstructions to the view, the breadth and flatness of the valleys, and the undulating character of the lower ranges that traverse its surface, give it a comparatively level appearance, and suggest the term 'maidan' or 'plains' to the Tibetan, when comparing his country with the complicated ridges of the deep Sikkim valleys.

* "Were the snow-level in Dingeham as low as it is in Sikkim, the whole of Tibet from Donkia almost to the Yaru-Tsampu river would be everywhere intersected by glaciers and other impassable barriers of snow and ice, for a breadth of fifty miles, and the country would have no parallel for amount of snow beyond the Polar circles. It is impossible to conjecture what would have been the effects on the climate of northern India and central Asia under these conditions. When, however, we reflect upon the evidences of glacial phenomena that abound in all the Himalayan valleys at and above 9,000 feet elevation, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that such a state of things once existed, and that at a comparatively very recent period."

Here one may travel for many miles without rising or falling 3,000 feet, yet never descending below 14,000 feet, partly because the flat winding valleys are followed in preference to exhausting ascents, and partly because the passes are seldom more than that elevation above the valleys; whereas, in Sikkim, rises and descents of six thousand, and even nine thousand feet, are common in passing from valley to valley, sometimes in one day's march.

"No village or house is seen throughout the extensive area over which the eye roams from Bhompto, and the general character of the desolate landscape was similar to that which I have described as seen from Donkia Pass (p. 124). The wild ass grazing with its foal on the sloping downs, the hare bounding over the stony soil, the antelope scouring the sandy flats, and the fox stealing along to his burrow, are all desert and Tartarian types of the animal creation. The shrill whistle of the marmot alone breaks the silence of the scene, recalling the snows of Lapland to the mind; the kite and the raven wheel through the air, 1,000 feet over head, with as strong and steady a pinion as if that atmosphere possessed the same power of resistance that it does at the level of the sea. Still higher in the heavens, long black V-shaped trains of wild geese cleave the air, shooting over the glacier-crowned top of Kinchinjhow, and winging their flight in one day, perhaps, from the Yaru to the Ganges, over 500 miles of space, and through 22,000 feet of elevation. One plant alone, the yellow lichen (*Borrera*), is found at this height, and only as a visitor; for, Tartar-like, it emigrates over these lofty slopes and ridges, blown about by the violent winds. I found a small beetle on the very top, probably blown up also, for it was a flower-feeder, and seemed benumbed with cold."—Vol. ii. pp. 168-73.

After breathing the pure and tranquil atmosphere of these magnificent heights it seems like a degradation to come down to the petty squabbles and miserable jealousies of mankind. We shall, therefore, refer our readers to the book itself for the account of the hostile passages with the authorities of Sikkim on the return from this journey.

There is in the appendix a very interesting and remarkable paper on the physical geography of the Himalayas, which is well worthy of a careful perusal. In this Drs. Hooker and Thomson show that the old ideas put forward by Humboldt, both as to the contours of the ground, and that of the snow line, require considerable modification.

First of all, the water-shed of the

Himalayas is not marked by the loftiest summits. These huge snowy pinnacles are eminences which occur here or there on the great lateral spurs of the mountains,—long indented and broken ranges that run north and south from the heart of the great mountain mass—these long north and south ranges being themselves indented and furrowed by spurs and valleys running east and west, which overlap each other, and thus produce to the eye of the distant spectator the appearance of connected east and west ridges. The farthest springs and sources of the rivers rise far back beyond, or north of the great snowy crests and pinnacles that are seen from the plains of India, and they wind in deep ravines among and between these, receiving from their melting sides vast accessions of water during the summer.

As to the snow line, it is true that the line of perpetual snow commences at a height of 15,000 feet on the southern slope of the Himalaya, and gradually rises to a height of 19,000 or 20,000 feet over the table-land and ranges of Tibet, thus getting higher the farther it goes northwards, or contrary to what we should expect. The reasons for this, however, are various. The damp south-easterly winds which blow from the Bay of Bengal, during our summer, are partially drained of their moisture in passing over the high land of central India south of the Ganges; and still more in crossing the lofty table-land of the Garro and Khasia mountains, north-east of the Ganges. The broad flat of the valley of the Ganges, however, gives full access to their whole influence upon the mountains of Sikkim, and the east of Nepal. Upon the first heights of these, they are precipitated in such vast quantities of moisture, forming snow in winter, that neither the rain nor sun of the succeeding summer, shrouded as that sun is by rain-clouds and mists, have power to melt the whole of the snow to a greater height than 15,000 feet.

As the south-easterly wind, however, blows farther north, it gets gradually drier and drier as it proceeds simply by being drained of its moisture by the cold of the high regions it blows over, till, when it reaches the great table-land, it no longer deposits the same quantity of snow in winter, nor forms the same quantity of cloud and mist to

obscure the rays of the sun in summer. The sun has power, therefore, to melt the comparatively small quantity of snow to a much greater height than it has farther south. We must always bear in mind that the height of the snow line in any country depends primarily on the humidity of the country, or the quantity of snow deposited during winter; and secondly, only on its summer temperature, or the power of melting the snow during the summer. It is obvious, that however intense may be the winter's cold, and however small the summer heat, still, if no snow at all fell during the winter, there could, of course, be no snow line in that region at whatever height. The height of the snow line, therefore, is a variable quantity, depending on many considerations beyond that of the mere latitude of the places.

After quitting the Himalayas, Dr. Hooker and his companion, Dr. T. Thomson, spent a season in the Khasia range of hills. These are a flat-topped tabular range, rising to a height of between five and six thousand feet, surrounded on three sides by the flats of the Brahmapootra and the Ganges. A sanatory station,* called Churra-poonji, has recently been formed on them. These hills are composed of a nucleus of gneiss and granite, with a broad fringe of horizontal sandstones and limestones abutting against it, containing beds of excellent coal. The sandstones, and limestones, and coal, are all alike of tertiary age, being associated with beds containing nummulites and other tertiary fossils.

So damp is the climate of Churra-poonji, owing to the wet winds of the Bay of Bengal, first impinging upon this lofty table-land, that as much as six hundred inches of rain, or fifty feet, has been known to fall in the course of a year.

The account of this singular district is very interesting, alike for its natural history, and for the habits, customs, and character of its inhabitants, and

the curious Stonehenge-like monuments which are scattered over it. We select a few scraps of passages, to give the reader some notion of these:—

"The views from the margins of this plateau are magnificent; 4,000 feet below are bay-like valleys, carpetted as with green velvet, from which rise tall palms, tree-ferns with spreading crowns, and rattans shooting their pointed heads, surrounded with feathery foliage, as with ostrich plumes, far above the great trees. Beyond are the Jheels, looking like a broad shallow sea with the tide half out, bounded in the blue distance by the low hills of Tipperah. To the right and left are the scarped red rocks and roaring waterfalls, shooting far over the cliffs, and then arching their necks as they expand in feathery foam, over which rainbows float, forming and dissolving as the wind aways the curtains of spray from side to side.

"It is extremely difficult to give within the limits of this narrative, any idea of the Khasia flora, which is, in extent and number of fine plants, the richest in India, and probably in all Asia. We collected upwards of 2,000 flowering plants within ten miles of the station of Churra, besides 150 ferns, and a profusion of mosses, lichens, and fungi. This extraordinary exuberance of species is not so much attributable to the elevation, for the whole Sikkim Himalaya (three times more elevated) does not contain 500 more flowering plants, and far fewer ferns, &c.; but to the variety of exposures, namely, 1. the Jheels; 2. the tropical jungles, both in deep, hot, and wet valleys, and on drier slopes; 3. the rocks; 4. the bleak table-lands and stony soils; 5. the moor-like uplands, naked and exposed, where many species and genera appear at 5,000 to 6,000 feet, which are not found on the outer ranges of Sikkim under 10,000. In fact, strange as it may appear, owing to this last cause, the temperate flora descends fully 4,000 feet lower in the latitude of Khasia (25° N.) than in that of Sikkim (27° N.), though the former is two degrees nearer the equator.

"We returned, on the 7th of August, to Churra, where we employed ourselves during the rest of the month in collecting and studying the plants of the neighbourhood. We hired a large and good bungalow, in which

* How completely men are like a flock of sheep, that always follow their leader. This word "sanatory," has lately come to be spelled "sanitary," the fashion having been set by the Health of Towns' Commissioners some years ago. These gentlemen having, it appears, but a slight tincture of classical literature, thought that because from "sano" we get "sanitas," or "sanity," we must, therefore, call it "sanitary." They might just as well talk of "amitary poetry," because from "amo" we make "amity." "Amatory" comes from "amator," a lover; "sanatory," from "sanator," a healer; "dilatatory," from "dilatator," a delayer; "nugatory," from "nugator," a denier. We shall be talking next of "dilitary" and "nugitary," measures, if this "sanitary" example is to be followed.

three immense coal fires* were kept up for drying plants and papers, and fifteen men were always employed, some in changing, and some in collecting from morning till night. The coal was procured within a mile of our door, and cost about six shillings a month; it was of the finest quality, and gave great heat and few ashes.

"Nurting contains a most remarkable collection of those sepulchral and other monuments, which form so curious a feature in the scenery of these mountains and in the habits of their savage population. They are all placed in a fine grove of trees, occupying a hollow; where several acres are covered with gigantic, generally circular, slabs of stone, from ten to twenty-five feet broad, supported five feet above the ground upon other blocks. For the most part they are buried in brushwood of nettles and shrubs; but in one place there is an open area of fifty yards encircled by them, each with a gigantic headstone behind it. Of the latter the tallest was nearly thirty feet high, six broad, and two feet eight inches in thickness, and must have been sunk at least five feet, and perhaps much more, in the ground. The flat slabs were generally of slate or hornstone; but many of them, and all the larger ones, were of syenitic granite, split by heat and cold water with great art. They are erected by dint of sheer, brute strength, the lever being the only aid. Large blocks of syenite were scattered amongst these wonderful erections."—Vol. ii. pp. 278–319.

On leaving the Khasia country, our travellers made one trip down the great delta to Chittagong on its eastern side, and then crossed the Sunderbunds to Calcutta. From this part the following is an interesting and instructive passage:—

"When it is considered how comparatively narrow the sea-board of the delta is, the amount of difference in the physical features of the several parts will appear most extraordinary. I have stated that the difference between the northern and southern halves of the delta is so great, that, were all depressed, and their contents fossilised, the geologist who examined each by itself, would hardly recognise the two parts as belonging to one epoch; and the difference between the east and west halves of the lower delta is equally remarkable.

"The total breadth of the delta is 260 miles, from Chittagong to the mouth of the

Hoogly, divided longitudinally by the Megna: all to the west of that river presents a luxuriant vegetation, while to the east is a bare muddy expanse, with no trees or shrubs but what are planted. On the west coast the tide rises twelve or thirteen feet; on the east, from forty to eighty. On the west the water is salt enough for mangroves to grow for fifty miles up the Hoogly; on the east, the sea coast is too fresh for that plant for ten miles south of Chittagong. On the west, fifty inches is the Cuttack fall of rain; on the east, 90 to 120 at Noacolly and Chittagong, and 200 at Arracan. The east coast is annually visited by earthquakes, which are rare on the west; and lastly, the majority of the great trees and shrubs carried down from the Cuttack and Orissa forests, and deposited on the west coast of the delta, are not only different in species, but in natural order, from those that the Fenny and Chittagong rivers bring down from the jungles.

"The main land of Noacolly is gradually extending seawards, and has advanced four miles within twenty-three years: this seems sufficiently accounted for by the recession of the Megna. The elevation of the surface of the land is caused by the overwhelming tides and south-west hurricanes in May and October: these extend thirty miles north and south of Chittagong, and carry the waters of the Megna and Fenny back over the land, in a series of tremendous waves, that cover islands of many hundred acres, and roll three miles on to the main land. On these occasions, the average earthy deposit of silt, separated by micaceous sand, is an eighth of an inch for every tide; but in October, 1848, these tides covered Sundeeep island, deposited six inches on its level surface, and filled ditches several feet deep. These deposits become baked by a tropical sun, and resist to a considerable degree denudation by rain. Whether any further rise is caused by elevation from below is doubtful; there is no direct evidence of it, though slight earthquakes annually occur; and even when they have not been felt, the water of tanks has been seen to oscillate for three-quarters of an hour without intermission, from no discernible cause."—Vol. ii. pp. 339–42.

In the appendix will be found a great mass of very valuable matter in meteorology; and we cannot too highly praise the great care and industry manifested by Dr. Hooker, both in collecting and observing.

Of his book the reader has had some

* "This coal is excellent for many purposes. We find it generally used by the Assam steamers, and were informed on board that in which we traversed the Sunderbunds, some months afterwards, that her furnaces consumed 729 lbs. per hour; whereas the consumption of English coal was 800 lbs., of Burdwan coal, 840 lbs., and of Assam, 900 lbs."

opportunity of judging from the foregoing extracts, and will, we think, join us in thinking most highly of the descriptive power of the writer, and in thanking him for the valuable stores of information which he has added to our knowledge of all the parts of India that have been traversed by him. Fully, however, to appreciate and benefit by Dr. Hooker's labours, the reader must consult the book itself, in order that his eye may be instructed by the labours of the pencil as well as by those of the pen. There is a seldom used quotation from a very scarce and obscure author, commencing "*Segnius irritant,*" &c., which we forbear to use on the occasion, though it is remarkably applicable. We can only say to the reader, "look and see."

We have had occasion formerly to speak of the practical utility, even to the political economist, of travels such as these, undertaken by competent men, at the public expense. It would not be difficult to show even their money value, and to prove that a naturalist is often of as much greater

utility than an army as he is less expensive. This is a truth which will be one day acknowledged, though it have, perhaps, yet hardly even dawned upon the minds of our statesmen. We are not of any peace-society. No! Where and when action is necessary, or even expedient, we would have it as prompt, sharp, and decisive as the energy and resolution of brave men can make it. But the thorough exploration and consequent understanding of the structure of a country, of the nature of its productions, and of the character of its inhabitants, would often render warlike action quite unnecessary and inexpedient, and would enable us to reap, by peaceful methods, far more, and at far less cost, than could be gained by force.

These observations naturally occurred to us as the result of our perusal of Dr. Hooker's work, though to follow them out would lead us too far astray for our present purpose.

We leave the reader with the parting advice, to examine the work for himself, and draw his own conclusions.

READINGS FROM "*THE COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS.*"

COLLOQUY THE SIXTH.

"*ALCUMISTICA*;" OR, A TALE OF ALCHEMY.

It is both amusing and instructive, and, at the same time, affords us one of the best means for accurately estimating the extent and character of our existent civilisation, to carry ourselves back, in imagination, from this our present age of practical science and utilitarianism to the more homely times of our forefathers of some four or five centuries ago. It is precisely like paying a visit to some outlandish semibarbarous region, whose simple inhabitants differ from us, not alone in the want of that superior knowledge which we, in contradistinction, possess, but in their manners, and customs, and ways of thinking, and the entire framework and economy of their social and domestic existence. If our whimsical old author continually affords us, in his *Colloquies*, opportunities for undertaking flights of fancy of this particular description, in no part of the

work, we are bound to say, does he afford one more rare and more enticing than in the instance of the *Colloquy* now before us — the sixth of our selected series — the droll, the quaint, the truly mediæval "*Alcumistica.*"

There was no end to the bustle of anxiety, the fuss, the fury, and the flutter with which these same worthy old progenitors of ours, in the good old times aforesaid, were used to pounce upon everything pertaining, whether closely or remotely, to the dark domain of the marvellous. The sober, commonplace existences of ordinary life seemed to lack zest and interest in their eyes; and, in quest of topics, wherewith to rouse their lagging brains, and give a fillip to their iron nerves, they could not, perhaps, all things considered, have well hit upon any means more efficacious than surrendering themselves, as they did, to

the influences of the supernatural "*in genere*;" that terrific whole, which includes such species as the "magical," the "apparitional," and the "diabolical." Nay, good old souls that they were, they were anxious, it would seem, to the best of their lights and ability, to extend the boundaries of useful knowledge in this occult quarter; and, accordingly, engaged themselves with a zeal the most praiseworthy in converting, as far as possible, the aforesaid supernatural aggregate into a body of sciences, and in cultivating and extending this new region of philosophy. To "summon spirits from the vasty deep," or, in phrase more familiar, to raise ghosts, or the devil — to find out hidden treasures by a divining-rod — to interpret dreams by unfailing allegories, and tell fortunes on the palms of the hands — to sail in a sieve, balloon on a broomstick, or exhibit the panorama of the overland route to India, or the ascent of Mont Blanc, in a bit of common looking-glass, or a little pool of ink spilled in the middle of a child's hand — all this, and a great deal more of the sort, though wonderful enough in the eyes of ordinary mankind, appeared, to numerous worthy philosophers of the middle ages, things all but unimportant — trite trivialities, threadbare commonplaces, mere child's play. Something beyond all this — something more lofty, more imposing, more scientific than all this loose miscellany of magic was required by those fathers of experimental philosophy; a grand system which would include all this, and a vast deal besides — in fact, to sum up in one word, the science of the supernatural. Such may be described as the grand object which more or less completely engaged, for a succession of ages, the attention of intellects not inferior in native power to any of the existing generation; and, in the pursuit of such chimeras as astrology, alchemy, the elixir of life, the universal medicine, systematic necromancy, geomancy, &c., &c., were frittered away the precious time and labour of such men as Roger Bacon, Paracelsus, Jerome Cardan, Albertus of Ratisbon, John Reuchlin, the friend of Erasmus, and a host of other eminent names — to say nothing of such small fry as Nostradamus, Dr. Dee, Edward Kelly, &c. It is customary, indeed, to say that the prosecution of those extrava-

gances — the pursuit, so to speak, of those philosophic *ignes fatui* — was, in the end, for the good of mankind, eventuated in lasting benefits to civilisation, and has largely contributed to bring astronomy, chemistry, and medicine to the high state of cultivation in which we at present behold these important departments of human knowledge. But it is due to historic truth to remember what a sore and weighty price has been paid for the advantages which we, utilitarian folk of a later age, have thus indirectly become possessed of — all the anxious toil — the fervid hopes, ever doomed to disappointment — the heavy and unrecompensed drain upon the purse — the fear, hatred, and ridicule of the multitude — the spiritual denunciations of the Church, and even the temporal rigours of the civil authority — in short, all that varied round of penalties which so many illustrious, though mistaken votaries of science were obliged to undergo some ages past, for daring to labour, to the utmost of their capacity and opportunities, for the benefit of posterity.

But there is a more gay and amusing side to the picture, one which it was peculiarly our author's prerogative, as a satirist, to dwell upon. If the occult sciences had their sincere though mistaken practitioners on the one hand, they had upon the other their pretended ones also — their knavish shams and quacks, who played off the parts of astrologers, alchemists, medical magicians, or the like, for the sole and not very scientific object of, to use a homely figure, buttering their crumbs; and although the labour of love of the former was somewhat about the very opposite of a paying concern, yet the quacks appear to have succeeded with the customary good fortune of the class, and to have found mankind, as usual, eager to be duped, and prodigal of gratitude for the service. The peculiar pretensions of alchemy — the golden temptations which its professors held forth — naturally rendered it a more suitable vehicle of imposture than any other of its kindred pseudo-sciences; and if the astrologer, by the aid of his celestial signs, and houses, and horoscopes, was able to cajole many a simple gull into parting with hard cash for his unsubstantial and unprofitable mummary — if the mountebank vendors of elixirs and panaceas were able to line their pouches with good

sterling coin, in exchange for their magical "life pills," draughts, boluses, and powders — we may easily imagine what superior advantages were at the command of him, that vile, chemical, smelting, carbonaceous caitiff, who boldly guaranteed, upon the present paying down of a comparatively moderate recompense in current cash, to supply the means, unfailing and infallible, for transmuting plain, humble lead, iron, or copper, in illimitable quantities, into gold.

At the precise period when the "Colloquies" appeared, the credit of these systems of quackery and delusion was, it is true, rapidly fading away in the presence of the steady progress of true science. They were still, however, abundantly in vogue; and the alchemist and the astrologer still found eager patrons among the great and the wealthy. Indeed, it was more than half a century afterwards that the Emperor Rodolph II. knighted Kelly, the alchemist, for making his most sagacious imperial majesty "egregiously an ass;" while Queen Elizabeth openly patronised the more famous Dr. Dee, and paid visits to his house at Mortlake; and Catherine De Medici, and other notabilities of the age, entertained similar professors of magic arts in their pay and confidence, and, in fact, as especial officers of their households. Accordingly, when we find our author assailing the alchemists with the batteries of his ridicule, as he does in his Colloquies of the "Alcunistica" and the "Προχολογία," and fairly laughing them out of the field, we must understand him as struggling against a delusion which was still potent, and doing his best to serve his fellow-men, by emancipating them from the thralldom of a mischievous superstition. Although after our author's death, the pseudo-sciences of which we have been speaking struggled on for a time, they gradually died out before the growing influences of true philosophy. Such men as Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler, dug the grave of astrology; the magical quackeries of the healing art disappear by degrees before the enlightened zeal and discoveries of the great physicians and anatomists of Italy and Holland; the general progress of civilisation, in short, put a gradual termination to the debasing influences of superstition, in all its forms; though, in the instance

of the particular delusion more immediately before us, however decisive and unequivocal the operation of the cause in question, it is, perhaps, after all, more to the discovery of the precious metals in the Americas that the decline of alchemy was fairly attributable than to any other cause or set of causes whatever. The processes of alchemy were peculiarly expensive; and when gold had sunk to a third of its former exchangeable power, the grand charm of gain, the true object of the alchemistic tribe, was broken, and their so-called science shared the fate of its companion delusions.

Passing from these remarks, let us now proceed to the Colloquy before us, and see how our author has actually "served out" the alchemists therein. The characters of the "Alcunistica" are two—"Lalus" and "Philecous," names coined from Greek derivatives, and which, but that we prefer letting them stand as proper names in their original guise, we might render into some such vernacular equivalents as Masters "Chatterbox," and "Hearwell." Philecous is the first to meet our notice. He is abroad taking the air in some place of public resort, and catching a view, at some distance, of his friend Lalus, whom he observes to be laughing very heartily, he determines to accost him, and find out the fun. But we shall let Master Philecous speak for himself:—

"What, I wonder," he soliloquises, "can have happened, that my friend Lalus is laughing to himself about yonder? He is actually splitting his sides, and I see him every now and then marking himself with the sign of the cross. I'll break in upon his amusement. Hollo! Lalus! Good morrow, old fellow: you seem to be in great spirits to-day."

"Ay," responds Lalus, "and I will be in greater spirits still, if you will only be my partner in the sport."

Philecous wishes for nothing better, and eagerly solicits his friend to communicate the cause of his merriment. Lalus hereupon commences his disclosures.

"Do you happen to know," says he, "such a person as Signior Balbinus?"

"A gentleman far advanced in years, is he not?" inquires Philecous; "very learned, and altogether an amiable sort of an old fellow?"

"The very person," responds Lalus, "and his character precisely as you describe. But I need hardly tell you that there is no man absolutely perfect — no man who is wise and prudent at all times, and on all occasions. The old gentleman we are speaking of, among his many signal mental endowments, has, you must know, one particular weak point: he has been for a great number of years raving about that art which they call Alchemy."

"A weak point is it, you say?" interposes Philecous. "Heaven preserve us! the man is mad."

"Be that as it may," continues Lalus, "He had heretofore been, ever so many times, imposed upon by pretended alchemists; but all their tricks were, in fact, as nothing in comparison with a capital one, which has been played off upon him lately."

"Do you tell me so?" exclaims Philecous; "pray, what was it?"

"You shall hear," proceeds Lalus. "A certain sleek, plausible-looking fellow walked up to him one day, and having made him a most obsequious bow, accosted him as follows: —

" 'Most learned Signior Balbinus, you will probably wonder why I, an utter stranger, should thus venture to address you, occupying thereby some of your invaluable time, which, I am aware, is always most sedulously employed in studies the most rare and the most important.'

"Balbinus nodded. You may remember he has a queer habit of doing so; for the old fellow is vastly economic of his words."

"In order, I presume, to show people how vastly wise he is," quoth Philecous.

"Be that as it may," continues Lalus, "the stranger, who, I calculate, was rather too wise for him in the end, proceeded in his address as follows: —

" 'But notwithstanding all this, Signior Balbinus,' quoth he, 'I am, nevertheless, persuaded that you would graciously accord me your pardon for this act of obtrusion, were you but once made cognizant of the reason which has constrained me, signior, into making the venture of addressing you.'

" 'What is it?' says Balbinus; 'but be brief—if you can.'

" 'You shall be made acquainted

with it, Signior Balbinus,' replies the other, "in the most compendious method of which I am capable. You are aware, then, oh, most wise and learned Balbinus! that the fates and fortunes of mortals are various. For my own part, however, I must confess that I am altogether at a loss as regards the category to which I should, with propriety, be said to belong—whether, on the one hand, to the category of the fortunate, or, on the other, to that of the unfortunate; for if I contemplate my destiny from one point of view, I cannot but esteem myself as most signally and egregiously fortunate; but if, again, from another point of view, I am, indeed, the most unfortunate individual in the world.'

"Here he was interrupted by Balbinus, who requested him to speak with somewhat more brevity.

" 'I will speedily bring my discourse to a conclusion, oh, most learned Balbinus!' he continued; 'and this, I rejoice to say, I can the more easily accomplish, inasmuch as I am dealing with a personage so eminently and familiarly versed in the entire subject, upon which I am about to speak, that in respect of his knowledge thereof he is, beyond all question, unsurpassed among his contemporaries.'

"Why!" exclaims Philecous, "you are giving me an account not of an alchemist, but of a regular orator."

"Wait a moment," quoth Lalus. "You will soon hear the alchemist."

" 'From my early youth, signior,' continued the stranger, 'I have had the felicity of being engaged in the study and acquisition of that art, which is by far the grandest and the most precious of all, — that art which is, so to speak, the very marrow of all philosophy, — the glorious art of alchemy.'

"At the mention of alchemy, old Balbinus cocked his ear, and indulged, according to his custom, in a few nods and fidgetty grimaces. He did not, however, utter a word; but with a sort of grunt, he signified to the stranger that he wished him to proceed.

" 'But oh, alas!' — here the fellow exclaimed, 'Wretch that I am — ill-starred and unfortunate! why did I miss that right, that true, that only proper way — that way which I ought to have exclusively prosecuted!'

"Balbinus asked him of what way

was he talking, and what did he mean; whereupon he proceeded—

" 'You are, of course, perfectly aware, Signior Balbinus (for what is there, in short, of which you are ignorant? — you who are so illustrious an adept in every department of human knowledge), that in the art of which we are speaking, there are two ways, or methods of proceeding, distinct and opposite,—the one denominated by the term "Longation," the other by the term "Shortation."* Now, my envious destiny, signior, has so willed it, that it is the former one solely in which I have been initiated, and my time and labours have been hitherto wasted in the tedious processes of "Longation."

" 'What is the difference,' interposed Balbinus, 'between those two methods you speak of?'

" 'Alas!' replied the other, 'what a shameless wretch I am, thus presumptuously to hold discourse upon these subjects with *you*! — you, signior, whose signal knowledge and proficiency therein, I myself and all the world besides are aware, is not to be surpassed. It is on this account, in fact, that I have come hither, thus an humble suppliant, imploring of you to take pity upon me, and to deign to impart to me the secret of that other most noble and most expeditious process of "Shortation," of which I am so unfortunately ignorant. Do not, I conjure you, conceal such a glorious gift of heaven from an unhappy brother in the art, who, in the event of your refusal, will inevitably die of grief. In the name of everything sacred, I beseech you not to deny me; so may you ever be endowed with increasing stores of riches, and, in addition, with the more efficacious wealth of graces from above!'

" He went on in this way, beseeching, imploring, and supplicating, as if he would never come to an end; till at last poor Balbinus was fairly obliged to admit, that he was altogether ignorant of the processes both of 'Longation' and of 'Shortation;' and he furthermore requested the stranger to explain the meaning of those terms."

Balbinus, who has hitherto acted the cautious old fish, who knows from experience the difference between a

worm and a hook, has at length, it appears, somewhat changed his opinion of the bait, which he now inclines to think is a genuine godsend, after all; and the dexterous angler, who has for some time been anxiously bobbing for him, now perceives with delight that there is a nibble.

" 'Although I am quite aware,' replies the stranger, 'that I am speaking with a personage who knows these matters very much better than I can pretend to do, yet since you lay your positive commands upon me, how can I but comply? Those philosophers, then, signior, who have devoted all their lives to the prosecution of this divine art, have been used to effect the transmutation of metals according to two separate methods; one, which is expeditious, but at the same time fraught with danger, is denominated "Shortation" — the other, which is a very protracted process, but at the same time a very safe one, is denominated "Longation." But as regards myself, signior, truly luckless, indeed, has been my lot, condemned to toil in a lingering process, so peculiarly inconsistent with my temperament; nor have I been able hitherto to discover any person who would initiate me into that other process, which I so much languish to be master of. At length, inspired by some suggestion from heaven, I bethought, signior, of having recourse to you, a man signalised not more by your learning than by your piety; and I feel assured that as your vast acquirements enable you with ease to impart the knowledge I am in quest of, so will your piety preclude you from denying succour to a wretched fellow-being — a brother in the art, whose every hope of happiness, nay, whose very life itself, is this moment in your hands.' "

Our acquaintance, Lalus, goes on to describe how, by the artful management of the stranger, the suspicions of old Balbinus are effectually set at rest. The poison which the infernal quack has succeeded in introducing into his brain, now begins to operate. He becomes excited, narcotised, intoxicated. He secretly rejoices with himself at having at last discovered a man really competent to perform the

* "Longation," "Shortation." We have thus endeavoured to convey, in an English form, the peculiar drollery of the "*Longatio*," and "*Curtatio*," of the c

mighty process of transmutation, tedious though his peculiar method may be. By sheer dint of inveterate custom, he contrives for a time to keep the portals of prudence closed upon his tongue, till at length his reserve and his remnants of reason take leave of him together; and the old fish, which was barely nibbling before, now fairly begins to bite.

"'Oh, hang that process of 'Shortation,' says he, 'not a pinworth do I know about it; I never even heard the name of it before; but tell me now, seriously, in confidence, do you know that other process of 'Longation' accurately?'"

"'Tush,' replied the other; 'I, have it at my fingers' ends; but, then, it is most infernally long.'

"Balbinus asked him what time did he think it would take?"

"'Oh, an awful length of time!' the fellow replied; 'nearly an entire year. But then, on the other hand,' added he, 'it is the safest thing in life.'

"'As for that,' returned Balbinus, 'provided that you make a successful job of the business, I would not care if you were—ay, even two years at it.'"

Our friend Lalus proceeds to tell his companion, how poor old simple Signior Balbinus was fairly hooked at last—a sort of patentee partnership being struck up between him and the pretended alchemist; the terms of which were—first, that the latter was to supply the process, and Balbinus the money required; and, second, that the resultant precious metal was, when it did result, to be divided, share and share alike, between them—although the stranger, indeed, with infinite disinterestedness, was anxious that Balbinus should be proprietor of the whole. Moreover, inasmuch as the practice of alchemy was prohibited by very stringent laws, to make all safe, they enter into a solemn sworn covenant of secrecy, and mutually bind each other to be as close as freemasons.

Balbinus, it appears, was determined that no time should be lost in commencing the momentous process of "Longation;" and in compliance with his part of the contract, "he forthwith forks out a round sum in hard cash, to be laid out by his working partner in the purchase of retorts, and crucibles, and charcoal, and all the

other requisites for furnishing out a laboratory, with the greater part of which said sum our alchemist regaled himself to his heart's content, in carousing, dice-playing, and treating ladies of peculiar reputation."

"Egad," exclaims Philecous, "that was changing metals to some purpose."

"Balbinus," resumes Lalus, "was now ever so anxious that operations should be entered upon at once—

"'Fair and softly, signior,' quoth the fellow. 'Don't you remember the old saying?—a good beginning is half the work. Setting things properly in train is no trifle, let me tell you.'

"At length he began the construction of a furnace. Here accordingly was need for a fresh disbursement of gold, a sort of lure, as it were, for the gold that was to come; for inasmuch as a fish is not to be hooked without a bait, so your alchemist, on the same principle, does not attain his golden results without consuming a certain portion of gold in the process. Meanwhile Balbinus was incessantly engaged in the contemplation of his splendid prospects; calculating thus with himself—'If the outlay of one ducat brought me in fifteen ducats, what gains would I make on an outlay of two thousand ducats?—for such was the sum which he purposed embarking in the speculation. The second supply of money having speedily followed the fate of the first, the alchemist now spent a month or two make believe that he was ever so hard at work, blowing his bellows, and stirring up his coals at a great rate. At length Balbinus asked him what sort of progress was he making? At first he was silent, but when the old signior pressed him for some time—

"'The progress,' he replied, 'which belongs to matters of great moment, encumbered with difficulties and delays as their issues always are. He had committed,' he said, 'a mistake in the purchase of his charcoal, which unfortunately was prepared from oak, instead, as it ought to have been, from fir or cornel tree.'

"Here was a loss for old Balbinus, at one slap, of a cool hundred gold pieces, and for the alchemist, another glorious spree of gambling and carousing as before. The coals being now accordingly changed, they set to work afresh with redoubled ardour—somewhat on the same principle that brave

soldiers in a campaign make up for any minor checks or difficulties, by getting up an extra quantity of pluck for the next encounter. And now a number of months more glided by, during which the laboratory was a constant scene of fire and fuss; and the alchemist gave old Balbinus to understand that a large yield of the desired metal was, now at length, to be expected; but, when the eventful hour of realisation arrived, the crucibles were examined, but not as much as one solitary speck of gold was to be found. They were, in fact, as devoid of the commodity as was the rascal himself, who had long before most gallantly got rid of all the money which he had succeeded in laying his hands upon. Here was need for a fresh excuse for failure, and accordingly the alchemist gravely alleged that the glass retorts which he had used were defective in their construction; for if, as the saying is, it is not out of every sort of wood you can carve a Mercury, so it would seem, by a parity of reason, that it is not out of every retort that you can succeed in producing gold. The fellow swore that he had never before, in all his life, been similarly deceived; but now that he had got to the bottom of the mistake, he was confident, he said, that everything would go on prosperously for the future, and that any extra expenditure which had been incurred would in the end be returned with abundant interest. The retorts were accordingly changed forthwith, and the laboratory remodelled anew. "In fact," says Lalus, "the more money the old signior threw away, the more anxious was he to go on."

"Precisely the way the gamblers act," observes Philecous, "as if it were not far better to put up with the loss of a part merely, than to lose the whole."

"The impostor," continues Lalus, "now suggested that it would vastly conduce to success, were there an offering of a number of gold pieces made at a celebrated shrine of the Virgin Mother, some days' journey distant. 'For if alchemy,' says he, 'be, as it is, an art truly divine, how can it ever be wrought to a successful issue without divine favour and assistance?' This suggestion was mightily pleasing to Balbinus, who was a very pious old chap, and who never

let a single day go by without attending mass. The alchemist accordingly proceeded upon his religious expedition — videlicet, to a neighbouring town, where, with the intended offering to the shrine of the Virgin Mother, he went most gloriously on 'the batter.' Having at length returned, he told Balbinus, that from a variety of circumstances, he was persuaded the Holy Virgin had assented to his supplications, and that he was now filled with a strong and pious confidence, that everything would turn out just exactly as he wished."

Lalus proceeds to inform his friend how a number of months were again spent in the same manner as before, and, of course, with precisely the same result — not an atom of gold being forthcoming; how Balbinus was surprised and mortified thereat; and how the alchemist, who had often, according to his own story, made successful trial of the process, flatly declared that this time he could not discover where the cause of failure lay. At length the old signior, who plays a capital "Orgon" to the "Tartuffe" of the alchemist, is confident that he has discovered, for good and all, the cause of all their prior failures.

"When they had been considering and conjecturing a long while, Balbinus at last bethought of interrogating himself as to whether he had, upon any particular day, omitted hearing mass, or saying his morning, or evening, or other prayers; for of this he was thoroughly persuaded — viz., that no undertaking could prosper with him, if these solemn duties were neglected. The instant the impostor heard him giving utterance to these scruples —

"'Oh, signior,' he exclaimed, 'you have hit the right nail on the head at last! Alas, wretch that I am! I now do, indeed, remember a couple of occasions on which I was guilty of such sinful forgetfulness; and there, too — merciful powers forgive me! — it was only the other evening that, after indulging somewhat more than I ought at table, I forgot to repeat the Angelus.'

"'It is no wonder, I see,' said Balbinus, 'that an undertaking so important and critical does not succeed with us;' whereupon, his pious associate announced his determination to make amends for the couple of

masses which he had missed, by a penitential hearing of twelve; and to make up for the one omitted Angelus, by repeating ten."

The grand and hitherto inscrutable impediment to success being thus at last, to Balbinus's satisfaction, happily discovered and removed, matters are now pushed on with more zeal and alacrity than ever. Glorious visions, golden vistas of hope, once again rise up, and gorgeously expand, like the gas-lit splendours of a Christmas pantomime, before the enraptured mind's-eye of the incorrigibly asinine and deluded old fizzle. An actual, positive El Dorado—a veritable Australia in miniature—which had persisted ever so long, and ever so provokingly, in baffling its would-be discoverer, and remaining obstinately *perdu*, in its capacity of *terra incognita*, at the bottom of his coals and crucibles, is now at last, and no mistake, about being revealed, and surrendered to his impatient grasp. Everything, in short, is going on in a joyous and swimming style; when lo! the rascally dodge-devising alchemist commences another of his infernal tricks, and in order to do the poor old signior out of more money, well nigh frightens him out of his wits into the bargain.

"Home he came one day," quoth Lalus, "in a state of awful trepidation; and, in a voice which spoke of nothing but alarm and despair—

"'I am undone, Signior Balbinus,' he exclaimed. 'Oh! I am utterly undone; I am a gone man—it is all over with me.'

"Balbinus was absolutely stunned with affright; but at length he eagerly demanded the nature of the awful calamity in question.

"'Oh, woe is me, signior,' the rascal exclaimed, 'the authorities have got the scent of us; they have found out what work we have been at; and, for my own unfortunate part, I actually do not know the moment that I may not be apprehended, and cast into prison.'

"At these words, old Balbinus became actually white with terror; for I need hardly tell you that, according to our laws, it is a capital offence for any person to practise alchemy, without the express permission of the sovereign.

"'It is not,' the fellow went on, 'that I fear death; oh, would to

heaven that such were to be my doom! What I fear is, alas! a fate far more hideous and terrible.'

"Balbinus asked him what fate he alluded to?

"I shall be carried off,' he replied, 'Heaven only knows where; and there, in some dismal and solitary tower, will I be compelled to spend the entire of my days in toiling at my glorious art for the aggrandisement of my oppressors. Oh, signior,' he exclaimed, 'in comparison with such a life as that, what death is there which is not immeasurably preferable?'

"And now a grand and critical consultation arose. Old Balbinus, who was a vast proficient in rhetoric, turned over every form of plea he could think of, to try if, by any possible means, the impending danger could be evaded.

"'Can we, do you think,' said he, 'deny the fact?'

"'Alas! signior,' replied the other, 'that would never do. The affair has got wind among the officials of the government, and, what is more, they have positive proofs in their hands, which we never would be able to get over. Neither can we,' continued he, 'justify the fact—the law is clearly dead against us.'

"A variety of proposals were started, but all to no avail; till at length the scoundrel alchemist, who was desperately in want of funds, cut short the debate with a sudden exclamation—

"'I'll be hanged, signior,' said he; 'if here we are not both of us, like a pair of fools, debating matters at our ease, when probably at this very moment the officers of justice are approaching on their awful errand, and when nothing but an instant remedy can save me.'

"Balbinus was utterly posed, and could think of no resource.

"'Neither do I, signior,' chimed in the other, 'see any prospect, even the slightest, of any sufficient expedient. Alas! no:—there is no resource left me but death; and, oh! I fervently thank heaven that I can at least die with resolution. Yes, signior,' he repeated, 'I see but too plainly that there is no other resource left me—none; for of course I could not think of taking into consideration one peculiar expedient, which, however open it may be to me, and however efficacious, is, of course, at once to be rejected as being dishonourable;—

though, indeed, it must be said, on the other hand, that necessity is a sore taskmaster.'

"Balbinus eagerly asked him to what expedient he was alluding?

"'You are aware, signior,' he replied, 'that these knavish officials have an insatiable appetite for money; and it would be the easiest thing in the world to secure their silence by means of bribery. I know, indeed, that it is a hard thing, and, as I have already said, a thing not very honourable either, to part with your money to bribe the scoundrels, and minister to their extravagance; but as matters stand, I do not see what else is to be done.'

"Balbinus acknowledged that he was right, and forthwith counted him down a large number of gold pieces, which were of course to be expended in muzzling the venal authorities."

"Why, really," exclaims Philecous, interrupting his friend's narrative, "this account of your's of the lavish liberality of old Balbinus perfectly astounds me."

"Nay," quoth Lalus, "if it were for any good or generous purpose that his money was required, the old hunks would sooner part with one of his teeth than with a single stiver. Besides, you must remember that this is his hobby, his weak point, his blind side; take him on anything else, and he is the most acute and close old cove you can imagine. With these same facts nobody was better acquainted than our friend the alchemist, who, of course, all the while was running no risk or danger whatsoever, unless that, perhaps, of not being able to supply a certain compliant fair one whom he fancied with a certain amount of cash which he had promised her."

Lalus goes on to describe how the old signior, who, to use an expressive Hibernicism, was fairly "cracked" about alchemy, was now hoaxed out of a fresh supply of cash for the reconstruction of the furnace on a new plan, out of which sum his "acting partner" took care, of course, to secure a tolerably nice penny; and how he was furthermore persuaded into sending additional offerings to the shrine of the Holy Virgin aforesaid, to propitiate the powers of heaven in his behalf — offerings of which the same exemplary worthy took, as their bearer, the most devout and peculiar care.

"And now," quoth Lalus, "an entire year had gone by, and what with one excuse and what with another, heaps upon heaps of money had been expended, the work still and ever coming to nought. Just at this conjuncture, however, matters took a new, and indeed rather a ridiculous turn."

Philecous is all eagerness to learn what this same new and ridiculous turn was, and is forthwith, thanks to the ready communicativeness of his friend, fully enlightened as to all requisite particulars. It appears, in brief, that the impostor, not content with the degree of daring blackguardism which had hitherto distinguished his conduct, deemed it not unadvisable to expatiate, "*pour passer le temps*," in the amiable and romantic platonicisms of a regular *crim. con.* The upshot was, that the gay gallant was at last fairly surprised, having to cut and run for his life, which, in his most extemporaneously precipitate and ill-ordered flight, he was within an ace of losing; and it was only after running a terrible gauntlet of wounds and bruises that he succeeded in escaping to his quarters in the premises of the old signior.

"You know," continues Lalus, "that stories of this description easily take wind; nor was it long till the whole affair reached the ears of Balbinus—a fact which, indeed, the impostor himself had clearly foreseen as inevitable.

"I'faith," exclaims Philecous, "the rascal was now in a regular fix at last."

"He got out of it, nevertheless," replies Lalus, "in the cleverest way imaginable. The trick is really worth telling. Balbinus, in the first instance, did not utter a single syllable of scolding or censure, but with a glum and saturnine expression of countenance he manifested, in a manner abundantly significant, his cognizance of the general report. The knavish scoundrel, on the other hand, was well aware that Balbinus was an exceedingly devout old fellow—one of those, in fact, be it said, whose piety verges upon superstition; he was further aware that people of this stamp are wondrously ready to pardon great offenders who proclaim themselves penitents; and, armed with this two-fold piece of information, he took his measures accordingly. Contriving, then, as with ease he might, to turn the conversation upon the question of the ultimate results of the important business in hand, he broke

out into the most bitter expressions of vexation—complaining that, do all he could, matters were continually turning out, not only contrary to his intentions and expectations, but in a manner utterly inconsistent with all his former experience—adding, that he was posed outright, and that for the very life of him he could not conceive what the deuce it was that was setting him wrong. Balbinus, who was rather a choleric old fellow, had determined to keep a guard upon his tongue; but here, at last, and nevertheless, was something he could not stand.

“‘There is no difficulty,’ he exclaimed, in a rage, ‘no difficulty whatsoever in finding out what it is that is really setting you wrong. A pure and sacred art cannot prosper in the hands of the impure: it is in evil courses, in sins—in sins, I say,—that are to be sought and found the true obstacles to our success.’

“At these words the scoundrel alchemist flung himself upon his knees, inflicted upon himself sundry penitential punches in the stomach, and with an expression of countenance and an accent the most doleful imaginable—

“‘Oh! signior,’ he exclaimed, ‘what you have been saying is nothing but the veriest truth. Alas, and woe is me! sins it is, indeed, and nought else, which have constituted the true barrier to success; but oh! most exemplary signior, not sins of yours, but my sins—mine alone! Why, indeed, should I hesitate to avow it?—for you, oh, reverend Balbinus, are so devout and sanctified a man, that I can no longer hesitate to make to you, as if you actually were my ghostly director, a full confession of all my iniquities. The weakness of human nature was, so to speak, too strong for me, and I have been most haplessly ensnared amid the toils and springes of Satan.’”

Lalus recounts at some length the remainder of this scene—a scene in which the alchemist plays Tartuffe so effectively, that old Balbinus once again enters into amicable relations with him, extending to him not merely his pardon, but his entire confidence as before. A fresh supply of money is, moreover, forthcoming, the impostor “making the most solemn protestations that he would henceforward work at the divine art in that state of moral purity which facts had proved to be altogether indispensable.”

But our acquaintance, Lalus, at length

brings his amusing narrative to a close, whereto, moreover, we find him urged by the impatient curiosity of his auditor, Philecous.

“When with tricks and devices of this sort,” says he, “the rascal had, for ever so long, made a fool of poor old Balbinus, and milked him of his money to ever such an extent, it so happened that somebody arrived in the city who had known the fellow from his childhood. Actuated by the suspicion that he was engaged in his old impositions as an alchemist, the person in question was not long without having a private interview with the old signior, to whom he forthwith communicated a most edifying history of the latter’s worthy *protégé*, and whom he further admonished to get rid of the fellow on the instant, unless, indeed, he preferred waiting for some very sudden taking of French leave, supplemental to a general breaking open of his chests and coffers.”

“But what,” asks Philecous, “did Balbinus do when he heard all this? I dare say he got the vagabond apprehended and crammed into prison?”

“Crammed into prison, indeed!” exclaims Lalus. “He took the fellow aside, put into his hands a good round sum of money to defray the expenses of his journey, and conjured him by all the saints in heaven never to communicate to mortal the extent to which he had been humbugged. And in so acting he, in my opinion, showed his sense; for what would he have been in the other case but a public laughing-stock—to say nothing of the risk of having all his property confiscated for violating the laws in practising alchemy?”

The story of the tomfoolery of old Signior Balbinus being at this point brought to a *denouement*, the two friends break into sundry appropriate comments and conjectures which would obviously run on to a much greater length, were it not that good Master Lalus bethinks him of an important engagement which requires his presence elsewhere.

“Egad,” says he, “I have not a moment to spare. I must be off. But only wait till we next have a chat together; and I hereby promise to astonish you with a whole batch of stories, every single one of them—ay, even by many odds—more diverting and ludicrous than that which you have just now heard.”

"Well, when we do next meet," rejoins Philecous, "I shall have great fun, I expect, in listening to your stories; and for every single story of yours, I hereby undertake to relate at least as capital a story of my own in return."

Here the conversation of the two gossiping friends draws at length to a conclusion. Amid mutual adieus, they make their respective exits from the scene; and the colloquy closes with the ordinary dramatic grace and effect of our author.

COLLOQUY THE SEVENTH.

"SPECTRUM;" OR, THE APPARITION.

SUCH constitutes our next selection from "The Colloquies,"—a dialogue of considerable merit and comic effect, and which, from its peculiar title, is ever certain to arrest the attention of the curious reader on his first inspection of the work. The Colloquy in question may be described as the truly well-recounted and entertaining history of a very ludicrous practical joke, or series of practical jokes, of a ghostly character, played off by a certain rollicking blade, abounding in humour, cleverness, and effervescing spirits, and who, moreover, regards all ghosts, ghouls, and goblins with ineffable contempt, upon a certain grave and solemn noodle, just his antithesis in all respects, a firm conviction as to the existence and perambulatory fancies of ghosts, &c., as aforesaid, specially included. The scene of the story is laid in England, in the neighbourhood of London, at the country house of Master "Poole," the practical joker aforesaid; and the victim of his ghostly wagging is one Master "Fownes," a neighbour and acquaintance of his. Such are the two leading characters of the story; but the Colloquy itself passes between two personages whom our author has designated by the names, "Thomas" and "Anselm." Both these are acquaintances of Poole; the latter, however, who is the narrator of the story, being, to all appearance, more intimate with him than the former.

This, we may observe, is the only one out of the entire number of the Colloquies, the scene of which is laid

in any part of the United Kingdom. Erasmus resided in England from the year 1510 to the year 1514, having gone thither on the special invitation of Henry VIII., under whose patronage he introduced the study of Greek into Cambridge, becoming the first Greek professor in that University.

The Colloquy before us may be regarded in some measure as a memento of his Anglican sojourn, and remembering the desultory, occasional fashion in which he tells us the work was written,* as well as the fact that it was published a very few years subsequently, we may, under the circumstances, consider it by no means improbable that the freakish production before us was originally penned, if not, like his "Praise of Folly," under the roof of his dear friend and frequent host, Sir Thomas More,† at least in the quiet academic snuggery of the professor of Greek and divinity—to wit, himself—amid the sombre quadrangles of the time-honoured "*Alma Mater Cantabrigiensis*." We may, in short, set it down as most probable that as the scene of the "*Spectrum*" is laid in England, so was the Colloquy itself written there also.

There is a close resemblance between the opening of the dialogue before us and the opening of the "*Alchemist*." "Thomas," observing his friend "Anselm" laughing, is tempted to inquire the reason. After some parley, the latter illuminates him as follows:—

"I have just been told," quoth he, "a story really so capital, that you

* See the charming dedication of the "Colloquies" to the little son of John Frobenius, his printer and publisher, as well as sundry passages in his letters.

† To the friendship between these two great men, English art owes Holbein. That painter was a native of Basil, in Switzerland, where, towards the close of his life, Erasmus for many years resided. He found in our author a warm appreciator of his genius, and, furnished by him with a special letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More, Holbein repaired to England, where, on the recommendation of the amiable Chancellor, he was liberally patronised by Henry VIII.

would actually swear that it was all an invention, were I not seriously to assure you that I know the locality in question, the people, the—in fact, every single particular connected with the story from top to bottom—ay, just as well as I know you."

"Oh, dear me!" chimes in Thomas, "I am ever so anxious to hear it."

"Don't you know my friend, Master Poole?" inquires Anselm.

"Know Master Poole!" exclaims the other; "of course I do."

"Well," continues Anselm, "he is both the author of the ridiculous comedy in question, and the principal actor in it besides."

"Faith I can well believe it," exclaims the other. "He is just the sort of a fellow for such sport as you seem to allude to."

"You never said anything more true," responds Anselm. "But do you know," he inquires, "the country house which he has, just outside of London?"

"Do I know it! Bless your wits, don't you remember both of us spending several pleasant evenings there together?"

"You then, of course, recollect," says Anselm, "an avenue there, with an even row of trees on each side of it?"

"A couple of bow-shots, or thereabouts, to the left of the house?"

"Precisely so. At the back of the avenue, on either side, there is a dry ditch, choked up with a dense growth of bushes and brambles, and then, as you proceed, you pass over a small bridge into a wide expanse of level pastures. Now, for a length of time, a report was current and implicitly received for truth among the country people of the district, that the neighbourhood of this bridge was haunted; and from the piteous groans and lamentations which were said to be there heard, it was sagaciously conjectured that the ghost in question must be some unfortunate soul which was suffering hideous torments in the other world."

"And who, pray," inquires the other, "was the originator of this droll report?"

"Who?" interrogatorily replies Anselm. "Who but that hoax humbug and limb of the devil, Poole. But this constituted merely the introduction, the prologue, so to speak, to his grand performance."

Our honest acquaintance, good Mas-

ter Thomas, seems not exactly able to comprehend or realise to himself how it is that your regular practical joker extracts such vast entertainment out of his provoking quips, and sleights, and mischief-makings. Nor is his story-recounting comrade much clearer on the point; he only knows that a decided taste for that least spiritual of all wit, 'yclept the practical, enters somehow naturally and originally into the character of certain individuals, but specially, and beyond all others, into the character of Master Poole, who, independently of the various other spheres open to his peculiar jocular abilities, "delights," he informs us, "above all things in making fun of popular superstitions."

"I will tell you," he episodically adds, "a recent trick of his of this kind. A party of us were riding out in the neighbourhood of Richmond, consisting of Poole, and myself, and a number of other gallants. The day was superb, wonderfully calm and clear, and not one solitary speck of cloud to be seen. All of a sudden our attention was forcibly attracted by that infernal humbug, Poole. There he was, staring up at the sky, and making the sign of the cross all over his face and shoulders; his features were the very picture of astonishment and terror, and every now and then he, as it were, unconsciously, and to himself, exclaimed—'Heavenly powers, what do I see?' Those of our party who happened to be nearest to him, asked him what was the matter; whereupon, making another and larger sign of the cross, 'Oh! is there,' he exclaimed, 'is there any means whereby this terrible omen can be averted?' They pressed him with great eagerness to inform them what it was he saw, when, fixing his eyes intently on the sky, and pointing with his finger, 'Do you not see *there*,' said he, 'an enormous dragon, with horns of fire, and his tail twisted up into a ring?' They all, of course, declared that they could not perceive anything of the sort; upon which he told them to strain their eyes very earnestly whilst he pointed them out the spot anew. At last one of the company, a fellow half blind, who was anxious to have it believed that he had particularly fine sight, said that he thought he saw it, whereupon several of us unhesitatingly backed him with our testimony, for we were ashamed,

forsooth, not to acknowledge that we saw what was so exceedingly plain to Poole and his keen-eyed seconder. It was one of the most amusing scenes imaginable; but the upshot of it was, that in the compass of three days, a report was spread over all England, from one end to the other, that the prodigy in question had actually appeared, and it was really astonishing what a mass of extravagant particulars had been added by popular rumour to the story as it originally stood. On all sides, too, wiseacres were occupied in interpreting the prodigy, and inferring what it prognosticated; while as for Poole, who was the originator of the entire delusion, the rascal was in a perfect ecstasy of glee, especially at the interpretational and prognosticatory part of the business."

"That was indeed Poole's humour all over," exclaims our acquaintance, Thomas; "but return, I pray, you to the story of the apparition."

Anselm forthwith complies, and proceeds to narrate how old Master Fownes, Poole's neighbour, is marked out by the worthy practical joker for his chief butt and victim. The occasion selected for commencing operations is that of a jovial dinner-party at Poole's mansion.

"During dinner," quoth Anselm, the conversation turned upon the generally rumoured appearance of the ghost; and Poole finding that not only had the rumour in question reached the ears of old Fownes, but that it was, moreover, most implicitly believed by him, he proceeded to shape his measures accordingly. He commenced by most earnestly entreating and conjuring old Fownes, as a man whom they all knew to be ever so learned and pious, that he would betake himself to the aid of an unfortunate spirit which was obviously suffering most dreadful torments; 'and surely,' says he, 'if you have any doubts upon the matter, it is the easiest thing in the world for you to satisfy yourself. Take a stroll down to the bridge at about ten o'clock, and my word upon it, you will hear the most pitiable yells and screeches you can imagine. You might take any of our friends here you like along with you, as well upon prudential considerations as for the sake of his corroborative testimony.'"

"Well," ejaculates Thomas, "I am

ever so anxious to know what happened next."

"Dinner ended," continues our story-teller, "forth went Poole and his friends to amuse themselves for some hours with hawks and hounds—all except old Fownes, who, when the dusk of evening came on, set forth on his predetermined excursion to the bridge. Night was falling gradually, and surrounding objects were becoming less and less distinct, and vanishing one after the other, when all of a sudden his ears were saluted by groans and yells of a character at once lamentable, horrible, and most extraordinary. These diabolical sounds were, you must know, the production of that infernal schemer, Poole—and, indeed, to do him justice, he did the thing most admirably. There he was, concealed in the midst of the briars, bellowing with all his might, into a large pitcher of crockeryware, which he had provided for the purpose, and which, by the aid of his voice, gave vent to the most hideous and lugubrious atrocities of sound you can imagine."

"I'll be hanged," exclaims our acquaintance, Thomas, "if this does not beat all the other ghost-stories I ever heard."

"Wait till you hear the whole of it," cries Anselm, "and I fancy you will say that in earnest. Old Fownes then, you must know, presently posted back to the house in an awful clutter and scurry, eager to recount his most wonderful story; but Poole, when he saw him on the move, shot off by a short cut, and reached the house before him. And now Fownes proceeds to acquaint Poole with all the astounding facts of which he had been a witness—not forgetting to add a pretty considerable quantity of lies, by way of embellishment."

"But how the deuce," interposes Thomas, "could Poole restrain himself from bursting out a laughing?"

"Is it he?" replies Anselm. "Bless your soul, he can do anything with his countenance. He got through the scene most admirably: you never would suppose he was acting. And then, at the end of all this, he set about entreating, conjuring, and remonstrating with old Fownes, even still more earnestly than before, and eventually succeeded to such an extent, that the latter laudably resolved to devote himself to the rescue of the unfortunate ghost. In-

spired with this determination, the old fellow lay awake in bed all night, endeavouring with might and main to chalk out some plan whereby he could attain his object consistently with perfect safety to himself; for, to tell the truth, he felt oppressed with the most terrible apprehensions at all the mighty risks he was about running."

And now our worthy and humorous story-teller goes on to relate the means which were taken by that old balderdash, Master Fownes, for the exorcising and attempted release of the poor ghost. All sorts of spells and ceremonials which he could think or hear of as likely to be of efficacy, he forthwith zealously puts in requisition, not forgetting, of course, the grand and cardinal device of a magic circle, which he caused to be drawn according to the most approved system of necromantic forms, in an open space of ground close to the bushes whence the cries had been heard to issue.

"All these precautions," proceeds Anselm, "were resorted to by him, lest the spirit should by any chance turn out to be an evil one, and should, in consequence, make an assault upon him for presuming to exorcise it. And now, when everything was at length ready, he flatly declared that he could not think of trusting himself in the magic circle alone, and that it would be necessary for some one to join him in the business; whereupon Poole, who was afraid the whole thing would be spoiled by the introduction of a stranger, who, in all likelihood, would not prove entirely such an ass as Fownes, requested one of his especial cronies to play the part in question. This blade, you must moreover be informed, was himself a great lover of practical fun; and to him, as a chosen confederate, Poole communicated all the ins and outs of his projected operations.

"Everything being now prepared, and the important evening at last arrived, old Fownes and his companion, at about ten o'clock, entered the magic circle. They had scarcely done so when Poole, who had reached the spot before them, began from the midst of the bushes to give vent to the most horrible groans, which were the immediate signal for Fownes to commence the solemn form of exorcism which he had prepared. And now, when Poole had for some time entertained himself in this fashion, away he slips to the

town, which you know is just at hand, and where another confederate of his was waiting for him."

Our friend Master Thomas here interposes—

"What the plague," quoth he, "is in the wind now, I wonder?"

"Attired in disguises the most diabolical," continues Anselm, "and providing themselves with certain combustibles, and some lighted tinder, which they concealed about their persons, they mount a pair of coal-black horses, and gallop off to the scene of action. When they arrived close to the circle, they set fire to the squibs, hoping to frighten old Fownes out of it."

"Bless my soul," here again interposes our story-teller's listening friend, "what pains, to be sure, that Poole does take in playing off those everlasting practical jokes of his!"

"Just so," replies Anselm; "that is his character; but faith he and his confederate were this time very near being played the devil with themselves."

"You amaze me!" ejaculates Thomas—"what the deuce could have happened them?"

"Why," replies Anselm, "their horses, as you can readily imagine, got frightened at the squibs, and plunged, and kicked, and reared, and ran away with them, and were within an ace of breaking the necks of both themselves and their riders."

"And now," continues Anselm, "when old Fownes returned to the house, Poole, the schemer! just as if he had not known a particle of what had occurred, asked him how he had been getting on; whereupon Fownes informed him how two most terrible demons had made their appearance, mounted upon sable steeds, with eyes like coals of fire, and breathing flames out of their nostrils; how they had endeavoured to break into the magic circle, and how, repulsed by his potent spells, they had been glad to disappear more quickly than they came. The occurrences just related wonderfully increased the courage of old Fownes, and on the following night, amidst great pomp of preparation, he again entered the circle. He forthwith began reciting certain solemn incantations, summoning the spirit to appear, in the midst of which, Poole and his confederate suddenly present themselves on their black horses, as before, uttering

the most unearthly yells, and determined, as it were, to charge into the very middle of the circle."

"Did they bring any squibs with them this time?" inquires Thomas.

"Faith, no," replies our storyteller, "they suffered too much from that dodge to try it again; but they, nevertheless, played off a very capital trick, which you shall hear. They had provided themselves with a long rope, whereof each taking an end, they let it trail lightly along the ground between them, and then galloping off on either side, as if repulsed by the exorcisms of old Fownes, they upset, with a frightful toss, both himself and his companion, as well as an enormous bucket of holy water which had been deposited in the centre of the circle."

"Ha! ha!" laughs our acquaintance, Thomas, "what a precious reward, to be sure, Fownes's companion got for becoming the confederate of Poole!"

"Even so," quoth Anselm; "but he put up with the trick with a good grace, not being the sort of person who would give up his share in a meal of fun for an odd rub of the kind. The ghostly proceedings being closed for the night, they all assemble at Poole's house, as before, when old Fownes, of course, sets about narrating all the risks and perils he had encountered, and with what enormous bravery he had put the pair of demons to flight by his exorcisms. His courage was now still further increased, and he was inspired with the perfect conviction that his magic circle was proof against any demon whatsoever, however great his powers of mischief, or however great his audacity."

"Well, I protest," exclaims Thomas, "that old Fownes is a most tremendous ninny, to be sure,—next door to an idiot."

"But the best of the story is to come yet," continues Anselm. "Matters had reached this stage, when who should arrive, and just in the nick of time, but Poole's son-in-law, one of the most humorous fellows in the world. You may remember him; he is married to Poole's eldest daughter."

"Oh, I remember him very well," quoth Thomas; "he is just the blade not to refuse joining in a good practical joke."

"Not to refuse, do you say?" exclaims Anselm. "Why, there is no-

thing—no business however important, which he would not give up, to be even a spectator, not to say an actor in an affair of the kind. His father-in-law forthwith acquaints him with everything that had occurred, and enjoins upon him the task of, on the next occasion, personating the ghost. He, on his side, loses no time in providing all the paraphernalia requisite for an imposing representation of the part, including a shroud of the sort ordinarily used with dead bodies; and he adds the droll device of some burning charcoal in an earthen-pot, the light from which, shining through the shroud, would cause him to appear as though he were all on fire. And now, when night came on, all parties repaired as before to their old ground. Speedily, frightful groans are heard, and old Fownes begins to get ready all his exorcisms and incantations—when at length, at some short distance, from among the brambles forth rises the ghost, wailing piteously, and seeming to be all in a blaze. Fownes hereupon begins solemnly to conjure the ghost to give an account of itself, when all of a sudden, Poole, disguised as a demon, bounds forward with an unearthly yell from the midst of the brambles. 'How dare you,' roars he, 'have anything to say to this spirit, which is my property?' and with that he makes a furious charge up to the edge of the circle, as if he were going to tear old Fownes in pieces; till at length, as if conquered by the potent exorcisms of the latter, as well as by the showers of holy water with which he was plentifully splashed, he gave up the contest and retired. The demon, which appeared to officiate as a sort of guard or keeper of the unfortunate ghost, being thus driven from his charge, an amusing scene forthwith arises between the latter and old Fownes. In reply to his demands and obtestations, the ghost declared, in the first instance, that it was the soul of the Christian man. The next inquiry was as to what the name of the aforesaid Christian man had been, to which the ghost returned for answer, that his name had been Fownes; 'and oh! most reverend Fownes,' exclaims the ghost, 'I claim you as my namesake.' This disclosure produced a great impression on the old nincompoop, and he felt vastly interested in the idea of the one Fownes liberating

the other. And now he set about proposing a multiplicity of questions; whereupon the ghost, fearing to be found out, declared that he durst not say a word more, that his time was up, and that he must perforce be off with the demon, who was waiting for him. He promised, however, that he would appear again the next evening at the same hour. The scene ended, all parties repair to Poole's house; Poole, in fact, all along, playing the part of a sort of theatrical manager in the business. There our notable exorcist enters into a copious detail of all the wonders that had taken place; his narrative consisting of some truth, together with a whole pack of lies, which, perhaps, after all, he had persuaded himself into regarding as arrant truths. Two grand points, however, were abundantly established: first, that the ghost in question was a Christian ghost; and second, that the aforesaid Christian ghost was harassed, tortured, and most excruciatingly played the very devil with by a rascally, infernal demon, to obtain a fair riddance of whom no earthly effort ought to be spared."

The ghost makes his appearance next night, according to promise, and the ingenuity of Poole supplies abundant materials for fresh hoaxing.

"And now," quoth our friend Anselm, "old Fownes anxiously inquired of the ghost whether there were any means whereby he, the said ghost, could be extricated from his torments; to which inquiry the ghost made answer, that such means were open, provided something proper were done with a certain sum of ill-got money which he had secreted in a particular spot.

"What would you think," says old Fownes, "of the money being appropriated by some peculiarly worthy individual, who would expend it in a fitting and pious manner?"

"The ghost replied to the effect that such would, indeed, be a capital plan; encouraged by which answer, Fownes ventured further to inquire, as indeed he did very particularly, 'What the amount of the money in question might be?' The ghost replied, that the amount was enormous; and furthermore, mentioned the exact spot where it would be found, which, by the way, was an awfully great distance off.

"When," continues Anselm, "every question that he could think of, relat-

ing to the money, had been proposed and answered, old Fownes, in accordance with a previous suggestion of Poole's, proceeded to interrogate the ghost concerning various mysteries of science in the domains of Alchemy and Magic. To these inquiries the ghost answered very guardedly; but solemnly promised that, as soon as he was liberated from the power of the demon, he would communicate a great deal more."

Our story-telling acquaintance next proceeds to describe the wonderful ferment and enthusiasm of spirits into which old Fownes was now thrown, at the prospect of becoming proprietor of the ghost's cash; how, wherever he went, he was continually boasting that, after a little while, he would be in possession of enormous wealth; and what a variety of projects he was continually canvassing relative to the future outlay and investment of the money. The ghost had described the particular spot in which the money would be found, and Fownes was not the man to impose restraints upon his curiosity in a matter of the kind.

"He paid a visit to the place," says Anselm, "and found all the particular marks and indications precisely as the ghost had described them; but he did not venture to disturb the treasure as yet, because the ghost had told him there would be frightful peril in doing so, until such time as the sacred appliances, which had been set to work for his rescue from the demon, had accomplished their contemplated result. Now, under such circumstances as these, any person blessed with common wits would have detected a palpable humbug. Not so, however, with old Fownes. Everywhere he went, he was making himself a regular butt and laughing-stock; until, at last, several of his friends thought it high time to admonish him privately, telling him that they were astonished how he, who had hitherto borne the character of a sensible man, could possibly be induced to act so absurdly. But all they could say produced not the slightest effect in undeceiving him. He was firmly persuaded that Poole's cursed hoax was a solemn and momentous reality; and so thoroughly had the one idea taken possession of his imagination, that he actually spoke, and even dreamed, about nothing but ghosts and demons. The miserable infatuation

of his brain was pictured in his countenance, which became pallid, lean, and careworn to such a degree, that he really looked more like a ghost than a man. In fact, the poor devil was next door to sheer lunacy; and, unless something were done to abate his excitement, he would infallibly have lost his wits. With this charitable view, Poole and his son-in-law got up the following stratagem.—They concocted between them a most extraordinary epistle, written in strange, antique characters, and this, moreover, not upon ordinary paper, but upon that description of red paper which, you are aware, is made use of by gold-beaters for packing their gold-leaf in. The epistle was couched in these terms:—

"FOWNES, lately a captive, but now free, to his dearest preserver Fownes, health and salvation eternal:

"There is, oh! most beloved Fownes, no longer any reason why you should afflict yourself with anxious concern on my account. Your pious intentions have prevailed. I have at last been released from my sufferings, and I now pass my hours in the blissful society of the angels. When you visit us all in this place, I will, with intense pleasure, render you thanks personally. Meantime, I earnestly wish you a pleasant and holy life.

"Given from the Celestial Empyrean, under my hand and seal, on this the Ides of September, in the year of Grace, 1498."

"Means were taken," continues Anselm, "to throw this letter in Fownes's way; and now he carries it about with him constantly, and shows it to everybody, as a thing of the most sacred

description; and believes nothing to be more certain than that it has been brought to him from heaven by the hands of an angel."

"What!" exclaims our acquaintance Thomas, "do you call *that* rescuing the old wretch from his delusion? Why, it is merely substituting one delusion for another!"

"Even so," replies Anselm; "with this difference, however, that, at present, he is not entirely such a desperate nuisance as he was."

We are now at the end of Anselm's narrative. He has given us no information as to the issue of that part of Poole's trick which had reference to the supposed hidden treasure; and we must only take it for granted that this portion of the *denouement* of his story was, as yet, *in futuro*, or, at least, had not as yet reached his knowledge.

The Colloquy winds up with a reflection of our friend Thomas, which is, in fact, the moral of Anselm's tale, and, indeed, not a bad moral either.

"Heretofore," quoth he, "I have been accustomed to attach very little credit to those stories which are ordinarily so current, concerning apparitions, and the like; henceforward, I will take care to attach still less; and I shrewdly suspect that simple, credulous men, like old Fownes, have often even gone so far as to commit to writing and to publish, as solemn truths, matters which really owed their origin to ridiculous devices such as those we have just been speaking of."

"I am confident," chimes in Anselm, "that there have been abundant instances of the kind."

SIR JASPER CAREW, KNT.

HIS LIFE AND EXPERIENCES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS OVER-REACHINGS AND SHORTCOMINGS THEREIN, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE WORLD BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER L.

A TRIAL.—CONCLUSION.

THE second day was chiefly occupied in examining witnesses — old acquaintances of my father's, for the most part, who had known him on his return to Ireland, and who could bear their testimony as to the manner in which he lived, and the acceptance he and my mother had met with in the best society of the capital. Though their evidence really went no farther than a mere impression on their part, it was easy to perceive that its effect was most favourable on the jury; nor could cross-examination elicit the slightest flaw in the belief, that they lived amongst their equals without the shadow of aspersion on their honour.

An uninterested spectator of the scene might have felt amusement in contrasting the description of manners and habits, with the customs of the present time; for although the evidence referred to a period so recent, yet were all the details mixed up with usages, opinions, and ways, that seemed those of a long past epoch. Men were just then awakening after that long and splendid orgie which had formed the life of Ireland before the Union. With bankrupt fortunes and ruined estates, they saw themselves the successors of a race, whose princely hospitalities had never known a limit, and who had really imparted a character of barbaric splendour to lives of reckless extravagance.

A certain Mr. Archdall was examined as to his recollection of Castle Carew, and the company who frequented there. He had been my father's guest when the Viceroy visited him; and certainly his account of the festivities might well have startled the credulity of his hearers. It was not at first apparent with what object these revelations were elicited by the cross-examination, but at length it came out that they were intended to show that my father having no heir, nor expecting to have any, suffered himself to

follow a career of the wildest wastefulness. With equal success they drew forth from the witness stories of my mother's unpopularity with the ladies of her own set in society, and the suspicion and distrust that pervaded the world of fashion, that she had not originally been born in, or belonged to, the class with which she was then associating.

It was but too plain to what all this pointed; and although old servants of the family were brought forward to show the deference with which my mother's position was ever regarded, and the degree of respect, almost amounting to state, with which she was treated, yet the artfulness of the cross-examiner had at least succeeded in representing her to the jury as self-willed, vain, and capricious, constantly longing for a return to France, and cordially hating her banishment to Ireland. My mother's friendship and attachment to Polly Fagan was ingeniously alluded to as a strange incident in the life of one whose circumstances might seem to have separated her from such companionship; and the able counsel dwelt most effectively on the disparity which separated their conditions.

These circumstances were, however, not pressed home, but rather left to make their impression, with more or less of force, while other incidents were being related. To rebut in some measure these impressions, Foxley showed that my mother had been a guest at the Viceroy's table — an honour which could not have been conferred on her on any questionable grounds. Unimportant and trivial as was the fact, the mode of eliciting it formed one of the amusing episodes of the trial, since it brought forward on the witness-table a well-known character of Old Dublin — no less a functionary than Samuel Cotterell, the hall trumpeter, now pensioned off and

retired, but still, with all the weight of nearly four-score-and-ten years, bearing himself erect, and carrying in his port the consciousness of his once high estate and dignity.

It was some time before the old man could be persuaded, that in all the state and pomp of the justice-seat, there was not occasion for some exercise of his ancient functions. He seemed ashamed at appearing without his tabard, and looked anxiously around for his trumpet; but once launched upon the subject of his recollections, he appeared to revel with eager delight in all the associations they called up. It was perfectly miraculous to see with what tenacity he retained a memory of the festivities of old Vice-regal times; they lived, however, in his mind like distinct pictures, unconnected with all around him. There was a duke in his "garter," and a duchess in her diamonds; a gorgeously-decked table; pineapples that came from France; and a dessert wine newly arrived from Portugal, some of which Sir Amyrald Fitzgerald spilled on Madame Carew's dress; at which she laughed pleasantly, and, in showing the stains, displayed her ankles to Barry Rutledge, who whispered his Grace that there was not such a foot and leg in Ireland. Lord Gartymore backed Kitty O'Dwyer's for fifty pounds, and lost his wager.

"How, then, was the bet decided, Mr. Cotterell?"

"We saw her dance the minuet with Colonel Candler, and my lord said he had lost."

"Madame Carew was, then, much admired at Court?"

"She was."

"And a favourite guest, too?"

"We asked her on Wednesdays generally; they were the small dinners, but many thought them the pleasantest."

"Her Grace noticed her particularly, you say?"

"She did so on one Patrick's night, and said she had never seen such lace before; and Madame Carew told her she would show her some still handsomer, for it had been given by the King to her grandmother, whom I think they called Madam Barry, or Du Barry, or something like that."

Though little in reality beyond the gossiping revelation of a very old man, Cotterell's evidence tended to

show that my mother had been a welcome and a favoured guest in all the best houses of the day, and that living as she did in the very centre of scandal, not the slightest imputation had been ever thrown upon her position or her conduct.

The counsel probably saw that not having any direct proof of the marriage—when, and how, and where solemnised—it was more than ever necessary to show the rank my mother had always occupied in the world, and the respect with which she was ever received in society.

He had—I know not with what, if any, grounds—a little narrative of her family and birthplace, in France, and most conveniently disposed of all belonging to her, fortune, friends, and home, by the events of "that disastrous revolution which swept away not only the nobles of the land, but every archive and document that had pertained to them."

When he came to my own birth, he was fortunate enough to obtain all the evidence he wanted. The priest of Rathmullen, who had officiated at my christening, was yet alive, and related, with singular clearness of recollection, every circumstance of that sorrowful night when the tidings of my father's violent death reached the village beside Castle Carew. Of those present on this occasion, among whom were Polly Fagan and MacNaughten, he could not yet point to where one could be found.

There now only remained to sum up the evidence, and impart that consistency and coherence to the story which should carry conviction to the minds of the jury, and this task he performed with a most consummate ability, concluding all with an account of my own visit to the home of my father, and the reception which there had met me. The passionate vehemence of his indignation seemed fired by the theme; and warming as he proceeded, he denounced the infamy of that morning as not only a stain upon the nation but the age, and called upon the jury, whatever their decision might be in the cause itself—whether to restore the heir to his own, or send him a beggared wanderer through the world—to mark by some expression of their own, the horror and disgust this act of barbaric cruelty had filled them with.

A burst of applause and indignation commingled saluted the orator as he sat down; nor was it till after repeated efforts of the criers that silence was again restored, and the business of the trial proceeded with.

Mr. M'Clelland, to whom the chief duty of the defence was entrusted, requested permission of the court to defer the reply to the following day, and the leave being granted, the court arose.

I dined that day with Mr. Foxley. I would fain have been alone. The intense excitement of the scene had made me feverish, and I would gladly have felt myself at ease, and free to give way, in solitude, to the emotions which were almost suffocating me; but he insisted on my presence, and I went. The company included many very distinguished names—members of both houses of Parliament, and men of high consideration, and by all of them was I received with more than kindness, and some went so far as to congratulate me on a victory which, if not yet gazetted, was just as certainly achieved.

I dare not trust myself to dwell on this subject; the tremors of hope and fear I then went through threaten even yet to come back in memory. A few more words and I have done. Would that I could spare myself the pain of these; but it cannot be so, my task must be completed.

I suppose that very few persons have ever formed a rightful estimate of the extent to which the skill and cleverness of an able lawyer have enabled him to wound their feelings, and insult their self-love. I conclude this to be the case, not alone from my own brief and unhappy experience, but from reading a vast number of trials, and always experiencing a sense of astonishment at the powerful perversity of these men. The cruel insinuation, the imputed meanness, the perversion of meaning, the insinuation of unworthy motive, are all acquired and cultivated, like the feints and parries of an accomplished fencer. The depreciation of a certain testimony, and the exaggerated estimate of some other—the sneering acknowledgement of this, or the triumphant assertion of that—the dark menace of a hidden meaning here, and the subtle insinuation that there was more than met the eye there, are all studied and practised

efforts, as artificial as the stage-trick of the actor. And yet how little does all our conviction of this artifice avail against their influence!

Bad as these are, they are as nothing to the resources in store, when the object is to assail the reputation and blacken the character; to hold up some poor fellow-man—frail and erring as he may be—to everlasting shame, and mark him with ignominy for ever. Alas! for the best and purest, what an alloy of meanness and littleness, what vanity and self-seeking mingle with their very noblest and highest efforts. What need, then, to overwhelm the guilty with more than his guilt, and quote the “HEART” in the indictment as well as the CRIME? No, no; if the best be not all good, believe me the worst are not all and hopelessly depraved. I have a right to speak of these things, as one who has felt them. For eight hours and more I listened to such a character of myself as made me sick, to very loathing, at my own identity. I heard a man in a great assembly denounce me as one of the most corrupt and infamous of mankind! I felt the eyes that were turned towards me, I almost thought I overheard the muttered reprobation that surrounded me. A number of the incidents of my changeful life—how learned I know not—were related with every exaggeration and every perversion that malice could invest them with. For a while, a sense of guiltlessness supported me; I knew many of the accusations to be false, others grossly overstated. The scenes in which I was often depicted as an actor, had either no existence, or were falsehoods, based upon some small germ of truth; and yet I heard them detailed with a semblance of reality, and a degree of coherence as to time and place, that smote me with very terror, since, though I might deny, I could not disprove them.

To stamp *me* as an impostor, and my claim as a cheat, appeared to be the entire line of the defence. Indeed, he avowed openly, that with all the evidence so painstakingly elicited by the opposite counsel, he should not trouble the jury with one remark.

“When I tell you,” said he, “who this claimant really is, and how his claim originated, you will forgive me that I have not embarrassed you with details quite irrelevant to this action,

since of Walter Carew, or of any descendant of his, there is no question here! I will produce before you on that table, I will leave him to all the ingenuity of my learned friend to cross examine, one who shall account to you how the first impulse to this daring imposture was conceived. You will be astounded. It will be, I am aware, a tremendous tax upon your credulity to compass it; but I will show to your entire conviction, that the man who aspires to the rank of an Irish gentleman, a vast estate, and an illustrious name, is a foreigner of unknown origin, who began life as an emissary of the French revolutionary party. When secret treachery superseded the guillotine, he served as a spy; this trade failing, he fell into the straits and difficulties of the most abject poverty; the materials of that period of his history are, of course, difficult to come at. They who walk in such paths, walk darkly and secretly; but we may be able to display some, at least, of his actions at this time—one of them, at all events, will exhibit the character of the individual, and at the same time put you in possession of an incident which, in all likelihood, originated this extraordinary action.

“There may be some now present in this court sufficiently familiar with London to remember a certain character well known in the precincts of Charing Cross by the nick-name of Gentleman Jack. To those not acquainted with this individual, I may mention, that he swept a crossing in that locality, and had, by a degree of pretension in his appearance, aided by a natural smartness in repartee, attracted notice from many of the idle loungers of fashion, who daily passed and re-passed there. I am not able to say if his gifts were in any respect above the common. Indeed I have heard that it was rather the singular fact, that a man in such a station should be remarkable for any claim to notice whatever, which endowed him with the popularity he enjoyed. At all events, he was remarkable enough to be generally, I might say universally, known; and it was the caprice of certain fashionable folk to accord him a recognition as they passed by. This degree of attention was harmless, at least, and had it stopped at that point, might never have called for any reprobation; but modish follies occasionally

take an offensive shape, and this man's pretension offered the opportunity to display such.

“You have all heard of Carleton House, gentlemen — of the society of wits who frequent there, and the charms of a circle in which the chief figure is not more distinguished for his rank than for the gifts which elevate social intercourse. To the freedom which this exalted personage permitted those who approached him thus nearly, there seemed to be scarcely any limit. Admitting them to his friendship, he endowed them with almost equality; and there was not a liberty nor a license which could be practised in ordinary polite intercourse, that was not allowed at that hospitable board.

“You might imagine that men who enjoyed such a privilege would have been guardedly careful against abusing it—you might fancy that even worldly motives might have rendered them cautious about imperilling the princely favour! Not so; they would seem to have lost every consciousness of propriety in the intoxication of this same flattery; and they actually dared to take a liberty with this Prince which had been more than hazardous if ventured upon with a gentleman of private station.

“The story goes, that, offended by his Royal Highness having pronounced marked eulogium on the manners and breeding of an individual who was not of their set either in politics or society, one of the party—I am not disposed to give his name, if it can be avoided—dared to make a wager, that he would take a fellow off the streets, give him ruffles, and a dress-coat, and pass him off on the prince as one of the most accomplished and well-bred men in Europe.

“Gentlemen, you may fancy that in this anecdote which I have taken the liberty to relate to you, I am endeavouring to compete with the very marvellous histories which my learned brother on the opposite side addressed to your notice. I beg most distinctly to disclaim all such rivalry. My story has none of those stirring incidents with which his abounded. The characters and the scene are all of home growth. It has neither remoteness in point of time, nor distance in country to lend it attraction. It has, however, one merit, which my learned friend might reasonably envy, and this is, that it is

true. Yes, gentlemen, every particular I have stated is a fact. I will prove it by a witness whose evidence will be beyond gainsay. The wager was accepted, and for a considerable sum, too, and a dinner-party arranged as the occasion by which to test it. The secrecy which I wish to observe as to the actors in this most unpardonable piece of levity will prevent my mentioning the names of those most deeply implicated. One who does not stand in this unenviable category is now in this court, and I will call him before you."

Colonel Whyte Morris was now called to appear, and, after a brief delay, a tall, soldier-like and handsome man, somewhat advanced in life, ascended the witness-table. I had no recollection of ever having seen him before; but it is needless to say with what anxiety I followed every word he uttered.

The ordinary preliminaries over, he was asked if he remembered a certain dinner-party, of which he was a guest, on a certain day in the autumn of the year.

He remembered it perfectly, and recounted that it was not easily to be forgotten, since it took place to decide a very extraordinary wager, the circumstances of which he briefly related:—

"Gentleman Jack was the individual selected by a friend of mine," said he, "and who should succeed in winning his Royal Highness's good opinion, so as to obtain a flattering estimate of his manners and good breeding. To what precise extent the praise was to go was not specified. There was nothing beyond a gentleman-like understanding, that if Jack passed muster as a man of fashion and *ton*, his backer was to have won his bet; if, on the contrary, the Prince should detect any anomalies in his breeding, so as to throw suspicion upon his real rank, then the wager was then lost.

"I was present," said the Colonel, "when the ceremony of presenting him to the Prince took place; I did not know the man myself, nor had I the slightest suspicion of any trick being practised. I had recently returned from foreign service, and was almost a stranger to all the company. Standing close beside Col. O'Kelly, however, I overheard what passed, and as the words were really very remarkable, under the circumstances, I have not

forgotten them." Being asked to relate the incident, he went on:—

"There was a doubt in what manner—I mean rather by what name—the stranger should be presented to his Royal Highness: some suggesting one name—others, a different one; and O'Kelly grew impatient, almost angry, at the delay, and said, 'D—n it, call him something—what shall it be, Sheridan?' 'The King of the Beggars, say I,' cried Sheridan, and in a voice, as I thought, to be easily heard all around. 'Who was he?' asked O'Kelly. 'Bamfield Moore Carew,' answered the other. 'So be it, then,' said O'Kelly. 'Your Royal Highness will permit me to present a very distinguished friend of mine, recently arrived in England, and who, like every true Englishman, feels that his first homage is due to the Prince who rules in all our hearts.' 'Your friend's name?'—'Carew, your Royal Highness; but being a wanderer and a vagabond, he has gone by half-a-dozen names.' The Prince laughed, and turned to hear the remainder of a story that some one at his side was relating. Meanwhile the stranger had gone through his introduction, and as Mr. Carew was in succession presented to the other members of the company——"

"Was he never addressed by any other designation, Colonel?" asked the lawyer.

"Certainly not; on that evening, at least."

"Were you acquainted with his real name?"

"No; O'Kelly told me, the day after the dinner, that the fellow had made his escape from London, doubtless dreading the consequences of his freak, and all trace of him was lost."

"Should you be able to recognise him were you to see him again, Colonel Morris?"

"Unquestionably; his features were very marked, and I took especial notice of him as he sat at the card-table."

"Will you cast your eyes about you through the court, and inform us if you see him here at present."

The Colonel turned, and putting his glass to his eye, scanned the faces in the gallery, and along the crowded ranks beneath it. He then surveyed the body of the court, and at length fixed his glance on the inner bar,

where, seated beside Mr. Foxley, I sat, pale, and almost breathless with terror.

"There he is! that man next but one to the pillar; that is the man!"

It was the second time that I had stood beneath the concentrated stare of a vast crowd of people; but oh, how differently this from the last time! No longer with aspects of compassionate interest and kind feeling, every glance now was the triumphant sparkle over detected iniquity, the haughty look of insolent condemnation.

"Tell me of this—what does this mean?" wrote my adviser, on a slip of paper, and handed it, unperceived, to me.

"It is true!" whispered I, in an accent that almost rent my heart to utter.

The commotion in the court was now great, the intense anxiety to catch a sight of me added to the expressions of astonishment making up a degree of tumult that the officers essayed vainly to suppress. That the evidence thus delivered had been a great shock to my advisers was easily seen; and though Foxley proceeded to cross-examine the Colonel, the statement was not to be shaken.

"We purpose to afford my learned friend a further exercise for his ingenuity," said M'Clelland; "for we shall now summon to the table a gentleman who has known the plaintiff long and intimately; who knew him in his real character of secret political agent abroad; and who will be able not alone to give a correct history of the individual, but also to inform the jury by what circumstances the first notion of this most audacious fraud was first suggested, and how it occurred to him to assume the character and name he had dared to preface this suit by taking. Before the witness shall leave that table, I pledge myself to establish, beyond the possibility of a cavil, one of the most daring, most outrageous, and consummate pieces of rascality that has ever come before the notice of a jury. It is needless that I should say one word to exonerate my learned friends opposite—they could, of course, know nothing of the evidence we shall produce here this day; the worst that can be alleged against them will be, the insufficiency of their own searches, and the inadequacy of the proofs on which they began this

suit. I can afford to reflect, however, upon their professional skill, as the recompense for not aspersing their reputation; and I will say that a more baseless, unsupported action never was introduced into a court of justice. Call Count Anatole Usaffich!"

I shall not attempt to describe a scene, the humiliation of which no vindication of my honour can ever erase. For nearly three hours I listened to such details, not one of which I could boldly deny, and yet not one of which was the pure truth, that actually made me feel a perfect monster of treachery and corruption. Of that life which my own lawyer had given such a picturesque account, a new version was now to be heard; the history of my birth I had once myself given to Usaffich, was all related circumstantially.

He tracked me as the "adventurer" through every event and incident of my career—ever aiming at fortune, ever failing; the hired spy of a party, the corrupt partisan of the press; a fellow, in fact, without family, friends, or country, and just as bereft of every principle of honour or good faith.

Usaffich went on to say, that having shown me Raper's letters and memoranda on one occasion, I had, on reading them, originated the notion of this suit, suggesting my own obscure birth and origin as sufficient to defy all inquiry or investigation. He represented me as stating that such actions were constantly brought, and as constantly successful; and even where the best grounds of defence existed, they who were in possession frequently preferred to compromise a claim rather than to contest it in open litigation. Though the Count always endeavoured to screen himself behind his ignorance of English law and justice, he made no scruple of avowing his own complicity in the scheme. He detailed all the earliest steps of the venture—where the family crest had been obtained; by whom it had been engraved on my visiting cards. He mentioned, with strict accuracy, the very date I had first assumed the name of Carew; he actually exhibited a letter written by me on the evening before, and in which I signed myself "Paul Gervois." With these matters of fact he mixed up other details, totally untrue—such as a mock certificate of my father's marriage at a small town in

Normandy, and which I had never seen nor heard of till that moment. He convulsed the court with laughter by describing the way in which I used to rehearse the part of heir and descendant of Walter Carew before him; and after a vast variety of details, either wholly or partially untrue, he produced my written promise to pay him an enormous sum in the event of the success of the present action. Truly had the lawyer said, "such an exposure was never before witnessed in a court of justice." And now for above an hour did he continue to accumulate evidences of fraud and deception—in the allegations made by me before officials of the court; affidavits sworn to; documents attested before consuls in Holland; inaccuracies of expression; faults even of spelling, not very difficult to account for in one whose education and life for the most part had been spent abroad, were all quoted and adduced, as showing the actual insolence of presumption which had marked every step of this imposture.

The Court interrupted the counsel at this juncture by an observation which I could not hear, to which the lawyer replied—

"It shall be as your lordship suggests; though, were I permitted to have a choice, I should infinitely prefer to probe this foul wound to its last depth. I would far rather display this consummate impostor to the world, less as a punishment to himself than as a warning and a terror to others."

Here my counsel rose, and said that he had conferred with his learned friends in the case as to the course he ought to pursue. He could not express the emotions which he felt at the exposures they had just witnessed; nor did he deem it necessary to say for himself and his brother-barristers, as well as for the respectable solicitors employed, that the revelations then made had come upon them entirely by surprise. Well weighing the responsible position they occupied towards the plaintiff, whose advocates they were, they still felt, after the appalling exhibition they had witnessed—an exposure unparalleled in a court of justice—it would be unbecoming their station as gentlemen, and unworthy of their duty as barristers, any longer to continue this contest.

A low murmur of approbation ran

through the court as the words were concluded, and the Judge solemnly added—

"You have shown a very wise discretion, sir, and which completely exonerates you from any foreknowledge of this fraud."

The defendant's counsel then requested that the Court would not permit the plaintiff to leave.

"We intend to prefer charges of forgery and perjury against him, my lord," said he; "and meanwhile I desire that the various documents we have seen may be impounded."

On an order from the Judge, the plaintiff was now taken into custody; and after, as it appeared, one or two vain efforts to address the Court, in which his voice utterly failed him, he was removed.

Mr. M'Clelland could not take his farewell of the case without expressing his full concurrence in the opinion expressed by the Court regarding his learned friends opposite, whose ability during the contest was only to be equalled by the integrity with which they guided their conduct, when defence had become worse than hopeless.

The defence of this remarkable suit will cost Mr. Curtis, it is said, upwards of seven thousand pounds.

A very few words will now complete this history. Let him who writes them be permitted to derive them from the public journals of the time, since it is no longer without deep humiliation he can venture to speak of himself. Alas, and alas! too true is it, the penalties of crime are as stigmatising as crime itself! The stripes upon the back, the brand upon the brow, are more enduring than the other memories of vice. Be innocent of all offence, appeal to your own heart with conscious rectitude, yet say if the chain has galled your ankle, and the iron bar has divided the sunlight that streamed into your cell—say, if you can, that self-esteem came out intact and unwounded, after such indignity.

I speak this with no malice to my fellow-men—I bear no grudge against those who sentenced me; too deeply conscious am I of my many offences

against the world to assume even to myself the pretension of martyr; but I do assert, that vindication of character—restitution to fair fame comes late, when once the terrible ordeal of public condemnation has been passed. The very pity men extend to you, humiliates—their compassion savours of mercy; and mercy is the attribute of ONE alone!

The *Morning Advertiser* informed its readers, amidst its paragraphs of events—"That, on Wednesday last, Paul Gervois, the celebrated claimant to the estates of the late Walter Carew, was forwarded to Cork, previous to embarking on board the transport ship 'Craven Castle,' in pursuance of the sentence passed upon him last assizes, of banishment beyond the seas for the term of his natural life. The wretched man, who, since the discovery that marked the concluding scene of his trial, has scarcely uttered a word, declined all defence, and while obstinately rejecting any assistance from counsel, still persisted in pleading not guilty to the last.

"It is asserted, we know not with what authority, that the eminent leader of the Western Circuit is fully persuaded, not only of Gervois' innocence, but actually of his right to the vast property to which he pretended to be the heir; and had it not been for a severe attack of gout, Mr. Hanchett would have defended him on his late trial."

Amidst the fashionable intelligence of the same day, we read "that a very large and brilliant company are passing the Easter holidays at the hospitable seat of Joseph Curtis, Castle Carew, amongst whom we recognised Lord and Lady Ogletown, Sir Massy Digby, the Right Hon. Francis Malone, Major-General Count Ussafieh, Knight of various orders, and Augustus Clifford, &c."

I was on board of a convict hulk in Cork harbour from March till the latter end of November, not knowing, nor indeed caring, why my sentence of transportation had not been carried out. The shock under which I had fallen, still stunned me. Life was become a dreary, monotonous dream, but I had no wish to awake from it; on the contrary, the only acute suffering I can trace to that period was, when the unhappy fate which attached to me excited sentiments of either

compassion or curiosity in others. Prison discipline had not, at the time I speak of, received the development it has since attained; greater freedom of action was permitted to those in charge of prisoners, who, provided that their safety was assured, were suffered to treat them with any degree of severity or harshness that they fancied.

The extraordinary features of the trial in which I had figured—the "outrageous daring of my pretensions"—as the newspapers styled it—attracted towards me some of that half-morbid interest which, somehow, attaches to any remarkable crime. Scarcely a week passed without some visitor or other desiring to see me; and I was ordered to come up on deck, or to "walk aft on the poop," to be stared at and surveyed, as though I had been some newly-discovered animal of the woods.

These were very mortifying moments to me, and, as I well knew that their humiliation formed no part of my sentence, I felt disposed to rebel against this infliction. The resolution required more energy, however, than I possessed, nor was it till after long and painful endurance, that I resolved finally to resist. As I could not refuse to walk up on deck when ordered, the only resistance in my power was to maintain silence, and not reply to a single question of those whose vulgar and heartless curiosity prompted them to make an amusement of my suffering.

"The fellow won't speak, gentlemen," said the superintendent one morning to a very numerous party, who, in all the joyousness of life and liberty, came to heighten their zest for pleasure by the sight of sorrow and pain. "He was never very communicative about himself, but latterly he refuses to utter a word."

"He still persists in asserting his innocence?" asked one of the strangers, but in a voice easily overheard by me.

"Not to any of us, sir," replied the turnkey, gruffly; "he may do so with his fellows below in the hold, but he knows better than to try on that gammon with us."

"I must say," said one, in a half whisper, "that, even in that dress, he has the look of a gentleman about him."

“Good heavens!” exclaimed another, “if his story were to be true!”

I know not what cord in my heart responded to that sudden burst of feeling. I am fully convinced that, to anything like systematic condolence or well-worded compassion, I should have been cold as a stone; and yet I burst into tears as he spoke, and sobbed convulsively.

“Ah! he is a deep one,” muttered the turnkey. “Take him down with you, Corporal;” and I was marched away, glad to hide my shame and my sorrow in secret.

Various drafts had been made of those who had been my companions, until at last not one remained of those originally sentenced at the same assizes with myself. What this might portend I knew not. Was I destined to end my days on board of this dark and dismal hulk?—was I never to press earth once more with my feet? How simply that sounds; but let me tell you, there is some strange, high instinct in the heart of man that attaches him to the very soil of earth. That clay of which we came, and to which we are one day to return, has a powerful hold upon our hearts. He who toils in it loves it with a fonder love than the great lord who owns it. Its varied aspects in sunshine and in shade, its changeful hues of season, its fragrance and its barrenness are the books in which he reads; its years of fruitfulness are the joyous episodes of his existence. The mother-earth is the parent that makes all man akin, and teaches us to love each other like brethren.

“Well, Gervois,” said the turnkey to me one morning, “you are to go at last, they say. Old Hanchett has argued your case till there is no more to be said of it; but the Lords have decided against you, and now you are to sail with the next batch.”

The announcement gave me neither pleasure nor pain; even this evidence of Hanchett’s kindness towards me did not touch my feelings, for I had outlived every sentiment of regard or esteem, and lay cold and apathetic to whatever might betide me.

Possibly this indifference of mine might have piqued him, for he tried to stimulate me to some show of interest, or even of curiosity about my own case, by dropping hints of the points of law

on which the appeal was grounded, and the ingenuity by which counsel endeavoured to rescue me. But all his efforts failed; I was dead to the past, and careless for the future.

“Here’s another order come about you,” said he to me about a week after this; “you are not to be shipped off next time. They’ve found something else in your case now, which, they say, will puzzle the twelve judges. Mayhap you’d like to read it, if I could get you the newspaper?”

“It were kinder to leave me as I am,” replied I. “He who can only awake to sorrow had better be let sleep on.”

“Just as you please, my man,” rejoined he, gruffly; “though, if I were you, I’d like to know that my case was not hopeless.”

“You fancy that it matters to me whether my sentence be seven years or seventy; whether I be condemned to chains here, or hard labour there, or mere imprisonment without either; but I tell you that for the terms of the penalty I care almost nothing. The degradation of the felon absorbs all the rest. When the law has once separated from all save the guilty, it has done its worst.”

This was the second attempt he made to stimulate my curiosity. His third venture was more successful.

“So, Gervois,” said he, seating himself opposite me, “they’re on the right scent at last in your business; they’re likely to discover the real heir to that property *you* tried for.”

“What do you mean?” asked I.

“Why, it seems somehow there is, or there ought to be somewhere, a young fellow, a son to this same Carew; and if what the newspapers here say be true, his right to the estate can be soon established.”

I stared at him with amazement, and he went on.

“Listen to this:—‘Our readers cannot fail to remember a very remarkable suit which lately occupied no small share of public attention, by the efforts of a fraudulent conspiracy to undermine the title of one of the largest landed properties in this kingdom. It would appear now that some very important discoveries have been made in America respecting this claim, particulars of which have been already forwarded to England. As the parties who have

made these discoveries may soon be expected in this country, it is not impossible that we may soon hear of another action of ejectment, although on very different grounds, and with very different results from the late one.' "

A very few days after this there appeared another and still more remarkable paragraph, copied from the *London Chronicle*, which ran thus:—

"We mentioned a few days back, that an estate, the claim to which was the subject of a late most remarkable lawsuit, was likely again to furnish matter for the occupation of the gentlemen of the long robe. There would seem now to be no doubt upon the subject, as one of the most eminent solicitors in this country has received instructions to take the necessary steps preliminary to a new action at law. The newly-discovered facts are sufficiently curious to deserve mention. The late Walter Carew, Esq., was reputed to have married a French lady, who, although believed to have been of high and distinguished rank, was no longer traceable to any family, nor indeed to any locality in France. There were many mysterious circumstances attending this alleged union, which made the fact of a marriage very doubtful. Nothing certainly could be discovered amongst Carew's papers, or little to authenticate the circumstances, nor was there a single allusion to be found to it in his handwriting. A singular accident has at length brought this document to light; and although the individual whose fortune it most nearly concerned has ceased to exist—he died, it is believed, in the affair of the Sections at Paris—the result will, in all probability, affect the possession of the vast property in question.

"The discovery to which we allude is as follows:—A mass of papers and family documents were deposited by the late Duke of Montpensier in the hands of certain bankers in Philadelphia, in whose possession they have remained undisturbed and unexplored, up to within a few weeks back, when the Duke of Orleans, desiring to know if a particular document that he sought for was amongst the number, addressed himself to the firm for this purpose. Whether success attended the search in question we know not, but it certainly elicited another and most curious discovery—no less than that the late

Madame de Carew was a natural daughter of Philippe, Duke of Orleans, the celebrated 'Egalité,' and that her marriage had been the result of a wager lost by the Duke to Carew. We are not at liberty to divulge any more of the singular circumstances of this strange compact, though we may add, what in the present is the more important element of the case, no less than this marriage certificate of Walter Carew and Josephine de Courtois, forwarded to the Duke by post from England, in a letter from the Duchesse de Sargance, who had accompanied them.

"The letter of the Duchess herself is not one of the least singular parts of this most strange history, since it mentions the marriage in a style of apology, and consoles the Duke for the *mesalliance* by the assurance that, probably, in the obscurity of Ireland, they will never be heard of any more.

"Amongst the strange coincidences of this strange event, another still remains to be told. It was in the hands of the firms of Rogers and Raper that these documents were deposited, and Mr. Raper himself has passed half a lifetime in the vain search for the very piece of evidence which mere chance has thus presented to him.

"That Gervois, the celebrated impostor in this case, must have, by some means or other, obtained an insight into the strange circumstances of this story, is quite evident, and we understand that the order for his departure has been countermanded till he be interrogated as to the amount of his knowledge, and the sources from which he derived it. Mr. Raper and the Countess of Gabraic, an Irishwoman by birth, are expected daily to arrive in this country, and we may look forward to their coming for the elucidation of one of the most curious stories in our domestic annals.

"There is a story current that Lady Hester Stanhope remembers, some years back, a young man having presented himself to Mr. Pitt as the son of the late Walter Carew, and shown certain papers to authenticate his claim; and as the occurrence took place subsequent to the year '95, it is evident that if his pretensions were well-founded, there could be no truth in the account of his having fallen in the 'Battle of the Sections.' "

I have no heart to speak of how

these passages affected me. To hear that my dear mother and Raper still lived; that they not only remembered me, but that their deep devotion to my cause still animated them, was too much to bear! Bruised, and shattered, and broken down by fortune, this proof of affection kindled the almost dead embers of feeling within me, and I fell upon my knees in thankful prayer to Heaven that I was not deserted nor forgotten! It was no longer rank, and wealth, and riches that glittered before me. I sought for no splendours of fortune or high estate. All that I asked—all that I prayed for, was an honourable name before man, and that Love which should once more reconcile me to myself—lift me from the lonely depths of my isolation, and make a home for me with those to whom I was dear.

“On deck, Gervois,” said the turnkey, arousing me from a deep reverie a few days after this interview; “On deck—here are some strangers want to have a look at ye.”

I slowly followed him up the ladder. I was weak and sickly, but no longer dispirited nor depressed; a faint flickering of hope now burned within me, and I felt that, even to the vulgar stare of curiosity, I could present the steady gaze of one whose vindication might one day be pronounced. I had but touched the deck with my foot, when I was clasped in a strong embrace, and Polly’s voice, as she kissed me, cried—

“My own dear, dear boy—my own long lost child.”

Raper’s arms were around me too, and another that I knew not, a white-haired man, old and sorrow-stricken, but noble-looking, grasped my hand in his, and said—

“His father, every inch of him!”

Poor MacNaghten! he had come from fourteen years of imprisonment to devote his first moment of liberty to bless and embrace me.

Oh! you who have known what it is to be rescued from death when every hope of life had left you—who have from the storm-tossed raft watched the sail as it came nearer and nearer, and at last heard the loud cheer that said, Be of good courage—a moment more and we will be with you. Even you, in that moment of blissful agony cannot sound the depth of emotion which

was mine as, throwing off the stain of the felon, I stood forth in the pride of my guiltlessness, able to say to the world, See how you have wronged me! See how, confounding the weakness and the folly of the human heart with direct and actual criminality, you have suffered the probable or the possible to usurp the place of the inevitably true—have been so carried away by prejudice or by passion as to sentence an innocent man;—see, I say, that your judgments are fallible and your tests are weak; and bethink you that all you can do hereafter in atonement of your error can never erase the deep welt of the fetter on his limb, or the more terrible brand that stamped guilty on his name. If you cannot be always just, be sometimes merciful; distrust, at least, the promptings that disposed you to condemnation, and say to your heart, “Good God, if he were to prove innocent!”

I am now wealthy and rich. Years of prosperity have rolled over me—years of tranquil happiness and sincere enjoyment. There is not a day on which I have not to thank Heaven for blessings of health and vigour—for the love of kind hearts, and for the affection of many benevolent natures. I know and I acknowledge that these are more than the recompense of any sorrows I have suffered; and in my daily walk of life I try to aid those who suffer—to console affliction, and to cheer weak-heartedness. The happiness that others seek and find within the circle of their own, I look for in the wider family of mankind, and I am not disappointed.

Polly and Raper live with me. MacNaghten, too, inhabits the old room that once was his. Poor fellow, in his extreme old age he loves every spot that revives a memory of the past, and in his wanderings often calls me “Walter.”

It remains for me but to say, that the singular events which ultimately restored me to my own, attracted the attention of royalty. The various details which came out upon the trial, with the evidence given by the Countess of Gabriac and Raper—all of which, involving so much already known, I have spared the reader—so far interested the King, that his Majesty expressed a desire to see me at court.

I hastened, of course, to obey the

command, and from the royal hand received the honour of knighthood, his Majesty saying, "We should have made you a baronet, only that it would have been of no use to you, seeing that you are the last of the Carews, of Castle-Carew."

Yes, kind reader, and these, too, are our last words to you. Would that anything in these memorials of a life may

have served to lighten a weary hour, or softened a moment of suffering, since to the higher purposes of instruction or improvement they lay no claim. At all events, think of me as one too deeply conscious of his own faults to hide or to extenuate them, and too sincerely sensible of his good fortune not to strive to extend its blessings to others.—Adieu.

DIRGE FOR LITTLE MARY.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

I.

Sing and sigh for little Mary ;
 From the lap of loving care
 She hath fled, the laughing Fairy,
 Glancing through her shining hair,
 In a tangled golden ravel,
 Floating on the summer air !
 Or in fluttering brightness glowing,
 Round her waxen cheeks and face ;
 Or in glittering streamers flowing,
 Far behind her in the race,
 When those limbs, so fleet and rosy,
 Bore her on before the throng,
 Tossing high her wild flower posy,
 Ringing forth some rhyming song :
 Ah ! how still is little Mary,
 In her white shroud, wide and long.

II.

Do they fear that she should waken ?
 For her mother shades the light,
 When into that room, forsaken,
 Tearfully she steals at night.
 Do they fear the wind should chill her ?
 For they draw the curtains round ;
 That a voice with pain should thrill her ?
 For their words in whispers sound ;
 And they tread with noiseless footsteps,
 As if that were holy ground.

III.

Ah ! we followed little Mary
 To the utmost bounds of thought,
 Vague and grey ;—but there the Fairy
 All an angel's brightness caught ;
 And the sheets of moonlight bore her
 O'er the dead sea dark before her,
 Through the distance none may measure,
 Height and depth we may not pass,
 Till the day shall come when Mary
 Smiles, and others cry alas !
 Till again our little Fairy
 Calls to us and bids us pass !

THE REPRIEVE; OR, THE WILD JUSTICE OF REVENGE.

BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

IN the year 18—, the body of a beautiful boy, of about eight or nine years old, was found drowned in a quarry-hole in the county of ———, in which I was then stationed. Some marks, which might have been of violence, or received while struggling for life amongst the sharp rocks which formed the sides of the hole, but which looked more like the former, made it desirable that the inquest should be conducted with the strictest and most searching minuteness.

Having heard of the occurrence at an early hour in the morning, I at once proceeded to the spot, and was fortunate enough to arrive before any crowd had collected which might have altered the appearance of the place, so as to frustrate me in making such observations as might be of use in tracing the melancholy event to its source. It was generally supposed to have been purely accidental; and as it was known that the boy had been in the habit of resorting to the place for the amusement of fishing, I was not prepared to think otherwise; besides, Edward O'Connor — such was his name — was very justly a prime favourite with the whole parish, and it would be difficult to suppose any motive for violence towards him. I, however, made the police form a cordon for the purpose of keeping off the people, who had by this time begun to assemble in considerable numbers; and by this means, with the assistance of an intelligent member of the force, I was enabled to make such observations as the place admitted of, and the nature of the facts required. We found evident marks of footsteps upon one part of the bank which could not have been the boy's — they were those of a man's shoe, with the usual description of nails worn by the country people; there were also the marks of a foot without any shoe, but which appeared to have had a stocking on; and what struck me as most remarkable was, that in every instance the mark of this foot proved to be that of the left, nor could we, upon the most minute search,

find one of those latter marks made by the right-foot, while those which were marked by the shoes were right and left indiscriminately. There was also a small fishing-rod found upon the bank, broken. On examining the body, there were found one or two cuts, as if inflicted by sharp stones, upon the face and forehead, and the tops of the fingers were much torn, apparently in the effort to lay hold upon the sides of the rocks, in the struggle between life and death; but there was one cut upon the *back* of the head which it was more difficult to account for. A surgeon was examined, who stated that none of the wounds were sufficient to have caused death, and, in the absence of any further evidence, a verdict of "Found drowned" was recorded. Although I could not quarrel with the verdict, my mind was by no means satisfied upon the subject.

This boy was the son of a very respectable man, named Thomas O'Connor, who had, some years before, proved successful as a rival in courtship with a man named Terence Delany. Delany was a tall, handsome, active young man, and a great favourite amongst a certain class of young women in the neighbourhood. He was, however, wild, thoughtless, and unprincipled, and his habits and occupations were such as to cause the general remark, that he would never turn out well. Certain it is, that no cock-fight, dog-fight, or other disreputable meeting took place in the parish which was not got up and conducted by Terence Delany; and it was soon plainly foretold, that if he did not change his ways, they would bring him to disgrace and shame.

O'Connor was the very reverse of all this; he was a cheerful, gay, industrious, well-principled young man, the pride of his father's cottage, and the delight of all who knew him. He was an only son, and well to do in the world; and although not so tall or so handsome as Delany, it was no great wonder that upon a fair comparison of their respective merits, backed as he

was by the good word of everybody, he should have carried the heart of Mary M'Kenzie — who was a good, sensible girl — in opposition to his handsomer, but less worthy rival.

Delany had early perceived that his game was lost if left to honourable competition between him and O'Connor; and pretending not to have taken his failure to heart in any way, or indeed to have entertained any further aspirations or intentions towards the object of their common addresses, did all in his power to conciliate O'Connor, and, if possible, to create at least a fair understanding between them, in hopes of being able to induce him to join him and his companions in their amusements, representing them as innocent and manly, fitted for young men of their class and time of life, but with the deep and secret hope of leading him, step by step, into disgrace, or perhaps into committing some transportable crime, so as to get the stage clear for himself altogether. O'Connor was, however, proof against all his temptations, and, ere long, became the husband of Mary M'Kenzie.

Delany now, stung by vexation, disappointment, and wounded pride, plunged more recklessly than ever into excesses; though towards O'Connor he became, perhaps, even more than usually civil, although a vow of revenge, which was limited neither as to extent nor time, was registered in his heart against him. Annoyed, too, by the jests and bantering of his companions at his want of success, he became irritated and morose, and more abandoned in his character every day, giving way to the worst passions of his nature; so that it was not without justice he became suspected of being concerned in most of the daring outrages which took place not only in that immediate neighbourhood, but within a range of some miles. It was evident that this, with a police force in the district, which, even at the early period of which I speak, had become well-organised and efficient, could not go on very long without being detected; and, accordingly, one night Delany was apprehended in the act of carrying away a portion of the carcass of a sheep which he had just slaughtered, and divided with his guilty

This was a crime which had become of fre district, and

entertained that the ringleader had been caught, and that a remedy for the evil was at hand.

About two hours previous to Delany's having been detected in the above act, a turf-stack in the rear of O'Connor's house, had been set on fire and consumed, and strong suspicion rested upon Delany as the author, as a commencement to the night's work in which the sheep was killed. Upon this latter case, O'Connor was, unfortunately, obliged to be brought forward in evidence against him, and on being examined, swore that he had been from home on the night his turf-stack was burned, and on his return, at a late hour, in company with a friend, he met Delany at a sudden turn of the road, with something like a sack or bag across his shoulder—this was at the corner of a short lane leading into the field in which the sheep was killed, and he saw Delany turning out of the lane into the road, before he knew who it was; that upon Delany perceiving him, he appeared very much annoyed and confused, and swore an oath that, "go where he would, O'Connor was there before him," upon which the other replied, "the next place you go, I hope I'll neither be there before nor after you." This was corroborated by the person who was in company with O'Connor at the time, and with the evidence of the police, who shortly after apprehended Delany. He was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. Upon his being removed from the dock, he looked fiercely at O'Connor, who was in one of the side-boxes, and exclaimed, "It's a long lane that has no turning; yourself or your son may be at home before me."

More than two years beyond the term for which Delany had been transported had expired, and nothing had as yet been heard of him, which was indeed a subject of much joy to the whole neighbourhood. O'Connor had four children, of whom Edward, the boy found drowned, had been the eldest, and peace and happiness pervaded the whole district, until the latter, at least, was interrupted by that melancholy event.

Edward O'Connor had frequently his a's, who lived not fond of him; wet or severe there for the

night, his absence on the occasion in question suggested nothing more in the minds of his father or mother, till they were aroused from their sleep at day-break the next morning, by the sad intelligence of what had happened.

Such continued to be the state of things, and poor little O'Connor had been some five or six weeks numbered with the sleeping dead, when at midnight I was awakened by a policeman, who stated that Thomas O'Connor was below stairs, and wished to speak with me in all haste. I instantly ordered him to be sent up, at the same time dressing myself as quickly as possible. On entering the room, he shut the door behind him, and the first thing that struck me on beholding him was, that the poor fellow was out of his mind—madness was in every feature. I asked him with as much calmness as I could assume, "What was the matter?—what he had to communicate?" He turned full upon me; and what a sight! His eyes flashed fire, his hands were clenched, his teeth set firmly together, and his whole frame convulsed with fury.

"For heaven's sake, O'Connor," said I, "what is now the matter?"

"Murder! murder!" he whispered, placing his mouth close to my ear. "Delany!" he then cried aloud, still clenching his fists, and rolling his blood-shot eyeballs, which nearly started from their sockets.

"For God's sake, O'Connor, be calm," said I, "what reason have you to suppose that——"

"Calm—calm—reason to suppose—calm!" he cried, looking at me as if I myself had been the murderer. "Reason to suppose!" he repeated, "I know it—I ought to have known it from the first—'tis done—'twas he, the bird of hell, 'twas he; but this world's range shall be too small to hide him from my vengeance. My boy, my boy, my murdered boy!" and he strode through the room with frantic gestures.

There was no use in speaking to him until this fit of fury had in some degree subsided, and I stood, silently meditating upon the possibility of such being the fact, which crossed my mind not now for the first time. At length he threw himself upon a chair, and burst into tears, crying again—"My boy—my boy—my murdered boy!"

I was glad to see the tears, and once more entreated him to be calm, stating

that the law would assuredly overtake Delany, if he were guilty. The word "if" again roused the unfortunate man, and seeing the state of mind he was in, I regretted that I had used it.

"The law!" he cried, "the law! if—if—but I want no law; I'll have no law; these hands—these hands alone," and suddenly throwing himself upon his knees, before I could prevent him, he swore a fearful and appalling oath that he would seek no law, or have no law, and rest not day or night, till, with his own hands, he had avenged the blood of his murdered boy. He would have proceeded, apparently, ere he rose from his knees, to have added curses to his oath, but that I seized him round the body, and placing my hand upon his mouth, again implored him to be calm, assuring him that his conduct must altogether frustrate even his own object, and prevent our very best endeavours to trace Delany. This had the desired effect; he paused, and whether it was from conviction, or with a view to deceive me, I could not say, but in a moment he became wonderfully calm; and he who had hitherto been like a hungry tiger, raging for his prey, had now become mild and gentle as a lamb.

"Tell me that again," he said, "persuade me but of that, and you shall lead me like a child."

Of course I was delighted that I had hit upon so fortunate an expression, and with the effect which it produced upon him. It was, in fact, the thing which was most likely to tend to the success of any effort to bring the perpetrator of this mysterious murder (if such indeed it was) to justice; while, upon the other hand, anything like rashness, or even an admitted knowledge of the fact upon the part of O'Connor or the authorities, might for ever frustrate our exertions—secrecy, and an apparent ignorance of the fact being indispensable to ensure success.

O'Connor seemed determined to keep his word, and was now as calm and tractable as I could wish; I could perceive, however, as I thought, in his manner, a steady though unexpressed determination for personal vengeance in preference to the tardy justice of the law, and now and then a bitter smile, not altogether unallied to satisfaction, curled upon his lip, as if

anticipating the glory of some desperate and frightful deed. Having apparently settled this point in his own mind, he sat down when I bade him, and detailed the grounds he had for supposing that his child had been murdered, and why he believed that Delany was the author of the deed. He told me that a travelling pedlar with whom he was well acquainted, had just returned from the North, and had called at his house, as was his frequent custom; that he had on this occasion made a statement to him which left no doubt whatever upon his mind of the fact. The man had promised to remain at O'Connor's until morning, and to remain up until he should return from me with instructions as to what was best to be done; I, therefore, prepared myself, and at once accompanied him, not a little glad that it was such an hour of the night as would prevent observation.

On arriving at the house I found the person he had mentioned in a chair, asleep by the fire. O'Connor awoke him, when I recognised him as a man with whom I was already in some degree acquainted, as he had been in the habit of travelling through the country selling linens, table-cloths, towelling, &c. He briefly told me his story; and it was one which, indeed, left not the shadow of a doubt on my mind that Edward O'Connor had been murdered in the most inhuman manner, and by Delany. The words I had myself heard him utter more than nine years before, when convicted of sheep-stealing, came forcibly and fearfully back upon my mind.

As the pedlar's story will be briefly stated in its proper place, I shall not now advert to it further. I may add, however, that he was a respectable and well-informed man for his station, who had for many years been in the habit of travelling to the north of Ireland with a horse and tax-cart, purchasing linens, table-cloths, towels, &c., which he made sale of again upon his return tour through the country; and he was a person the truth of whose statement was not likely to be called in question. He appeared much distressed at the melancholy event which had occurred. Edward O'Connor had been a great favourite with him; and he seemed willing to undergo any personal inconvenience to assist in bringing the guilty author to justice. Having heard this

man's statement I left him, desiring that he would not open his lips upon the subject to any person whatever, and that he would drive to my house about ten o'clock on the following morning with his stock of goods, which, as he had heretofore occasionally done it, would not create any suspicion. He did so accordingly; and before he left I had his informations most fully taken by a neighbouring magistrate, for whom I had sent early that morning.

The next great object was to secure Delany. It was now certain that he had returned from transportation, his term having expired; and it was as certain that he had murdered young O'Connor, but where was he to be found? Except upon the evening in question, he had never been seen, and then, so far as we could yet learn, by M'Conchy the pedlar only. He was not supposed to be, nor was he spoken of as having returned from abroad—so far from it, indeed, that it was universally believed throughout the district he had not and would not return. Matters continued thus for nearly four months; and both O'Connor and myself began to despair of success, when the post one morning brought me a curious-looking letter from Swineford, of which the following is a copy:—

“SIR,—I am glad to inform you that Delany is in custody in this town. You had better lose no time in coming here, as he is only sent to jail for a week for cutting a couple of young-ash trees in a gentleman's plantation near this; he gave his name to be James M'Guire. I happened to be in the court, where I was waiting to speak to a good customer of mine who was sitting upon the bench, and I knew the villain the moment I saw him, but I said nothing when I found that he was sent to jail for a week. There's no doubt in life but he's the man; so make no delay, and I'll wait here till you come, or until I get a letter from you.—Your obedient servant,

“JAMES M'CONCHY.”

It is needless to say that I started by the very next coach; and at the end of ten days I had the satisfaction to see Delany in the county jail of —, to which he was fully committed for the murder of Edward O'Connor.

The day of trial at length arrived, and I stood before the dock while De-

lany was arraigned. He pleaded "Not guilty" in rather a bold and confident tone — arising, I should say, from ignorance that the pedlar was a witness against him. Upon hearing, however, the name, James M'Conchy, whispered at the crown side of the bar he turned ashy pale; his lips quivered, and he leaned against the rails for support. The witnesses were few. Thomas O'Connor, the boy's father, was the first. He merely proved to the finding of the body, and to its identity as his son Edward. I was the next witness myself, and proved to the marks of the shoes, and the footsteps as of a left foot with a stocking on, as described at the commencement.

James M'Conchy the pedlar was then sworn and examined.—Had known the prisoner for some years; had seen him once or twice at O'Connor's house some years ago; witness was travelling late in the evening on the 15th of September last in the neighbourhood of O'Connor's; it might be a mile, or perhaps more, from it; believed the place was called Crossdeen; saw a man standing over what appeared to be an old sand-pit or quarry-hole; it was inside a hedgerow to the right of the road; there was a short, stiff bit of a hill at the place, and, as witness pulled up his horse into a walk, he saw the man throw several stones into the hole, and heard him say, "D—n you, will you never go down?"—the man's back was towards him at this time, and witness called out, "Hallo, lad, what's the matter?"—the man, without turning round, replied "that it was a dog of his own which had torn one of his neighbour's sheep, and he was afraid if he did not destroy it he would get into trouble;" he then walked on at a quick pace inside the hedge, but he did not run, and he came out upon the road at a gap; by this time witness had mounted the hill, and, getting on again at a quicker pace, came within about fifteen or twenty yards of the man as he jumped out at the gap and crossed the road; had a full view of him, and for the first time recognised the prisoner as the man, whom he now identified; observed that the prisoner had not any shoes on him as he passed across the road, but he had stockings on; saw one shoe under the prisoner's left arm; it was the arm next him; he might or might not have had another under his right arm. This witness fur-

ther stated that he had no doubt at the time that what the prisoner had told him about the dog was true, and went his way. When he returned from the north, and heard of the death of young O'Connor, and the place where the body had been found, he at once mentioned the circumstance to his father, and his belief that the boy had been murdered. The place where the body of young O'Connor was found had since been pointed out to him, and it was the same at which he had seen the prisoner as already described.

This witness was cross-examined at great length and with great ability, principally as to how far he was from the person, and the opportunity he had of seeing him, so as to be positive of his identity; whether there had ever been any quarrel or cause of ill-will between him and the prisoner; how long it had been since he had seen him previous to the transaction detailed in his informations and evidence—in short, every point upon which it might be possible to confuse or upset him; but the learned counsel failed to shake his evidence or disturb his temper in the slightest degree.

Peter Tully was next sworn and examined.—Stated that he was a shoemaker by trade; lived at Derrygeela, about half a mile from Crossdeen, where the body of Edward O'Connor was found; knew the prisoner Terence Delany; recollected the morning the body of Edward O'Connor was found; was bringing home a pair of shoes the evening before, which had been left to be mended; met the prisoner upon a pathway through a corn-field; the corn was breast high, and met the prisoner face to face; he had no shoes on at the time, but he had stockings on; he had one shoe under his arm; witness said, "Death and ages, is this Terry?" "It is, Peter," said he, "but you need not let on." The prisoner asked witness if he had an old shoe that would match that; witness said he had no odd shoes, and no old ones except what belonged to customers, but that he'd make him a pair; the prisoner replied, "that's 'Live horse and you'll get grass.'" He took the shoes out of witness's hand and looked at them; he *offered* one of them to the sole of his own, and said "it was a pity they were entirely too small, or the man that owned them would never wear them." Asked him what became of his other shoe, and he

replied that it was burned. The prisoner then left him, and as he crossed the first ditch he began to run; witness never saw him since until this day. This witness was cross-examined also at great length upon the usual points that suggest themselves to the mind of a zealous and ingenious advocate, but nothing was elicited favourable to the prisoner, and the case for the crown closed.

There were no witnesses for the defence; and at that time prisoner's counsel were not privileged by law to address the jury. It remained, therefore, only for the judge to charge the jury; and when I say that it was the late Sir William Smith who tried the case, I give a full guarantee that, while a legal, able, and lucid recapitulation of the facts was laid before the jury, no point which bore in the remotest degree in the prisoner's favour was lightly touched on or passed by. Alas! there was little of the kind to be found upon his lordship's notes; and at the end of half-an-hour the jury retired more to escape the gaze of a crowded court while writing their verdict, than from any doubt that it must be comprised in one fatal word.

In less than ten minutes they returned; and, after the noise occasioned by their getting into their places, and answering to their names, and the bustle of the crowd stretching forward to hear, amidst the hish—hish—h—h of the sheriff, with his hand up, had subsided, I say, that the old phrase of "hearing a pin fall," is far too weak to express the silence that reigned, as the foreman uttered the awful word, "GUILTY."

In this verdict the judge, as well as every person who heard the trial, could not but concur; and his lordship, after remaining for three or four minutes as silent and unmoved as a statue, compressed his lips once or twice together, and having assumed the black cap, passed sentence of death and execution upon the prisoner—to be carried into effect upon that day three weeks. This long day formed the subject of some conversation, as, at that period, the extreme penalty of the law was usually carried out in a much shorter time after conviction than is the case at present; and it was supposed not to be without some ulterior object as regarded the prisoner's fate.

Time wore quickly on, and, as it

began to enter upon the last week, it was pretty generally whispered that the unfortunate man had made some very important disclosures with respect to two or three desperate transactions, which had taken place within the last twelve months, to the Government magistrate who had frequently visited him in his cell. The magistrate had proceeded to Dublin upon two different occasions since the trial, it was supposed for the purpose of communicating with the Government upon the subject of these disclosures; and although he did not say anything upon his return, from which to form a decided opinion, it began to be pretty well understood—amongst the officials at least—that he expected to procure for the unfortunate convict a commutation of his sentence.

About the middle of the last week, I was in the prisoner's cell with the magistrate. There appeared to be a very material point in discussion between them, carried on in that cautionary under-tone so generally observed upon such occasions, and which arose more from habit on the part of the magistrate than from any intention that I should not hear what passed, for he requested me to accompany him. I caught, however, only the following unconnected sentences, as I stood near the door:—

Magistrate.—"Cannot be more particular—decided—not authorised—positive—strongly recommend—all in my power."

Prisoner.—"If I could be sure—disgrace—informer—die after all—say you'll do it—sworn on the cross to be true—save me—tell all in both cases—God help me!" and he lay back on his bedstead, and appeared to faint. I confess I thought it was shamming. On recovering himself, he seemed altogether averse to speak; and, with his hands firmly clasped upon the crown of his head, he walked backward and forward in his cell.

We retired, and I said to the magistrate—

"That unhappy man knows more than he will tell you without a positive promise of pardon, at least of mitigation."

"He does," replied Mr. —; "but that is the very point upon which I cannot venture to be positive. The Government will not make any promise, not knowing the value or other-

wise of the information he may give, or the sincerity or truth of it; and he will never give the information, except upon the distinct condition of his life being spared. He dreads the idea of turning informer, he says, for nothing, and dying with the curse of kin upon his memory; but if he could be assured that his life would be spared, he would tell everything. I am quite confident that he has knowledge of facts most important for the Government to be in possession of. In the meantime, the day approaches, and I have pressed the Government to yield as far almost as I can venture. I go to Dublin by this night's mail again for a last interview with the Chief Secretary upon the subject—so far I am bound to the unfortunate man, and I will do it. There are one or two matters in particular which I wished him to have been explicit upon; but you see how cautious and determined he is. I will, however, see what can be done. I am not without hope, that the last day's post may bring a reprieve. See him again this evening, tell him that I have gone to Dublin, and implore of him to make an unconditional disclosure of all he knows, particularly of Farrell's business; and write to me to the Chief Secretary's office to-morrow, and watch the post for my reply."

Mr. — started for Dublin at four o'clock; and, after seeing him off, I returned to the prisoner's cell. I found him in a very different state of mind, notwithstanding the few hours which had elapsed since I had seen him in the morning. He would tell nothing; said "he thought the magistrate was only deceiving him for his own purposes; that he heard Mr. — was a bloody-minded man; that he knew he was to die, and it should never be said he died a traitor; that he had made up his mind to abide his doom, although he was quite sure Mr. — would give five hundred pounds to know the one-half of what he could tell him, but he would suffer twenty deaths before he'd turn traitor; he knew he had been guilty of many crimes, but he would not add that one to them." Here he snapped his fingers in the most rapid and nervous manner it was possible to conceive, and walked about his cell, attempting to whistle. It was overdone, and I could see, at least I thought so, that he was acting for a purpose, and in fact was ready, nay,

anxious, to tell all he knew even upon a mere chance of escaping the fearful death that awaited him. When I told him Mr. — had gone to Dublin, he said, "He might save himself the trouble;" but immediately asked, in a most anxious tone, "when he would be back?" I said, "it was uncertain; that he would do what he could in his behalf; but I feared it would be vain, as he had not treated the magistrate with the confidence he ought to have done, and that he might say anything he wished to me." He appeared much disappointed, looked full at me for several seconds, and then said, "It is all over; why did Mr. — go away? why did he not stay? he'd tell him all he knew, only for the mercy of God to spare his life." I told him again he might tell me anything he wished, and that I would write to Mr. — to Dublin, and see him again the moment I heard from him. To this he made no direct reply, but still asked, "Why did he go? why did he go? what can he do? 'tis all over!" It struck me then that he really had nothing to tell; at least nothing that could be depended on as true.

This was on Wednesday evening, and the execution was fixed for the Saturday morning following. That night's mail had already left for Dublin, so that my letter could not go till the following day, and would not reach before Friday morning. There was, however, sufficient time for a reply; and although matters were much as he had left them, I wrote an account of all that had passed to Mr. — that night before I retired to rest.

The next day the convict was in a very sulky and savage state of mind, apparently unwilling to speak to any one, if I except myself; and the jailer told me he was constantly muttering to himself about "traitors," and "dying true," so that I could add nothing to my letter of the night before. Friday morning's post brought me a letter from Mr. —, stating that he still feared the worst for the unfortunate culprit; nothing had as yet been done of a decided character; the Chief Secretary could not see sufficient grounds for not permitting the law to be carried into effect. "I pleaded that there was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him," the letter went on to say, "and the value of the informa-

tion, which I had no doubt he would give, upon several very important cases, as regarded the tranquillity of the country. A meeting has been fixed for three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, between the Chief Secretary and the Attorney-General. Sir Wm. Smith, the judge who tried the case, has been requested to attend; of course, I am also to be there." He feared much, however, from the lateness of the hour fixed for the meeting, that matters might not turn out as he wished, but he would, undoubtedly, return by the mail on Saturday morning.

This evening, about seven o'clock, as I was on my way to see Delany, I met the priest, old Father O'Donohoe, coming out of the jail; he was weeping, and threw up his hands and eyes when he met me, and exclaimed, "God pardon him!" I turned with him, and he told me he had been with him for the last two hours; that he had given up all hopes of escaping the last extremity of the law; that instead of this causing him to repent of his sins and think of his poor soul, he was in a morose and almost ferocious state of mind, upon which all he could say had not the least effect, except, indeed, to make him worse. He had not only confessed the murder of young O'Connor, but declared it in the most reckless and exulting manner to all who came near him; but had, in no one instance, expressed the slightest repentance or regret. He added, that he thought the unfortunate man had lost his reason, and that it was an awful thing to send him into eternity in such a state. Here the poor old man wept again, and continued to utter, "God pardon him! God pardon him! God convert him!"

"Mad or not mad, it is indeed an awful thing," said I, "to send him into eternity in such a state."

I was proceeding with the priest in silence some few steps further, when I heard a smart step behind me, and a messenger from the jail, touching his hat, told me I was wanted. I bade Father O'Donohoe good evening, and returned to the jail. It was Delany who had expressed a wish to see me, and I proceeded to his cell. On the turnkey opening the door, "You may retire," said I. "He may stay where he is," said Delany at once, in a loud tone; "what I have to say the world

may hear, and the world shall hear to-morrow." He then turned to me and asked if Mr. — had returned from Dublin? I said he had not. He asked if he had written? and I said he had. He then walked rapidly about, and said, "If there was anything good, you would not wait to be sent for; but it's all over now, and I'll show you—I'll show the world, and I'll show O'Connor, if he's not afraid to look, what Terence Delany can do. He knows to his sorrow—and more of that to him—what I have done already; I *did* murder his son; I saw his looks, I heard his dying cries for mercy, but I didn't heed them. I might have been rich beyond the seas, very rich, but for the one longing throb of hatred in my heart. Thousands of miles I have swept the rolling ocean over for revenge; and I have had it. If the coward dares to come here to-morrow in the crowd, before the world, to his face I'll tell it, that he was always a chicken-hearted swaddling rascal, supplanting better men than ever he was, by hypocrisy and lies, but afraid to meet them in fair or open trial—O'Connor! O'Connor, mercy!—ha, ha! mercy—where's my own? Down, down—see the bubbles and the mud—mercy!—ha, ha, ha!"—and bursting into an hysterical fit he threw himself upon the floor. My heart sickened within me at such hideous depravity, and I turned to go, when, starting up again with wonderful composure, he continued—"Listen to me, sir. I have one consolation left me, and that is, that O'Connor shall hear from my own lips that it was I who murdered his son. You may tell him, too, that I am aware he swore an oath, never to wait for the law; that it should never overtake me—his vengeance should outstrip it—and that he would never rest day or night until, with his own hands, he paid the debt he owed me. I paid the debt I owed him honestly, with every hour's interest that was due. I know he swore this oath to several; it was his boast—'twas but a boast. I didn't fear him; for had he tried it, except from some dark corner, which is just what he would do, father and son had both died by me. Tell him he's foiled; the law will rob him of the skulking cowardly revenge he would have sought; and to-morrow's sun will set upon his perjured lips. He'd be afraid to meet me openly, face to

face — he'll be afraid to meet me to-morrow, tied and pinioned though I'll be: his trembling dastardly heart will be afraid to listen to me, ay, to look upon me—ha, ha, ha!—the coward!" and he sank upon his bed exhausted. Shocked and dispirited, I turned towards home. I could not but meditate as I went, how that man could have accused O'Connor of endeavouring to take a cowardly and skulking revenge upon him—him who had himself taken a silent, dark, cowardly, and murderous revenge, through a helpless and unoffending child, who had not the strength or power to defend himself. I felt that between them I knew which was the coward.

I had not been long at home when O'Connor's wife called and sent in word that she wished to speak with me. I desired her to be admitted at once. She told me her husband had been in a most distracted state of mind all day; he had now become much quieter, and she begged of me to go over and see him, and reason with him, as he seemed determined, in spite of all she could say, to witness the execution the next day; and so sure as he did, she apprehended something would happen him. She thought that having resolved upon some desperate act had alone been the cause of his apparent calmness. He had been looking at and rubbing the dust off a gun which was hanging up over the fireplace in his own room, and which he had not touched for weeks before; she much feared the poor man had lost his senses, and she thought he ought to be taken up at once, and kept safe until after the execution. I told her to return without delay, to take no notice of him, and that I would go over in less than half an hour and speak with him.

O'Connor lived about a mile and a-half from my quarters; and I got to his house about nine o'clock. I found him just rising up from his supper, and he did not appear to me at all excited, or in the state of mind described by his wife; but then I recollected what she said about his having become much quieter, and what she believed to be the cause. I told him I had been very busy all day, but could not resist, even at that late hour, calling over to see him and ask how he was — knowing how his mind must suffer under such painful circumstances. He thanked me, and said he was much better; that he

had been in a very wretched state all day, but he could not help it, he was so fretted. I said it was not to be wondered at, but that he must not permit himself to get excited—it would soon be all over, and he ought now to divest his mind of all malice or ill-will towards the unfortunate being who was about to be hurried into eternity as a punishment, as well as to answer for all his crimes.

"I've tried it, I've tried it," he said. "I have nearly broken my heart trying to forgive that man; but I can't, I can't — its no use. Oh, my boy! my boy!—my darling murdered boy!"

I shall not here detail all the conversation which passed between us, or the arguments used on my part to endeavour to bring him into a proper frame of mind. There was something about him, however, so calm and collected, and so very different from what I expected, that might have been very gratifying had I not suspected the suddenness of the change from what Mrs. O'Connor had so short a time before described to me; and I thought I saw a lurking resemblance upon his lips to the bitter smile of a former period, with which I was not satisfied. I was determined to be plain with him, and to come to the point at once.

"O'Connor," said I, "you cannot, of course, intend to witness that unfortunate man's execution to-morrow."

"I did intend to mingle in the crowd," he said, "but I have almost changed my wish. Did I not witness the sad, unmerited end of my darling, only boy, and can you wish to deny me the satisfaction — and *you* know how poor *that* satisfaction must be — of seeing the law fulfilled upon his murderer?"

"I do wish it, O'Connor," said I; "it cannot be—it shall not be. You must not, you shall not be amongst those who will witness the execution."

"Well, be it so; you know best. I'm sure you are for my good; but, oh! remember the —"

"Stop, O'Connor," said I, "you must pledge me your solemn honour that you will not be amongst the crowd which will assemble to witness the execution to-morrow. If you do not give me this pledge, I must be candid with you, and tell you, that you must be kept away, and that I will do it."

"Do not fear, then," said he; "it is not my intention. It would be poor

satisfaction — but poor indeed — after the oath I swore, merely to see the villain hanged; 'twould only tell me that I slept upon my vow, and remind me that my lips were perjured, though my hands were clean. 'Tis past; I pledge what you require."

"Enough," said I, "I shall depend upon your word."

"You may, for my determination is now fixed, and I promise you it will not alter."

I left him, quite satisfied that he would keep his word.

Time and the hour go through the roughest day; and that fatal morning broke upon Terence Delany, the evening of which was destined to close upon his grave. I waited anxiously the arrival of the mail. Mr. — did not come, as I expected he would have done; there was a letter, however, from him to me, and another to the sheriff. He stated to me that, up to the moment he wrote (a quarter of an hour before the mail started), nothing decisive had been done, but he was not altogether without hope of ultimate success. The informations in the several cases of outrage to which the convict had referred, had been sent for to the clerk of the crown's office, and were to be considered. He had written to the sheriff to say how matters stood, and to request he would delay the execution until the last possible moment—as, should a reprieve be obtained too late for the post, which, if obtained at all, was most likely to be the case, he would send it through the whole way by special express, and for which purpose he had written to prepare horses at the several posting stages along the road.

The jail bell rang twelve o'clock, and it was supposed that the hour drew nigh. The numbers that had, from an early period of the morning, collected in front of the jail, were now increasing every moment, and vast numbers hurried along every approach that could command a view of the gallows. Walls, gates, windows, the tops of houses were crowded—even trees in the adjacent fields and lanes afforded an elevated position for crowds of men and boys—all, all assembled through mere curiosity to see the execution; and I question whether there was one person amongst the many thousands collected who stood there with the feelings proper for such an occasion. The

door from the press-room to the drop stood open—one end of the rope was fastened to a pulley some two or three feet above, while the other end passed into the press-room; thus it occasionally swung to and fro in the wind, and at every jerk men's minds were fancying how that other end was about being occupied. The jail bell rang one, and yet the criminal had not been brought forth, and the crowd began to wonder at the delay; and as time crept on they became weary, and evinced signs of general dissatisfaction—indeed, several indications of discontent had been exhibited for upwards of the last hour, and "Bring him out, bring him out; or is he pardoned, or reprieved?—the sheriff—the sheriff—let us go home—shame to keep us here!" ran through the crowd.

At length a general murmur from the assembled multitude announced that he had come forth. He was attended by two Roman Catholic priests, one of whom said a few words, and stated that the unfortunate man intended to address the people at some length, and he trusted they would listen to him patiently, and attend to what he had to say.

I believe in my heart (indeed I know) that Delany, to the last moment, deceived the priests as to the nature of what he intended to address to the people, and that at the moment they led him forth they were certain it would be in both tone and matter what they had recommended and wished, and what he had led them to believe it would be. Alas! how little did they know the heart of that hard, bad man. His eyes wandered rapidly over the now silent crowd, and the first words he uttered were—"O'Connor, where are you now? now is *your* time, I've had mine. Come forward now, man; don't be afraid; 'twas I, 'twas I, I tell it to your face, if you're here. Silence, boys—silence; let him hear me if he's near enough. O'Connor, it was I that murdered your son, your only son, your darling boy; I owed it to his mother as well as to yourself. Come forward and curse me, if you are a man. Oh! I knew your cowardly heart would not let you come here to-day. Oh! how I wish you were by this hour to listen to the triumph of my revenge, dear-bought though it be. I'm going to die, boys; and I'll die like a man. I have one

consolation — I know that O'Connor swore an oath to have no law but his own, and with his own hands to have revenge; but he's foiled, and now he's afraid so much as to look at me. He's a coward, and I fear he does not even hear me. Let him come forward now, and listen to the triumph of my dying words, and I'll forgive him all. He's childless — at least he has no son, and 'twas I that left him so, for I too swore an oath, and I have kept it—thousands of miles of the salt ocean could not wash it from my heart — but he, the coward, has broken his. The law has snatched the cup of vengeance from his lips, and he will die purjured and unrevenged."

I was quite shocked at such language coming from the lips of a man standing on the brink of eternity. Oh! had O'Connor been within hearing, I knew him too well to believe that any earthly power could have restrained him, and I confess I felt a sudden dread that he had not kept his word; and when I recollected that he had, the night before, been putting his gun (which I knew to be a very good one) in order, I feared every moment some rash and fatal act on his part. Nay, might he not, at that moment, unseen, be bringing it to bear upon the wretched man's heart. I regretted then that I had not secured him for the day. But no stir or movement in any part of the assembled crowd indicated that O'Connor had not kept his word, and I felt reassured.

Such language as that made use of by the miserable culprit might not have been permitted, and doubtless would not have been suffered from a man in his awful situation, had not the sheriff wished to make every possible delay, in hope of the express arriving with a reprieve, and which, from the tenor of the letter he had received from the magistrate, he had every reason to believe would come at last.

The unfortunate man, after the language above described, continued to address the people on other subjects not so immediately connected with O'Connor, and his tone and manner seemed altogether changed. He referred to part of his early life, and the evils arising from idleness and keeping bad company when young. He repeated the same things over and over again, so that I could not help thinking that he had received some hint or

indulgence from the sheriff to speak against time, and I began to get heartily sick of, and disgusted with, the whole exhibition.

The high-road to Dublin turned short to the left out of the upper end of the town, and the front of the jail commanded a view of it for nearly a mile. The sheriff's eyes had been for some time steadily fixed upon a certain point of the road, the farthest that could be seen from where he stood; the unhappy culprit appeared exhausted, and had nearly ceased to speak — the awful moment had all but arrived—when the crowd at a distance began to move, and a tremendous shout was heard. Every eye was turned from the culprit to the direction of the cheers. A man was seen galloping at top speed upon a white horse; in one hand he held a long white rod, with a green flag at top, which, as he urged his horse to the utmost, was plainly discernible as it floated backwards in the breeze, while upon his hat a red handkerchief was tied, as if from the very contrast of the colours to attract the more speedy and certain attention. As he rapidly drew nearer and nearer, the crowd continued to shout; and "Reprieve!—reprieve!" re-echoed from one end to the other of the assembled thousands. Still he urged his horse; the crowd gave way on either side, and cheered him as he came—crowds will always cheer the man who is contending against time. The wretched culprit gazed upon the scene in bewildered agony; the large blue veins of his bare neck swelled beneath the rope almost to bursting with every effort he made to swallow, and his large, full chest rose and sank in a manner absolutely painful to behold; his ear, too, had caught the word, and he cast back a look at the sheriff, which spoke more than volumes of entreaty to be recalled. The hangman stood at his post in a state of eager and extraordinary excitement, now glancing at the sheriff, now at the culprit, and now upon the messenger of life, if such indeed he should prove to be. At length the man made the turn fronting upwards towards the jail, and waving a large white letter over his head, put fresh spurs to his horse. He had now reached almost the very walls of the jail, still waving the letter, and crying, "Reprieve!" at the top of his voice. "Reprieve!—Reprieve!" re-echoed in

one tremendous shout from every mouth. "*Never!*" roared O'Connor, in a voice of thunder; and with a rapid and convulsive turn of the wheel, he launched Delany into eternity!

In order to explain this strange and most unlooked-for *denouement*, it will be necessary for me to take my readers to the day preceding the execution, and narrate what happened in the interval.

It may appear strange, yet such is the fact, that up to this late period—Friday night—when the jail was finally closed, and all, save perhaps the miserable culprit, buried in sleep, no executioner's services had been engaged. This may have arisen from a belief in the sheriff's mind, who had been in constant communication with Mr. —, that none would ultimately be required, and none had, as is usual in such cases, intimated to him where he would be "heard of;" but so great was now the extremity of the case, and such the difficulty in procuring one as the hour approached, that the sheriff would have guaranteed a large sum of money for the services of such a person. He had the day before sent a special messenger a distance of seventy miles upon a mission in search of one, but he had not yet returned; he had besides given instructions to the jailer—they were not then called governors—to procure the services of such a man upon any terms; up to this moment, however, he had not been able to do so.

It was about one o'clock on this, the last night that Delany was destined to lie upon a bed—the wind moaned feebly through the iron bars in front of the jail; the dim, pale moon peeped out suddenly now and then from behind the fleeting clouds upon the silent, dismal scene below, and as quickly hid her face again, when the outer turnkey and watchman of the jail perceived a man muffled in a large coat, worn as a cloak, and a low-crowned hat, pass up and down several times before the gate. He appeared to look cautiously about him in every direction; at length he approached nearer, and stopped immediately beneath the gallows, and looking up for some moments, "*Never!*" he cried, stamping his foot; and suddenly walked away. He had not proceeded beyond a few yards, when, stamping his foot again more violently, "*Coward!*" he cried; and returned directly up to the gate.

"Who goes there?" challenged the watch.

"I wish to speak to the jailer," replied the man.

A parley then ensued between them, the watchman declaring the impossibility of disturbing the jailer at that hour of the night without knowing who required him, and the nature of his business; and the stranger firmly declining to tell either the one or the other to any but the jailer himself; "to whom," he added, "his business was of the greatest importance."

The turnkey, failing to elicit anything more satisfactory from the man, and, from his last expression, having some suspicion suddenly aroused within him that he might be the sort of person they were in want of, at length agreed to acquaint the jailer; and accordingly did so.

One's own personal and immediate interest often sharpens the perception; and the jailer at once supposed it was one of that dreadful fraternity of whose services he just then stood so much in need; and, dressing himself as quickly as possible, he hurried to the gate. As a necessary precaution, however, he surveyed the stranger through the small slide-window; and, having satisfied himself that he had no companion, and was, so far as he could ascertain, unarmed, he desired him to be admitted, and shown after him into the waiting-room. Upon entering, the man appeared nervous and excited, and careful not to remove the muffling from about his face. This the jailer did not much mind; he was not surprised at it; on the contrary, it confirmed him in the belief he had formed. 'Tis a trick with them all, thought he; more, indeed from habit than timidity, his thoughts added, as he closed the door, and asked the man his business. He replied in a hurried manner that he understood "there was a man to be executed on the following day, and that there was great need of a person to perform the task."

The jailer admitted that such were the facts, and hoped he had come to say he could procure a person for the purpose—for there was something about the man which at once and altogether forbade the supposition that he would himself undertake the office.

"None," he replied, "except I perform it myself."

The jailer looked rather surprised—at least he felt so; but being well pleased at the prospect of so awkward a difficulty being overcome, proceeded to ask, “if he was up to his business, and what would be his terms for the job?”

To these interrogatories the man replied—

“My terms are these: to be permitted to examine the machine for turning off the murderer, and to be asked no further questions.”

“But what are your terms with regard to cash?” repeated the jailer.

“I have been already paid for what I am about to perform, and I require nothing more.”

He paused, and his quick eye glanced round the room with an impatient and wild anxiety.

“You have seen the sheriff, then?” observed the jailer.

“No,” replied the man; “the consideration for which I came here to-night has been supplied by another hand. But be quick; accept my services at once, or I am gone.”

There was something, both about his manner and appearance, which the jailer had never before seen in a member of his *profession*; and although he was not exactly the stamp of man he would have selected for the occasion (had choice permitted), there appeared in this case to be no alternative but to accept his services. The fact, too, of his having declared that he had been already paid, at the same time that the sheriff had given an almost unlimited order on his purse for the same purpose, presented an opportunity of *very fairly* pocketing a round sum, which did not often occur, and which the worthy jailer did not think it prudent should be lost. Be that as it may—

“Follow me,” said he; and, taking a lantern in his hand, he led the way to the press-room. This press-room was an apartment about fourteen feet square. From the centre at each side a small, strong iron door, thickly studded with large, round-headed knobs, showed the entrance into two smaller rooms; to the rere, looking into the jail-yard, was a small window, strongly barred, and to the front were eight stone steps leading to the platform, or drop, upon which the culprits stood beneath the gallows. Upon either of these steps there was an iron handrail to support those who led them

forth, and upon the end of one of these rails, ready for the morrow's use, hung a coil of strong hempen rope, with a loop upon one end. To the immediate right of the steps was a large iron wheel, with a handle attached to one of the spokes, and near to the outward rim. The machinery by which this wheel was connected with the bolts that sustained the drop outside, and upon which it acted, was beneath the steps, and could not be conveniently examined; but the bolts were then set, and the jailer, standing beside the wheel, showed the man that, at a signal which would be given by the sheriff, he had only to lay hold of the handle, and turn the wheel suddenly from him to cause the drop to fall. He also showed him a roll of penny-cord, hanging upon an iron hook, with which the culprit's arms were to be tied behind his back, at the elbows. All this the jailer exhibited and explained to the man, having still some doubts, from his appearance and manner, that he was really up to his business.

The man appeared perfectly satisfied, and turned to descend, when the jailer, pointing to one of the small rooms, told him there was a bed inside in which he should sleep, and that he would send him his breakfast in the morning.

“Not for the sheriff's wealth and thine together,” exclaimed the man. “Had I anticipated such a proposal, I should have made it part of my terms—and they have not been very exorbitant—sir, to have been permitted to depart, and return again at day-break; and if this point be not at once conceded, I forthwith decline all further connexion with the matter.”

Here, then, was a new difficulty. The jailer began to fear an attempt to deceive him, perhaps by a friend of the culprit, to prevent any further exertions to procure a person for the purpose required, and probably refusing to act when it came to the point.

“I fear you are deceiving me,” said the jailer, “and that you are a friend of the convict's; that your object and wish is to prevent all further endeavours to procure a proper person, in hope of prolonging his time, by refusing to act when it comes to the point. I doubt you, and you see I am plain with you; you are not like a man who has been accustomed to the thing.”

“You need not fear,” said the man,

"I am not a friend of the convict's. I will be plain with *you*, I am *not* accustomed to the thing — few men are ; but I will make no mistake, and will go through with it if I have life. Permit me to depart, accepting the offer of my services ; and no earthly object—nothing but sickness or death shall prevent my returning at day-break."

He was accordingly suffered to go, and the jailer returned to his *luke*-warm bed to lie awake considering whether he had been tricked and deceived by some friend of the convict's. He determined that if any person of acknowledged abilities or qualifications in his line of business should make his appearance, at once to secure his services, without reference in any way to what had taken

place with the stranger ; no such person, however, made his appearance, or could be heard of in any of the directions in which he was sought, and the jailer perceived, at the last moment, they would be obliged to put up with the rather doubtful qualifications of the stranger, who had returned, true to his word.

O'Connor kept his vow, and this was, indeed, "The wild justice of Revenge!"

NOTE. — O'Connor never left the jail ; from the very moment of the last fatal act he lost his senses. He was for some time a confirmed lunatic, from which state he gradually sunk into that of hopeless idiotcy, and died in the jail at the termination of little more than two years.

NOVELS OF THE SEASON.

THE work-day world toils on in its accustomed course. There is buying and selling, faint-hearted love and mercenary marriage. The world frets, and struggles, and schemes, and toils. The sublimity of life is dashed by bathos, and its poetry marred by prose. Our fleets are on the deep, our armies are on their march. In hundreds of homes throughout the empire, there are hearts beating anxiously, and eyes which tears have dimmed ; and yet the world wags on, and the butterfly floats in the summer air—young beauty flutters tremulously with the expectation of approaching triumph, for the season is at its height. Meanwhile, from Gallipoli, the correspondent of the *Times* thunders forth bitter complaints of indifferent rations. The stocks rise and fall ; Odessa is cannonaded ; Osten-Sacken discovered to be an intolerable liar ; and the Guards are airing their bear-skin caps in Turkey. What careth the novelist ? So long as a sufficient audience remains, he quietly pursues his peaceful calling, undismayed by the crash of arms, or the cloud which looms so darkly in the uncertain future—

"Si fractus il'ablitur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

Well, and why should we not ? People must be amused, notwithstanding

the misconduct of the Emperor of all the Russias. But there can be little doubt that, at this particular season, the caterers for their entertainment are less numerous than heretofore ; and so much the better, for the incessant reiteration of old ideas, and of topics which a long use had rendered familiar, was become a serious evil. The manufacture for the use of the libraries is far less flourishing. Whether it be that the public taste is improving, the bookseller grown cautious, or the advent of the war has had its effect, we shall not stay to determine ; but certain it is that, in this year, the labour of the reviewer is one of comparatively easy performance.

It was the fashion, some years ago, to inculcate certain truths under the guise of fiction. We were taught domestic economy, the principles of taxation and government, by Miss Martineau, and fashion by Mrs. Gore, while the late Chancellor of the Exchequer demolished a political opponent, holding him up to the contempt and scorn of all future ages. Nor was the use of fiction confined to the discussion of secular affairs ; it invaded the regions of theology. Grave topics, upon which the most eminent and learned divines agreed to differ, were handled in a sprightly manner by the novel writers of the day. The

Jesuit was unmasked, and displayed in all the frightful deformity of his nature, an object to be avoided by the fathers of families, and the instructors of ingenuous youth. There was no safety anywhere; the whole fairy realm of fiction was hollow with mines of allegory; a masked-battery lurked behind a Gothic ruin; and the most flowery path over which you could tread, led you to some labyrinth connected with a disputed point of divinity or political science, in which you were left to flounder hopelessly without a clue.

To works of this description we entertained (and we have never hesitated to express it) a very decided objection. Stories, which have for their professed aim and object the inculcation of what is called a moral lesson, are simply a bore—a literary nuisance, to be abated. The recurrence of an indisputable truth at certain pauses of the narrative, the sedulous enforcement of it by every situation and incident, are anomalies never to be met with in real life, and, therefore, out of place in fiction. Not that we would be understood to object to the inculcation of such truths in their proper place; they should, however, wear an air of *vraisemblance*, and be, like the moral lessons of life, manifold and complex—hinted at, but not forced on the attention; left to be gathered by the reader, rather than forced on his notice at every page.

The author of the novel now before us* has contrived to hit the proper point. While not professedly didactic, his story contains elements of instruction, and, apart from the very startling revelations it makes, connected with literature as a profession, enforces, less directly than by inference, truths which are inculcated through the medium of a tale, the incidents of which cannot fail to arrest the attention of every reader.

The fortunes of the chief actor, Ernest Glynn, place him in a variety of situations, only to be surmounted by patient labour and resolute self-control. Thrown upon the world at an early age, without any other means of support than his own energies and talents, he fights his way through difficulties which would have crushed any inferior spirit,

and wins at last the guerdon of success. So far as the plot of the story is concerned, it consists simply of the vicissitudes of an eventful life—the incidents being less the result of any action on the part of the hero, than of the conduct of those with whom he is brought in contact, from his mischief-making cousin down to Edge the publisher. Everyone with whom Ernest is brought into collision crosses his path but to impede his progress. Success in life is often the result of very different qualities. The conciliation which disarms an opponent and wins an enemy to become a friend, has been found a useful instrument in the hands of some—while in other cases it is not unfrequently wrested from him who uses it, and turned to his own destruction; nor are the moral uses of adversity of much value unless they inculcate the lesson, that self-reliance is the best and the safest quality with which we can fight the battle of life. The support and countenance of friends is undoubtedly useful, if it can be obtained without any forfeiture of self-respect; but the hand which might have assisted the struggling swimmer to land, is not unfrequently withheld, or stretched out to him only when he has gained the shore without its help; and this seems to have been the case with Ernest Glynn. His misfortunes, to adopt a national mode of expression, commenced almost before he was born. His father, after having spent whatever little patrimony he had, made a clandestine marriage, and died, leaving him to the tender mercies of his granduncle, in whose affections he is for some time supplanted by the craft of an intriguing and unprincipled cousin. Driven from home by these circumstances, he tries his fortune in America; and finding his efforts not attended with success, he returns to England. The author has thus, it will be seen, abundant opportunity for entertaining and instructing his readers, of which he never fails to avail himself. The first scene in which the chief personage of the story appears before us, is in connexion with a meeting of the Mormonites, which is thus graphically described:—

“The apostle had entered a fruitful field long left to fallow in rank luxuriance. Ig-

* “The Great Highway: a Story of the World’s Struggles.” By S. W. Fullam. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

norance the most profound, superstition only to be matched in the dark ages, and an absolute unconsciousness of moral restraint characterised the entire mass of the peasantry; and as a plague rises in the haunts of poverty, but spreads to richer abodes, so the infection was gradually attacking their superiors. In this remote spot no good Samaritan ever came, Bible in hand, to pour the oil and wine of religious truths into souls perishing by the wayside. The people were left in the wilderness, and there was no Moses at their head; what wonder that, in their desperation, they danced and sang round the calf of Mormonism. The heresy, at first springing up like a weed, had struck its roots down into the soil like an oak. True, its more repulsive features were not yet unmasked. The English flock, therefore, had some excuse for their credulity. There is a craving in the human mind for religion; and if left without it, men will turn nature herself into a fetish. To the benighted peasantry of the west the new creed, preached by pastors as homely as themselves, appeared, in their spiritual destitution, to be a message from heaven; and though its earliest adherents were the lowest poor, it quickly soared higher, and brought down several proselytes from the grades above.

"Got a rare cold day for him to go in stream," observed a sturdy, athletic labourer to a stolid farmer who stood next to him. 'Her be uncommon weakly, too.'

"If's for the good of her soul, we mun't fret about body," answered the farmer, sullenly.

"Sartin, that's about it," remarked an asthmatic old dame, shivering before the keen east wind, and whose well-worn scarlet cloak, wrapped closely round her, and peaked nose and chin almost meeting at their extremities, gave her a very witch-like appearance.

Farmer Clinton, who was remarkable for his taciturnity, took no notice of this address.

"If water's chill, we'se know what make it wairm," observed a gaunt blacksmith. 'Moreover, I'd sooner unny time stiarve o' cold than burn in everlasting fire.'

Here another old woman, who had approached, unobserved, uttered a groan—

"Ah, bless us, sister Joil, how 'ee make I stairt!" cried Thirza.

Joil Bird—for such was the old woman's strange name—drew down her face, but said nothing.

"Ugh," pursued her weird sister, 'how he do wrought in me. I could strip stark, and jump in stream for sport.'

"You'se make no such work here, my woman," cried the blacksmith; 'so an ye feel the heaven in ye, go your ways aff.'

Thirza hailed his threat with a laugh ringing out like a shriek—

"You's old Tom Withers," she exclaimed, 'I'se have 'ee aff, too, brother Tom. Now I go, and you'se nail a horseshoe an my body to keep he away.'

Joil had just come to a pause when

the folds of the tabernacle were thrown aside, giving egress to Elder Trevor—a tall, lank, bald-headed man, with gloomy protruding eyebrows, and a hare lip, who was followed by a figure that might have passed for Orson, so completely did it realise humanity in a state of nature. This strange being, who immediately became the centre of all eyes, wore no clothing but a girdle of goat-skin fastened by a cord round his loins, and by his dress and functions claimed to represent John the Baptist. Coarse brown hair fell in matted locks over his shoulders; his eyes were almost buried under their shaggy brows, and a moustache and beard covered his lips and chin. His ill-shapen limbs, partly overgrown with hair, heightened the repulsiveness of his aspect, and gave him more the appearance of a satyr than a saint. But, to the vulgar eye, his very hideousness was a mantle of sanctity, and he was instantly recognised as Noah Snow, the missionary from America, and one of the twelve apostles.

"The apostle was only a step in advance of the convert—a young girl enveloped in a woollen cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, partly shrouding her face, though affording a glimpse of features which, if pale and abstracted, were both pretty and interesting. She was accompanied by two women, one on either side, by whom, according to the tenor of the Mormon formulary, she was supposed to be presented to the Church. An old man, bearing a long white rod, in imitation of the rod of Aaron, and ranking in the community of saints as a deacon, closed the procession.

"At the brink of the stream the party paused, and the bystanders, on a signal from the deacon, gathered round, when Elder Trevor mounted a low stool, and, amidst profound silence, wrestled with himself in prayer, denouncing the stubbornness and wickedness of the world, and extolling the holiness of the saints, whom he commended to the especial protection of the Deity, concluding with the recital of a hymn, well known to the assemblage, and which, being rehearsed by the elder, with an harangue referring to the occasion which had brought them together, and then expatiating on the general prospects of the faith. These, not without reason, he declared to be full of promise; and confidently anticipated the approach of a millennium, when the Latter Day Saints would have the world at their feet. Though wild and vehement, his language manifested both tact and ability, and was eminently calculated to impress an ignorant and credulous audience. The subject-matter, too, entirely coincided with their tastes and wishes; making no reference to the duty owing to God and man; to the obligations of morality or the precepts of religion; nor, on the other hand, seeking to soothe the sorrows and trials of life by the assurance of a glorious futurity—all its boasts, all its hopes, were of the present, and

the preacher enlisted the sympathies of his hearers through their temporal and earthly interests. Finally, he spoke of the Mormon settlement in America—of its rapid progress and constantly-increasing resources—describing, in terms exaggerated but striking, the fields and vineyards, woods and plantations, farms and pastures, of a land flowing with milk and honey, which he represented to be the immediate result of the Lord's blessing on his saints. And, more than all, he dwelt on the glories of its chief city, the New Jerusalem, which had sprung up as by enchantment in these once pathless solitudes, and of its world-renowned temple, whither all mankind must one day go up to worship. For more than an hour did the fanatic hold forth, becoming more and more excited, till at last he raised his voice to a distressing pitch, while his eyes gleamed with a lurid light, strongly suggestive of insanity. Every word, however, of the oration told sensibly on those to whom it was addressed, and when he got down, exhausted, there was not a soul present but thought he had been listening to the voice of an Elias.

"After an instant's pause, the apostle walked deliberately into the midst of the stream, and awaited the convert, who, now denuded of her cloak, and wearing only a long bathing-dress, followed him into the river. He seized her arm, as with timid, hesitating steps she approached, and drew her towards him, till the water was above her waist. Then he immersed her head, and was drawing back towards the bank, when his foot stumbled, and they fell together beneath the surface. For a moment they splashed about in the water, which became a perfect whirl around them, like another Bethesda; but at length the apostle succeeded in regaining his feet leaving his convert invisible.

" 'Miss be sunk, I do think,' observed Jock Davis, the labourer, to farmer Clinton; 'I'se jest pul off my smock, and help the 'postle out wi her.'

" 'Do, lad,' replied the farmer, aroused from his apathy, and stepping to the brink of the stream.

" 'Stand back!' cried the fanatic, observing their purpose. 'What would you do? Can't you observe, with your eyes open, what a miracle is here; the young woman's possessed, and the serpent's coming out of her. I see him now, with his lightning-blazing orbs raging like fire. How he would have tripped me up only for the grace within. Well, I could now find in my heart to give him forty stripes save one; but he's casting loose!—he's coming out!'

" 'But hadn't he best lift her head up a bit?' asked the uneasy father.

" 'No, I say,' returned the American; 'if you meddle, you'll undo all. Let him alone, and he'll soon have enough. Yea, this is truly a miracle.'

" 'A miracle!' echoed the deluded crowd; their eyes rivetted on the troubled water.

" 'Don't you see the poor creature's drowning?' cried a voice from the opposite bank; and, without waiting to observe the effect of his words, the speaker plunged into the stream, and raised the girl in his arms."

The adventures which befall Mr. Glynn in the New World, which he visits in search of fortune, are smartly told, and look like pictures drawn from life. We wish we could make room for the sketch of the *table d'hôte* at the great hotel; or, what is, perhaps, still better, the graphic picture of the auction mart, where Ernest was so fortunate as to obtain his first employment in America. Having come in contact with a variety of characters—all of them, from the republican judge down to the Blouser, racy of the soil—the hero of the tale falls in with his old acquaintances, the Mormonites; and the chapters which contain his additional experience of this strange sect are among the best in the second volume. But, although abounding in striking situations, and full of graceful and poetic language, that portion of the story which attracted our attention the most powerfully is contained in the third volume.

Having returned to England pretty nearly in the same condition, so far as fortune is concerned, in which he left it, Ernest Glynn sets himself to work to procure a living and, *faute de mieux*, like many another friendless and penniless gentleman, has recourse to his pen. He tries the periodicals in the first instance, but without success. It is tolerably well known that those small banks in which the sons of genius make their earliest deposits, are often hermetically sealed against the approaches of new-comers. There was nothing to be had in that quarter. Next came the Press—the great refuge of aspiring but unmoneyed men—its doors remained closed likewise. In this emergency, when his patience was exhausted by repeated failures, his courage had nearly given way, and famine was staring him in the face, Ernest meets an old acquaintance who obtains for him an engagement upon one of those *bad*, cheap periodicals, which are the pest of literature. Until we had read this book, we had but a faint idea by what process they were got up—by whom they were read—or, more won-

derful still, by what financial operation their resources were supplied.

It would appear that a cheap journal of this class exists principally by its connexion with several other smaller fry of the same description. The *Sovereign*, as that one was called upon which Mr. Glynn obtained the employment of sub-editor, was printed in one of the small courts off Fleet-street, at an office known by the name of the Slush Pot, an appellation which exactly hit off the peculiar mode in which this journal was manufactured. The type used for one paper served ultimately for the whole, being transferred from one to the other in succession; so that, in fact, the news in each journal was the same, while it preserved its own set of leaders, critiques, and advertisements. Thus, by mutual accommodation, by constantly borrowing each others vitals, these half-dozen cripples were able to hobble on together, when they would have died of inanition alone; and circulation was not of much consequence, when the printing cost so little. We quote this passage, as nearly as possible, in the author's own words, and if any of our readers should wish to satisfy themselves as to its authenticity, it will be found written in the thirty-second page of the third volume. Upon such a journal as is thus described, the unfortunate hero began to work; he had, in a word, to write the whole paper—reviews, leaders, news, every particle of which it was composed. Miraculous to relate, he succeeded in raising it from the condition of hopeless obscurity in which it lay. A leading article was quoted one day in the House of Commons—printed next morning, of course, in all the daily papers. The sale rose; the *Sovereign*, like Lord Byron, awakened, and found itself famous. The opportunity was not to be omitted; it was eagerly pounced upon, bought with bills which had never been taken up, but were from time to time renewed. The *Sovereign* had maintained its rickety existence upon fictitious capital. So at last it was sold; the bills were taken up with the proceeds, and a handsome balance, after the transaction was finally closed, remained on the credit side of the vendor's account. But the worst remains to be told. When the desired end was gained, the man who accomplished it was dismissed. Ernest,

through whose labour, industry and talent, the object had been accomplished, was coolly informed that his services were no more required, and defrauded of the trifling balance of his salary.

Thus deprived of his means of subsistence, the unfortunate hero, upon whom troubles more than those of Job seem to have fallen, becomes the prey of a certain Mr. Edge, a purveyor of fashionable novels in the west end of the town. One portion of this section of the story we must let him tell in his own words: it is quite marvellous:—

“Besides his famous ledger, Mr. Edge kept a book of smaller dimensions, known among the initiated as the ‘Black Book’—perhaps in reference to its cover, but which, in a moment of convivial freedom, a wag of the establishment had designated ‘the book of all work,’ inasmuch as it contained the names and addresses of all such persons as were likely to do work under prices, forming a sort of Caligula's list of victims, cheap printers, cheap engravers, cheap bookbinders, cheap translators, and, last and not least, cheap authors.

“The parsimonious principle was carried out by Mr. Edge, in all his arrangements. The paper-maker, insisting on a fair price, was required to supply the very cheapest paper; the printing was done in one of the suburbs by a cheap printer, who, employing only apprentices, of course did it badly; and the binder was paid at so low a rate, that the covers of the books, instead of being a good stout board, were little thicker than paper, falling off with a tumble. How the system was maintained in reference to authors has already been intimated, and it bore no less stringently on the literary employees of the establishment, who, though very severely tasked, received a remuneration barely sufficient for existence. In fact, the only thing appertaining to Mr. Edge that was not cheap, was books, and for these he demanded famine prices.

“One morning Mr. Edge was engaged in turning over the leaves of the Black Book, running his eye down each, as he came to it, with a searching glance. A hack of twenty years' standing, after labours which would have shamed Hercules, had just become blind, and Mr. Edge was under the necessity of parting with him—that is, of turning him out on the world, without any acknowledgment for his long and faithful service in the house, with himself and predecessor, to live or perish as he might. It was necessary to procure some one in his place, who would keep to the work, and whose talent and appearance would reflect credit on the establishment; and Mr. Edge's keen eye already rested complacently on the name

of Ernest Glynn. A brief note speedily brought Ernest to his presence, from his eagerness to obtain employment. Edge, strongly endowed with the faculty of seeing into a milestone, was fully aware of his necessities, and drove his bargain accordingly. It was arranged that Ernest—a gentleman, a scholar, and a literary man—should give his entire services for eighty pounds a-year—a sum which was afterwards raised to a hundred. The duties exacted for this magnificent remuneration were as onerous as they were manifold, comprising the conduct of an extensive correspondence with the clients of the house—the examination, revision, and re-writing of manuscripts—the reading and correction of proofs, the insertion of titles, the composition of prospectuses, prefaces, and paragraphs—suggestions and advices, on all occasions, at an instant's notice—the management of literary negotiations, &c. The accession of an assistant with so much energy and industry, bent on fulfilling his duties conscientiously and well, was soon felt in an establishment where the literary staff were all under-paid, and, consequently, not much inclined for work. In a few weeks, long accumulated arrears had disappeared, and Edge was able to dispense with the services of two more used-up hacks, whom he sent about their business in the usual way, putting the whole burden of three on Ernest, at a remuneration half less than he had usually paid to one.

“The staple commodity of Edge was fiction, written, in the first place, by people of fashion, and afterwards touched up, or usually entirely re-written by literary hacks. As compositions these fashionable novels, though often puffed off as the noblest productions of the day, were below contempt; but what was worse, they were offensive to morality and decency. Their invariable topic was, either seduction or adultery, on which they rang the changes from one chapter to another, in every form, and under every circumstance of aggravation. Aiming only to throw an interest over crime, they presented all the worst features of the French school without its talent; while, with all their jibes at the middle and humbler classes, they depicted life in the higher circles as something only to be equalled in the destroyed Cities of the Plain. The principle on which these productions were published, in rapid and unbroken succession, was prejudicial alike to their authors, to the public, and to the interests of literature—the only individual benefited being Mr. Edge. Thus, in many cases, the authors paid down fifty pounds towards the expenses of publication, when it was arranged that they should receive one hundred pounds on the sale of a stipulated number of copies, and one hundred pounds more on the sale of a second specified number, provided such sales were effected within six months from the time of publication—one day later they were not

entitled to a payment. In other cases the agreement was the same, minus the exaction of a premium from the author.”

Such revelations as these are startling. The air of painful sincerity with which they are invested, forbids us to entertain any doubt that, under the guise of fiction, the author is stating some experience of the calamities which he supposes incident to his craft. To make shirts at a shilling the dozen—to undertake the fabrication of other articles of human attire, which we need not name, at a rate equally cheap—seems holiday-work in comparison; for however the fingers may ache, or the body grow weary, the mind is left undebased. But worse remains to be told. Amid the toils of this slavish occupation, the man of letters contrives to find time enough to write a book; it is composed at intervals stolen from the drudgery of the weary day, or the sleepless night. The bookseller learns of its approaching birth with extreme dissatisfaction; but at length consents to become the publisher. Well, what is the result? Vilely got up, disfigured by bad type, and printed on inferior paper, out it comes, and is at once successful. But the unfortunate author must remain contented with his empty fame; no slice of the solid pudding is laid upon his plate. The bookseller, astounded at the success of his client, takes the favour with which the work is received by the public, as an ill compliment to himself, and puts into operation one of those contrivances familiar to the trade, which has the direct effect of putting a termination to the sale. First comes the *Literary Sewer*, with a flaming article. We shall let the author tell this part of the story in his own words:—

“A journal, called the *Literary Sewer*, which, after wallowing for years in the mire of public contempt, had recently been bought out of the bankruptcy court by a small bookseller, was in the habit of attacking all the publications of Edge, because that worthy publisher, aware of its impotence as a literary organ, turned a deaf ear to its supplications for books and advertisements. Such are the sloughs through which we flounder to Parnassus, encountering at its base some ruffianly footpad, who levies his black mail on every comer, and with his pen pointed at our hearts,

demands our advertisements or our reputation. The *Literary Sewer* was one of the blots of literature, sunk to such a depth of debasement, that no respectable publisher, having any knowledge of literary statistics, ever sent it his books, and its reviews were written without this recognition, while its solitary page of advertisements was made up of the announcements of its proprietor. From the verdict of such a counter-jumping Warwick, who had dubbed himself a setter up and putter down of authors — from his obscure print with its sham advertisements, its fudge reviews, its scurrilous abuse of the weak and friendless — Ernest might have appealed to the great tribunal of the press, in a name to which it has never been indifferent, the name of justice, and by the sacred tie of calling and brotherhood. Such a step, however, was not needed, as the sheets of the *Sewer* never reached the large round target of public opinion. But the favour with which Ernest's tale was received, notwithstanding the neglect of the usual appliances, now became a subject of real concern to Edge, who not only had before him the disagreeable prospect of having to make payment to the author, but also the possibility that success might even tempt Ernest to resign his engagement, whereas he well knew he would lose the services of his most efficient fag. But the means of preventing such a catastrophe was in his hands: one of his new books, the production of a deservedly-popular authoress, was just ready, and this was immediately brought out, blazoned, paraded, and pushed in every direction, fully answering the purpose contemplated. Ernest's novel was irrevocably swamped."

These incidents, we have no doubt, will strike our readers, as they have done ourselves, with painful surprise. They are detailed with an air of *vraisemblance* which leaves us no alternative but the conclusion that, under the garb of fiction, the author of this story has been telling us what he believes facts which have come within his own knowledge, or are drawn from his own experience. If this surmise be correct, then, indeed, is the position of a friendless aspirant after literary distinction a very hopeless one; because his mind, rendered sensitive by the very nature of his studies and occupations, is tortured by a thralldom from which there is no escape. The purveyor of books, at least of that descrip-

tion which amuse the vacant hours of the gay and thoughtless, would seem to be a species of Legre, who treats his unfortunate dependants with a severity and a heartlessness which can scarcely be described save in the words of the author. The author's description of the book-manufactory, with its staff, is very graphic. We regret we have not space to quote it.

The task which remains before us, forbids us to linger longer over these volumes. Great pains have been taken with the construction of the story, and the result is a well-wrought and really admirable work of fiction. The "Great Highway" is an agreeable road to travel, and it has many pleasant resting-places where the wanderer may pause and refresh himself to his heart's content.

The novel next on our list is of a very different class.* It is one of those admirable romances, in which Miss Carlen presents to the public those graphic sketches of life and manners in her own country which have earned for her the reputation she so decidedly enjoys. This story is told with the author's accustomed grace and sprightliness. The characters are not elaborately drawn, but rather sketched with an easy and flowing pencil. There is little or no individuality about them — but they have the charm of being racy of the soil whence they spring. The plot of the story may be described in a few words. A Swedish gentleman, a physician by profession, becomes betrothed, according to the custom of his country, to a young lady who resided in the town where he dwelt and practised. The course of love at first runs apparently with smoothness, but the current is at last somewhat unexpectedly interrupted by the sudden and serious illness of the physician's father, who, without leaving the lover any room to protest or expostulate, insists upon his becoming engaged to a certain Julie St. Hall, a beauty and an heiress; and, having joined their hands together with the usual solemnities, departs this life, leaving his son profoundly miserable — miserable not only on account of the demise of his parent, but in consequence of the ne-

* "Julie; or, Love and Duty." By Emilie Flygare Carlen, Author of "The Rose of Tistelton," &c. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

cessity of obedience to that parent's last wishes. In this dilemma he seeks the lady of his love, who at once extricates him from it by resigning him in favour of her rival. For some time matters remain in this position, when a certain dashing Baron makes his appearance on the scene. He flirts with Mademoiselle Julie, who admires him uncommonly, and of whose fortune the Baron, who had spent his own, is also very much enamoured.

In due time an *eclaircissement* takes place; things are reduced to their proper level, and all parties are made happy according to their respective inclinations. The fortune-hunting Baron, however, does not make the very best of husbands, and the baroness, his lady, has not unfrequently reason to regret that she did not adhere to her original intention. Such is a short outline of the story; it is one altogether of domestic life; no striking situations or thrilling passages are to be found in its pages. It is fashioned out of those very simple materials of which the every-day life of this world is composed, but it is told so gracefully and so easily, the dialogue is so natural, and the diction so charming, that it is impossible for any one who begins the book to lay it down until he has turned over the last page. As a piece of light reading, its merit is unexceptionable; and although it is not very easy to quote a fragment likely to convey any adequate idea of its peculiar charm, we must select one or two of the fittest samples we can find, as a specimen of Mademoiselle Carlen's humorous powers. We cannot find anything better than the opening scene, in which the doctor visits his patient:—

"Mrs. Von Horst was a lady who knew how to retain, even in her days of adversity, a certain dignity of demeanor which well became her; and many asserted that they could remember that few ladies knew how to appear at table, or to enter a drawing-room, with more grace. But, for more than ten years, she had led her present quiet life. The death of her husband and of her two sons followed close upon each other. Her husband had not left his affairs in a good state, and a scanty pension, with a small house and grounds, were all that remained to her. She was, however, cheerful under her afflictions, for she had still one child left. This one treasure was an amiable daughter of eighteen years of age, who now constituted her pride and hope.

" 'Marie,' said the mother, again taking up her knitting, and casting a glance at the side of the room where the engaging girl—the sweetest and most lovely of beings—sat at a table, with her small head resting upon one hand, whilst with the other she thoughtfully turned over the leaves of a book, from which she was reading aloud. At the well-known voice, she raised her beautiful dark blue eyes, but, as if by some involuntary impulse, they glided over the clock before they reached her mother. Hastily she cast them down, and whispered, scarcely audible—

" 'Did you call, mamma?'

" 'Yes, my child; I wished to ask you why you read so indistinctly this evening. I think you had better sit nearer to me.'

" 'How very strange it is! Klein generally comes at five o'clock; and it is now a quarter to six.'

" 'What do you feel so strange in this?' asked her mother, with that quiet and indifferent tone which, whether it be natural or assumed, so well restores the equilibrium in the train of thought of her who, upon the impulse of the moment, gives utterance to something which she would rather not be understood. But Marie was too inexperienced and too innocent to be able to avail herself of this. She became embarrassed at her sudden agitation, and it was only after she had resumed her seat, that she announced, as calmly as she could—

" 'The doctor is generally very exact to his time.'

The doctor's step is heard outside, and Mrs. Von Horst dismisses her daughter as he enters:—

"He was a tall man, of interesting appearance and dignified demeanor, with mild, pleasant features, and an expression of seriousness and kindness upon his open brow.

" 'Good evening, my dear madam,' said he, with the peculiar cordiality of an intimate acquaintance, as (after a slight but respectful salutation) he took a chair near the hostess.

" 'I am late this evening, but the arrangements for a pleasure-party, which has been fixed for to-morrow, have detained me. I hope your health is improving.'

"A speaking glance at the empty place by the little table was just as good a question, but Mrs. Von Horst seemed not to have observed it, and said—

" 'Yes, thanks to God and your care, doctor; I may say that I have not felt so well for many years; and therefore, I really hope you will allow me to leave off all medicine.'

The doctor inquires for the young lady:—

" 'She is occupied with some household

affairs,' was the excuse; 'Marie will soon be here. In the meantime, I have something to say to you.

" 'My good doctor,' she began, with the most marked expression of gratitude in her tone, 'I am ashamed that I have not sooner been able to repay that part of my debt; as to the other part, my gratitude for what you have done for us during this trying time I know can never be repaid, nor even expressed, but only felt.'

" After this preparatory introduction, which, according to Mrs. Von Horst's way of thinking was the *ne plus ultra* of delicacy, she delivered to Klein a folded paper, with the certainty he would find the sum it contained very liberal for her circumstances; and, therefore, she cast down her eyes that she might not see his surprise. But as the doctor stretched out his hand to take up something at her side, she could not resist looking up, and the glance which there met hers expressed almost everything else but satisfaction.

" A long unpleasant silence succeeded.

" Klein distinctly saw that Mrs. Von Horst wished to make use of the doctor's fee only as a convenient pretext to let him know that he might discontinue his visits. He required a few minutes to recover himself after such a surprise.

" He had opened the paper with uneasiness and astonishment; but when the bank-notes met his view he let them fall to the ground, amazed, and it was at this very moment that he and Mrs. Von Horst saw deeper into each others thoughts and motives of action than before. She on her part found by the simple glance they interchanged that she had committed a great mistake, and that it would have been better to have let the affair take its own course.

" 'But,' replied the motherly foresight, 'who can venture to risk the happiness of an only and beloved child upon such uncertain fortunes? I am curious to see how it will end; this silence must be broken at last.'

" 'Gracious lady! I cannot, for two reasons, take this money. First, because my attention, during and after your illness, was not of a kind for which a physician will receive a fee as a requital for his trouble. Secondly, because I perceive that you intend, in this way, to gain an end for which you will excuse me if I say you might have chosen a less mortifying means.'

" He made a cold, stiff bow, and took his hat.

" 'Now what in the world can you be thinking of, my dear doctor?' cried Mrs. Von Horst, with such a natural air of astonishment, that Klein could not help putting his hand in the one offered to him. 'We must not separate in this manner,' said she, kindly, 'although I do not quite understand the delicacy of the young people of the present day; yet I will not speak again about money. I perceive that Marie was

right when she said, an hour ago, that I should give you offence by offering it.'

" 'Did she really say so?' asked Klein, who could not resist pressing the hand which he held in his.

" 'Yes; she understood the matter better,' continued the mamma; 'and you, doctor, if you will remain in future, as up to this time, a friend to our poor house—permit me to go and tell Marie to make haste with the tea.'

" Klein reflected a few moments, and, too much inclined to the reconciliation himself, said—

" 'Well, I will forget all, for I feel that I cannot resist the agreeable *entrées* to your house.'

" Mrs. Von Horst nodded kindly to her guest, and disappeared.

" 'Woman! woman! artful as you are,' he murmured to himself, 'I have seen through you. Well, that was a trying hour, but it is better as it now is.'

It would not be very easy to analyse the charms of this delightful story, it lies so much in its merits as a whole; and not the least distinguishing feature by which it is characterised is, the tone of fresh and healthy feeling by which every page is pervaded. There are no elaborately-drawn characters, as we have already intimated; the people are the usual inhabitants of the realms of fiction, but they live and move with an airiness which must captivate every reader. We can afford to give but a glimpse of one more of the characters, Mr. Billing, the lover, whose name, indeed, indicates his *role* :—

" On one afternoon, at the beginning of February, we transfer ourselves to a room, in an under-story of the above-mentioned house. It was on one side, from the floor to the ceiling, literally filled with papers—some of the tables also were covered by them; iron-bound chests, round stools, covered with grey cloth, and a large desk between the windows, were the only pieces of furniture to be seen here, and showed that this was Mr. Billing's place of business. Two young men worked away industriously at the table, and everything was so silent in the room, that one could only hear the grating sound of the pens, and now and then a thoughtful *hem! hem!* At this moment the door opened, and Mr. Billing himself entered. Although past the age that one can lay claim to being called handsome, still his tall figure, bent more by sorrow than by years, and the pale, mild, expressive face, formed a perfect combination of what might be called attractive, and Mr. Billing was an estimable, good-natured, agreeable, old man.

"As he entered the room, something attracted by chance the attention of the young men, for they had, through surprise, forgotten to rise with proper respect. He greeted them in his usual kind, easy way, but a certain haste betrayed itself in his whole manner during the few minutes he spent in speaking to his clerks. It could easily be seen that his haste was not of that nature which belongs to human life. He was in the highest degree absent; gave orders, and then retracted them; asked several questions about the same thing, and made, in short, all those mistakes which happen when the soul takes wing: which means, when it pleases the fantasy, to play variations to the theme of every-day occupations; and when this comes to pass discord must arise."

The last book upon our list* is in every way different from its predecessors. If the term had not been made almost a reproachful one by some dull writers, we should be disposed to call "*Angelo*" a religious novel. It is so, however, in the best and highest sense of the phrase. Not a mosaic work of texts, or a battery set up for the experiment of theological opinions, but a thoughtful, earnest, and right-minded book, betraying indications which cannot be mistaken, of a highly cultivated and intelligent mind.

The scene opens in Wales; thence it changes to Italy, where the greater portion of the incidents take place, and, as the title of the book would lead us to infer, they are more or less of a religious nature. The chief hero of

the story, around whom the main interest converges, is a conventional Italian — a Jesuit, full of wiles and wickedness—and, in his unscrupulous character, affording no unfitting type of the class which he represents. The elements of the story, which are admirable, both in regard to conception and execution, consist, for the most part, of his schemes for the destruction of his victim. Considered in a critical point of view, we have seldom seen a better or a more powerful illustration of the unscrupulous character of Romanism when its own interests are involved, than the pages of this tale present to our notice. Although the theme is not a new one, and, as we have already hinted, has been sometimes treated in a highly objectionable manner, this book is a remarkable exception. The leading truths upon which the writer would insist, are less forcibly put forward than dexterously insinuated; and the period at which the story is laid opens up a scene which had hitherto been untrodden by writers of fiction. We wish we could afford our readers one or two specimens of the style in which the story is written; it is at once graceful and easy; but our space forbids. We cannot, however, take our leave of them, and of the subject, without heartily recommending the "*Romance of Modern Rome*" to their favourable and attentive consideration.

* "*Angelo : a Romance of Modern Rome.*" In 2 Vols. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

MIDSUMMER WITH THE MUSES.

BY ANTHONY POPLAR.

THERE are few pleasanter ways of spending the hours of a hot summer noon-tide, than that which, in this delicious season, we periodically prescribe to ourselves, and which we shall now make known to you all, dear readers. Choose your day carefully. Let it be one in which the heavens smile out clearly — we object not to a cloud here and there dotting the blue of the ether, but it must not be darker than the eider-down — no black, sullen mass should drift across the sunlight, or mar your promised pleasure with the fear of rain. Wind there shall be just enough to set the trees a-sighing, or to break up the sheeted light upon the surface of the sea. Then, while the sun-rays come yet aslant through the ether, and shadows lie in the valleys, go forth from your chamber, and trace upward the path of the little streamlet that leaps and sings down the hill-side; track it through its wooded seclusion, in its wanderings along the open greensward, in its windings through the ravines, in its boundings over the white rocks, and its murmuring amidst the polished pebbles, till you reach the spot where it leaps into light from beneath some dank stone, shaking moss and leaf with its joyous motion, as it breaks away, like a disenthralled Naiad from the dark embrace of the earth.

Stay your step now, for you have reached your resting-place. Ere you sit down, select the spot judiciously. You are at the summit of the hill—there is soft, deep herbage on that table-land—and through the opening in the tree-tops that you have left beneath you, the pleasant landscape smiles in the valley, while on the further side you catch the sea-plain, glittering like molten silver.

And now with the majesty of nature around you, and the glory of heaven above, forget, if you can, for a space, the world, its cares, its paltrinesses, its vanities. As you stand high above man's daily haunts, lift yourself above his daily speculations; and as the prophet sought God upon the mountain top, here let your spirit hold converse with the ideal, and the intellectual. Such a noontide have we just had — waking dreams summoned by our own fancies, and pleasant converse with the fancies of others. We have brought up with us a cage of birds that have been singing to us in their captivity longer than we could have wished; but, like poor Miss Flite, we have not forgotten them, but constantly looked forward to the day when we should give them all their liberty, and send them forth with their songs to fill other ears than ours. In other words, we have brought with us certain poetic volumes which we mean to discuss in this our high Court of Parnassus, with the Muses as our jury, and Apollo as our assessor.

Undoubtedly the poetic element is in a state of great activity in the present day. Ever present, we believe, in large masses in the human mind, as the electric element is in the material world, its exhibition depends upon the state of the intellectual atmosphere; if this be dense, and surcharged, and moved to and fro by currents of thought, the collision will be sure to strike out the flame. There is much of this taking place now-a-days; we can perceive a strong current moving from the poetic pole—a revival of the desire for poetic reading, as is evidenced in the republication of the works of the great English poets, and an increased number of new poetical aspirants coming before the world. We see no cause to regret this. We are not of those who can tolerate none but the great few, and are impatient of whatever falls below the standard of perfection. We hold, on the contrary, that the vast regions of intellectual space should be all filled up. There are birds that sing sweetly when the nightingale is not heard, and strains that come pleasantly from the thicket, or the greensward, even while the lark is filling the upper heavens with his melody. Some such sweet singers as these we shall now enjoy, and like them all the better for the variety of their notes.

The name of Arnold is deservedly high in the estimation of the literary pub-

lic.* It has produced more than one scion of a lineage whose learning is proverbial. Matthew Arnold, with whom we have now to do, is unquestionably a poet, although we may not be able to concede to him a place amongst the foremost ranks. We believe, however, that he would have achieved better things than he has ever done, were he contented to cast his thoughts less in the moulds of the antique, and give his own genius and taste a freer course to run in more modern channels, and to shape themselves in the feelings and imagery which his own times suggest. He is, however, a thorough "*fautor veterum*;" the rules of ancient composition are his canons of criticism; they are to him as inflexible as Median laws; he adores them with the veneration of an archæologist; and he deems that modern composition has deteriorated precisely in the degree that it has fallen short of the principles laid down and worked out by the ancient dramatists and epic writers of Greece. With many of the observations of Mr. Arnold, in his well-written prefatory essay, we entirely concur. We believe, with him, that a commerce with the ancients produces a composing and a steadying effect upon the judgment, as we believe that the contemplation and the study of the mediæval monuments of architecture induce an influence upon modern taste at once solemnising, improving, and elevating; but we can understand very well the process by which the mental vision of the admirer may be so absorbed and concentrated that he will doat over a defect in the one or the other—over a grossness of sentiment, or a rudeness of detail—a coarse image or expression, or a grotesque finial or gargoyle, forgetting that they were the necessity of the age which produced them, not the ornamentation of a state of more advanced civilisation. Thus it is, we think, that Mr. Arnold, while extolling the great skill of the ancients in the selection of "action," and the care with which they wrought it out with their undivided power, is himself somewhat forgetful of the fact that modern poetry is, in its functions, essentially different from ancient poetry. In earlier and ruder times the externals of life—corporeal action—occupied the foreground of man's consideration, and so was the primary subject of the drama and the epic; now the thoughts of the heart, the operations of the intellect, largely engross mankind. The present age is a metaphysical and a psychological one, and poetry, as the reflex of the age, must, to be popular, exhibit the inner life of man—mental action, feelings, passions, spiritualities. The first poem in the volume before us, "*Zohrab and Rustum*," illustrates strikingly what we conceive to be the error of Mr. Arnold's poetry. It is a poem of action, and might well be taken as an episode in a great epic; but it is conceived and executed so thoroughly upon the antique model, that we are constantly forgetting ourselves into the past, till some simile, or name, or situation, startles us into a sense of the anachronism. The piece is essentially Homeric; the incident a fine one—that of a son engaging with a father, unawares, in deadly combat, and discovering his relationship only at the moment that he receives his death-wound from his parent. It is highly descriptive, the language rich and felicitous; and yet the imitation of the ancient classic is so ostentatious, that it imparts an air of frigidity and affectation to the whole piece that greatly mars its pathos. A few quotations from the poem will illustrate our criticism. A muster of the Tartar troops is thus finely given:—

"The sun, by this, had risen, and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands;
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen fil'd
Into the open plain; so Haman bade—
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa rul'd
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd:
As when, some grey November morn, the files,
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes,
Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Arallian estuaries,
Or some froze Caspian red-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board: so they stream'd.

* "*Poems by Matthew Arnold.*" London: Longman and Co. 1853.

The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
 First, with black sheep-skin caps, and with long spears;
 Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come
 And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
 Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
 The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
 And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;
 Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink
 The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
 And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
 From far, and a more doubtful service own'd;
 The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
 Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
 And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder hordes
 Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste
 Kalnuks and unkemp'd Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
 Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
 Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere."

Similes, as might be expected, abound in this poem, often felicitous in the extreme, always classically constructed; but sometimes, in the very effort to be so, decidedly detrimental to the general effect. Take, for instance, the following, in which Rustum watches the approach of Zohrab:—

"As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
 Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
 Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire
 At cock-crow on a starlit winter's morn,
 When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-panes,
 And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
 Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum ey'd
 The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar
 Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
 All the most valiant chiefs: long he perus'd
 His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was."

The image is a homely one, such as we constantly meet in Homer and Virgil; but the homeliness which, in them, was in keeping, is here quite out of place. Virgil's picture of the mother rising before day-break to spin, and raking up the smouldering fire, is pathetic and appropriate, such as one might have witnessed in the days when Troy was sacked. That of the household drudge is ludicrously anachronistic, and would, if exhibited to the eyes of a Persian or Tartar, fail in conveying the idea intended — that of one hero contemplating another, and speculating on what manner of man he may be. To us it suggests a vision of a London cinder-wench, in chamois gloves, lighting the fire-wood with a lucifer match, while her mistress lies a-bed. We point out these defects in no unfriendly or hypercritical spirit, but with the hope that Mr. Arnold will not let his love of what is old lead him astray. Let him eschew all affectation, and take fuller counsel from the natural, and his success is certain. There are evidences of power about him that make us all the more impatient of those faults that fetter it. We could quote largely from this poem to establish the writer's ability. We shall content ourselves with a short one, descriptive of the first encounter:—

"At once they rush'd
 Together, as two eagles on one prey
 Come rushing down together from the clouds,
 One from the east, one from the west: their shields
 Dash'd with a clang together, and a din
 Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
 Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
 Of hewing axes, crashing trees: such blows
 Rustrum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.
 And you would say that sun and stars took part
 In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud

Grew suddenly in heaven, and dark'd the sun
Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair."

"The Strayed Reveller" is, to our thinking, by no means the best of Mr. Arnold's poems, though we do not deny that it has merit. As a whole, it is indistinct and unsatisfying—full of rich colouring, we admit, and finely expressed thought, with detached passages of much beauty; but it is too overlaid with classicality to attract a general sympathy. It is a cold, white statue, with the moonlight falling upon it—not the warm-tinted picture, standing out in the well-managed daylight. Nevertheless, Mr. Arnold can occasionally disenthral himself from classic trammels; and when he does so, he writes well. A sweeter romance has rarely been written in modern times than his "Tristram and Iseult." It is quaint, without being affected, highly picturesque, and abounds with passages of the deepest pathos. The fever-wanderings of the dying Tristram tell, in broken ravings, his ill-starred passion for Iseult of Ireland; while the pictures—the sick man's dreams—are filled up and explained by comments of the page, who discharges the duty of chorus without any of the formality of that antiquated medium. The voyage to Cornwall, and the drinking of the potion by the lovers, is thus shadowed out:—

"The calm sea shines, loose hang the vessel's sails —
Before us are the sweet green fields of Wales,
And overhead the cloudless sky of May.—
'Ah, would I were in those green fields at play,
Not pent on ship-board this delicious day.
Tristram, I pray thee, of thy courtesy,
Reach me my golden cup that stands by thee,
And pledge me in it first for courtesy.—'
"Ha! dost thou start?—are thy lips blanch'd like mine?
Child, 'tis no water this—'tis poison'd wine,
Iseult!"

Then comes the first meeting of the Knight and her who is now another's wife:—

"Chill blows the wind, the pleasure walks are drear.
Madcap, what jest was this, to meet me here?
Were feet like those made for so wild a way?
The southern winter-parlour, by my fay,
Had been the likeliest trysting place to day.'
"Tristram!—nay, nay—thou must not take my hand—
Tristram—sweet love—we are betray'd—out-plann'd.
Fly—save thyself—save me. I dare not stay.—
"One last kiss first!—'Tis vain—to horse—away!"

Mr. Arnold paints a landscape with no unskilful hand. Here is a scene very prettily worked out:—

"Her children were at play
In a green circular hollow in the heath
Which borders the sea-shore; a country path
Creeps over it from the till'd fields behind.
The hollow's grassy banks are soft inclin'd,
And to one standing on them, far and near
The lone unbroken view spreads bright and clear
Over the waste:—This cirque of open ground
Is light and green; the heather, which all around
Creeps thickly, grows not here; but the pale grass
Is strewn with rocks, and many a shiver'd mass
Of vein'd white-gleaming quartz, and here and there
Dotted with holly trees and juniper.
In the smooth centre of the opening stood
Three hollies side by side, and made a screen
Warm with the winter sun, of burnish'd green,
With scarlet berries gemm'd, the fall-fare's food.

Under the glittering hollies Iseult stands
 Watching her children play : their little hands
 Are busy gathering spars of quartz, and streams
 Of stagshorn for their hats : anon, with screams
 Of mad delight they drop their spoils, and bound
 Among the holly clumps and broken ground,
 Racing full speed, and startling in their rush
 The fell-fares and the speckled missel-thrush
 Out of their glossy coverts."

The hopeless, joyless widowhood of Iseult of Brittany is a very touching piece of writing, and exquisitely true to nature :—

" And is she happy ? Does she see unmov'd
 The days in which she might have liv'd and lov'd
 Slip without bringing bliss slowly away,
 One after one, to-morrow like to-day ?
 Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will :—
 Is it this thought that makes her mien so still,
 Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though sweet,
 So sunk, so rarely lifted save to meet
 Her children's ? She moves slow : her voice alone
 Has yet an infantine and silver tone,
 But even that comes languidly : in truth,
 She seems one dying in a mask of youth.
 And now she will go home, and softly lay
 Her laughing children in their beds, and play
 Awhile with them before they sleep ; and then
 She'll light her silver lamp, which fishermen
 Dragging their nets through the rough waves, afar,
 Along this iron coast, know like a star,
 And take her broidery frame, and there she'll sit
 Hour after hour, her gold curls sweeping it,
 Lifting her soft-bent head only to mind
 Her children, or to listen to the wind.
 And when the clock peals midnight, she will move
 Her work away, and let her fingers rove
 Across the shaggy brows of Tristram's hound
 Who lies, guarding her feet, along the ground :
 Or else she will fall musing, her blue eyes
 Fix'd, her slight hands clasp'd on her lap ; then rise,
 And at her prie-dieu kneel, until she have told
 Her rosary beads of ebony tipp'd with gold,
 Then to her soft sleep ; and to-morrow 'll be
 To-day's exact repeated effigy.

Place aux dames. We see several lady-birds in our aviary, and they shall first get a free pinion.

Mary Hume* comes within the category—one whose name is legion—of those ladies and gentlemen who have tender sensibilities, soft hearts, and amiable feelings ; who read poetry, and have good ears, and, probably, not very much to do in the way of every-day-world work. Wherever all these concur, the doom of the possessor is sealed. They must rhyme of a necessity ; they write — at first stealthily and timidly — in albums, under feigned signatures, or suggestive initials ; their partial friends find them out ; they are praised, warmed into full blow, and lo ! they print. And why should they not print ? — why should they not sing out in the fulness of their hearts ? If their songs be tuneful, we should not complain. They add something to the melody that fills the groves, though they do not make the heavens vocal with music. In the volume before us there are numberless pretty things in the way of rhyme. There is a common place tale told in very harmonious verses, but in which we do not find anything beyond ordinary thoughts, and the ordinary similes, that flowers, and showers, and sun-

* "Count Stephen, and other Poems." By Mary Hume.

beam, and storms have been ministering to poets of every degree of excellence since the day of blind old Mæonides. Here is a specimen, in which a congregation of these are grouped together:—

“ A moment on her upturned face
 A high resolve its light doth shed ;
 A sunbeam thus, a moment's space,
 Kisses through clouds the lily's head,
 While lulls the storm ; but, as again,
 When winds new-wakening sweep the plain,
 The sunbeam fades, so fadeth now
 The light upon the maiden's brow ;
 And with bowed head and clasped hands,
 While tears again burst forth, she stands,
 Drooping and trembling, as the flower
 Quivers and droops in the driving shower.
 Whose is yon tall and stately form,
 Proud as the tree, which amid the storm
 Spreads o'er the lily its sheltering bower ?
 What to his brow such softness lendeth,
 As his iron frame he slowly bendeth
 Above yon maiden, yon drooping flower ?”

A number of short pieces forms the bulk of the volume ; they are all very readable—some more than that—and most of them have a good moral tone, inculcating a religious precept, or illustrating a Christian truth. Here is a graceful little poem, which is a fair average of those in the volume:—

COMFORT IN SORROW.

“ Grieve not for thy fond delusions,
 Still that throbbing heart of thine !
 For this transient world's illusions,
 Fair but fleeting, why repine ?

“ Brighter for the darkness luring,
 Shall the dawning meet thine eye,
 O'er time's troubled waters pouring
 Sunbeams of eternity.

“ What though youth-bright hopes be faded,
 Quenched their beam in endless night,
 Though, by clouds of grief o'ershaded,
 Life's brief path have lost its light.

“ These, with heaven's effulgence glowing,
 Mayst thou hail with steady eye ;
 Tears, for earthly sorrows flowing,
 Tempering their brilliancy.

“ Yet I say to thee, despair not !
 Dark though be thine earthly doom,
 Disappointments here impair not
 Hopes that soar beyond the tomb.

“ They shall never fade, and never
 Be obscured by grief or crime ;
 Heavenly joys endure for ever,
 Earthly woes but for a time.”

The writer who thinks not above the thoughts of the multitude must, to be read, array his thoughts in a vesture of his own fashioning. This is no easy task ; nevertheless, our fair authoress is often very happy in conferring freshness upon a trite sentiment, by a pointed and forcible form of expression, thus:—

“ Lip-service is not prayer ; and though of prayer
 It be the ultimate and outward sign,
 Unless far more than lip may speak, be there,
 Deem not that man's vain words can reach God's throne divine.

“ Oh ! far in price beyond all orisons,
 Replete with eloquence that ever glowed,
 Is, aye down drawing Heaven's best benisons,
 A humble, trusting heart, which loves the truth bestowed.”

Beyond question, the best composition in the volume is, “Count Stephen.” The tale is well sustained throughout, and there is a good deal of picturesqueness in the descriptive portions. The character of the Count is touched with some artistic power.

“Attempts to Sing in a Strange Land.” A very laudable thing, especially when that land has as yet produced no songsters of its own. Miss Leakey has

given us some very sweet verses, composed, we believe, entirely in Australia,* and many of them descriptive of the scenery of that country. There is, perhaps, too much sadness about many of the pieces — attributable, no doubt, to their having been written during illness; but the cloud is always relieved with a gleam of sunshine, and is often dispersed altogether, and leaves us the bright, blue sky, unobscured at the last. One of the poems in "Shadows of Death" illustrates this :—

" One looked within a book and read,
Then paused, and gazing up did sigh,
As slowly to himself he said—
A time to die!

" Clouds were chasing one the other through the bright cerulean sky;
Clouds were fading in the ether, till they seemed to melt and die.
Birds among the trees were singing, with a plaintive melody;
Birds upon their way were winging, and they sang—A time to die!
Young flowers beautiful did seem, lying down beneath the sky,
Each smiling to a bright sunbeam, telling of a time to die.
Brooklets by their side did glance, and they murmured out reply,
With a tuneful utterance—Sweet flowers, there is a time to die!

" One looked within a book and read,
Then paused, and gazing round did sigh,
As sadly to himself he said—
A time to die!

" Autumn leaves were falling round—autumn leaves all pale and sere;
Falling, falling to the ground—whirling, whirling there and here:
Ere unto the earth they fell to each other they did sigh,
To each other they did tell—All things have a time to die!
Winds were calling one another, wind to wind did loud reply;
With hollow voice told each the other—Yea, there is a time to die!
Wave to wave did madly rave, and their stifling voice did cry,
As they sank in ocean grave—O, there is a time to die!

" One looked within a book and read,
And as he read anon did sigh,
As sadly to himself he said—
A time to die!

" An infant on her mother's breast slept beneath her tender eye,
And sweet did smile from out its rest, dreaming of a time to die.
Children, in a graveyard straying, looked upon a tombstone nigh,
As they read they ceased their playing, for they saw a time to die!
On a bier with beauty laden, with a soft and tearful eye,
Gazing, sat a fair young maiden, learning of a time to die.
Young men hurrying on turned pale, as a bell tolled out on high;
They heard it in a mournful tale, telling of a time to die.

" One looked within a book and read,
And as he read did pause to sigh,
Then slowly to himself he said—
A time to die!

" Old men, very old and grey, unto themselves did deeply sigh,
Tottering on their grave-bound way, thinking of a time to die!
Pilgrims journeying on through strife, to each other did reply—
Oh, soon will end this weary life, for there is a time to die!
Sinners, looking terrified, with a loud and bitter cry,
Fled along a dark road-side, flying from a time to die.
Christians, full of joy and love, stood gazing up unto the sky,
They were looking up above, longing for a time to die.

" One looked within a book and read,
And gladness glistened in his eye,
As slowly to himself he said—
A time to die!"

* "Lyra Australis; or, Attempts to Sing in a Strange Land." By Caroline W. Leakey. London: Bickers and Bush. 1853.

The succession of pictures presented to the mind in this poem are, it is true, such as would suggest themselves to most thoughtful minds. Still they are wrought out well, and expressed with force, and very harmoniously.

The tone of Miss Leakey's mind is evidently pensive; her contemplations usually tend towards solemn and spiritual views of all things around and within her. This is, after all, a true poetic temperament; and if it do not degenerate into a morbid sentimentality or querulousness, is sure to produce pleasing impressions. We have in the volume before us some pieces of a lighter character, but they are not as successful; while amongst the graver pieces there is scarce one which we could wish omitted. Here is, for instance, one of many that shows a considerable power both of thought and expression:—

“When hath passed that grand ablution,
And the soul breathes other breath,
Untainted by the grave's pollution,
Or the noxious gales of death,
Round a centre Life revolving,
Then shall shine from Sin's eclipse—
Earth's long mystery resolving
In that bright apocalypse.

“Truth, the mighty prescient, o'er her,
With the Unsealed Book shall stand;
She, the wonder-rapt adorer,
Kneeling, takes it from his hand.
She shall spheres of love inherit,
Robed in immortality!

Pristine beauty—pure, purged spirit,
Loosened from all mortal tie,
In that blaze of light expanding,
One by one her powers unfold;
Intuitively understanding
Sights her dazzled eyes behold.
Cycles, cycles, still concealing,
All their wondrous depths disclose,
Still and ever depths revealing,
As the flood of glory flows.
One vast present—no to-morrow—
With God's name upon its brow;
From death regenerate and sorrow,
One redeemed unclouded now!”

O heavens! what have we here? Is it the hue of your own bright, cerulean plains that tints the cover of this little volume in our hands, and makes it look blue—“darkly, deeply, beautifully blue”—as the eyes of Aphrodite, or our matutinal milk, ere the civic dairyman has becreamied it with chalk? No, in good faith; the blue is real, inherent cobalt. Let us open the volume. Oh, our prophetic souls! The chameleon never more truly indicated by its hue the food upon which it feeds, than does this hydrocyanic exterior betray the inner soul of the blue-stocking:—

“Blue as the garters which serenely lie
Round the Patrician left legs, which adorn
The festal midnight, and the levee morn.”

Poems in English and Latin, by Mary Benn,* with no less illustrious sponsors for her classicality than Homer and Horace, who vouch for her on the title-page in Greek and Latin. Well, let us look through the volume undismayed. Is it not a little one? We are not of those who take umbrage at literary ladies, or think that the privilege of poking through the dead languages should be monopolised by the males. Far from it. A woman who is well read in Greek and Latin, if she be not a pedant, is invariably a charming companion; we know some such, and we ever feel after a converse with them what a point and polish it gives to all they say — what a depth and richness it gives to the colour and the flavour of their thoughts. And then, a poetess, who is imbued with the classic spirit of the antique, works out the fine and delicate imaginings of the female intellect with the vigour and grandeur of the male mind, that make her immeasurably superior in pathos and felicity to what the man exhibits. Who will gainsay this that reads the nervous and most exquisite compositions of Elizabeth Barrett Browning?

Mary Benn is not a Barrett Browning; nevertheless she is a woman who seems to have dipped her fair lips, with a true devotion, into the classic Hippocrene. She thinks well, and expresses her thoughts with both vigour and propriety. She is imaginative, too, for she is an Irishwoman; and if she have

* “The Solitary; or, a Lay from the West, and other Poems.” By Mary Benn. London: Joseph Masters. 1853.

blue stockings she wears them gracefully enough, and rarely shows them above the ankles; but we detect a dash of *green* shot through them here and there, we presume where the fair wearer has now and then taken up a *loose stitch*. To speak without a metaphor, she has, or had, "Young Ireland" propensions, which at times exhibit themselves very unmistakably. Ah, well! so had many young visionaries, who gave over their fresh hearts and noble spirits to base, and crafty, and self-seeking demagogues, who profaned their melody, and vulgarised their genius, hawking them about, as wandering Italians grind holy psalms on barrel-organs, and German boors bray out through their brazen trumpets the airs of the great masters. Ah, peace be with them! may their sleep be unbroken beneath the drum-heads in the cabbage-garden at Ballingarry. If we collect rightly from the volume before us, Mary Benn abides in a region "meet nurse for a poetic child," somewhere within reach of that still lovely district through which the Mulla flows, and for ever sanctified by the muse of Spenser. It is not, then, to be wondered at that song comes upon her as an instinct and a necessity. She realises her own sentiment:—

"Go seek in June to stop the swelling Nile,
Go, check the eagle in his airy way;
The comet chain,—delay the bolt awhile,—
But hope not *him* by art or force to stay
Whom thou, Melpomene, with gracious smile,
Hast set apart thy mandate to obey;
Thy steep he climbs, all arduous though it be,
Pants in thy wake, with eye ne'er turned from thee!"

"The Solitary," the principal poem in the book, is an exposition of the meditations which may be supposed to occupy an educated and reflective mind in the seclusion of rural life, during summer and winter, which suggest the division of the poem into two parts. The former displays a succession of images of sylvan beauty — day and night, light and darkness, sun, moon, and stars, the song of birds, and the sound of waters, all the external objects of nature, and many of the internal spiritual communings which the poetic mind will always hold and reveal. Some of those features are well drawn, but they have been drawn so often that they constantly challenge comparison, and thereby are less effective than less trite subjects would be, if treated by one of the author's ability. Here is one amongst many of them:—

"Alone, midst rustling leaves and waters flowing,
Alone, midst singing birds and humming bees;
Alone, with bleating sheep, and cattle lowing,
And ploughman's distant whistle on the breeze;
Alone, with roses in our pathway blowing,
And blossoms fraught with every scent to please:
Ye who have proved this solitude, confess,
It is repose and bliss, not loneliness.

"Here, where the lilac and laburnum twine
A natural bower, I'll choose a couch remote,
To sweet sensations all my soul resign,
And list the cuckoo practising her note;
Or make a world of fairy beings mine,
Tracing strange figures in the clouds that float
Across the branches interlaced; along
They stalk, a motley, draperied, turban'd throng."

The description of "St. John's Eve" is a very poetic and graphic piece of writing, and the "Hymn of the Peasants," which is introduced — despite of a little Young Ireland extravagance about the Saxon, and all that sort of thing, is sweet and touching. Our fair authoress is by no means so happy in her attempts at the humorous. In fact, in the two or three occasions in which she essays the sportive, she is quite out of her element; her verse hobbles, her smile becomes a grin; and what should be pleasantry becomes somewhat like buffoonery, an approach to which is utterly destructive of all the sentiments

with which we would ever see women surrounded. What possessed you, Mary, to write in this wise?—

“ By this time, gentle reader, you may see
 All ways of spending night, so choose the best ;
 In tears, thought, study, crime, love, revelry ;
 By fools in rhyming, by the wise in rest ;
 By th' sage in star-gazing with sapient eye,
 By maids in moon-gazing with love-sick breast ;
 But still this rule in recollection keep—
 The best thing you can do at night 's to sleep.”

Well, that is bad enough. But what shall we say to this escapade?—

“ Man smiled before he wept ; but since that day
 When he from Paradise was driven, alas ! a
 Cloud gather'd o'er his brow, no future ray
 Could e'er disperse ; or if at times there pass a
 Brightness across his face, 'tis like the play
 Of beams through showers : *δαχρυοὶν γιλασασα*,
 As Homer says ; a fellow in a dozen ;
 And so from him this motto I have chosen.”

Fie, fie, Mary ! to go flirting with blind old Homer at this time o' day, though he be a “fellow in a dozen !” Couldn't you let his “*δαχρυοὶν γιλασασα*” alone? Come, we will give thee a philter that will cure thee of this passion—we will exorcise this hybrid eros with something out of our own crucible :—

Mary Benn, alas ! alas ! a
 Lass like you might surely pass a
 Scrap of Greek without thus patching
 Your verse with rhyme grotesquely matching ;
 As beggars hide their nakedness
 By motley rags stitched on their dress.
 I vow, dear Mary, by the mass, a
 Fault like this is *culpa crassa* ;
 My eyes do weep a vast *θαλασσα*
 At your *δαχρυοὶν γιλασασα* ;
 But *laughter* 'tis, makes *my δαχρυοὶν*,
 Thou most pedantical of women !

Nay, nay, fair lady, you must not pout or take what we say ill. Why should we not admonish you sportively—“*Quid vetat ?*”—you know the rest of the quotation.

In the second part, “The Solitary” is within doors :—

“ 'Tis night ; my doors are barr'd against mankind.
 Deep hour of thought, once more I welcome thee !
 My heart no longer muffled, cribb'd, confined,
 To meet its kind must cramp its energy :
 There is a fountain springing in my mind
 Watering the waste, all brackish though it be ;
 And if its play produce one pleasing dream,
 Phœbus can do no more, nor Castalie's own stream.”

And now, in the solitude and stillness of the night our fair authoress “ventilates” her learning by reviewing all the Greek and Latin authors, which all boys read without being anything the worse of them, and some girls without being anything the better. Notwithstanding that there is some ostentation in the array, our poetess acquits herself creditably as a critic, and shows that she has read to good purpose. A strong religious feeling seems to pervade the writer's mind, and some of the English hymns develop this feeling. That on “Advent” is very good, simple, solemn, and breathing a holy odour that

makes it not unworthy of being placed beside the best compositions of the kind. The Latin poems are of a class in which superior excellence is not easily achieved, and in which alone, nevertheless, mediocrity is tolerable. We allude to that species of poetry which gradually grew up during the early ages of the Christian Church, the prosodial rhythm being supplanted by accentuation, and rhyme being finally superadded, thus eventuating in the beautiful compositions of the hymnologists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, such as the rich, melodious, polished hymns of Aquinas and Adam St. Victor. Our fair authoress, by the way, is, we suspect, not as extensively read in Latin hymnology as in pagan classics, or she would know that alternations of double and single rhymes are by no means unusual. There is, for instance (and we might cite many others), a very charming hymn attributed, but, we believe, on insufficient authority, to Saint Bernard, which is in the very measure principally used by our authoress, beginning thus:—

“ Ut jucundas cervus undas
Æstuans desiderat
Sic ad rivum Dei vivum
Mens fidelis properat.”

The Latin hymns in the work before us please us better than the verses on secular subjects. The “Carmen Sanctum” and “In Diem Cinerum” are both very fair specimens of a style of composition, in which, as we remarked before, so few, especially now-a-days, attain a high degree of excellence.

She who writes the volume that next comes to our hand is evidently a woman of no common order. Anna Blackwell’s* poetry for poetry it unquestionably is—gives evidence of a large intellect and cultivated mind. There is a vigour as well as a harmonious and stately movement in many of the pieces that remind us forcibly of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to whose school manifestly she belongs. We could select a dozen of these poems in proof of this assertion, such as “Fiat Lux,” “The Noble Army of Martyrs,” “The Prayer for the Children,” in which we have the inculcation of some high moral or social truth, strongly enforced. Her versification, too, is uncommonly musical, and skilfully modulated, while the poems teem with thought and fancy, expressed with the perceptive delicacy of the mind of woman. Here are some verses which could not be readily excelled for sweetness as well as power:—

“ Have you wander’d in the sunny meadows,
When the springing grass is full of flowers;
When the flying clouds cast sudden shadows,
Chased by joyous winds, too light for showers;
And the liberal Day dispenses blessing with the
golden hours?

“ Have you loitered under forest-arches
When the stern old woods have made them gay
With the tender green of the young larches,
Yellow opening leaves, and whitening may;
Silken buds and shining tassels hanging from each
drooping spray?

“ And amid the beauty and the gladness,
Filling all the earth, and air, and sea,
Did no under-tone of yearning sadness,
As you look’d abroad exultingly,
Mingle with the blissful music of your spirit’s
jubilee;—

“ Sadness, that in so divine a dwelling
Life should be so far from the Divine?
Yearning, that the tale all Nature’s telling
Of a perfectness beyond our line,
Might be heard till our attaining match the bright-
ness of the sign?

* “Poems.” By Anna Blackwell. London: John Chapman. 1853.

" Heard, though clouds of folly, sin, and sorrow,
 Gathered 'twixt the sun and our intent,
 Threaten to o'ercast each coming morrow
 With the gloom of present discontent,
 Showing endless Disappointment as the path for
 which we're meant.

" O Strife of Good and Ill, with Life coeval!
 O Truth of Truths, shall yet be understood,
 That where we put our finite powers for evil,
 God doth put his, infinite, for good,
 And the sovereign Love and Wisdom may not
 always be withstood!

" For the Hand that shaped the world from Chaos
 Still maintains and still perfects its state;
 And that ever-loving Hand shall stay us
 Through the slips on infancy that wait,
 (For the World's a child, and we are in the Child-
 hood of our fate),

" Till we reach the glorious human stature;
 Till, with seeing heart, and loving eyes,
 We have made ourselves as one with Nature,
 Tuned our discords to her harmonies,
 Rowing with her mighty currents, thro' experience
 greatly wise.

" Not Perfection,—that were a chimera—
 But continual Progress, is our law;
 Each achievement opening a new era,
 Larger, nobler, than our fathers saw;
 Knitting souls and worlds together as the Years to
 Ages draw.

" What the Future's radiant culmination,
 He, alone, can worthily forsee,
 Who contains all Growth and Consummation,
 In whose Life we live, and move, and be;
 Enough that He, who prompts our purpose, holds
 and guides our destiny:

" That an all-embracing Adaptation,
 Which doth Chance and Loss alike forestal,
 To the ends of Mutual Relation
 Fashions Part for Part, and All for All;
 Each to other ever beck'ning with inspired, pro-
 phetic Call.

" Method of the Universal Reason,
 Pattern of the Universal Will,
 Science, Art, and Beauty, in their season,
 Shall our deepest aspirations fill;
 Nature's boundless grace and bounty our divine
 exemplar still."

The love of the metaphysical is evidently the predominating feeling in the mind of Anna Blackwell, and its influence may be seen in almost all that she has written. We confess that we are not great admirers of metaphysical poetry. Philosophy is, after all, more the province of prose; and its high teachings can rarely be enforced adequately or expressed lucidly through the poetic medium—besides, there is ever the imminent danger that the poet will dogmatise, and address himself so entirely to the understanding that he will fail to touch the heart, and so become frigid, and lose the sympathy of his readers. We mean not to say that the muse of poetry may not teach high and deep lore; but they through whom she does so are the few and the eminently favoured, and the lesson is fitly

taught but once in an age. Such an interpreter was Goethe, and such was Wordsworth; but the former often passed into the spiritual regions farther than the mass of those whom he addressed could follow; and the latter wandered out of, not higher than, the poetic realms (for there are no higher regions), and so became prosaic — prose of noblest, gravest thought—sublime as poetry, but yet wanting the poetic element. In a fine poem in the volume before us, “*De Profundis*,” Anna Blackwell perils the poetic effect by this disposition to over-philosophise. The same observation may be applied to “*Symbols*.” Nevertheless, the error is one of a high intellect, and is redeemed by many fine thoughts which could not have sprung from an inferior mental organisation. The boldest flight essayed is, perhaps, “*A Song of the Stars*.” The magnificent opening of the “*Faust*”—the “*Prologue in Heaven*”—probably suggested the idea, as it is at once brought to our recollection. There is, however, nothing in the English poem which is borrowed from the German. As a whole, we think it is a good poem—occasional passages are strikingly poetical.

It is not a little remarkable that, just at the period when Macaulay was engaged upon those fine “*Lays of Rome*,” which have since so deservedly fixed themselves in the popular mind, another scholar was dealing with the father of Greek history as Macaulay was with the Roman annalist. They worked, however, it would seem, each from an original impulse; and, in fact, one of Mr. Bode’s ballads,* that of “*Cleobis and Biton*,” had appeared in a periodical before any of the lays of ancient Rome were published. Perhaps, after all, it is to be wondered that the repertoires of historic romance have heretofore been so little used by the poet. Indeed, for popular purposes they offer the finest opportunities to a skilful writer. In the volume now under our consideration many of those highly poetic episodes, to be found in the *History of the Wars of Cyrus and Xerxes*, are cast into the form of ballads; and, upon the whole, they are wrought out very pleasingly — sometimes poetically and vigorously. The comparison which such a performance necessarily challenges at every page with the singularly vivid and dramatic work of Macaulay is, perhaps, the severest ordeal which Mr. Bode is subjected to. It must be confessed that these ballads are deficient in the wonderful energy—the fire, the picturesque force, which exhibit the action almost to the eye as it does to the ear, that hurry us along through the battle-field and over the bridge with throbbing hearts and fast-coming breath—or the deep and most touching pathos which holds us breathless with *Virginus* in the Roman shambles. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that the subjects, for the most part, selected by Mr. Bode are not susceptible of the same vigorous treatment; nor, indeed, does the style of *Herodotus* — full of sweetness, simplicity and elegance, but not remarkable for nervousness — inspire the reader with the same strong emotions that he feels when perusing the pages of *Xenophon*. Like his original, Mr. Bode’s ballads are remarkable for their elegant purity of style, and a sweetness in expression and sentiment which always pleases, but rarely stimulates to a higher sense of enjoyment. In “*The Legend of Macedon*” he has been particularly successful. It is extremely polished, and full of a certain classical propriety that is not without its charm. One subject—the last and best—he happily selected—affording a wider scope for poetic treatment and the delineation of heroic action than the rest. We allude to the ballad of “*Thermopylae*.” Here his genius had fair play; and he has produced a fine, chivalrous song that may be read beside the “*Lays of Rome*” without suffering much by the comparison. Here is the last scene of the third day. We quote it as a fair average specimen of the poem:—

“ ‘ Now close once more, make one last stand!
And, if your swords should fail,
Have at them with the strong right hand,
Have at them tooth and nail!’
They rallied on a hillock high,
And there they fought full well;
‘ And if it be our lot to die,
Our lives we’ll dearly sell.’

“ With broken brands, with fists, with teeth,
They played their desperate part,
And every weapon found a sheath
Deep in some Persian heart.
There is a fierce unflinching glare
In every Spartan’s eye;
And, like a lion in his lair,
They rend men ere they die.

* “*Ballads from Herodotus*.” By J. A. Bode. London: Longman. 1858.

'Twas all in vain, th' unequal strife—
 They sank beneath their foes :
 There was no scene in all their life
 So glorious as its close !

" 'Neath spears, and stones, and swords, and
 slain,
 All mounded o'er they lie ;
 So thickly fell that ghastly rain,
 They scarce could see them die.
 Thrust through and through with countless
 darts,
 They press that deadly sod :
 They were, I ween, the stoutest hearts,
 That ere went back to God.
 Seek yonder pass by the cold sea,
 Where Pylæ's walls are steep ;
 For there lie Sparta's Hundreds Three,
 Sleeping a glorious sleep !

Search every land beneath the sky,
 Tell every nation's name ;
 For there the true Three Hundred lie,
 Reaping an endless fame !
 There is a lion all of stone
 Carved on a hillock high ;
 The bravest king e'er sat on throne
 Beneath that stone doth lie.
 There is a lion-hearted race
 O'er many a distant wave ;
 And in their soul the lines we trace
 Of Sparta's monarch brave.
 And some have well that lesson read,
 And learned their sword to draw,
 Hopeless, except their blood to shed,
 For glory and for law !
 Take, take, the style of glory,
 And grave their names on high ;
 For some have fought to conquer,
 But these have fought to die !"

A small volume in its simple paper cover.* We open it at random ; our eye runs along its closely printed pages ; we are at once arrested by a fine thought—a grand image—a rich felicity of language. We go on, spell-bound by the power of him who has cast his whole soul into the fervid lines ; we finish the piece ; and then we turn to the commencement of the volume—we find the name of Gerald Massey upon the titlepage—a few pages of preface written in a manly tone of modest self-appreciation—and then we go on from page to page, admiringly and wonderingly, till we close the volume. Yes, we close it, and lay it gently down, as we say to ourselves, What a holy, and sublime, and wondrous spirit is the spirit of Poesy ! How irresistible is she in her potent will ! Passing over the earth, she calls one who sits, as it were, in some mean thoroughfare of life, or who lies in some foul, dark, cold haunt of the poor ; and lo ! like the evangelist, he straightway arises and follows—a true apostle, to evangelise the world. The author of this remarkable volume is such an one—sprung from the poor, the labour-ground, those who scarce win the sustenance of life from the sweat of the brow ; and yet amidst the degradations of poverty, its blighting influences on intellectual development, its tendencies to sear and sour the heart, and make it selfish ; his nature, has by a moral necessity, risen and expanded, pushing upwards amidst the throng and crush of human life, as the tree in the dense forest shoots up till its head gains the light of heaven.

The history of Gerald Massey's outer life may be tolerably well collected, from what he says of himself, and the sketches that other hands have given. His inner life is revealed by his writings. The former tells of a poor youth, for he has yet scarcely attained to full manhood, "fighting his battle of life ;" courting Poesy with an irrepresible ardour, even while he struggles for his daily bread, though "he can only keep some innermost chamber of his heart sacred for her, from whence he gets occasional glimpses of her wondrous beauty." The latter shows a genius full of the divine afflatus, that no adverse circumstances can smother—a nature that feels how noble and how excellent a thing is a poet, and strives, with a daring and a constant spirit, to reach the standard which he has proposed to himself. With such a man, self-educated, self-sustained, poetry becomes a passion—the exponent of his whole soul, his affections, his moral and social principles. It is no toy for his hours of pleasant ease ; it is the earnest, truthful outburst of a voice that will be heard, to ease a heart that else would burst. What marvel is it, then, to find in the poetry of such an one, the strong and fierce reclamation against all those social evils which oppress the poor man, and which, to a highly sensitive organisation, are intensified beyond reality ? Such causes have in all ages raised up poets amongst the people, who are ever ready to stimulate them to struggle for good, or for evil ; who

* "Poems." By Gerald Massey. London : Bogue. 1854.

cheer them in their sorrow, or madden them under their sufferings; whose names become dear to their hearts, and whose influences pass not away till they have wrought out their work for weal or for woe. And so we find, in almost every page of this volume, evidences of that spirit which cries aloud against class-oppression, and struggles to elevate the poor man by wresting his power from the rich. Such a spirit, beautiful even in its error, utters its thoughts in many a poem that we would gladly quote, but which we shall content ourselves now with naming, "The Awakening of the People," "The Famine-Smitten," "The Men of 'Forty-Eight," "The People's Advent." These and many others, exhibit great poetic power and strong political fervor; but with all his stirring and fiery appeals, there is ever the redeeming power of brother-love to humanise and moderate his feelings. There are no truculent exhortations to hand-grenades and soda-water bottles, no gloating over blood with a ghoulish frenzy; something ever intervenes that shows the kindly and tender nature of the poet. Thus he sings:—

"This world is full of beauty as other world's above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

"There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
At the name of 'Brother!'"

And again—

"Believe me 'tis a noble truth,
God's world is worthy better men."

Ay, and when the poet thinks of England, warring against tyrants in the cause of human freedom, how soon are class-hatred and class-oppression forgotten—and the poet sings out in a fine jubilant psalm which ends in these lines:—

"Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land!
And when the storm has pass'd away,
In glory and in calm,
May she sit down, i' the green o' the day,
And sing her peaceful psalm!
Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land!"

We cannot refrain from quoting one of these songs entire:—

"TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

"High hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,
Go down i' the heavens of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow:
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The Promised Land to-morrow.

"Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming!
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide come up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow:
And our good bark, a-ground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

" Thro' all the long, dark night of years
 The people's cry ascendeth,
 And earth is wet with blood and tears :
 But our meek sufferance endeth !
 The few shall not for ever sway,
 The many moil in sorrow :
 The powers of hell are strong to-day,
 But Christ shall rise to-morrow.

" O youth ! flame-earnest, still aspire,
 With energies immortal !
 To many a heaven of desire,
 Our yearning opes a portal !
 And tho' age wearies by the way,
 And hearts break in the furrow,
 We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
 The harvest comes to-morrow.

" Tho' hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
 With smiling futures glisten !
 For, lo ! our day bursts up the skies :
 Lean out your souls and listen !
 The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
 And ripens with her sorrow :
 Keep heart ! who bear the cross to-day,
 Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

" Build up heroic lives, and all
 Be like a sheathen sabre,
 Ready to flash out at God's call,
 O chivalry of labour !
 Triumph and Toil are twins : and aye
 Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow ;
 And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
 Brings victory to-morrow."

But we turn from his political poems to those in which every reader can sympathise. A deep passionate sense of the beautiful in nature and in woman pervades the mind of Massey, and tinctures, with a rich and warm colouring, most of his pieces. What a precious gift is such a sense to a youth such as he ! What a holy ægis to keep him pure and high-principled amid the solicitations of vice and the temptations of poverty ! Nothing can be truer or more touching than the poem "To my Wife," of whom he sings :—

" In all thy summer beauty, warm as when
 I lookt out on the sunny side of life,
 And saw thee summering like a blooming vine,
 That reached globes of wine in at the lattice
 By the ripe armful, with ambrosial smile."

And so in many other songs, the beauty and the power of female influences are finely appreciated. It is, however, in his imaginative pieces that the whole soul of Massey shines forth. In these he revels in the fulness of his fancies. We find him, as it were, untrammelled by the conventionalities of schools, breaking through the fences that hedged the old highways of learning, and wandering over the trackless glades and through the sunny meadows, where no foot-prints have beaten down a pathway, and all is fresh, novel, and vivid. Take, for instance, the Ballad of "Babe Christabel." What a congregation of beautiful images!—how finely and how delicately are they wrought in upon the ground-work of the piece ! Listen to a few stanzas :—

" When Danae-Earth bears all her charms,
 And gives the God her perfect flower,
 Who, in the sunshine's golden shower,
 Leaps warm into her amorous arms !

" When buds are bursting on the briar,
 And all the kindred greenery glows,
 And life hath richest overflows,
 And morning fields are fringed with fire :

" When young Maids feel Love stir i' the blood,
 And wanton with the kissing leaves
 And branches, and the quick sap heaves,
 And dances to a ripen'd flood ;

" Till, blown to its hidden heart with sighs,
 Love's red rose burns i' the cheek so dear,
 And, as sea-jewels upward peer,
 Love-thoughts melt through their swimming eyes."

And again :—

“ When Rose-buds drink the fiery wine
Of Dawn, with crimson stains i' the mouth,
All thirstily as yearning youth
From Love's hand drinks the draught divine ;

“ And honey'd plots are drowsed with bees :
And larks rain music by the shower,
While singing, singing hour by hour,
Song like a spirit sits i' the trees !

“ When fainting hearts forget their fears,
And in the poorest Life's salt cup
Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up
Her rainbow over Memory's tears.”

One marvels, after reading of the struggles of this poor lad, stinting himself of his daily bread to purchase a volume at a book-stall, to find what a mastery of language he has acquired. Thus the “ Bridal ” is a poem as remarkable for the delicacy and happiness of expression as it is for the tenderness and glow of sentiment. We venture to say the subject has never received a more exquisite poetic treatment. Here are lines that he who wrote the “ Talking Oak ” might be proud to have written :—

“ Her virgin veal reveals a form,
Flowering from the bud so warm,
It needs must break the Cestus-charm.

“ Last night, with weddable, white arms,
And thoughts that throng'd with quaint
alarms,
She trembled o'er her mirror'd charms,

“ Like Eve first-glassing her new life ;
And the Maid startled at the Wife,
Heart-pained with a sweet, warm strife.

“ The unknown sea moans on her shore
Of life : she hears the breakers roar ;
But, trusting Him, she'll fear no more ;

“ For, o'er the deep seas there is calm,
Full as the hush of all-heaven's psalm :
The golden goal—the victor's palm !

“ And at her heart Love sits and sings,
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings
Shall lift her life to higher things.

“ The blessing given, the ring is on ;
And at God's altar radiant run
The currents of two lives in one !

“ Husht with happiness, every sense
Is crowded at the heart intense ;
And silence hath such eloquence !”

Gerald Massey has faults—some of style, some of expression, and some even of affectation ; but the marvel is, that he has so few, and all these will disappear with enlarged knowledge and careful study in his art. One there is which time will quickly correct—he is over affluent in verbiage. He flings about his glowing words with a prodigality that shows he has not yet learned to school down his mind to a sobriety of enjoyment. Hence we find an aptitude to exaggerate in thought and expression. Like one on whom vision is suddenly bestowed for the first time, he knows not as yet how to estimate size, or measure distance ; and so he sees “ men as trees.” But time will teach him a truer judgment ; and we look to see this young poet of the people yet occupy the highest station amongst British bards.

Many volumes yet claim our attention ; but the hours have rolled by during our pleasant task, and now the westering sun is limning the long shadows of the headlands upon the sea, and the stream is all in shade, and the valley from which we climbed before noon is now lit up in the spots which, at morning, we left darkling beneath the tree-tops. Come, let us descend : it is time to return to common thoughts and common things. Ere long we hope to renew our pleasant meditations : 'till then, farewell.

ANTHONY POPLAR.

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